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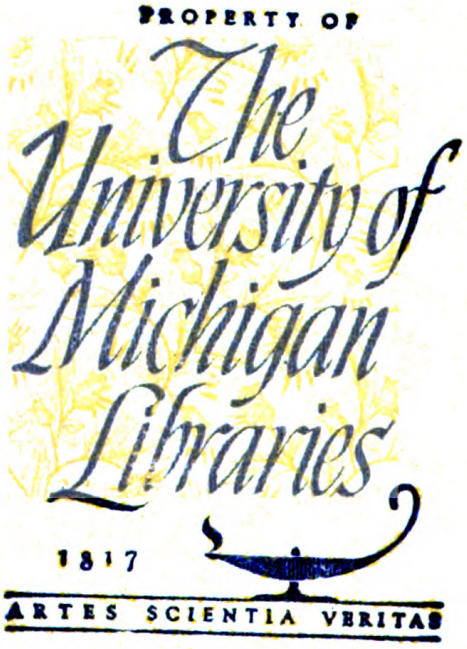

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HER WHISPER WAS SO SOFT HE ONLY GUESSED THE WORDS

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HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. CVIII JANUARY, 1904 No. DCXLIV

The Tragedy of King Richard III.

CRITICAL COMMENT BY ERNEST RHYS

PICTURES BY EDWIN A. ABBEY, R.A.

THE story of Gloster, who, at odds with nature, hurled himself in a fury of ambition and revenge at the throne, and died, the crown on his head, at thirty-five, is a superb young man's subject. It is one that goes well, too, with the vivid prime of the English stage, when echoes of Seneca's Agamemnon and Oedipus were in the air, and sounds of Tamburlaine. Marlowe leading, and the subject having reached the theatre, it seems a natural succession that brings us to the year when he that was greater than Marlowe should follow with this splendid and noisy play. Faults it has, but they are those which might come of a prentice hand, or rather of two or three inexperienced hands working in turn upon it; and in so far as they smack of the workshop, even faults may prove interesting. Besides, along with its crudities, it has a vehemence and a clamor, as of men forcing the pace of circumstance, which spring from the same golden immaturity. And since we cannot know all that led up to the play as Shakespeare wrote it, we must make what we can of the fact that *Richard III.* is a young playwright's tragedy of a great ambition; the tragedy of an outrageous lust for power, housed in the dwarfed body but the imperious spirit of a prince who had the assurance and urgency and egregious truculence of a certain type of youth.

Shakespeare, when he determined to reset the play, had to reckon with a long chronicle and ballad and stage ancestry; for Richard III. is one of the best examples in all history of a very gradually concocted villain. Who shall say how far the addition at a lucky moment of the crookback to his growing load of enormities aided the picture? The eye of a Polyphemus, the nose of a Cyrano de Bergerac, was not a plainer personal symbol or market label. And if Richard was to be a monster, he could not have found a stage better accommodated to his monstrosity. The atmosphere was ready-charged with lurid airs well calculated to magnify him. The poisons and strangling-cord of the Jew of Malta, the horrors of Lavinia and "that heinous tiger" Tamora, had left the theatre in a state to appreciate keenly the unnatural murders of a wicked Duke of Gloster, and make the most of portents like that of his being born with teeth, or of his coming, Merlin-like, into

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the world with a demoniac birthmark on his brow. Shakespeare, enlarging and kindling human nature, and creating minds, and troubling little to invent the mere bodily marks and eccentricities, simply accepted Gloster as he found him. But here was the triumph: to have the monster of fireside story all but made man again by the dramatist's masterstroke, and to have Richard III., King of England, living much more really today by his dramatic than by any historic picture.

How much did Shakespeare take from the chroniclers and playwrights who helped to give Richard Crookback his proverbial stamp? In one sense, everything; in another, nothing. One can have no doubt that Shakespeare knew the rough, unedited "True Tragedie" of Richard, although some critics have doubted it. There are phrases in this play, besides the often-quoted line "A horse, a horse, a fresh horse," which account for passages and lines in the later tragedy. There are rare touches, too, which start out of the misspelled prose and misprinted verse in certain scenes and attach themselves by their force or quality to the imaginary portrait of a Richard who was heroic in his wickedness and much more than a murderous hunchback. Take—

> Though enemies there be that would my body kill,
> Yet shall they leave a never-dying mind.

These lines recall another speech of Richard's in the same play:—

> Fortune and courage for me: Join England against me with England; join Europe with Europe! Come Christendom, and with Christendom the whole world; and yet will I never yield, but by death only!

There is less to be said of the Latin play performed at Cambridge in Marlowe's undergraduate terms there. Shakespeare, however, though he may never have seen it or read it, can hardly have avoided hearing about it from some of his fellow actors or playwrights. True, it suggests no cues, like those plainly hinted in the English *True Tragedie;* but it may have helped him to the formal and classical atmosphere which he attempted to preserve in his own play. Dr. Thomas Legge, Master of Caius, who wrote the Cambridge play, and who was afterwards Vice-Chancellor of the University, introduces us to Dr. Palmer, who was (according to Fuller) the original actor of the Richard in the cast, and who afterwards became Dean of Peterborough: and these two Cambridge worthies bring us to that other two, Philomusus and Studioso, who figure in the *Return from Parnassus,*—one of them reciting the first two lines of the declamatory opening of Shakespeare's *Richard III.,* at Burbage's request. These academic glimpses and reminders do not help us much, but they make us think again of Seneca, who was everything to the Doctor Legges and other schoolmen that essayed Latin plays under Elizabeth. Shakespeare, least academic of the classics, never read Seneca in the original; but his intellectual avidity was far too keen to have let him miss the chance of devouring the *Tenne Tragedies Translated into Englysh** which Thomas Newton collected in 1581.

However this may have been, the classic garb of *Richard III.* shows itself in many folds. At the opening, as we find in other Elizabethan plays, the chief character becomes in a sense the chorus to his own tragedy, and objectively and disinterestedly proclaims what a villain he is and means to be. A scene later and we come upon the regular line-for-line dialogue, which moves as if timed by a pendulum. And then comes Clarence's dream, which Lamb thought the finest dream ever told; while later we have Richard's dreams and the Senecan choir of ghosts on the night before Bosworth. And these call up—most significant of all—the revenge motive, which is made to sound again and again on the ear of Richard's consciousness. To find its beginning, we have to travel outside *Richard III.* altogether, and hark back to the

* A version of the *Oedipus*, by A. Nevile, in this collection, has some very Richard-like locutions, as in the scene where Creon says to Oedipus, "With thy self wage war thou shalt . . . ," which reminds one of Richard's—

> "Then fly!—What, from myself? Great reason: Why?
> Lest I revenge. What? Myself on myself?"

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THE LADY ANNE NEVILL

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second part of *King Henry VI.*, where his first affirmation of his desperate soul is evoked by the news of his father's death, to be avenged on the house of Clifford.

In these echoes of the chroniclers, or of other plays, we have the very report of the "ill-shaped, crooked-backed, lame-armed, tyrannous" Richard of the legend and the tragedy which Shakespeare seized upon. But the character, the soul within the body, the individual within the type, the precise cold, fierce temperament behind the ambition, remained to be created.

To show the true mastery of his creature, Shakespeare, very early in the play, broke with his predecessors and invented a new test most unmistakably to determine it. After the opening in which Gloster declares his want of looks and love's aptitude and majesty, and his morbid, self-aggravated sense of his own deformity, we are brought almost at once to the amazing love-making across the coffin of Henry VI.: a capital instance of Shakespeare's dilation of the pages of history or the old play-books. It is one of the most cynical things in all the rack of love's satires fitted to the stage,—this moral divestiture and sudden capture of the Lady Anne: Anne, Warwick the King-maker's daughter, who had been betrothed to Prince Edward. And Edward, as we are bid remember, was the murdered Henry's son, and himself one of the long train of princely interveners thrust into limbo to make space for Gloster's installation. For, Hamlet's opposite, "true scion of Atreus' line," Richard hurried everything impetuously to its conclusion. This is why he succeeded with the Lady Annes and the Queen Elizabeths of his experience,—types of that feminine order which likes a man to know his own mind, and presume on his masculine initiative and his strong hand and his hold on the reins—up to the brink of insolence.

But the queen and the woman who, this sardonic love-making apart, must have made many a young reader of old plays turn eagerly to the pages of *Richard III.*, wondering what kind of touchstone *she* should prove, in her high spirit, to his steely temper, is Margaret of Anjou, who,—

> In an evil hour,
> From King René's Court,
> Sailed across to Hampton-port,
> With her daisy-flower.

Queen Margaret in the play, however, is Margaret grown old. To her falls the lot of the dark sibyl and the scolding old woman, whose wrinkles almost match Gloster's elf-marks and crookback. It is hard to believe that Shakespeare is the original author of every curse in the budget of maledictions which she unloads in her great scene in the second act; for there are lines in it, terrible or beautiful, which set a standard by which their cruder neighbors seem crude indeed. Two of the finest ever put into the mouth of a queen, old or young, are hers. It is where she says to Buckingham, when he has urged her to be silent, and declared that curses do not really carry past the lips of those that utter them,—

> I'll not believe but they ascend the sky,
> And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.

A few lines more, and we come to the refrain of Margaret the prophetess, which we hear sounding on to the edge of the last catastrophe and to the fifth act, where it is once more echoed by Buckingham, who remembers at Salisbury what she had foretold in London.

As we follow the black shadow of Queen Margaret, we are made aware more than once of the apparent traces of that lost play of *Richard III.*, upon which, we are led to suppose, Shakespeare worked. If there was no such play, it is hard to account for the sheer commonplace which appears in some scenes, and which has very much the effect of the obvious gag suggested by a stage-manager who felt that an audience must be humored, or that actors must have their fair allowance of "fat" lines. The only other way out of the difficulty lies through a wilderness of conjecture about Shakespeare's earliest experiments, and his revision for hasty performance of rude-scrawled drafts of plays, passed from hand to hand, many of which were destined never to be converted from dirty, thumbed, and tattered player's copies into decent quartos.

The battle of the quartos and folios has raged round the head of *King Rich-*

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ACT III.: SCENE V. THE TOWER WALL

GLOSTER: *"So dear I lov'd the man, that I must weep.*
I took him for the plainest harmless creature. . . ."

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ard III. more closely than over any other play. If we could see and know everything that Andrew Wise or Valentine Sims knew, when the one brought the manuscript copy to the printing-office of the other in 1597 and set the printers to work on the first quarto, we might explain many other things that, as it is, are wholly confounding. Allowing for the lines and passages which cannot be his, the quartos give us a little less and the folios a little more than Shakespeare himself wrote of the play. It is clear that some of the added lines in the folio were never written by him. Whom were they written by? We are quite willing to make a present of them to the Baconians. But one cannot help turning over and considering and reconsidering Andrew Wise's book of the play. For one thing, it tells us in so many words what the playgoer of 1596 or 1597 expected when he went to see *Richard III.* played on a summer's afternoon. He counted particularly, it is evident, upon Gloster's "treacherous plots against his brother Clarence" and his "pittiefull murther of his innocent nephewes"; and in a general way he was prepared to enjoy the spectacle of his "tyrannical usurpation, with the whole course of his detested life and most deserved death." All this was set forth in the open title-page that was probably exposed, as the custom was, in the shop-windows of "Paul's" yard. The folio changed the counts in the placard of the play, if so it may be called, into "the landing of Earle Richmond and the Battell of Bosworth Field": which again seems to hint at a clapping of the historian's over the playwright's label and announcement of his wares.

The Cheapside prentices of 1597 may have been disappointed not to see the "pittiefull murther" of the princes in the Tower enacted on the open stage. But there was much to gratify them. The murder of Clarence was enough to make the fortune of any play, with its novelty of a malmsey-butt in an imaginary adjoining chamber, and the "I'll drown you," and "exit with the body" and swift return of the first murderer at the close. The attributing of Clarence's murder to Gloster was not, as one used to think it was, Shakespeare's invention. Professor Churchill of Amherst, in his encyclopædic study of the Richard saga contributed to *Palæstra,* shows us that the murder of Clarence had already been added to Richard's crimes by the lumbering old moral ballad-monger who wrote "The Mirror for Magistrates." Professor Churchill, too, dates the ghost-business before Bosworth as far back as the chroniclers who wrote the history of Croyland Monastery (the second part of it), and who, being contemporaries of Richard and writing shortly after his death, may very well have been repeating what was an accepted and credited account of that night of demons and shadows which set Richard against Richard.

The Croyland scribe did what he could to perpetuate, thus early, the sinister fable of a Richard who was demon-directed, and who was the evil opposite of his successor, the heaven-sent Richmond. Then came John Rous, chaplain of Guy's Cliff, Warwick, another Richmond partisan (who, however, carried Richard no nearer his crookback than "inæquales humerōs," shoulders unequal), and Alderman Fabyan, who gave what we may call the city view of Richard's character, and cited the couplet often heard then and afterwards in London streets,—

> The cat, the rat, and Lovel our dog,
> Ruleth all England under a hog.

The hog, or its heraldic equivalent, as Richard made use of it, which became Margaret's "abortive rooting hog" and Richmond's "usurping boar," figures, as we should expect, in most of the popular tags and rhymes of the Richard legend, and reappears with effect in the "Mirror for Magistrates":

> He knew my brother Richard was the bore,
> Whose Tusks should Teare my brother's boys and me.

Lord Bacon, who had a boar for his crest, too, might have been tempted, if he had ever written of Richard, to idealize him and redeem the rooting hog. Sir Thomas More, who did write of him, and who did more than any one before Shakespeare to establish his character for all time, certainly did not flatter Richard:—"Crokebacked, his left shoulder much higher than his right, and such

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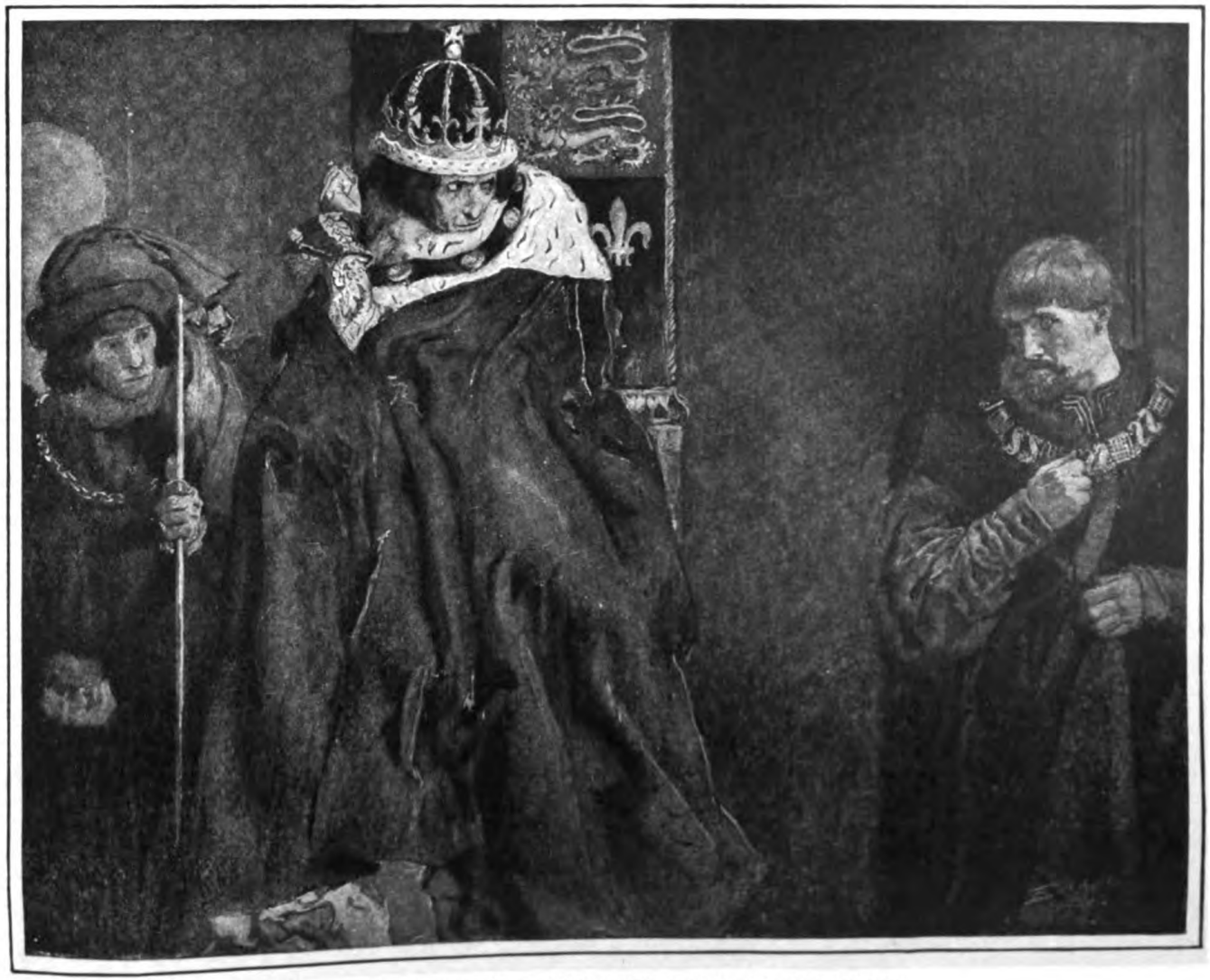

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ACT IV.: SCENE II. A ROOM OF STATE IN THE PALACE

KING RICH.: *"Tut, tut, thou troublest me; I am not in the mood"*

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as is in states called warlye; . . . malicious, wrathful, curious, and from afore his birth even forwarde,"—this is not a pretty likeness, body or mind. One is prepared for any suggestion—the boar's tusk, the hog-shoulders—after reading More, and Hollinshed who followed him.

Shakespeare enlarged and individualized but did not alter the portrait. Fresh from the comedy of youth and high spirits on the one hand, and the melodrama of blood on the other, he might have stretched the limits of Gloster's story and character in many congenial ways; but he brought no comedy into the play, unless we count the dubious Baynard Castle scene with the Mayor and Two Clerics. And for such melodrama as might have lurked in Clarence's death, he lifted it stroke on stroke into another atmosphere, and heightened it by touches of an imagination which he has hardly surpassed:—

> Then came wand'ring by
> A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
> Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud—
> Clarence is come.

If, as he worked on Gloster's portrait, knowing the taste of the day, he was tempted to magnify it to Tamburlaine proportions, he was saved by his imagination. He saw its intellectual traits and powers; powers misconceived and twisted, and fated to destruction, but invincible through it all. His *Richard III.*, then, is both an incarnation of pure force and of a great but cold and contemptuous intelligence. He paints a hero without a heart, without any heroic trait besides courage, and a master dealer in men and women, without a conscience: whose fall does not come until the conscience has been ghost-smitten, and the spirit of the man shaken on the eve of Bosworth, and that only for a midnight hour or so. Would Shakespeare have admitted even that show of weakness if he had not the Senecan device of a vengeful galley of ghosts to constrain him?

With the triumph of Richard's temperamental opposite, and successor on the throne, Richmond, at the close, we come to Shakespeare's first clear draft of the type of prince, crowned captain, people's darling, Christian hero, which he painted large afterwards in his *King Henry V.* *Henry VII.* introduces a new, bolder music of fifes and drums and patriotism to the stage. Indeed, Shakespeare's idea of adapting in a large, martial, dramatic way to the stage a successive shining pageant of the kings of England, which should presently make history spy itself, in the "round O" of the Globe Theatre, as in a livelier mirror, might very well have come to him as he drew to an end of his *Richard III.* In that he had already succeeded in fusing for the first time the melodrama and the blood-tragedy of Titus and the Jews of Malta with the primitive chronicle play. This was to accomplish much; but much more, as he knew, remained to be done before History like Colin Clout came home again: home to England, home to London, by way of the playhouse.

For Shakespeare, however, *Richard III.* is not only a history play and a king's tragedy. It is the play of Gloster the Anticipator; of him who drank up all experience at a draught, and would not yield, —"save to death only!" It is the tragedy of a commanding mind set amid a crowd of gently ineffectual or formal or superseded people, and accustomed from its youth up to see men and princes snipt like so many beads off the fatal thread twisted about the stems of the Two Roses. In Shakespeare's manner of treating the theme and heightening the characters, we get our first sense of all his imagination was to accomplish in the greater plays to come. Conceived in this light, in its relation to the genius of him who took it from the half-furnished stage workshop of 1596 or thereabouts and recreated it, it is more interesting than as a chronicle play or bold cartoon of English history. For the Crookback of the theatre is not really historical; he is half a folk-tale monster, and half the creature of the immature Tamburlaine-echoing stage that bred him and gave him everything but a soul. Happily, this his new creator was able to give him; and giving it him, Shakespeare left us with something besides another drama of the long vendetta of the houses of York and Lancaster:—he added a free, sardonic portrait of the young man militant to our dramatic gallery.

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The Fortune-Hunter

BY VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN

"MY proposition," said Miss Lansing, "is simply this: When a woman is beloved, she has the inalienable right to know of it—from the man's own lips."

"Under every conceivable circumstance?" asked Jerrold.

"Oh, we'll eliminate moral contingencies; I'm talking of free agents only."

"Granting that it is a right, she may not care to exercise it," said Maltby, thoughtfully. Maltby is a confirmed bachelor, and avoids thin ice on principle.

"A truism," retorted Miss Lansing: "No woman ever hears what she doesn't want to hear."

"Well, there was the Rape of the Sabines," put in Jerrold.

"That sort of thing is also eliminated," said Miss Lansing, calmly. "At least in polite society."

"Take the extreme case," said Fulke Jarvis—"a reigning princess and a commoner. You know the story of how Queen Victoria was obliged to propose to Prince Albert. What do you say, Miss Hasbrouck?" He allowed his gaze to linger upon the half-averted face of the girl who sat at his left hand.

Eve Hasbrouck flushed. "It depends—doesn't it?—upon one thing," she said, hesitatingly. "I mean whether or not it is the real love."

"And if it is?" persisted Jarvis.

"He may—" began Miss Lansing.

"He must," finished Miss Hasbrouck, and faced Mr. Jarvis squarely. He smiled back at her.

"He intends to," he said, hardily.

The intonation was unmistakable, and a little shock ran around the dinner-table. Maltby gasped and spluttered over a mouthful of Madeira; he felt as though he had been suddenly transported to a battle-field, and the singing of the Mauser bullets was in his ears.

Mrs. Maxon rose, a trifle hastily, and suggested the terrace to her feminine guests; they followed her obediently, leaving the men to the enjoyment of postprandial privileges.

Mrs. Maxon, disdaining even the affectation of a manœuvre, drew Eve aside and into a secluded corner.

"My dear! my dear!" she began, and then boggled helplessly, conscious of the futility of mere words. "It was all Carol Lansing's fault—for starting such a subject," she continued, indignantly.

Miss Hasbrouck colored high, but returned a frank pressure to the hand that had sought her own. "Dear Mrs. Maxon," she said, quietly, "it's very good of you, but don't bother any more; it isn't worth while. This is only what we are taught to expect. Every girl who happens to be an heiress in her own right, must learn the lesson early, and she generally does."

"But it was so barefaced," persisted Mrs. Maxon. "Everybody knows what Fulke Jarvis is—is just a fortune-hunter. There was Kitty Hunter, and that Jamison woman—oh, it is shameful!"

"It seems that Mr. Jarvis has not been successful in his quest," said Miss Hasbrouck.

"They all found him out," answered Mrs. Maxon, scornfully. "Just as you, my dear, have done, and thank Heaven for it. Of course, I understand now," she went on, meditatively, "why he seemed so anxious to make one of this June house-party, for Hugh generally asks him for the shooting later on. He knew you were coming, and laid his plans accordingly. I'm the easiest person in the world to wheedle, and I always did like Fulke, outside of that one thing. Of course, I might have warned you, but one doesn't care—"

"Naturally not."

"And it wasn't necessary, either; I'm glad of that. You can take care of yourself," and Mrs. Maxon nodded vigorously. "You have learned your lesson."

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Miss Hasbrouck did not reply, and Mrs. Maxon laughed comfortably. "It only remains to give him his," she continued. "You're competent to do that, too, *n'est-ce pas?*"

"Except for —" Miss Hasbrouck stopped.

"Except for what?"

"That I happen to have fallen in love with him."

For the first time in the period of her articulate existence, Mrs. Maxon had nothing to say. Her mouth, rigidly open, gave her an appearance supremely ridiculous, and Eve choked hysterically.

"Forgive me," she said, penitently. "It was like hitting you between the eyes, wasn't it? But I just had to say it out to somebody—to you."

But Mrs. Maxon was cognizant neither of the apology nor of the offence that had preceded it; the one tremendous fact possessed her wholly. "I shall never forgive myself," she said, banally.

"Please don't," said Eve, a little unsteadily. She leaned towards the older woman as a child might have done; impulsively Mrs. Maxon put out her arms. Then they drew quickly apart, for the men had appeared upon the terrace.

"I will wait here," whispered Eve, and Mrs. Maxon left her reluctantly.

Fulke Jarvis was looking about inquiringly; now he saw and was coming straight towards her. Miss Hasbrouck moved over into the corner of the rug-covered stone settee, and Mr. Jarvis took advantage of the implied permission without the smallest hesitation. "May I finish this cigarette?" he asked, and she nodded assent. "What a night!" he said, and she nodded again. As by one accord, their eyes travelled outward over the wide expanse of plain and valley and distant upland that stretched away from the terrace escarpment; the moon was at the full, and the low-lying masses of vapor in swampy nooks and corners shone like pools of misty silver. Little vagrant airs, laden with the sweetness of the rose-garden, came and went softly; the symphony of the June night had begun, and they listened in silence.

At many of our native institutions of higher learning it is an honored custom to publish, around Commencement-time, a brochure entitled "Senior Statistics." In this interesting compendium the young gentlemen of the graduating class unbosom themselves freely to the listening world, and the information thus disclosed is often of the most intimate and sociologically instructive nature. You may know how old Brown-Robinson is; how much he weighs; his political and ethical affiliations; his per diem consumption of alcohol and tobacco; his preferences as between blue eyes and brown; the grounds of his belief in a future life; the number of his feminine correspondents, and so forth *ad infin.;* finally, his choice as to an occupation in life. All of which is important—if true. Theoretically, "Senior Statistics" should be an invaluable reference-book to employers, and to fathers of marriageable young ladies.

In practice, however, it is only the unimportant items that can be safely accepted at their face value. For example, it is recorded of Mr. Fulke Jarvis that his weight was one hundred and sixty pounds, and that his political predilections were Republican. Nothing to cavil at in these statements. But a little farther on it is set down that Mr. Jarvis's ambitions were centred on the vocation of law. In reality, it was the marriage market that offered the most attractive field for his talents; he wanted a rich wife, and it was an open secret among his intimates that he intended to obtain one. To parents and guardians the difference between the two statements would seem of some importance.

Having deliberately decided upon the form of his ambition, Fulke Jarvis set himself steadfastly to realize it. To do him justice, he made no pretence at being better than he was. There are many opportunities for "soldiering" in the ostensible study of Blackstone and the Commentaries, but the use of such a stalking-horse was distasteful to our hero; he would stand in the open and kill his game fairly, or be content to trudge homeward with an empty bag, hoping for better luck next time. An admirable philosophy, for all that it was put to base uses.

The elder Mr. Jarvis viewed his son's course with disfavor, but he quickly saw that it was useless to remonstrate. Hav-

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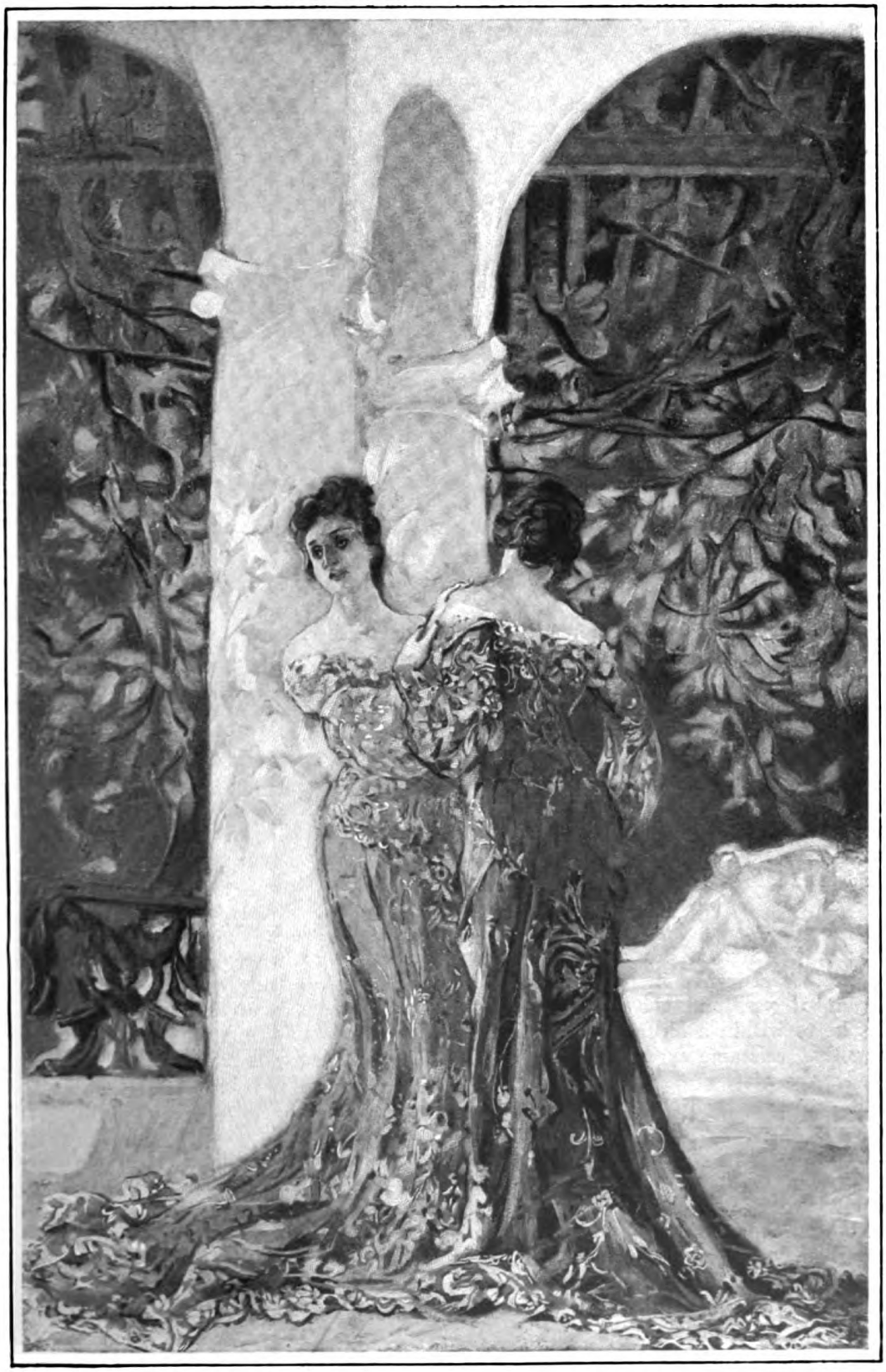

"PLEASE DON'T," SAID EVE, A LITTLE UNSTEADILY

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ing retired from business many years ago with a competence that unfortunate investments had reduced to a very moderate living, Mr. Jarvis senior was in no position to exercise commanding influence or authority. He could give Fulke a bed, and a seat at his table, and that was all; fortunately there were no other children. Finally, young Mr. Jarvis possessed an income from his mother's estate; it was barely large enough to pay his tailor and laundry bills and to keep him in good standing with the domestic staff of the great houses where he visited. Fulke Jarvis was no fool, and he knew that scrimping in the matter of largesse was the poorest kind of economy. The tip ranks with the debt of honor; it must be paid, or social bankruptcy is inevitable.

Four, five, and now six years had passed, and the campaign was still on; there were signs that it might degenerate into mere guerilla warfare. Certainly, luck had been cruelly against him; time and again he had been within a hair of pulling off a good thing and something untoward had happened. Kitty Hunter? As you know, her family had become resigned to the inevitable; it looked to be all over except for the rice-throwing. Then along happened young Midas with a dozen millions inherited from the paternal carpet business, and the race was over before Mr. Jarvis realized that he had been left at the post.

Mrs. Jamison, youngest and most comfortably jointured of widows? At the last moment, it was to University Settlement work that she gave in her wavering allegiance; yes, and she had been with Fulke to within a block of Grace Chantry that selfsame morning—disqualified under the wire.

There had been others too, failures equally egregious, and once or twice of late the young gentleman had had some misgivings as to ultimate success in his chosen vocation. It was then that he had been tempted into consideration of the guerilla warfare incidentally alluded to above. It might be possible to accomplish under cover what he had failed to bring about *en plein air*. Evidently the professed fortune-hunter was not an attractive figure to the feminine imagination; he now saw that he had theorized from a standpoint too exclusively masculine. The woman may be perfectly aware that she is to be sacrificed in either event, but she still prefers the politely deceptive process to the enlightenment of a brutal frankness. "I shall have to go in for the Commentaries, after all," thought Mr. Jarvis, disgustedly, "and I've a good mind to chuck the whole blessed thing." It was just at this juncture that he received an invitation to Mrs. Maxon's house-party, and he put off his decision until he should first make the long-desired acquaintance of Miss Eve Hasbrouck. They had been at "The Cedars" for a week now and he had come to know her very well; at least he thought so. Little by little she had yielded to him; step by step he had forced her back, until at last the path had narrowed to the barest standing-room. To pass was now impossible, and they could not face each other indefinitely; one or the other must give way, and he had all the advantage of position; he had only to press it a little farther.

Jarvis tossed away the end of his cigarette; his time had come. "Eve," he whispered, and then stopped, conscious that there was no longer need of spoken word, nor indeed any power to compel its utterance. The hour that had been his was past, and Silence sat upon her throne, —the greater silence, that lays its seal upon outward lip and ear that soul may have speech with its fellow; out of the ultimate abyss of consciousness the real man, the real woman, were rising to confront each other. And between them stood Truth, serene, beautiful, terrible, the interpreter of all things.

Fulke Jarvis had been led to believe that this woman loved him; now he knew it. The certainty should have been gratifying to his vanity, and it meant success, the accomplishment of the purpose that he had set himself to follow. The realization should have set heart and blood aflame. It was his moment of triumph, and yet he trembled and cast down his eyes. This white and holy thing upon which he looked—if this indeed were love, by what name was that commodity to be called which he had thought to offer in exchange? And the certitude was not on one side alone. So

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THEY LISTENED IN SILENCE

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surely as he knew, so was he also known; he stood pilloried in the market-place, his false coin spread out before him for all men—for her—to see.

A man involuntarily turns away from the painful picture of shame confessed; a woman will contemplate it unshrinkingly, either with the condemnation that is utter or with the pity that seeks to console and to restore. Which of the two, depends, of course, upon the nature of the transgression, and may be complicated indefinitely with the sex and personality of the sinner. With the good woman the primal instinct is to heal; the hurt has been sympathetically reproduced in her own being, and Nature insists upon self-preservation. Eve Hasbrouck turned towards Fulke Jarvis and laid her hand ever so lightly upon his sleeve.

"I am sorry," she said, softly. The man pulled himself up stiffly; the sense of his present humiliation had suddenly hardened him.

"Don't!" he said, and looked away.

A servant was offering them the coffee-tray, and young Buller sauntered over from the main group to get himself another cup.

"You've been missing it, you two," he remarked, with a species of tolerant patronage that most people found excessively irritating. "Miss Lansing has been saying such clever things right along. It's like being at the fireworks — eh! What's that? There she goes now." He spoke as though the discharge of a rocket were about to follow—siss—boom—ah!! There was an instant of hushed expectancy in the circle about the clever Miss Lansing; then, in her clear, metallic tones:

"A woman may pardon the boldness that presumes too far; she can never forgive the hesitation that stops just short."

"They say that's the reason she never comes down to breakfast," continued young Mr. Buller, meditatively. "Has to put in the time getting up this sort of thing—enough to last through the day, you know. Lives in a world of epigram; and it must be rather jolly, don't you think?"

"Only it isn't a real world," said Miss Hasbrouck, gently, "and so one behaves there rather differently than is possible in ours."

Miss Lansing came up under full sail. "Where have you been, 'Bully'?" she said, severely. "You were to see about getting out the bridge-table."

"Changed my mind," pleaded young Buller. "It's too nice out here on the terrace."

"Well, I like that!" retorted Miss Lansing. "Everybody knows that your intellectual wardrobe doesn't hold such a superfluity as a change of mind. Right about face, now—march!"

Young Buller, grinning somewhat sheepishly, was led away to the appropriate and inevitable slaughter. The rest of the party had been summoned to the drawing-room, where Jerrold was going to sing, and Jarvis had just an instant left.

"I shall go up to town to-night," he began. He hesitated an instant, and then continued, coldly: "It seems that I have both presumed too far and hesitated too long, and the double offence is naturally unpardonable. The one thing left for me to do is to endeavor to re-establish myself in your esteem. An impossible task, of course, but one attempts the impossible for Miss Hasbrouck. To make something out of myself—that is the idea, I think. Something worth while, if it is worth while—now."

"Why not?" said Miss Hasbrouck, placidly. "Of course you have my best wishes," she added, as though from an afterthought. She put out her hand, and he took it mechanically; then she was gone.

Fulke Jarvis stared after her retreating form a trifle vaguely. He felt as though he had been suddenly tumbled from a lofty pedestal and had landed upon a particularly hard spot in the world of facts. "I wonder, I wonder," he said, under his breath, and then stopped short. Very dimly the thought forced itself upon him that he had made a mistake somewhere in dealing with this secondary situation. He had offered concrete reparation, definite atonement, and she had wanted—what? Who could tell him that for a woman wounded at her tenderest, there is but one possible cure—the full forgiveness of the sinner. But he must ask for the application of the remedy; to assume its unpardonable nature only makes it so.

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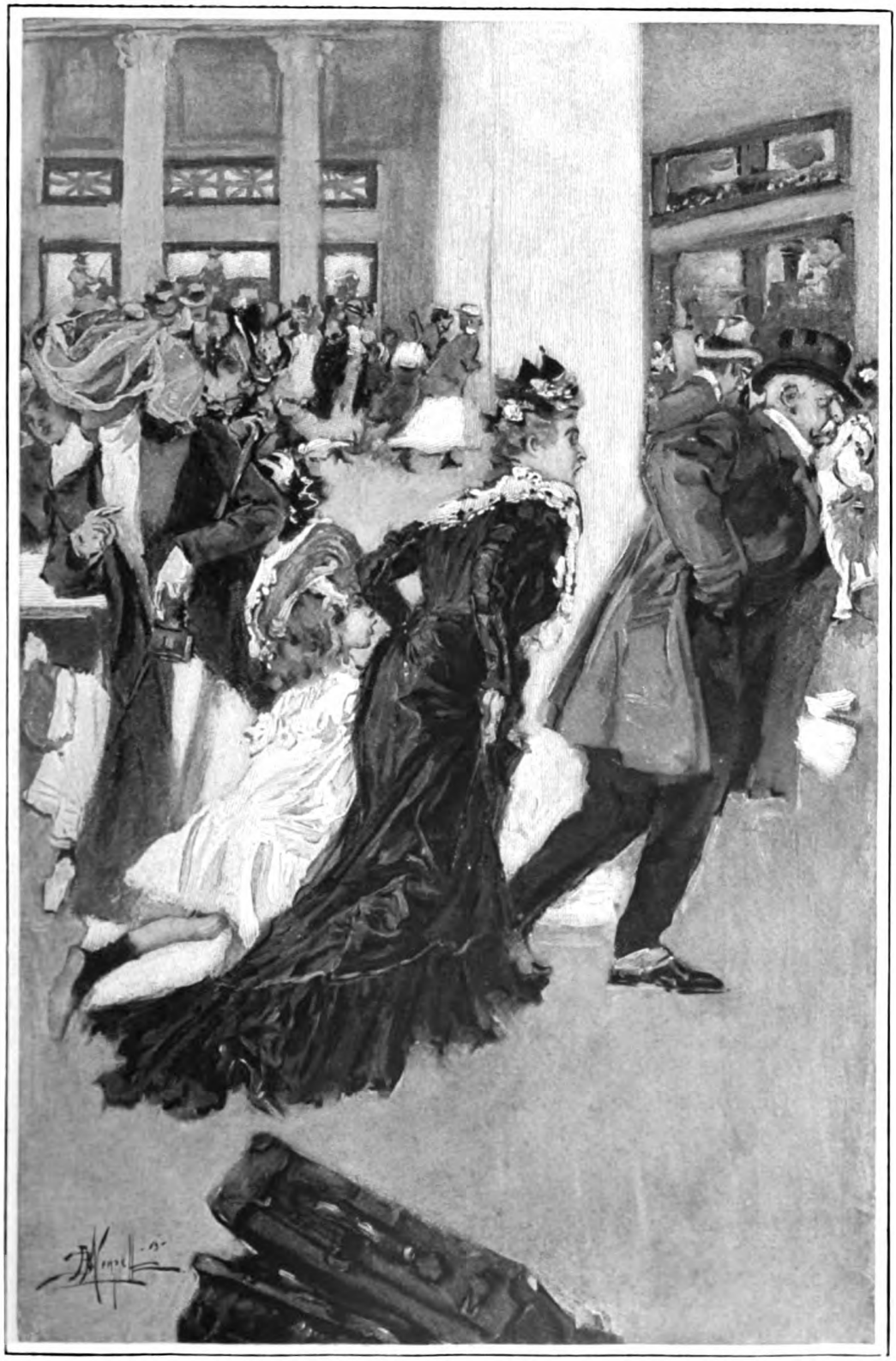

EVE HASBROUCK STOPPED AT HIS WINDOW

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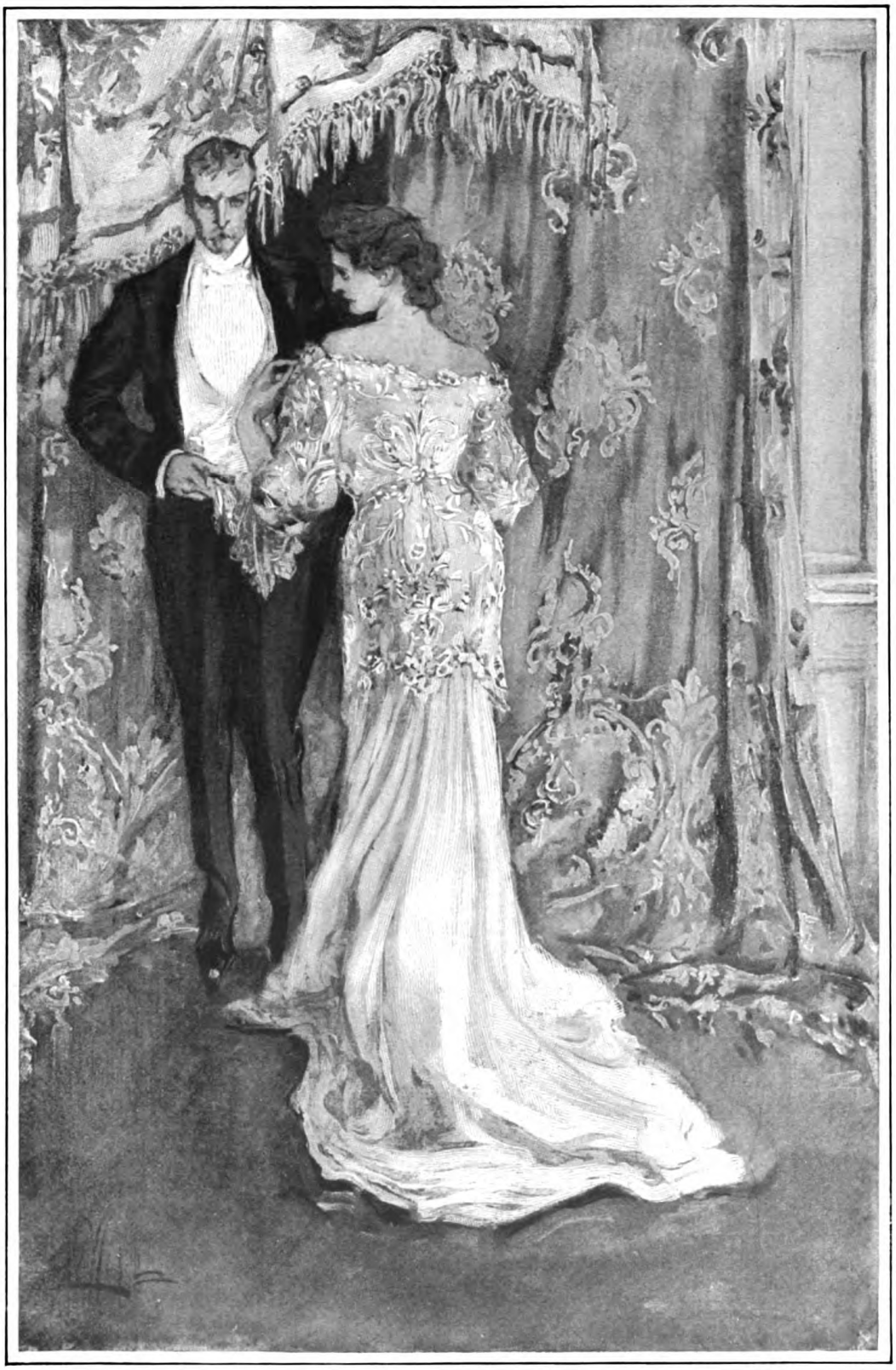

"YOU REMEMBER THAT NIGHT AT 'THE CEDARS,'" HE BEGAN

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"I wonder," said Fulke Jarvis to himself again.

The next morning, at breakfast, Mr. Jarvis senior was enabled to supplement his toast and egg with a mild sensation.

"Why, of course, Fulke," he said, in gentle perplexity. "I'll give you a letter to Garrabrant, and he'll do anything he can for you. But at your age, and with —er—your inexperience in practical affairs—it's the bottom rung, you know. You're over thirty, ain't you? I never could remember. Just as you say, though; I'm sure Garrabrant will do anything he can."

Mr. Garrabrant, president of the Midland railway system, received the son of his old friend cordially, but he hesitated a little when the nature of the requested service was finally broached.

"Willing to do anything, eh!" He smiled, although not unkindly. "I've heard that remark before, Mr. Jarvis—no offence, of course, but I *have* heard it before."

He considered a moment. "You let me think this over for a day or two, and I'll write you. You won't stop and take luncheon at the Transportation Club? Well, remember me to your father. Good day."

At the end of the week, Fulke Jarvis received a curtly worded letter from the passenger department of the Midland, informing him that he had been appointed a local ticket-agent, and assigned to duty at the main metropolitan station, reporting at eight o'clock on Monday morning.

It had been a month and more since Fulke Jarvis had taken up his work in the local passenger department at the Midland station. Ten hours a day, and a salary that barely ran into double figures. Yet he actually liked the feeling of being busy at something useful; his fellow clerks were disposed to be agreeable, and he had quickly mastered the not overly profound intricacies of his position. The one disturbing reflection lay in the fact that most of the nice suburban towns in the metropolitan district, and all but one of the big country clubs, are situated on the Midland lines. It was inevitable that sooner or later he must stand face to face with some of his former intimates—the people that one knows. Yet, after all, the reality was not so dreadful; he might have spared himself the most disagreeable of his anticipations if he had but known.

There were indeed many familiar faces in the unending throng that filed past his particular window. But these people, with whom he had been so closely associated in the old days, were not in the least degree deficient in the ordinary decencies of life. There had been some mildly speculative interest over his course of action when first it became known, but the gossip soon died away. As everybody knew, the Jarvises had always been nice people, and if Fulke chose to earn his own living in preference to playing "Little Brother to the Rich," so much the more credit to him; it was quickly passed around that it was the thing to patronize Fulke's wicket in the ticket-office, and to be a little more than civil to him personally. The women who had been accustomed to call him by his first name continued to do so, even putting an emphasis upon the familiarity. And of course the men were decent enough without being obliged to take any particular thought about it.

This was all very well, and at first it cheered and encouraged him mightily. Then he came to realize that these amenities were simply the small change with which good-breeding provides itself to dole out to the socially impoverished. The match-woman on the sidewalk received her coppers, and for Fulke Jarvis behind his window there was an equivalent in the gracious nod or the "How goes it to-day, old chap?"—a full discharge, surely, of all claims on friendship. It was charity in either case, and once out of sight, it was out of mind—equally so for Fulke Jarvis and the beggar at the door. These people had been kind to him in the only way of which they knew, but he was no longer of their world, and so they passed on. "Good chap, Fulke Jarvis! we really ought to have him up to dinner some night. But I suppose he has to work all hours. I'll ask him about it next time I see him."

So it went, and then one day an actual event happened. Eve Hasbrouck stopped

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at his window and asked for a return to Belleair.

"One thirty-five," said Fulke Jarvis, mechanically. Miss Hasbrouck laid down a ten-dollar bill and smiled frankly at him.

"Why don't you come and see me?" she asked.

Fulke pushed out the tickets. "I'd like to, of course," he said, blushing.

"I'll be back by Monday. But any evening that you like."

After she was gone Jarvis suddenly snatched up the ten-dollar bill and gazed at it blankly.

"I never gave her her change," he muttered under his breath. "Must have looked like a rake-off to the unprejudiced eye. Let me see; she'll be back by Monday, and I'll step around and return it then."

But when Monday came Mr. Jarvis found himself unable to carry out his laudable intention of restoring to Miss Hasbrouck her property. He debated the question so long with himself that he finally found it too late to make the attempt. "Tuesday, then," he said, resolutely, as he went up-stairs to bed.

Curiously enough, our hero passed through precisely the same experience on the succeeding Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday nights, and the money continued to remain in his possession. On Friday it suddenly occurred to him that Miss Hasbrouck might be justified in concluding him capable of misappropriating the wretched stuff; the thought made him turn cold.

"How do you do, Mr. Jarvis?" and Miss Hasbrouck stood regarding him with mild reproach. "I certainly expected you this week, and you never came near me. What's that? My change! I don't understand."

Mr. Jarvis hurriedly explained the oversight of the week before, provided the young lady, at her request, with a single to Riverton, and made a positive engagement to call the next Thursday evening—all this in half a minute or less, for there was a long queue of impatient suburbanites in waiting.

Half an hour later Fulke Jarvis made a disquieting discovery. Not only had he forgotten, after all, to offer satisfaction for the original wrong, but here was a second ten-dollar bill, that had been evidently tendered in payment for the fifty-cent ticket to Riverton. "I never saw such an unbusinesslike woman," he remarked with some heat. "I wonder what she thinks of me."

That next Thursday evening Mr. Jarvis settled the situation, at least so far as concerned himself. After walking three times around the block in which Miss Hasbrouck lived, he went to his club and sent the money around by messenger, together with a carefully worded note, in which he regretted the broken engagement, but made no excuse for it. "That ends it," said Jarvis, dismally, as he sat over a black cigar in the darkest corner of that vast and empty hall of silence yclept the club library. But in this he was mistaken.

"I'll get the tickets for the party," said young Buller, sweetly. "Let me see—six and two make eight, and it's one thirty-five to Belleair, isn't it, old chap?"

They were all there—Mrs. Maxon and Jerrold and Maltby, Miss Lansing, and Eve Hasbrouck standing a little in the rear. On their way to the Country Club, no doubt, and for an instant Fulke Jarvis was conscious of an unmistakable pang of envy and regret.

"Thank you, Mr. Buller," began Mrs. Maxon; but Miss Lansing interrupted her remorselessly.

"Not to be thought of for a moment, my dear; the strain upon his intellect might be fatal. Be quiet, 'Bully'; you know that you never could count above five; I call your golf scores to witness. Eight returns, if you please, Mr. Jarvis."

Miss Hasbrouck lingered for a moment as the party moved on towards the train gates. "You haven't been to see me yet," she said. "But some day—"

"No," interrupted Mr. Jarvis. He looked straight before him, and the lines about his mouth grew deeper. "No," he said again.

"Oh yes, you will," returned Miss Hasbrouck, with cheerful decisiveness. "It invariably happens so with two negatives. Au revoir."

At the end of a fortnight Fulke Jarvis gave in. He went to Miss Hasbrouck's house and asked for her. It was an opera

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night, but she was at home and would see him.

It seemed an endlessly long time before she appeared; he paced the room, miserably anxious to have the business over with and be gone. Yet when she finally entered, the serene gravity in her eyes reassured him; he found that he could speak naturally, even lightly. "You got your change at last?" he said. "It was correct?"

"To the last penny; it was very good of you."

He had not expected that she would help him any further. At the greater cross-roads of life it must always be for the man to lead the way, and for the woman to follow—if she will.

"You remember that night at 'The Cedars,'" he began. "There was a discussion as to a woman's right to know that she is loved, to be told so from the man's own mouth, and no matter what the other circumstances of the case might be. You remember?"

"Yes," said Miss Hasbrouck.

"Whether or not he ought to speak—that was the question. That he may was one answer; yours was that he must."

"Yes," said Miss Hasbrouck again.

"I misinterpreted your meaning at the time, but then I was trying to solve the problem by beginning at the wrong end. When a man loves—" he hesitated and dropped his eyes. Then he went on determinedly:

"It was quite true, you know—about Kitty Hunter, and Mrs. Jamison, and—and the others, you among them. But the thing itself—it had never struck me that I ought to be ashamed of what I was trying to accomplish. It has always been considered permissible for a woman to make a good match, by hook or by crook; why not for a man?

"Of course it was my mistake—to think that it was a decenter thing to be perfectly frank and aboveboard. That was simply foolish; I can see now how it spoiled all my—my chances.

"Foolish, yes, and something more, something infinitely more. That part of my lesson began the night when we sat together on the terrace of 'The Cedars'—you and I and the silence.

"There was nothing left for me but to go away on the midnight train; I couldn't have met you face to face in the open day. Yet do you know I was more sore than sorry over what had happened. Somehow it seemed that I had been badly treated. Had you not refused to believe in me?

"The mere getting to work was nothing. I was tired to death of playing gentleman pensioner, and I wanted to prove to you and to Mr. Garrabrant that your estimate of me had been too hasty. At least that's the way I felt in starting off; later on I began to understand what the grind might come to mean in ten, twenty, forty years. Once in a while I would stop and wonder if anything were worth the while.

"Then came the day when you stopped at my window and bought a ticket to Belleair—you haven't forgotten it?"

Miss Hasbrouck was looking steadily into a far corner of the room. She did not speak or move.

"It was our first meeting since that night," continued Jarvis, "and it hit me hard. I even let you go away without your change; I should have been discharged for that if an inspector had happened to be around.

"No wonder that a man doesn't understand women; it takes all his time and energy to find out the truth about himself. So I hung back and tried to argue it out with myself, and failed miserably time and again, as those broken engagements will testify. Now I knew myself and what I had done, and it seemed impossible that I should ever see or speak to you again.

"It was then that I thanked God that there was work in the world for a man to do. Work! It was the only reparation that I could offer you. The duller and meaner it was, the more closely I hugged it to myself. To work, and for your sake! That you shouldn't know anything about it was included in the debt that I was trying to pay off. It seemed natural and proper enough—at the first.

"At the first, I say, for afterwards I came to see that that was only part of the price. There was something more that I owed you, and that I must pay. *Must*, you understand.

"That seemed simple, too. I could love you, and I would—in silence and apart. It could do you no manner of

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harm that I loved you; on the contrary, if love were a real and vital power, I should be sending something of good to you continually. It pleased me, too, to think that you could not escape it; consciously or unconsciously you would be receiving the best I had it in me to give. And so for the time being I was content.

"But only for the time. There was still something kept back, a something that belonged to you, and that I had no right to withhold. You can guess what it was—my pride. My pride! it hadn't bothered me much with the others, and perhaps I had forfeited the right to indulge in such a sentiment. But it was you whom I had come to love, and that made a difference—all the difference.

"It was then that I came to resent your being a rich woman, raging against the barriers that fate had raised, and which I had helped to make higher with my own hands. Foolish enough, wasn't it? Remember that I was keeping back part of the price, and so was unhappy.

"But now it is paid—to the uttermost farthing. A man's pride—if he is a man—is himself; it lies at the bottom sometimes, but it's still there. I've brought it here to-night for you to take and put under your feet—if you will. It isn't worth anything in itself; its sacrifice is the only thing that counts. The real love—that which comes but once—strips us of everything, and it won't be satisfied until we are willing that it should do so. It was only to-night that I found myself willing, but now I am glad to have yielded—can you believe it even that I am proud?—that not otherwise — even to wish—" his voice trailed away into inarticulateness.

Once again silence held them both—the true and perfect silence in which alone the soul possesses itself in freedom; the silence of that ultimate moment in the relations of a man and of a woman which must either unite or alienate them forever. Once before this man had seen the prodigy appear, and had fled in terror before it. But now he waited, for, lo! the woman would have it so.

Young Buller was calling on Miss Lansing for the fourth consecutive evening in one week. But there was some sort of excuse for him this time: he had a piece of news to tell—Eve Hasbrouck's engagement to Fulke Jarvis. Miss Lansing heard him through in silence.

"What do you think of it?" asked young Buller, timidly.

Miss Lansing looked out of the window and sighed audibly. "Dear me! 'Bully,'" she said. "Haven't you learned yet how little it takes to disappoint a woman—and how much less to please her?"

Young Buller fidgeted about on his chair. Certainly *he* would never be able to do the right thing by this inscrutable and fearfully clever Miss Lansing. She was such a one to catch a fellow up.

Nevertheless, there are those who think that in the end the lady will be inclined to be lenient towards young Buller. It appears that he means well.

Walt Whitman

BY WILLIAM SHARP

"I GO to meet the sunrise": this the word
Last uttered by the poet's failing breath:
What battle-hymn or pæan ever heard,
More glorious music made in the ears of Death?

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Is English Becoming Corrupt?

BY THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY

Professor of English, Yale University

SECOND PAPER

IN the preceding article was given an account of the melancholy views which have been expressed at times by various writers of eminence in regard to the condition of the language. The historical survey made, brief as it was compared with what it could have been, renders it clear that there is nothing peculiar to any period about these utterances. Illustrations of the same nature could be multiplied endlessly, never more so than now; though it is fair to add, rarely in any age from men of the intellectual grade of Swift and Landor. The Beatties and Miss Bowdlers will never die out. Furthermore, it is to be said that from views of this sort there has never been much dissent. Dryden indeed, writing in 1670, maintained that the language had been improving since the era of the great dramatists, instead of degenerating. But in this instance, as in so many others, he was arguing as an advocate; he was not speaking as a judge. It is plain from his further words that the opinion he expressed was not the opinion generally entertained. He admitted that many in his time insisted that from Ben Jonson's death to their own day English speech "had been in a continual declination like that of the Romans from the age of Virgil to Statius, and so downwards to Claudian."

In truth, if we take for authority the contemporary opinion of successive periods, there is no escape from the conclusion that, for the past two hundred years at least, our tongue has been steadily deteriorating. There is in it an innate depravity which tends to make it go wrong. As if this were not enough, there are always certain mischievous and irresponsible persons who are engaged in the work of destroying its purity. In Swift's time it was the frequenters of the court, the theatrical writers, the translators from the French, and the poets. In Beattie's time it was the political pamphleteers and essayists. But during the last hundred years the agency which has been the favorite one to accuse of corrupting the language is the newspaper. Exactly why this particular form of literary production should be deemed responsible for the ever-impending ruin is not very clear. The writers for the press, at least for the leading journals, are generally a picked body of men. They suffer indeed from the necessity of producing work under the pressure of instant demand. To counterbalance this disadvantage, they are, as a rule, in earnest. They are partisans, and sometimes bitter partisans. In consequence they are usually in a state of wrath against something or somebody. No one needs to be told that few things conduce more than wrath to impart clearness, directness, and energy to expression; and these are qualities that contribute to purity of speech and not to its corruption. Accordingly the dangers to be anticipated from the newspaper are really little more than creations of the imagination.

At this point attention must be called to the falsity of the belief, once widely and perhaps generally entertained, that the inrush of new words and phrases into a language is evidence of the influences at work in it tending to produce corruption. Men, it was held, should be content with what sufficed their fathers. On the contrary, the number of new locutions which at any given time are presenting themselves for admission into a tongue is a pretty accurate indication of the degree of intellectual activity prevailing among those who speak it. The largeness of the number of words struggling for entrance is a sign of the health of a language, not of its decay. To these as-

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pirants, indeed, the words of Scripture are specially applicable. Many are called, but few are chosen. Out of the army of terms that offer themselves for admission in every generation, but a very limited number find lodgment in the speech. Nor do these, save in the rarest of instances, displace or make obsolete those already there. The fundamental error which vitiated the conclusions of Swift and his contemporaries consisted in their belief that the language was steadily moving in a straight line away from its sources. Hence it followed that, unless it became what they called fixed, their own writings would in process of time become unintelligible. They complained accordingly that length of fame was denied to modern writers. These could hope to live at best but a bare threescore years. As Pope expressed it, and illustrated it by an example,

Our sons their fathers' failing language see,
And such as Chaucer is, shall Dryden be.

We are now in a position to take a farther step. The various expressions criticised by Swift and Beattie and Landor constitute but a pitiful handful of the number that have from time to time been denounced—often too by men of ability—as barbarisms and corruptions. Yet nearly all of them are now employed unhesitatingly — ordinarily too in complete ignorance of their once scandalous reputation—by those who are engaged in pointing out the present perils of the same sort which threaten the speech. Indeed, no more curious chapter in the history of our tongue could be furnished than one giving a complete account of the words in common use to which on their first appearance exception has been taken, ranging all the way from mere disapproval to severest condemnation. In the list, it may be added, can be found the now somewhat noted adjective *strenuous*. There can be no question as to the fact that during its history the language has absorbed very many locutions and constructions which, according to the purists of the past, were destined if adopted to prove its bane. There is not, however, any evidence that its health has suffered the slightest in consequence. This condition of things awakens the hope, and indeed conveys the assurance, that all the alarm about the language is based upon utter misconception of what the real agencies are which impair the efficiency and purity of speech.

This involves the comprehension of two points. The first is that, strictly speaking, there is no such thing as a language becoming corrupt. It is an instrument which will be just what those who use it choose to make it. The words that constitute it have no real significance of their own. It is the meaning which men put into them that gives them all the efficacy they possess. Language does nothing more than reflect the character and the characteristics of those who speak it. It mirrors their thoughts and feelings, their passions and prejudices, their hopes and aspirations, their aims, whether high or low. In the mouth of the bombastic it will be inflated; in the mouth of the illiterate it will be full of vulgarisms; in the mouth of the precise it will be formal and pedantic. If therefore those who employ it as the medium of conveying their ideas lose all sense of what is vigorous in action and of what is earnest in belief, all appreciation of what is pure in taste and of what is lofty in conduct, if, in fine, they become intellectually coarse and morally corrupt, the speech they use may be relied upon to share in their degradation. Never was there a more ridiculous reversal of the actual order of events than that contained in Landor's assertion that "no nation hath long survived the decrepitude of its language."

This is the first point. The second one is that the history of language is the history of corruptions—using that term in the sense in which it is constantly employed by those who are stigmatizing by it the new words and phrases and constructions to which they take exception. Every one of us to-day is employing expressions which either outrage the rules of strict grammar, or disregard the principles of analogy, or belong by their origin to what we now deem the worst sort of vulgarisms. These so-called corruptions are found everywhere in the vocabulary, and in nearly all the parts of speech. Words are spelled and pronounced in utter defiance of their derivation. Letters have been added to them as a result of slovenly pronunciation. On

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the other hand, they have been deprived in the same way of letters, and even syllables, to which they are entitled, and the full proper form has in some instances been replaced by a mere fragment of the original. Plurals of nouns have become singulars, and singulars in turn have become plurals. Yet a return to what is the theoretically correct usage would seem like a return to barbarism. Any attempt of that nature would be sure to be denounced as an assault upon the purity of the tongue. Even if permitted in any given case, it would produce upon most of us the effect of something peculiarly grotesque.

It is in two parts of speech—the pronoun and the verb—that the most flagrant examples of these so-called corruptions are exhibited. The neuter pronoun of the third person has dropped its initial *h*. *Hit*, the proper form, has been replaced by *it*. *'Ouse* and *'ead* are really not any worse, save that in the instance of the one we have got used and therefore attached to the corrupted form, and the two others we regard with distinct aversion. Worse than this, the confusion between the nominative and the objective case, which shows itself in several of the pronouns, has succeeded with the plural of the second person in establishing the original dative and accusative as the regular nominative. Hence we all, ungrammatically from the purist point of view, say *you* instead of the strictly correct *ye*. No better account can be given of the verb system. Etymologically considered, that is little more than a mass of corruption. In the course of their history the two conjugations have been so confounded that were it not for the light thrown upon them by comparative philology, we should be unable to bring any order out of the chaos which has come to prevail. To all this add the fact that in the case of several words the literary language now uses a corrupted form, while the really proper one has been relegated to the speech of the uneducated.

Proof will naturally be demanded of propositions so sweeping. Out of the host of examples which present themselves it is well to select one which has about it the interest of present controversy. Let us take our first illustration from the verb system. This abounds, as has been said, in corruptions which time and authority have converted into the best possible usage, often indeed into the only possible usage. In it we have now the case of a new participial form which may fairly be considered as a candidate for acceptance or rejection. But before its exact status, however well known to many, can be made clear to all, two or three preliminary explanations must be given. The English verb, like that of its sister Teutonic languages, is divided into two conjugations, called respectively the strong or old, and the weak or new. One characteristic of the former is here to be specially noted. Its past participle always had originally the termination *-en*. In modern English this ending has in some instances been regularly retained, as in *given, taken, fallen,* and *risen*. In others it has been dropped entirely, as in *sprung, sung,* and *drunk,* the present representatives of the earlier *sprungen, sungen,* and *drunken*. In others again the *e* has been dropped while the *-n* has been retained, as in *born, torn,* and *known*. In still others the verb has kept the fuller and the shorter form side by side, as in *eaten* and *eat, bitten* and *bit, gotten* and *got*. Finally there are a few verbs which have dropped the original participial form almost entirely, if not entirely, and replaced it by the form of the preterite, as *held* for *holden, sat* for *sitten,* and *stood* for *stonden*. These last, it hardly needs to be said, are corruptions of a peculiarly atrocious character. None of these changes, however, affect the fact that *-en* is the distinctive termination of the past participle of the strong conjugation. On the other hand, the past participle of the verbs of the weak conjugation regularly ends and has always ended in *-d* or *-t*.

With this explanation we are in a position to consider the case of the disputed form selected. This is *proven*. The verb to which it belongs is a verb of the weak conjugation. The past participle is therefore properly *proved*. In consequence *proven* is etymologically a corruption. It came into the literary language, so far as it exists in it, from the northern English dialects. These from an early period were fond of adding the strong participial termination *-en* to the root of weak

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verbs. The verdict in Scotch criminal trials of "not proven" was in all probability the particular agency which made this form familiar to southern ears.

Every scholar will admit the fact that etymologically *proven* is a corruption. Accordingly why should not its use be debarred at once and forever? But questions of usage are not settled in this easy offhand way. The men who prefer to employ the word may naturally ask, Why not make your reformation complete before you object to the introduction of this particular form? *Hide* and *chide* are also strictly verbs of the weak conjugation. In the sixteenth century, and perhaps a little earlier, they added to their weak past participles *hid* and *chid* the termination *-en* of the strong past participle. In this way *hidden* and *chidden* were formed. Both are certainly corruptions of a character not essentially different from *proven*. But they have become so sanctioned by the best usage that we no longer think of disputing their correctness; in truth, but few are aware of the fact that etymologically they are improper. Their history is repeating itself in the word now under discussion. The adoption or rejection of *proven* is not a matter to be decided by scholars, but by the attitude assumed towards it by the great writers of our speech. At this time usage is discordant. Some authors of repute employ it; some avoid it. In Tennyson's works it first appeared in "Aylmer's Field," published in 1864. After that date it occurred pretty frequently—a fact showing that his choice of it was deliberate. It has also been used by Bulwer, by Lowell, by Thackeray, by Herbert Spencer, and doubtless by many others. It is more than likely that it is destined to establish itself permanently in the language of literature. It certainly looks now as if the large majority of the users of speech will prefer to sin with Tennyson and Thackeray and Lowell than to be etymologically virtuous with all the grammarians. If such be the result, we can rest assured that the language will be no more ruined by the adoption of *proven* than it has been ruined by the previous adoption of *hidden* and *chidden*.

Let us now take up the consideration of one of the corruptions which has lived through its day of trial and has been long received into the best literary society. It is the abbreviation *mob*. This is nothing but a fragment of the full Latin original *mobile vulgus*—"the fickle common people." First the noun *vulgus* was dropped. *Mobile*, coming into common use, was in a few years cut down to *mob*. By Swift it was abominated to his dying day as a peculiarly odious kind of slang. Addison sympathized with this feeling. In No. 135 of the *Spectator*, *mob* is put down by him as one of the ridiculous words which he fears will in time be looked upon as part of the speech. There must have been then a host of minor defenders of the purity of our tongue who bewailed its increasing use, and pointed to that fact as evidence of the growing degeneracy of the language. But the assailed form stoutly held its ground and outlived its censurers. Addison's fears have been realized. The abbreviation has thoroughly established itself. Accordingly a word which their predecessors stigmatized as a corruption of the vilest kind is now used unhesitatingly by the most precise of modern purists. The reason of its prevalence is obvious. It came to supply a very genuine want. There is no other single word that conveys definitely the idea of a particular sort of riotous assemblage. Still, in these matters it must be conceded that language is largely capricious in the preferences it exhibits, unless we choose to credit it with possessing the keenest sense of what it needs. It adopts one form and rejects another according as it suits its will, or perhaps its whim. Good usage which frowns upon *pants*, which stigmatizes *gents* as utterly odious, or designates by it human beings of a particularly odious species, would regard the loss of the similar formation *mob* as impairing the resources of the speech.

In truth, in this matter of so-called corruptions we are all a bundle of inconsistencies. We condemn in one breath what we approve in another. A certain form of some particular word we look upon as a vulgarism of the worst kind; a precisely similar form of another word we regard as the only possibly correct one. We hear occasionally from the lips of the uneducated *drownded* as the past

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tense of *drown*, itself frequently pronounced by the same persons as *drownd*. We properly consider its use as an evidence of illiteracy. There is no question that it has all the marks of those corruptions which, according to some, are ultimately to ruin our speech. A letter has been added to the end of the word which destroys the correct pronunciation, and furthermore causes the form to deviate from its original. This is perfectly true. Yet it is the mere accident of usage that all of us are not saying it now as well as merely a certain number of the uneducated. It was employed in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries by reputable writers. Had during those centuries the form been generally adopted by authors of the highest grade, whose works were regarded by all as authorities, every educated man at the present day would be saying *drownd* and *drownded* for *drown* and *drowned*, and withal be ignorant that he was using what was in its origin a corruption of the worst kind.

But, after all, say the upholders of purity, this form did not establish itself. It effected an entrance indeed, but it was too gross a corruption to be permanently endured. The literary language came in time to recognize its real character, and in consequence left the employment of it exclusively to the unlettered. The example, therefore, instead of sustaining the view put forth, proves that its contrary is the only true position to take. A corruption may through carelessness or ignorance creep into the speech. There it may maintain itself for a while. But its nature cannot always continue unknown. Once let the attention of the users of language be called to it, and its ultimate proscription is merely a question of time.

This would be a most comfortable doctrine to hold could the facts only be persuaded to accommodate themselves to it. Let us concede that *drownded* is the worst of English, and that its introduction, had it been effected, would have wrought, so far as its influence went, an irreparable injury to the speech. What are we, then, to say of corruptions resembling it precisely which all, educated and uneducated alike, use without scruple. The *d* of *drownded* is an objectionable and unauthorized letter. Therefore this form of the preterite is properly denounced by us as a vulgarism. But this same letter has been added to other words with the like result of destroying the original pronunciation, and hiding, as far as it can, the derivation. Let us take two verbs as we find them in the following lines from Chaucer:

> A harp,
> That *sounèd* bothè well and sharp.
>
> "*Lene* me a mark," quoth he, "but dayès three."

Here are correct forms of two most common English words, *sound* and *lend*. The former came to us originally as a noun through the Anglo-Saxon from the Latin *son-us*. In Middle English it appears properly as *soun*. The latter verb comes from the Anglo-Saxon *lænan*. In neither has the existing *-d* any right to the place it holds. But after Chaucer's time the unauthorized letter intruded itself into these two words. The corruption doubtless showed itself first in the popular speech, and from that gradually made its way into the language of literature. The forms with *-d* are now the only ones recognized by the English-speaking world. Comparatively few of us know that they are strictly corruptions; that, for instance, in saying *sounded* we are using a formation precisely similar in character and origin to *drownded*. The examples just given are very far from being the only ones that could be cited of words which have assumed to themselves final letters to which they are not entitled; but the object aimed at here is not to furnish a catalogue, but to illustrate a principle.

Even this is not the worst. It is bad enough for the educated to use a corruption of the very kind which they reprobate in the uneducated. But a lower deep is reached when we find them employing what is really a corrupt form, leaving the one strictly correct to the illiterate, and then pointing it out as an evidence of their illiteracy. Even in our preference of corruption we are not consistent; for while we accept it in one case, we discard it in another which is precisely similar. Let us take for illustration the four words *again, along, amid,*

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and *among* — all at the outset both adverbs and prepositions. In addition, besides the simple form, all had a corresponding one with the adverbial ending *-es*, giving us in consequence—variations of spelling being disregarded — *againes*, *alonges*, *amiddes*, and *amonges*. Each one of these latter, either in the fourteenth or the fifteenth or the sixteenth century, added to this ending in *-es* the letter *t*. It was of course a corruption. Not only did it establish itself, however, but the corrupt forms terminating in *-st* supplanted in the language of literature the correct forms terminating in *-es*. Consequently in using *against*, *alongst*, *amidst*, and *amongst*, we are using forms which have no etymological justification for their existence.

But we did not stop here. The history of these four words shows that not the slightest consistency has been observed in their treatment. For a long while the corrupt forms kept their place side by side with the simple forms, and were used interchangeably both as adverbs and prepositions. But in the seventeenth century *alongst*—never, in fact, so common as the others—practically died out altogether. *Along* came in consequence to be the sole form employed both as adverb and as preposition. But though we have discarded *alongst*, we still retain *amidst* and *amongst* in conjunction with *amid* and *among*, exhibiting, besides, a preference, on the whole, for the corrupt form in the case of the one and of the simple form in the case of the other. Furthermore, while we continue to treat *amid* and *among* as prepositions, it is only the uneducated that can venture so to employ *again*—usually pronounced *agin*—instead of the corrupted form *against*. "He fought agin him" is a method of expression limited to the vernacular of the unlettered. Yet, as the account just given shows, the form of the preposition employed in it is purer than that which has taken its place. Once, too, it was in the best literary use. A story not essentially different can be told of *betwixt*. This corrupt form has supplanted entirely the earlier *betwix*. As a further illustration it may be added that the fortune of *while* bears a close resemblance to that of these words just described. Here *whiles*, the allied form with the adverbial ending *-es*, took to itself the letter *t*. So doing, it experienced the usual fate. It was supplanted by the corrupt form it had generated by this addition, and has practically disappeared; but *whilst* exists to the present day along with *while*. Finally it may be said that all these words ending in *-st*, which we use with perfect propriety, are of exactly the same nature as *wonst* or *wunst*, a vulgarism occasionally heard. This corruption is produced by adding *t* to *once*, which in turn is itself a corruption of *ones*.

This is the kind of melancholy story—if we choose to consider it melancholy—that meets us on every side. Whichever way we look we light upon corruptions which usage has made familiar and custom has made correct. The lesson such a survey enforces is important; but it must not be misunderstood. It does not release any man from striving to make his own usage conform to the best usage, so far as he is able to ascertain it. It does not deter him from doing all in his power to prevent the introduction and spread of words and meanings and locutions which he deems objectionable on the score of inadequacy or impropriety. But it does teach him the folly of the belief that the ruin of the language is impending because he cannot have his way as to what it should accept or reject. The final decision as to propriety of usage rests not with individuals—neither with men of letters, however eminent, nor with scholars, however learned. It is in the hands of the whole body of the cultivated users of speech. They have an unerring instinct as to its necessities. They are a great deal wiser than any of their self-constituted advisers, however prominent. Fortunately, too, they have the ability to carry their wishes into effect. They know what they need; and they can neither be persuaded out of it nor bullied out of it. They try many things; they let go very many which they try; but what they approve they hold fast. Protests, no matter from what quarter coming, are of no avail. If, in spite of clamor, they retain a word or construction, it may be generally taken for granted that it supplies a demand which really exists.

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The Stairway of Honor

BY MAUD STEPNEY RAWSON

I

WITH his eyes closed, and his arms flung over his head, Pietro d'Aranti, man of the brush, and condemned prisoner of the Duke-Marshal de Budry, lay, rather than sat, in a huge carved and cushioned chair —lay and thought about the Duke, erstwhile his employer and now his gaoler, and about the young, beautiful, obstinate, inscrutable Duchess Aloyse, the Duke's sister. He thought also of the setting sun, as a man sees it on the last night of his life.

During the long days spent in waiting for his sentence in a cell where the only light which reached him was the reflection, high up, of a white bastion, he would have given worlds to have in his possession the merest daub to bring back to him this glimpse from the window of the large room in which for many months he had joyfully labored. He knew the whole thing so well that if they had not taken away his colors and brushes he could easily have painted it faithfully from memory in the twilight of his prison. How often he had shut his eyes in that sad duskiness and called up the vision just as he saw it now! What he saw was a courtyard enwalled on two sides by the most ancient portion of an ancient feudal castle, and on the left flanked by a garden wall with a small green door in it. Then the garden sloped so rapidly that the eye encountered nothing nearer than the range of mountains five miles across the deep valley—a range which faded into a succession of pale amethyst spurs at the gate of the valley west, where the sun went down upon faint green water-meadows. This courtyard was half flooded with sunlight, which struck it from the left, throwing half across it a long, clearly defined shadow from a roofed wooden staircase in two flights, seen in profile.

This staircase led from the courtyard to the great staterooms which were set apart for occasions of importance—rooms that were the nucleus of the original ancient castle, which the present owner had greatly enlarged and improved. Since, however, they were originally only accessible through the old guard-rooms, the Duke-Marshal had built the outside stairway, in order that on festal occasions, such as an Imperial visit or a military banquet, the banqueting-hall and the Chamber of the Knights might be suitably approached by his illustrious guests. And so it was always distinguished from the other outside staircases, leading to certain doors in other parts of the castle, by the title of "L'escalier d'honneur"—the Stairway of Honor. It was built in the style of most Bernese staircases, of good stone, with a deep parapet, from which sprang stout uprights of oak, to carry the high red-tiled roof which stood out so vividly against the weather-beaten masonry of the feudal walls behind it. This stairway had really been the suggestion of D'Aranti. It pleased De Budry highly, and was the cause which led him to engage the services of the painter for the beautifying of the castle.

Broken in spirit, stiff and aching in limb, exhausted from lack of food, he had no vigor left, but only sufficient energy of brain to wonder hazily why, seeing that he must die at dawn, his gaoler had suddenly brought him up from the damp subterranean regions and back to his old apartments. His eyes pricked so that he could not sleep; he therefore merely stared out at the courtyard resentfully. Great bushes of oleander, growing against the masonry of the keep on the right, caught the eye here and there, so that some of the blossoms and leaves were like pink topaz and malachite, and some of them like rubies and emeralds. Noble and vivid was the picture, only wanting a human presence; and even as

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D'Aranti gazed upon it a woman walked from some door on the right in the courtyard beneath, went slowly past the foot of the stairway, and through the garden door in the low wall on the left into the garden. He did not rise to watch her, though he knew she might yet be visible. She was of no account to him now. But he was dimly grateful to her for that short passage. It left him at least with no harsh memory of this curious creature, this Duchess Aloyse, who seemed more like a canvas saint than a woman, more like the embodiment of a dream of one of the Biblical painters than a flesh-and-blood descendant of the race De Budry.

He wondered and wondered again why, in spite of her curious inertia and coldness, she had never once been moved to send him some scrap of comfort in prison. And yet he knew the Duke-Marshal would have intercepted it. D'Aranti was aware of a vague impulse to leave his seat and go to the window just to see her once again. With difficulty he dragged himself up to the casement. But she was no more in sight. At the disappointment, his eyes, dazed and sore, filled with tears as weak as those of any child. He dragged himself back, and sank once more into his former position.

The chair in which Pietro d'Aranti rested, like all the other things in the spacious room, had the superbly feudal air belonging to the Duke as a duke, and to the castle as a castle. In old days it had been eminently a fortress first, and then a dwelling-place, rough and primitive. Its present owner, whose instincts were those of a common brigand, overlaid with a veneer of artistic sensibility, apparently just desired that it should be a habitable mansion, ere he turned his attention to its aspect as a fortress. He was wont to boast that he added turrets and watch-towers not for fear of his neighbors, but for the appearance of the thing. He, ostensibly hating women, had built on a woman's wing "for the honor and glory of his house," as he told the world, or at least that portion of it which lay under his heel. This "honor and glory" consisted in the installation of his chatelaine—no wife, but his beautiful sister, the only woman left in whom the beauty of his race was memorialized. She was to this brigand like the principal jewel which an Eastern potentate wears for festal occasions, a sort of test of his standing, the insignia of his position. These nobles of De Budry, their mixture of Teutonic and Gallic blood warring always within them, were at least cosmopolitan in their love of effect. So soon as the race emerged from its primary condition of brigandage that Gallic sense of effect asserted itself, and a Teutonic desire for the mere increase of domestic status bore fruit in the Teutonic instinct—nobler in its way—towards the patronage of the arts and crafts. And so that which had been an iron cage for booty, a stronghold for rapacity, a shelter for tyranny and aggression, became a grand pleasure-house. Creepers flung themselves over the grim walls. The towers and turrets were newly tiled, and golden spires, tipped with golden balls, sprang from their summits, so that at sunset, as viewed from a slight distance, the pile of masonry seemed to bristle with festal lances shining against the gray east behind them.

The adornment was indispensable. To this end the Duke got this D'Aranti, this man of the brush, regarding him as a sort of tame genius who would daub to order. Pietro was half Italian, his father a Lombard, his mother German. While loathing patronage, he had nevertheless, because of his tragically short purse, yielded to the request of De Budry, and come to direct the work of beautification, and served for his own brush the adornment of the dining-hall and rooms for festivity, and the suite in which De Budry's sister—the Countess Aloyse—lived. Moreover, he painted also portraits of his employer—in full costume of the chase, in official robes of fur and cloth as head of the civic council of his capital, in his soldier's dress of leather and steel, and in his court dress of lace and velvet as fief of the great German Empire, which De Budry hated, and to which, till the time should be ripe for revolt, he cringed. Well pleased with the effect of himself staring down from the wall in four separate panels, the Duke had commanded a portrait of his sister. He had heaped jewels upon her that she might be painted in all of them, till her white neck and arms were almost hidden under the gems. By contrast, her cold white face,

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with its high forehead beneath pale hair —so pale that it was like sheeny maize-colored flax—rose like an overweighted flower from her shoulders, and her dark-brown eyes shone strangely from the picture, as if they mocked the superfluity of gewgaws above and below them. The Duke hated the picture at first, because it was so like the girl whom he could bend to his will but never break, who obeyed him seemingly, and yet, by her very dumb obedience and everlasting reserve, proved her eternal hostility. But gradually, as the picture grew in its magnificence, and the jewels showed in their splendor from throat to hem of her white-robed figure, the Duke swore that it was the living image of Aloyse, while upon the painter, finely sensitive to the smouldering antagonism of the brother and sister, fell the fascination, purely artistic, of this face. What an icicle the woman was! How mocking the eyes, how elusive the personality! Had she a soul? he pondered. Yet, one day, when he went to her private oratory to look for a brush he had dropped while finishing some scrolling there, he had surprised her on her knee praying with concentrated fervor such as he had never seen in her face before. For what did she pray? he wondered. A lover? It was the Duke's will and intention that she should marry, as every one knew. Moreover, men came to the castle, men with retinues and great names and imposing shields—and rode away again. Then ensued scenes long and stormy — the storming was on the Duke's part, according to the eavesdroppers of the household—in the women's wing of the castle. From these scenes the two would issue forth, the Duke like an exhausted animal which has been butting at a blank wall, the countess shaking and blanched, but with her upper lip drawn down obstinately, her red mouth thinner than ever, and the mockery of her eyes deepened.

Pietro took sketches of her at all times and under all conditions. He wove her face, in spite of himself, into some of the women of his frescos — the indolent, the languid, the coldly chaste, all those who personified types of aloofness and leisure and notability. In his sketch-book she stood for the expression of a dozen different allegories, but always allegories of the "things of the narrow house." She picked up his book once, and the page fell open at a place whereon he had drawn her as a sort of dryad, gazing from her tree at a bloodhound, who glared at her as he crouched furious, baffled, on his haunches. She looked at it, while the painter waited, pretending not to watch her. He saw her profile grow rigid, either with resentment or excitement, and then she became aware that he watched, and handed the book casually to him. Her white eyelids fluttered, her white hand shook a little, but she looked far above his head and through the window, where the foot of the mountain spurs met, at the great western gate of the valley whence the sun poured upon her.

After that Pietro went about his work again, not without suppressed excitement. He had so longed for some revelation of this extraordinary yet beautiful creature —lovely, yet at once loveless and unlovable in her lack of humanity, her dogged phlegma. He almost hoped that she would arraign him for insolence, or show the sketch to her brother, and wondered lazily what would be the upshot. He craved to be present at one of those meetings of brother and sister when disguises should be laid aside. He was very weary of the months of work in this household; he was sick of these frescos, of the smooth, the idealistic, the ornate. The brutality of his employer revolted him at every turn.

Nothing happened as he expected. The Countess Aloyse neither rebuked him nor scorned him; the Duke treated him, as always, with an extravagant deference which was two-thirds patronage of the most irritating kind. But the ducal permission to leave the fortress grew less infrequent. D'Aranti wondered why. One day he overheard the fragment of a discussion between his hosts. Then he understood that it was the woman's influence which had won him this favor. He sought an early opportunity for expressing acknowledgment to her. She stopped him quickly and merely said, "Use your freedom well." He wondered anew, but he went to and fro in the town with a lighter heart, fraternizing with the people, learning their desires and needs, but especially the trend of their

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ideals, and their attitude towards the ruler in the fortress. Their passions, vivid, strong, resistless, rejoiced him. Upon their faces, in their gestures, he read their hearts, their yearnings.

Meanwhile the work in the castle went forward merrily — paint and mosaic, scrolling and plastering, wood, stone, and metal work. The Duke and his sister led their usual life. At his command she rode through the town on feast-days—more than ever the "Ice Woman"—and smiled faintly and bent her long white neck, while her brother saluted his people on all sides, yet watched them continually to the right and left out of his hawk's eyes, while his steward scattered alms in front of his horse.

But other work also went on in the castle. Armorers came and locksmiths; masonry which had nothing to do with the graces of architecture was set on foot, windows were newly barred, old gates renewed, and passages to vaults cleared of their rubbish. D'Aranti saw and understood: the fortress eventually was to be more of a fastness than ever; but it was to wear the mask of a palace, and it was his affair to render that mask as mendacious and as beautiful as his utmost skill could compass.

The great chambers of state were finished within six months. At Easter they were first used, when the Emperor Maximilian and a splendid array of De Budry's guests passed for the first time up the new Stairway. By midsummer D'Aranti counted on having finished all, and August, he knew, would see him as a man of holiday, free to go southwards, free of fortresses and patronage forever, free to go and live like Da Vinci and young Raphael and Angelo, to exist from hand to mouth, to live in labor and dreams that should beget better labor still.

One day, but two months since, he went back to his apartments to lay aside the clothes in which he worked, in order to dress for supper with his master, and—found himself locked in and guarded, till summoned forth next morning to face his judges in the council-hall of the castle, upon the accusation of inciting the townsfolk to rebellion against the Duke-Marshal, and of harboring seditious intentions against His Imperial Majesty of Germany, as shown by sketches for allegorical cartoons seized in his atelier, and by his intimacy with the chief malcontents of the town. A young stonemason, whom he had convicted of theft under the Duke's roof and dismissed, was his ostensible accuser. The trial, with all its magnificent show of careful inquiry, was a mock affair, the judgment a foregone conclusion. As for the delay in uttering sentence, it was but a part of the Duke-Marshal's method of torture. When they spoke the words of condemnation, that very morning, D'Aranti could have thrown his painter's cap into the air with grim relief at the mere thought of release from torture.

He sat up at last and looked more intently at the picture of the courtyard. Suddenly the casement at the very end of the Duchess's wing opened, and the green shutters were pushed open. An arm and hand came out of the window and stretched beyond the green shutter, holding by a cord a young white peregrine. The bird circled and flapped, and gave little screams of excitement and protest. The leash was lengthened, and its struggles grew more defiant. And then, as suddenly, the hand drew in the chain.

D'Aranti smiled, rose, and dragged himself to a corner where he had once kept paints and brushes. There were a few still, and he found also a little panel of wood ready primed. With these he returned to his chair, and began to block in the picture of the courtyard. A whimsical notion seized him to make this little study of light and shade his last act before the sordid death which he no longer feared. He would paint the Stairway in all his strength and grace—the glowing oleanders against the blanched and sun-flooded walls, under the lovely, square, red-tiled tower with its overhanging cap and its delicate tourelles, and lastly that glimpse of the end of the Duchess's white wing, rooted in its herbaceous garden and its climbing orchard. This last scrap of his art, this last impress of his hand, he would leave as a gift to the Duchess.

A sudden movement and low voices outside made him drop his brush in apprehension. Panel and palette slipped from him as the door opened. He

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sat there in the chair, at bay, trembling in final rage, and looked doggedly out upon the court below. Some one came forward from behind him — and halted. Then his averted vision was aware of a white scarf, and he dragged himself to his feet and leant on the chair to greet the Duchess. Never had she looked younger, more correct of feature, more frigid. She came forward, holding out her hand in her old way, for him to kiss. But he did not stoop to it, and only regarded her suspiciously.

"Your Grace never came before to my cell," he said, hoarsely. "What reason have you to visit me here? Go, madam; I am busy with my last thoughts." And he groped for his brushes again, his hands trembling with anger and desperation. But as she touched the latch he was sorry; he would have given worlds to have her stay just for five minutes' speech. He turned beseechingly towards the door. To his surprise, she was not trying to open it. She was half crouching there, listening, it seemed, her face strained and eager, her ear pressed close to the door. In a few seconds her figure relaxed; she drew herself up and came swiftly back to Pietro. She put her finger on her lip, pointed to the window, and once more went to him with outstretched hand. She took his, and drew him stealthily back into a recess of the room.

"We must whisper," she said. Her whisper was so soft that he only guessed the words by looking at her lips.

"I have only a few moments," she went on—"De Budry does not know. I have bribed the man who is at your door to let me in, but I cannot bribe the castle guards. There is no chance for you to get away just now. De Budry has only gone to flog a young horse which has just broken the neck of one of his grooms. And then he is to look at his new barge on the lake down there. He will be back so soon, so soon." She stopped, and he could feel her whole body quivering with apprehension.

"Why do you come at all, then?" he asked, bitterly.

She answered him with another question: "Do you not wonder why you are brought back this evening to your old apartment?"

He shrugged his shoulders and nodded.

"It was my doing. It is to lead you to think yourself pardoned! You are to sup to-night with De Budry and me. It is my doing. I made him promise this." She began to laugh faintly, yet catching her breath. "You are to trust yourself to me. Do you understand?"

"How can I trust you, madam? You have told me nothing."

"Listen! Quick!" she whispered. "Put your head down lower."

He obeyed, and she spoke rapidly in short sentences, with the speech of one who rarely speaks or gives inkling of any design.

What he heard made his head spin with astonishment and his spirit drunk with impossible hope; but pride called out against it and sent him to his feet.

"I cannot," he said; "madam, I cannot."

"Do you wish to escape?" she said, doggedly.

The old spirit flared up in him, and present despair crushed it immediately.

"How dare you ask me?" he muttered, angrily.

She smiled, and drew him down again to whisper: "I want to escape too. I know the way for both of us. Help me."

"But look at the price!"

"There is no price, only your gain and mine."

"No, a bitter price—the price first of your Grace's honor and then of my name as a gentleman."

Her face grew transfigured, her eyes dilated; she took the crucifix hanging at her waist and kissed it.

"They say there must always be sacrifice," she murmured. "Give me your promise, Pietro d'Aranti!"

"I cannot give it. See what you ask me to do. You deliberately tell the Duke-Marshal that I have compromised your honor, that your name is tarnished forever, and that the cloister is your only refuge. Very well, let it be so, madam, if you will, and go your way, even as it is arranged, in the litter that will be ready for you to-night. But let me die decently and honorably in the morning, not sneak away free into the world upon the strength of such a story, which only damns you and makes me out a scoundrel."

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"But the Duke has given you into my hands,—do you understand? I told him that I desired it of him that I might kill you myself and have a last revenge of you. Only by this tale about you have you or I any shadow of escape. Only so can I save myself from the man he would have me marry. Do you not see? The least alteration of this scheme to-night means ruin and infamy for us both. After dinner De Budry will leave us alone. Then I will show you a secret way. Not even the masons know of it, but only I. It is under the floor of my bedchamber, next to the parlor in which we shall have supper."

"And you?"

"Have you forgotten the new door in my oratory, which leads to the state hall, and thence to the staircase you built into this courtyard? The litter will be waiting there for me. We will leave the cage empty, Pietro!"

"The price is heavy," he muttered,—"the risk terrible."

"Trust me!" she said.

"But how shall I go safe over the bastion and down the castle rock?" he urged.

"Trust me," she said, "and give me your promise, Pietro. There—hush—I must go. Supper is in one hour."

II

When next the door opened, it admitted the Duke's pages, sent to attire the painter for supper. A little later he stepped unguarded out along the accustomed way to supper, and he wore the sword which had been taken from him in his cell; but underneath the arches of doors he apprehended a gleam of steel, and guessed that the tapestry concealed guards the length of the corridor to the Duchess's apartments.

If her face was trebly white before, it was trebly flushed now—or could she have painted it? Pietro asked himself. Her eyes now showed depths they had never betrayed. She sat opposite the Duke-Marshal, and Pietro was between them at the small oblong table. De Budry watched his sister curiously. Time after time it seemed to Pietro that a sign passed between them, and then her lids fell, and were lifted again that she might look at the painter. With every glance it seemed to him that Aloyse looked at him as a woman upon the lover she has chosen. Nevertheless, he knew that that rapt expression truly meant no more than that she saw before her the goal of all her prayers, the sombre peace of a nunnery. And yet, could this vivid creature and the Ice Woman be one and the same? The Duke pressed him to eat. Pietro knew that mullet and ortolans and capon and venison, jellies and creams, were piled before him, and extraordinary good wine poured into his glass. Above all, he knew that whatever he eat Aloyse eat also, and that she drank the same wine. The Duke laughed and chattered about his new barge and his dead groom. Below the window the pages sang catches, and one of them thrummed a zither.

"A love-night truly," said the Duke, grimly, at the end of one of their songs. "Midsummer heat makes the heart tender, and the head full of generous fancies, D'Aranti. Is it not so?"

"Even so, your Grace," replied the painter, smoothly. Then he turned his head, and, for the tenth time at least, encountered those lustrous eyes of the young Duchess. De Budry put up his hand to smooth his beard and hide a grim smile. The French page with the zither lifted up his voice again, and sang of the way the moonflowers open their white disks—lest the lover stumble as he goes through the woods to his lady's house—and of the tears of the climbing rose upon the wall when her window is closed:

"Oh, lovely lamps, in bosquet deep,
Shine till the dawn, and keep my feet,
My feet that fly to her!
Oh, tearful rose, so loudly weep
That she shall melt, and weeping, greet
The eyes that weep for her!"

And the other youths joined in the refrain, till the reiteration of the "Oh rose pleurante!" became like the pattering of water upon a hollow shell.

"It is beautiful in the forest," murmured the Duchess, leaning towards Pietro.

"Beautiful!" he answered, full of trouble and perplexity and admiration. How finely she was acting—if this were indeed acting!

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"Do you remember the silent pool in the forest?" she whispered.

Again the Duke's hand went up to his beard. He rose slowly and walked to the window to toss a coin to the youths outside.

"Do you remember how beautiful it was?" said the Duchess.

"I remember," answered Pietro. He saw in his memory the pool, a sapphire set in a forest, and strange weeds, motionless and fantastic, growing up in it—but the Ice Woman had no connection with it in his mind. He remembered only the beauty of the day, the color, impression, and spirit of the place.

Aloyse had risen also, and leaned over his chair, keeping him seated by her hand on his shoulder.

"Help me!" she whispered. "Look as if you cared! I know it is only make-believe, and I—I shall not be angry, Pietro." Upon that she walked away, and, moved out of all resistance, he followed her. She drew a seat up to a window at the end of the room—the window through which he had seen her fly her hawk on its leash so often. He leaned upon her chair and looked out into the night. Down in the orchard the moon convolvulus hung open wide, even as the song had said, and he knew that, after to-day's heat, there would be tears in the heart of the roses, for the still stars were veiled with a gauze of mist. The song of the pages had died away; their feet in the distance brushed the grass as they went away upon some invisible signal. Pietro waited and wondered, and looked down upon the young Duchess—and then his arm about her answered the frightened appeal of her eyes. So they remained for ten heart-beats, and he forgot all but this mystery of the inscrutable. At the soft lifting of a latch he turned, and saw that De Budry had gone out. Instantly the Duchess rose, and her face took on the expression it had worn when she entered his prison at sundown.

"Come," she whispered—"keep your arm about me—in case any are still watching. Come—in my oratory we are safe."

They passed through her little bower, through her bedchamber, gay and bright with flowers. She locked this door and told him to drag a chest against it.

"Now!" she said. From a closet she drew a dress, the same myrtle robes in which he knew her so well.

"You are so tall, so tall," she murmured, "but I have a cloak that will help to hide your height, and a hood . . ."

"What does it mean?" he said, bewildered. "Surely I can escape in man's clothes down a small passage. Where is the door?"

She made no answer, but rummaged anew in the closet, and brought out a great hood.

"Quick!" she whispered.

"Where is the secret door to the underground passage?" repeated the painter, bewildered.

She looked at him for a moment with the old vague smile, and the hood slipped from her hand.

Suspicion, perplexity, made him almost delirious. He sprang forward and took her by the wrist.

"The door here—in your bedchamber—where is it, madam?" he demanded, in an exasperated whisper.

"There is no door here, Pietro," she said, calmly. "Come, help me to put this kirtle over your head."

"You are deceiving me! Is it another trap, a fresh torture?"

"The door of your escape is open," she said, reproachfully. "The litter waits. Obey me, and you are free. Your life is in my hands, Pietro. Quick!"

"The litter? But it is for you! You said so yourself."

"Yes, I said so; but that is nothing. Quick, take off your shoes—they might make you tread too heavily for a woman."

"You have lied to me?"

"Yes, or you would not have trusted me."

Again he seized her hand, and drew her close to the little lamp in a corner of the room, that he might look into her face.

"Madam—I cannot go and leave you behind. You shall go and I will stay. Do you think that life is so dear to me that I will take it at this price? If I go, I leave you here to cruelty, to the most shameful misconstruction. Your very life—"

"There must always be sacrifice," she murmured, and walked away to lean

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against the window. He took up his argument passionately:

"You ask me to do this thing deliberately, as a man, and a man of flesh and blood—you ask me to take flight at your cost—you ask me to use your innocence as a ladder for my escape?"

There was a sudden noise as of some piece of furniture falling in the farther room where they had supped. She started back to him and caught up the cloak again, seeking to put it about him.

"Go, quick!" she implored. "The litter waits, and the word is 'Saint Thérèse.' That is the first halting-place. The men know. Go! You will find it—the litter—at the foot of the Stairway of Honor."

He took the cloak from her and flung it behind him. "You ask me to use your innocence as a ladder for my escape," he repeated—"and I decline so to degrade you and myself. I built this very Stairway to the honor of your house and race. I have mounted it in the spirit of peace and thankful pride. I will not descend it to your dishonor and my own to save my skin."

"Oh!" she whispered, piteously,—"oh, do not waste the minutes—but go."

"Is there no other way?" he answered, ironically.

"Hardly to your honor," she said, piteously.

"Then to yours," he replied. "Tell me that, madam."

She crept away to the window and buried her face in her hand. Thither he followed her.

"You say there is another way, madam," he went on, taking her hand; "then let me take that. If it be to my dishonor, what matter, so that it saves you?"

Suddenly, in the gracious depths of the orchard, the page took up his song again:

"O belles lanternes!
O Rose pleurante!"

To Pietro d'Aranti the cruelty of the love-song in the ears of a man standing upon the threshold of a sordid and unmerited death seemed only sheer insult.

"My God! madam," he said, "show me the way, lest life become too strong and death too cruel."

Still she remained dull and frigid—once more the Ice Woman.

"The litter is there," he urged, passionately, again. "Go."

"I will not go," she whispered, doggedly. "Do you know why? Because"—she turned her head away and went on with an effort—"because my brother most desires it. He would give worlds now to see me go. Lately he has tried again and again to marry me to one of his great friends—men who are enemies of Maximilian, as he is,—men who would help him. I would not. And if I had lifted up my finger to the people down there"—she pointed to the sleeping town below—"the people he wants to treat like mongrels and use like mules, they would have set upon him for my sake. He knows it now. But he did not know it when he put you in prison."

All manner of tangled thoughts pressed upon the brain of D'Aranti. He looked at Aloyse, again overcome by the stupefaction of the afternoon. If she had been inscrutable of old, she was now like a very maze of subtlety and contradictions. Torment and suspense maddened him, and brought rage to his head and throat.

"Madam," he said, desperately, "you boast of many things, but you do not fulfil your boast. It seems as if you merely rejoiced passively in the fact of your power; and so you are neither more Christian nor less human than the Duke-Marshal, your brother. If the people would rise now to your bidding, why did you not go free days ago and leave this prison-house?"

"I could not . . ." she said. Her eyes turned to him piteously, as they had done before that night. "I could not," she repeated. His anger blinded him to the helplessness in them, and again his irony was paramount.

"And did the same lack of courage prevent you from helping the Duke-Marshal's other prisoner?" he asked. "Would not this powerful ally"—he pointed to the sleeping town below—"have set me free at your command? Was it needful to let me lie there, and not use so much splendid influence till the last moment?"

She stood, it seemed, at bay then, white and indignant.

"The Duke threatened to kill you at any moment," she said. "If the people had burst into the castle, he would have

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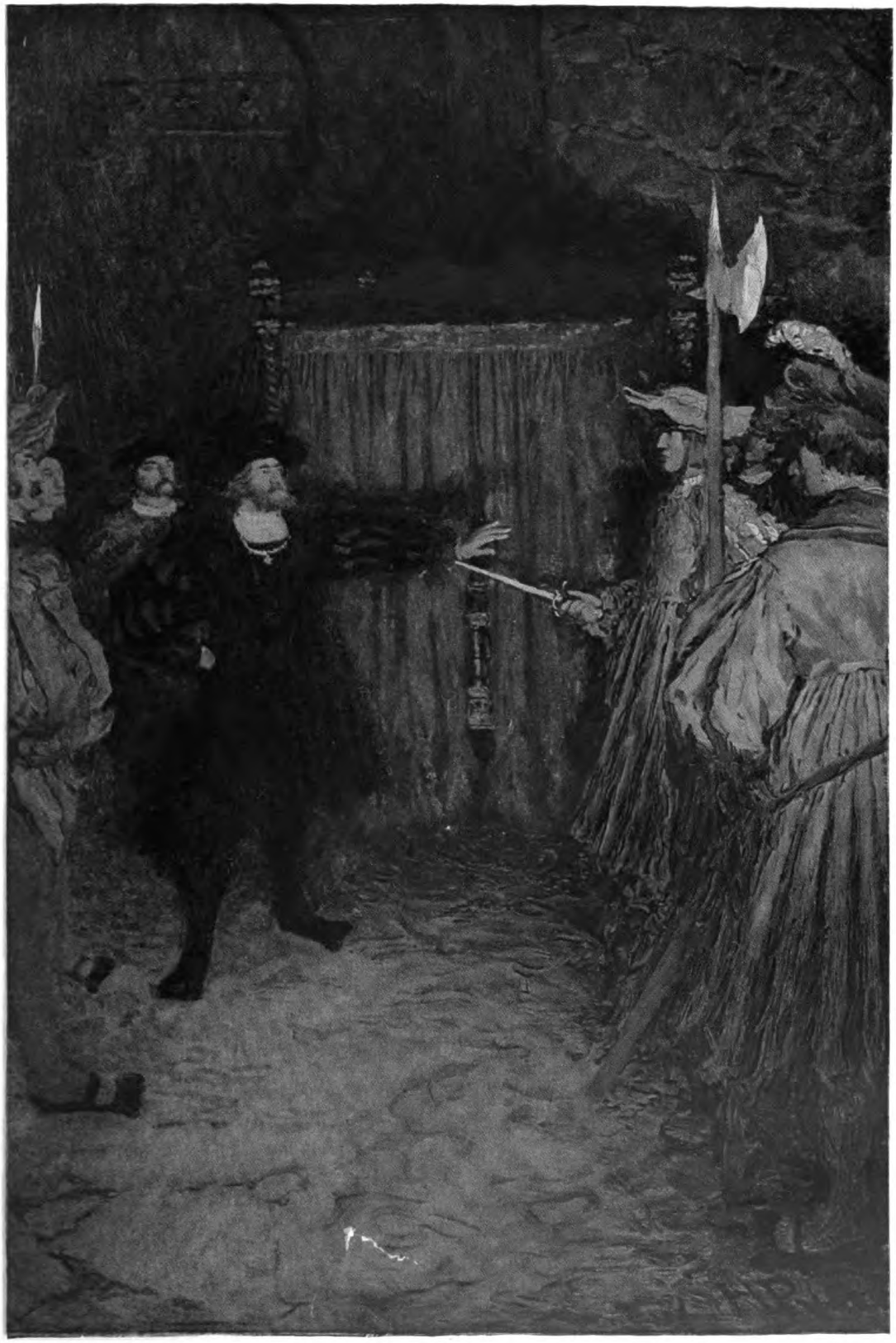

HE STRETCHED OUT HIS HAND TO THE CURTAINS

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killed you before he faced them. I went in terror of your life . . . every day." Her voice was low and breathless, and she clasped and unclasped her hands piteously. "But now," she went on,—"now you can go . . . the litter is there . . . the bearers have their commands from De Budry. They are to carry away the woman who goes to the foot of the Stairway, and all they need is the word from you. That I have given you. As a woman, in these clothes of mine, you will pass out safe. As a man, walking alone, you will be cut down by the guard."

"Ah! madam, how can I believe all this? You have appeared always to the world in the light of a poor prisoner. And now I find that you are no such thing, but hold the Duke-Marshal in your hand. You told me that here was a door for my escape. And I find no door. You told me that the cloister waited for you. Yet now I see that such a refuge does not enter the least into your designs and plots. Lastly, you force upon yourself and me a wretched tale incriminating us both—"

"It was the only way," she said, doggedly. "De Budry would have killed you had he thought my story untrue. As it is—" she colored vividly—"as it is, he glories in his belief. He is glad that I should be . . . ashamed . . . it is his triumph. Therefore I beg you let me at least feel that he wins his triumph dearly. I beg you, go, and let me stay to—to frustrate him."

"Is that all you wish . . . to frustrate him? . . . Ah! madam, if that is all, why, why have you so lied to me to-night?"

She turned away with a little cry of indignation, and walked the length of the room with her hand upon her throat.

"Pietro," she said, looking back at him, "when does a woman lie from her heart?"

Her eyes, lustrous as before, enchained him. He gazed and wondered. The Ice Woman, the Ice Woman! Whither had she vanished? He fell upon his knees before her and kissed her hands.

"My God! madam," he cried,—"just now you said there was another way, but that it was hardly to my honor to take it. Is it not worse dishonor for me to leave you behind under slur than go before your litter in the sight of all men to-night as your defender? What does it matter what they say of me now? The litter waits—for you. I have my sword. Let me walk before you at least to the gates. At the gates De Budry and I will have our reckoning."

"Do you mean it, Pietro?" she said, and then hid her face.

"I mean that it is better to die for you than to hang for the Duke-Marshal, madam."

She put her hands upon his shoulders and bent down to him.

"Will you indeed give me your life, Pietro d'Aranti?"

"It is yours. Will you take my love, madam? It is a poor way of giving it so—at the eleventh hour; but my death will at least be the pledge of it!"

She stooped lower from her chair into his arms, and when she lifted up her head from his shoulder he found that she smiled, and that her hands trembled no more. How could she smile so? His brain began to fail him again, it seemed; but the cold handle of his sword, which his fingers sought as he rose, steadied his dizziness. At the same moment the orchard music that had been suddenly silent burst forth again. And now the boy's voice sang the air "Jour de ma vie." In it there was such triumph, such joy of living, that, with the thought of De Budry waiting at the castle gates, the song, for a second time, seemed almost an insult. Yet the young Duchess still smiled, and her eyes glowed upon Pietro. Surely here was "truth and trust and peace." In the light of these eyes death would lose its poignancy.

"Come," she laughed,—"come."

Still bemused and transported, he drew his sword, and took her upon his other arm to lead her by the little door of her oratory into the Knight's Hall. The two passed like ghosts through the great dusky staterooms to the door of the Stairway.

"Jour de ma vie," carolled the page from the other side of the garden wall flanking the courtyard.

"Jour de ma vie,
O jour ailé!"

It thumped in D'Aranti's brain and buzzed in his ears; his blood surged gorgeously to the pride and jubilation of it.

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Surely, surely . . . by the sheer triumph of living he would escape death and live for love and clean labor.

"Ah! madam," he said, "I know now that you lie no more. Yet tell me why you lied so long and carefully, not only to the Duke, but to me, who would have helped you?"

"Lest you should pretend to love me against your will," she replied, her words falling singly upon his ear like the tears of one who rarely weeps or makes confession.

It seemed to Pietro that night as if sunlight and not starlight poured into the Duke's Court, and that the people of his mosaic frescos, the gods and nymphs and heroes of his making, had come to life, and were none other than the great company who had travelled down the Stairway behind the European Maximilian a year since. At the foot of the first flight he took the Duchess in his arms again for an instant, and then swept her down the steps. In the shadow the litter waited. He swung her into it and walked at its head, with his sword ready for service. Through the first court and through the second they went without bar or hindrance, and not even a curious head peeped out from the casements. In the Guards' Court there was neither drinking nor song. In the shadows, as before, Pietro knew that steel lurked, but no sound or movement stirred the armed dummies that stood there.

And now the little procession was upon the Great Gate. A man strode out and challenged it, and Pietro knew De Budry, and, as he thundered out the word, stood on his guard. The blood in his head surged no more; his spine seemed a shaft of frozen steel, and his eyes followed every movement of De Budry like a cat. The Duke-Marshal strode to the litter and stretched out his hand to the curtains. But D'Aranti's blade was there first, gleaming like a silver bar athwart the puce hangings.

De Budry laughed outright.

"Summer heat makes hot blood and desperate lovers, as I told you at supper," he said, grinning. "If you prefer to carry your baggage in the litter and travel afoot yourself, I will not make it cause for quarrel, D'Aranti. Good night."

The flat of Pietro's sword was ready for a challenging blow in the Duke's face, but the Duchess had parted her curtains, and her hand was upon his arm ere he could swing it upward.

"Brother," she said, leaning out,—"brother, the dogs of the town sleep lightly. Do not forget it. When they awake, God may help you, but no man's hand will be of any use to keep them from your throat."

Brother and sister measured one another for an instant before the Duke-Marshal fell back a few paces, fingering his beard and mouth.

"Good night, D'Aranti," he said, jauntily. But the grin upon his face had faded.

"Good night, Duke," replied the painter. "Your jests mean nothing to her Grace. For she knows that a man possessed of great treasure will cherish it and carry it so—in secret state all his life through"—he pointed to the litter,—"nor grudge one throb of the pains of the pilgrimage."

The great gates swung back and the litter passed through. Behind it, on the threshold, D'Aranti's blade answered the salute of De Budry's. Upon that the gates clanged, and the painter headed the procession once more as it threaded the sleeping town and skirted the lake, setting its face for the place at the westward gate of the mountain spurs, where by triple rite of lover's ring and blessed water and holy book Pietro d'Aranti should take his Duchess to wife.

When dawn came down upon the Stairway of Honor, a white peregrine, trailing the fragment of a broken chain, rose over that side of the castle crag which slopes to Italy. It screamed as if fearful still of the leash which should draw it back. Three times it rose, flapping above the roof of the Duchess's wing, and thrice alighted upon the turret at the end. Suddenly it rose steadily, to circle, and circle, and circle in a great spiral, till the cloud currents on high caught it and set its flight southward.

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A Neglected Chapter of our Colonial History

BY JAMES GIBSON JOHNSON

FOR courage displayed and for importance of results few incidents in our colonial history can compare with the siege and capture of Louisburg, on Cape Breton Island, in 1745. The fact that the place ceased to be important when the whole country came under English rule has led to forgetfulness of an unsurpassed deed of bravery and skill.

A journal kept by one of the most interesting participants in that daring expedition throws much light on the event, and justifies a new account of the remarkable exploit of a few hundred New England colonists.

By the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713 France gave to England all her possessions in the Hudson Bay region, with Nova Scotia. But with incredible stupidity on the part of England the island of Cape Breton was left in the possession of France. The power that held Cape Breton controlled the gateway to Canada, and undoubtedly the French hoped that by means of it they would ultimately regain all they had lost. They had not given up the hope of being the ruling influence in North America, and as a means of realizing their dream they proceeded at once to fortify English Harbor, which they rechristened Louisburg.

In thirty years they had with great labor and vast expenditure created a fortress so strong that it was commonly called the "Dunkerque of America." The plans were by Vauban, and when it was complete the French engineers declared that "Louisburg could be defended by a garrison of women." It mounted one hundred and fifty guns, many of which were the largest then in use. It commanded the entrance to the St. Lawrence. Its spacious harbor sheltered the privateers which preyed on the commerce of the New England colonies, and in time of war would be the naval rendezvous of the French.

The occasion came at last for its possessor to show his power.

The war in Europe of the Austrian Succession gravitated quickly into a bitter struggle between the intense rivals, France and England. They formally declared war against each other in March, 1744, and the colonies in America, which had absolutely no interest in the matter at issue, were involved in the conflicts of their sovereigns. Knowledge of open hostilities reached Boston June 2, and Louisburg somewhat earlier.

The French improved this advantage of their earlier knowledge by an attack, on the 13th of May, upon Canso, a little English station within easy reach. They valiantly captured the unarmed fishermen, burned their huts, and carried their captives to Louisburg, where they held them until autumn, when they sent them to Boston,—which, for their purposes, was the worst possible use they could make of them. They were not only the best persons to rouse the colonists to defence, but they gave valuable information as to the designs of the French and the condition and strength of the fortress at Louisburg.

An expedition of between four and five hundred men was also sent from Louisburg against Annapolis, the capture of which would involve the possession of all Acadia, occupied as it was with French settlers who were unwilling subjects of the British crown. It was in no condition for defence, having suffered from the neglect with which the British ministry treated the American colonies. But it was held by about a hundred good men under Major Mascarene. A sort of poetic justice is in the fact that this defender against French invasion was a

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SIR WILLIAM PEPPERRELL'S COMMISSION AS LIEUTENANT-GENERAL

Facsimile of original parchment now in the possession of Mrs. Underhill A. Budd

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

French Protestant, whose family had been exiled from France after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He made so good a defence that when a small reenforcement of fifty Indian rangers from Boston reached him, the besiegers, after their six weeks' investment, suddenly vanished, discouraged and defeated. "The expedition was a failure," writes a French chronicler, "though one might have bet everything on its success, so small was the force that the enemy had to resist us." But it roused the English colonists. "Perhaps," says the above-quoted writer, "the English would have let us alone if we had not first insulted them." Steps were taken for immediate defence. One of the Canso captives was sent to England with the urgent request of Governor Shirley of Massachusetts for ships and men to defend Annapolis and the English possessions in Canada and the colonies. The Duke of Newcastle was Prime Minister. His response to the messenger who brought Governor Shirley's request was characteristic: "Yes, to be sure, Annapolis must be defended. Pray, where is Annapolis? Cape Breton an island? Show it me on the map. So it is, to be sure. I must go tell the King that Cape Breton is an island."

SIR WILLIAM PEPPERRELL
From a portrait in the possession of Mrs. Underhill A. Budd

The French at Louisburg could maintain a practical blockade on all the British colonies north of Cape Cod. A large commerce was maintained with Europe from Portsmouth and Salem, as well as from Boston, and not a merchantman would now dare put to sea, while the fishermen who went in large numbers to the Grand Banks and to the Gulf of St. Lawrence would be exterminated. The time had come when the diplomatic victory of France which had secured to them this strategic position was recognized, at least by the English colonists. The people were also coming to see that their interests had but a feeble and inadequate consideration by the home government. Defence and protection, to be effective, must be, to a great extent, planned and maintained by themselves, with such aid as they might be fortu-

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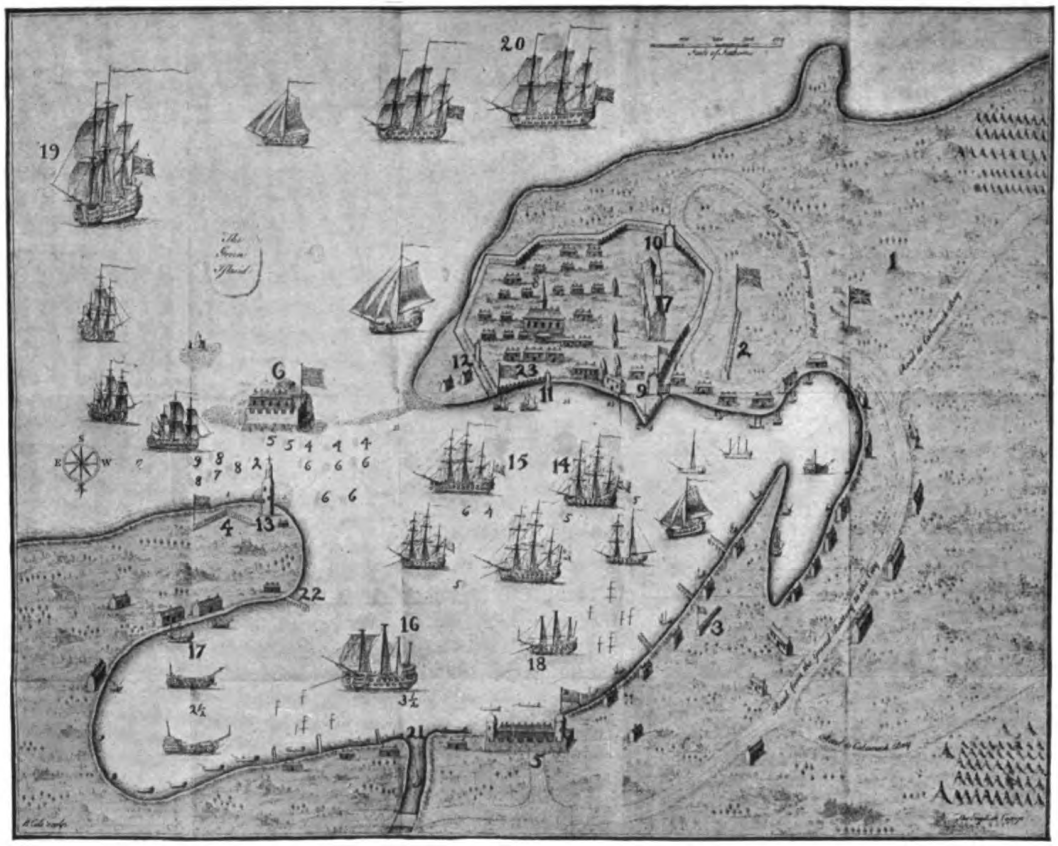

"A PROSPECT OF THE CITY OF LEWISBOURG. ALSO THE HARBOURS AND GARRISONS ON THE ISLAND OF GASPEY OR CAPE-BRETON IN NORTH AMERICA," FROM A MAP APPENDED TO THE DIARY OF CAPTAIN GIBSON

"Surrendered to the New England Land Troops on the 17 June 1745 after a Siege of 48 Days
Lieut. General Pepperril Esqr. Commander of the Land Troops
And Commodore Petr. Warren Esq. Commander of His Majesties Fleet there to Guard ye Coast"

1. *The Artillery of the Green Hill.*
2. *The Fascine Battery, erected by the English.*
3. *A battery of five guns.*
4. *The Battery at the Light-house, erected by the English.*
5. *The Grand Battery, thirty-five 42-pounders.*
6. *The Island Battery, thirty-odd guns.*
7. *The Citadel.*
8. *The Hospital.*
9. *The West Gate of the city.*
10. *The South Gate of the city.*
11. *The King's Gate of the city.*
12. *The East Gate of the city.*
13. *The Light-house.*
14. *The Commodore's ship "Superb."*
15. *The "Vigilant," man-of-war of sixty-four guns, taken by our man-of-war.*
16. *The Fire-Ship.*
17. *The Fire-Schooner.*
18. *The French Privateer of 16 carriage guns, sunk the day we landed, by the French ready to sail.*
19. *"Captain Clark Gayton."*
20. *"Captain Edward Tyng."*
21. *Where the ships water.*
22. *The King's Wharf.*
23. *The Iron Battery.*
24. *The Circular Battery.*

nate enough to secure from a ministry kept busy with the intrigues of European diplomacy.

Hence arose in the excited mind of some one what Parkman justly calls "a mad scheme," "a project of wild audacity." It was nothing less than an expedition for the capture of Louisburg. A well-armed and well-manned fortress which French engineers had spent a quarter of a century in building, at a cost of six millions of dollars, with a fleet of war-vessels at its command, was to be attacked by a few hundred undisciplined farmers and fishermen, led by their militia captains—without siege artillery and without a navy. The fact that the scheme succeeded does not relieve it of the charge of madness.

When, or in whose mind, the idea of attacking Louisburg by the colonies alone first took shape it is impossible to tell. In 1743—that is, two years before—Lieutenant-Governor Clarke of New York had publicly declared that taking Cape Breton was necessary as a first step to the capture of Canada. Judge Auchmuty, of the Vice-Admiralty Court of Massachusetts, printed, in April, 1744, an ably written pamphlet discussing

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the best mode of taking Louisburg. The honor of originating this idea has been claimed for William Vaughan and Governor Wentworth of New Hampshire, and for Captain James Gibson, of Boston, the only person named who had had previous military experience. But to Governor Shirley belongs the credit for giving the project shape and putting it in a way to be realized. He sent to the General Court a request that they pledge themselves to secrecy as to a project which he proposed to submit to them. The surprised Assembly gave the desired pledge, and listened to the following startling proposition:

"Gentlemen of the General Court, either we must take Louisburg or see our trade annihilated. If you are of my mind, we will take it. I have reason to know that the garrison is insubordinate. There is good ground for believing that the commandant is afraid of his own men, that the works are out of repair, and the stores are running low. I need not dwell further on what is well known to you all. Now, with four thousand such soldiers as this and the neighboring provinces can furnish, aided by a naval force similarly equipped, the place must surely fall into our hands. I have, moreover, strong hopes of aid from his Majesty's ships now in our waters. But the great thing is to throw our forces upon Louisburg before the enemy can hear of our design. Secrecy and celerity are therefore of the first importance. Consider well, gentlemen, that such an opportunity is not likely to occur again. What say you? Is Louisburg to be ours or not?"

The urgent Governor made the most of his facts, but the practical and sensible representatives of the colony were not to be led by his enthusiasm. They deliberated with closed doors for several days on the matter, and returned with unanimity an adverse answer. The exigency did not seem so pressing to them as to the Governor. They could afford, they said, to act on the defensive, and could strike as effectively at the enemy's commerce as the enemy could strike at theirs. Men they might raise, but they had no money with which to equip them; no siege artillery or gunners or engineers, no navy or naval stores. It was a magnificent project, but utterly visionary. Such, in effect, was their reply. Shirley was not the man to be thus defeated. He simply pondered methods of overcoming this hindrance.

The matter was no longer secret. The members of the legislature had not been untrue to their pledge, but one of the devout representatives from the rural districts, in seeking light on the matter, had prayed in his lodgings so long and loud that he had been heard by his neighbors, and the mystery of the closed doors was explained. The proposed attack was discussed at every corner. The news was carried to Quebec, but it was too preposterous to be believed.

A day or two after the refusal of the General Court, the Governor met Captain Gibson on the street, and asked him if he felt willing to give up the expedition. Gibson at once replied that he was not, and that he hoped the House would reconsider its vote. "You are the very man I want," said the Governor, and they went at once to the merchant's counting-room to consider ways and means.

A petition that the subject of the expedition be reconsidered was drawn up and signed by Gibson, to which he secured the signatures of many of the most influential merchants of the province. The General Court, in response to this request, again considered the matter. With Vaughan and Gibson in the lobby, there were many changed votes, and at last the measure was approved by a majority of one, Speaker Hutchinson giving the casting vote for the measure.

Governor Shirley at once sent requests to the neighboring colonies for aid. Connecticut and New Hampshire responded, and later New York, on being urged, made a valuable loan of ten heavy cannon. Benjamin Franklin, in a letter to his brother in Boston, reflected the opinion of the enterprise held in Pennsylvania. "Fortified towns," he wrote, "are hard nuts to crack, and your teeth are not accustomed to it; but some seem to think that forts are as easily taken as snuff."

The provincial Assembly of Pennsylvania did vote, however, some provisions for the expedition, in which they had no faith, and New Jersey contributed provision and clothing. Rhode Island

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wavered. The Governor at first refused, declaring that "Massachusetts is our avowed enemy, always trying to defame us." The Assembly nevertheless voted to send one hundred and fifty men, but rescinded their vote when they heard that the British government had not ordered nor approved the movement. They again changed, and raised the troops, but too late for them to join the expedition. But Rhode Island did send the sloop *Tartar*, carrying fourteen guns.

The finances of the colonies were in a desperate condition. There was no public money, and credit was exhausted. The limit of the issue of paper currency had been reached. But the General Court of Massachusetts ventured to disregard the royal command so far as to authorize the issue of fifty thousand pounds in bills of credit, with which the Governor paid for needed material, that was taken wherever found. Men volunteered readily for the attacking force; more offered themselves than could be accepted, and the Massachusetts contingent was readily filled. She raised three thousand men. Three hundred men were raised and paid out of his own funds by Captain James Gibson; Connecticut sent five hundred and sixteen men, and New Hampshire four hundred and fifty-four, of whom one hundred and fifty were paid by Massachusetts — making four thousand two hundred and seventy troops for the land forces. The fleet consisted of a hundred vessels, large and small, of which sixteen were armed, the largest being a brig of twenty-four guns. These were to convoy the transports and cover the landing of the troops. One reason for haste in starting the expedition was that about this time ships of war were expected from France to bring supplies to Louisburg, and to operate from that harbor upon the English colonies.

It had been a serious and difficult problem to choose a commander of the expedition. There were no men of military experience in the colony. It was twenty years since there had been any serious Indian-fighting. A few men still remained who had taken part in such warfare, but they were no better fitted by such experience for the work now in hand. Also, local pride and jealousies were not to be ignored. They did not feel embarrassed by the fact that few had ever seen a fortress, and that none knew how to take one. They trusted to their common sense and courage to meet emergencies as they arose. They were accustomed to electing their officers from among their number, and did not think of looking beyond their neighbors for their leader. Governor Shirley had faith in his own military genius, and believed that, whoever was in command, he could give him directions so definite that all deficiencies would be covered. Captain Gibson was a newcomer, had been ten years out of the British army, was a wealthy trader with Jamaica, and though he was so thoroughly in sympathy with the movement, he had few local associations, and was not well known by the men. Governor Shirley chose among the possible leaders Judge Pepperrell of Kittery. He was about fifty years of age, a large owner of ships and of land in Saco, and was the richest man in the province. He was Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, though not a lawyer by education, and colonel in command of the militia of what is now Maine. He is described as a man of courage, energy, good sense, and of wide acquaintance and popularity. Governor Shirley determined that he should be commander, and with tact and courtesy soothed the disappointed candidates, of whom there were several. We shall never know how near the whole project came to being wrecked by jealousies and disputes as to precedence. Each colony issued separate commissions and sent commissioners to receive and account for the money it voted. William Vaughan and Captain James Gibson went with the expedition as "gentlemen volunteers," in the language of the time.

Vaughan was a mill-owner and carried on a large fishing business at Damariscotta, Maine. He is described by men of his time as "a whimsical and wild projector, a man of rash and impulsive nature." He had insisted that fifteen hundred men, aided by a few vessels, could take Louisburg by scaling the walls.

Gibson is little mentioned, but always with respect, as "very active during the siege, especially when anything of a dangerous nature was to be done." Pepperrell's appointment was very popular.

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Connecticut had made the demand, on sending her five hundred troops, that General Roger Wolcott should be second in command. He was a good officer, sixty-six years of age. It shows the condition of things in the federated colonies that Wolcott needed to have commissions from both Massachusetts and Connecticut to give him authority in his position. Edward Tyng, a Boston merchant, was made Commodore of the fleet.

Pepperrell had great hesitancy about accepting the command. Shirley had said to him: "You are the only man who can safely carry our great enterprise through; if it fail, the blame must lie at your door."

Whitefield, the renowned preacher, was his guest at this time,—for Pepperrell was a deeply religious man. Whitefield advised his host against accepting so grave a responsibility. But the Governor pressed the duty upon him, and he finally consented, and Whitefield gave the motto for the flag — *Nil desperandum Christo duce* ("Never despair; Christ leads"). The event shows that no better commander could have been found. Possessed of courage and unselfish patriotism, with no desire to obtrude his claims to recognition or to deny the claims of others, his failure to realize the unmilitary nature of the enterprise was a positive benefit. He knew no way to take a fortress but the way, regardless of all danger or labor, which, when he was before it, had the most promise of success.

The expedition had about it something of the nature of a crusade. It was against French papists; and Parson Moody, who, though over seventy years of age, went along as chaplain, took with him an axe with which to cut down the blasphemous images which he felt sure he should find in the mass-houses—the only name he would give to the Romish churches.

Parson Moody was one of the typical clergymen of his time. His people loved him for his hearty charities — as they needed to do to stand in the cold meeting-house during his prayers of an hour in length, not to mention sitting through his sermons of two hours and more. He governed his flock with a firm hand, sometimes emphasizing his admonitions with his cane across their shoulders.

The General Court of Massachusetts had ordered the expedition late in January, 1745. Such was the energy of Governor Shirley and his aids, and the willingness of the people, that preparation had been made, war material created, a hundred vessels secured and equipped, by the last week in March—that is, within two months. They sailed under the impression that they were to have no aid from the British fleet. Commodore Warren had refused a request sent him by Governor Shirley to join the expedition, without orders from England, and knowledge that such orders had been given later reached Boston the day after the troops departed. Favored by good weather in that usually stormy month, the whole force was at Canso on April 10, without mishap of any kind. This was sixty miles away from Louisburg. The plan was to land the troops at Freshwater Cove, four miles away, in the night, and take the fortress by surprise at daylight. No doubt seemed to exist that this was a perfectly feasible plan. Governor Shirley had given General Pepperrell detailed instructions to this effect. But the good Providence that watched over this audacious expedition from first to last prompted a postscript, which, according to precedent, was the best part of the letter. It ran thus: "Sir, upon the whole, notwithstanding the instructions you have received from me, I must leave it to you to act upon unforeseen emergencies according to your best discretion." As everything that happened after the fleet reached its rendezvous actually was an unforeseen emergency, it is well that a commander was in charge whose discretion was so sound.

From the 10th to the 29th the ice which had come down the St. Lawrence so blocked the entrance to Louisburg that it was useless to move, and the troops fortified Canso as their base. During this enforced delay Commodore Warren with four ships of war appeared in sight, to the great delight and encouragement of the troops. The French during these nearly three weeks seem to have been entirely ignorant of the presence of the colonial troops, and had looked upon the ships off the harbor as English privateers, to which they were well accustomed. General Pepperrell

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loyally tried to carry out the instructions of his chief. It was necessary for the transports to time their departure so that they should reach the point of debarkation after dark. They were to land without being able to see what obstacles were in the way, to march to their stations over unknown ground, and to make their attack on works which they had not seen, and all this before they were discovered by the enemy; and this most difficult and hazardous of military operations was to be performed by utterly undisciplined troops. The stars in their courses fought for them. The fleet started from Canso on the 29th in time to reach their destination in the night, but the wind died away, and from that moment the only instructions for the commander were those of the postscript, namely, to act according to his best discretion. The fleet came to anchor in Freshwater Cove in daylight, and in full view of the fortress four miles away. The signal-guns of the fort to call in parties and to rouse the city were plainly heard by the troops on the transports. The usual ball just before battle had been enjoyed the night before by the unsuspecting city, when Louisburg "had gathered there her beauty and her chivalry." The call to the ramparts had rudely ended the morning nap of the gay officers.

A detachment of one hundred and fifty men was sent from the fortress to oppose the landing of the troops, but the fishermen of Marblehead and Salem were now in their element. Making a feint to land at one point, they dashed to their chosen spot on the undefended beach, wading through the surf, with one on the back of another, with gun and ammunition dry. They quickly outnumbered the French, and drove them under the shelter of their works, killing six and capturing as many more, including an officer, with but two wounded on their side. The landing of artillery and stores, with the rest of the troops, was effected without further disturbance. Camp was established two miles from the city, and leisure was taken to examine and clear the ground between them and the walls and to choose points for their batteries. On the 2d of May the irrepressible Vaughan opened the siege by leading four hundred men to a hill near the town and saluting it with three cheers. The French were more astonished than alarmed at this singular display of what they described as "a disorderly crowd." But the next step was more serious; for, leading a detachment around the harbor in the rear of Royal Battery, they burned extensive magazines of naval stores. The command in the battery, supposing, of course, that such an attack would be made only in force, thought themselves flanked, and at once, with permission from the city, abandoned the place, spiking their guns, but doing no other work of destruction. On the return of Vaughan with a small party on the next morning, he saw no evidence of life in the battery, and on investigation found it empty, and at once occupied it. Vaughan sent a messenger to his general with this despatch: "May it please your Honor to be informed that by the grace of God and the courage of thirteen men I entered the Royal Battery about nine o'clock, and am waiting for a re-enforcement and a flag." With his twelve remaining men standing on the open beach, under fire of the city, he held the place until re-enforced against four boats sent from the city to retake it or to complete its destruction.

The Royal Battery thus abandoned by the French was one of the chief defences of the harbor. It was directly opposite the narrow channel, and commanded it. The other channel defence was the Island Battery, midway in the opening of the harbor. On one side, stretching to the land, was a rocky shoal, and on the other the passage, half a mile wide. Once within, the harbor stretches away northeast and southwest, two miles in each direction, while directly in front, perhaps a mile and a half across, was this Royal (later called the Grand) Battery.

The possession of this battery was of the utmost importance to the besiegers. It strengthened that confidence which was the largest part of their equipment. But they also thus obtained thirty heavy cannon, besides a great quantity of ordnance stores. Major Pomeroy, who was a practical gunsmith, soon had the cannon unspiked and trained on the city, where he at once sent some of their own shot and shell, to the vast damage and demoralization of the garrison. The first

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shot killed fourteen men. "The enemy," says a French account, "saluted us with our own cannon, and made a terrific fire, smashing everything within range."

The siege was now fairly begun. Some of the heavy guns of the Battery were dragged by the men around the head of the harbor, a distance of three or four miles, and put before the walls of the city.

Lighthouse Point, across the entrance of the harbor opposite the Island Battery, and fully commanding it, was occupied, and its works were mounted with guns from concealed stores of the enemy, discovered by the men. The Island Battery thus became finally untenable. The fleet under Warren could do nothing until this harbor defence was taken. The only unwise thing done by General Pepperrell was to make an assault on this battery, under pressure of Commodore Warren. Volunteers were readily found for the attack, which was made, after many disappointments, from the Grand Battery. The men chose their leader by vote. The attack was made at night, and was intended to be a surprise. Three hundred men in whale-boats rowed silently across the harbor, and were joined by a hundred more from Lighthouse Point. The garrison seem to have been entirely unaware of the approach of the attacking party until a hundred and fifty of them, who had made a landing, and while the other boats were still under fire, announced themselves by three cheers. It was a great disaster. Captain Brooks fell early in the attack. One brave fellow climbed the flag-staff and actually tore down the French colors. Sixty-nine men were drowned or killed and one hundred and twenty were captured in the desperate affair. But the siege went on. Engineers and artillerymen studied their science on the ground. Zigzags and parallels were despised. Richard Gridley, chief of the engineers, staked out the ground for his batteries in much the same manner as he laid out the works at Bunker Hill thirty years later. The men advanced with bundles of fascines on their backs, and dug their entrenchments and placed their guns at night. That the positions were well chosen we have the testimony of the French themselves. In the report to the French Minister of War it is said: "The enemy established their batteries to such effect that they soon destroyed the greater part of the town, broke the right flank of the King's Bastion, ruined the Dauphin Battery with its spur, and made a breach in the West Gate, the neighboring wall, and the sort of redan adjacent." .

Captain Gibson, in his diary, writes: "One of the officers of the garrison, after the surrender, told me that . . . in all the histories he had ever read he never met with an instance of so bold and presumptuous an attempt; that it was almost impracticable, as any one would think, for three or four thousand raw, undisciplined men to lay siege to such a strong, well-fortified city, such garrisons, batteries, etc.; for should any one have asked me, said he, what number of men would have been sufficient to have carried on that very enterprise, I should have answered, no less than thirty thousand. To this he subjoined that he never heard of, or ever saw, such courage and intrepidity in such a handful of men, who regarded neither shot nor bombs; but what was more surprising than all the rest, he said, was this, namely, to see the batteries raised in a night's time; and more particularly the fascine battery, which was not five-and-twenty rods from the city wall; and to see guns that were forty-two-pounders dragged by the English from their Grand Battery, notwithstanding it was two miles distant at least, and the road, too, very rough."

Bancroft, in writing of the siege, says: "The troops made a jest of technical military terms; they laughed at proposals for zigzags and épaulements. The men knew little of strict discipline; they had no fixed encampment; destitute of tents to keep off the fogs and dews, their lodgings were turf and brush houses; their bed was the earth. . . . All day long the men, if not on duty, were busy with amusements—firing at marks, fishing, fowling, wrestling, racing, or running after balls shot from the enemy's guns." Yet it speaks well for the temper of the men, or for the tact of their officers, that not a case of insubordination occurred.

The English fleet had been able to do nothing thus far save to make some important captures of French vessels with supplies for the city; one of which, the

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Vigilant, was very valuable, a sixty-gun frigate, with ample stores. She was soon put in trim for fighting, and was the strongest of the attacking fleet.

There could not have been two better men to command the land and sea forces than Pepperrell and Warren. And the wonder is that even with men of such admirable spirit there was not more discord. There is evidence that relations at times were nearly strained. Warren made propositions which Pepperrell could not approve. The unfortunate attack on the Island Battery was made to satisfy Commodore Warren, who could not enter the harbor while its guns were active. But the English ships were essential in maintaining the blockade. The *Vigilant* alone in the hands of the French could probably have raised the siege and, with the garrison, could have captured the provincial forces. A French writer of the siege writes: "It was an enterprise less of the English nation and its King than of the inhabitants of New England alone. This singular people have their own laws and administration, and their Governor plays the sovereign. Commodore Warren had no authority over the troops sent by the Governor of Boston, and he was only a spectator. Nobody would have said that their land and sea forces were of the same nation and under the same prince. No nation but the English is capable of such eccentricities, which nevertheless are a part of the precious liberty of which they show themselves so jealous."

Preparations were made for an assault from both sea and land, for which the garrison in its distressed and discouraged condition did not wait. A flag of truce from General Duchambon came with propositions, which were soon made acceptable to both sides, and on the 17th of June, 1745, exactly thirty years before the battle of Bunker Hill, the city surrendered to General Pepperrell. The siege had lasted forty-eight days. The wall on the harbor side had been breached, and not a habitable house was left in the city. The people had taken shelter in the casemates. Their ammunition was almost exhausted, and other stores had run low. The losses in battle had been about a hundred on each side, though of the besiegers thirty more had died of camp-sickness. About two thousand men were included in the surrender, six hundred and fifty of whom were veteran troops. The unquestioning courage and audacity of these farmers and fishermen, led by the rural judge and merchant, were crowned with an astonishing and deserved success.

General Pepperrell soon went to Boston, where he was welcomed with great honors by his grateful countrymen. Louisburg was left in command of Major Mascarene, who had so bravely defended Annapolis. The news of the victory was received at Boston and in England with great rejoicing. Pepperrell was made a baronet, the first colonist to receive the honor of knighthood, and Warren was made an admiral. Captain Gibson, who had rendered most gallant services, was sent to France in charge of the prisoners. He had led detachments on special and dangerous service, once being one of only three out of twenty-four to return alive from a scouting expedition, and again with a few men towing a fire-ship under the guns of the enemy's batteries, and thus destroying three of his vessels. He was specially named with thanks in the act of Parliament by which the cost of the campaign was refunded.

By the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, three years after, Louisburg, to the disgust of the colonists, was returned to France. Still England did not appreciate the importance of the place, though it was declared at the time that the capture of the city was "the great event of the War of the Austrian Succession."

Before Quebec could be taken, thirteen years later, Admiral Boscawen with fifty war-vessels, and General Amherst and Colonel Wolfe with twelve thousand veteran troops, had to lay siege a second time to this stronghold, and they followed exactly the plans of the wise Pepperrell and his brave fishermen. The possession of Quebec, and the building of Halifax, begun in 1749, made the twice-captured fortress no longer necessary. Its batteries were dismantled, and Louisburg passed away from the memory of the world. But the men of Massachusetts and Connecticut went back to their boats and their ploughs with a consciousness of power which made them invincible when, thirty years later, they began to build a nation.

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Barney Doon, Braggart

BY PHILIP VERRILL MIGHELS

THE nine dusty citizens of Bitter Hole, having one and all proposed, unsuccessfully, for the hand of Miss Sally Wooster, had about concluded that Bitter Water Valley was a desert, after all, when they finally thought to turn their attention once again to Barney Doon, the cook.

Let it here be stated, nevertheless, there was one thing to prove that the valley was a desert, despite the presence of Barney, and that was the face of the country itself. One-half of that whole Nevada area was a great white blister, forty miles long and fifteen wide, acrid with alkali, flat, barren, and harsh as a sheet of zinc. The valley's remaining territory was covered with gray, dry scrub, four inches high, through which the dusty Overland stage-route was crookedly scratched.

Bitter Hole was the station for the stage. In it flourished the nine dusty citizens, a dusty dog, and a dusty chicken, in addition to Barney and the buxom Miss Sally, whose father was among the citizens enumerated. At the end of the street was a hole, or well, the waters of which, being not precisely fatal to men and horses, had occasioned the growth of the place, there being no other water for leagues along the road.

Here in this land, even when Sally had scorned them, each in turn, the men of the Hole were still agreed there could be no desolation where Barney Doon had residence. Purely and simply they loved the little cook for the fiery suddenness of his temper and the ingenuity of the insults of which he was never guiltless. The sulphurous little demon was, as the miners and teamsters estimated, "only two sizes bigger than a full-grown jack-rabbit." What he lacked in size, however, he more than supplied in expression of countenance. His eyes were centres of incandescence, while the meagre supply of hair he grew bristled redly out from beside his ears like ill-ordered spears. Indeed, such a red-whiskered, bald-headed little parcel of fireworks as Barney was is rarely created.

Calmly considered, it is hardly a matter for marvel that Barney had, from time to time, accommodated every individual in the Hole with a quarrel. Moreover, he had challenged each to mortal combat. Indeed, he had never been known to do anything less. Barney was a challenger first and a cook incidentally. But, ancient and modern tradition through, there never was chronicle of actual encounter in which the fierce little cook cut figure.

And, as a matter of fact, the men esteemed him perhaps somewhat more for the skill and adroitness with which he invariably squirmed out of impending engagements, than they did for all the alacrity and pyrotechnics with which he was wont to surround himself with duelsome entanglements. The boys well knew that if blood were unlet till the bragging, hot little rogue of a Barney stained his record, they would all forget the color of a wound.

It was not without some elemental enthusiasm that the camp, one evening, extended its welcome to a mule-driver newly mustered to their company. The sobriquet by which the man was duly introduced was Slivers. He was swiftly appraised and as quickly assimilated, after which there was only one process required to complete his initiation, namely, that of preparing his mind for a "racket" with Barney Doon.

"Don't lose no time, but git right in at supper," instructed John Tuttle, for the group. "Jest bang him with any old insult you can think of, and leave the rest to Barney. Trot out a plain, home-made slap at the fodder he's dishin' up, fer instance. And when he comes at you with a challenge, don't fergit your privilege of pickin' out the weapons—savvy?"

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It chanced that the moment selected for the entertainment was most propitious, inasmuch as Barney had that day declared his devotion to Sally Wooster, and had duly desired her big red hand for his own, only to hear a wild peal of laughter in reply, and to find himself boosted bodily out of the window by the hearty young lady herself. He was not, therefore, exactly in a mood of milk and honey.

It never had failed, and it did not fail to-night, that Barney should conceive himself more than half insulted merely by the sight of a stranger appearing at the board and calmly requiring the wherewithal to satisfy a mountain appetite. Accordingly, when the miners and teamsters all came filing in, dusty, angular, raw-looking of countenance, Barney instantly detected the presence of Slivers among them, and his eyes "lit up shop" without delay.

Slivers, to speak the truth, was easily seen. He was framed like a sky-scraping building, with the girders all plainly suggested. Not without a certain insolence of deliberation, he stared about the room before assuming his seat, and provoked himself to a sneer of opera-bouffe proportions.

"You're his meat already," whispered one of the men. "Set down."

Comrade Slivers thereupon proceeded to comport himself with a studied indifference to the cook which was duly galling. In a grim silence that all who knew him comprehended, Barney went about the table glowering with ferocity. Edging closer and closer to Slivers, the little man seemed itching in his ears to catch some careless word that might, by dint of inventiveness, be construed as a personal affront.

"I can see you ain't got no cook in the camp," said Slivers, loudly, to his neighbor, when Barney was directly behind his chair. "Has that pizened little boy I seen a while ago been playin' keep-house with the grub?"

"What's the matter with the grub, you scion of the wild-ass family?" demanded Barney, exploding like a fulminate.

Slivers looked around and scowled. "Git out, you yawping brat," said he. "You must have been losin' hair for years—one hair a day—for everything you don't know about decent grub. Go look at yer head, and figure out your ignorance."

Abnormally sensitive concerning the trackless Sahara which his pate presented, Barney clapped his hand upon it instantly. He could scarcely speak, for rage.

"You—dead lizard!" finally spurted from his safety-valve. "You mongrel viper! Low-bred ooze, disowned and outcast, I'll spoil a grave with your carcass for this! You jelly of cowardice, meet me to-morrow for satisfaction, or I'll swing you about by the tongue, and hurl you to pulp against the sty of a pig!"

Even Slivers somewhat gasped.

"Meet you?" he retorted, arising, to tower above his foeman like a mast. "Iron me, Johnny!—if I can crawl in the hole to find you where you're hidin' I'll make you wish for hair a mile long, to stand on your head in your pitiful scare!"

"Oh, fie! Oh, bah!" said the cook, scanning the teamster's length with ill-concealed awe. "Buzzard, you toy with languages. To-morrow I shall throw tomato-cans in scorn to build your monument."

"All right," answered Slivers. "To-morrow suits me, and we'll fight it out bareback on buckin' broncos, out in the small corral, each feller armed with a stockin' full of rocks for a weapon."

Barney stared for a moment in consternation at the man before him. He had previously grown accustomed to the horrors suggested by pistols, knives, red-hot branding-irons, and even pitchforks, but rocks in a stocking — that smacked of barbarism. Moreover, to mount on the back of a bronco, wild or tame — the very meditation made the walls drop out of his stomach. However, he smiled.

"Child's play!" he answered, with fine disgust. "You warty infant! No matter, an odious child would become a more detestable reptile! Till to-morrow, don't speak to me—don't speak to me! Or I shall cheat myself of the morning's pastime." And with that he strode haughtily away.

"Howlin' coyotes!" said Slivers, when he met the gaze of a dozen pair of gleaming eyes. "Take him dose for dose he's

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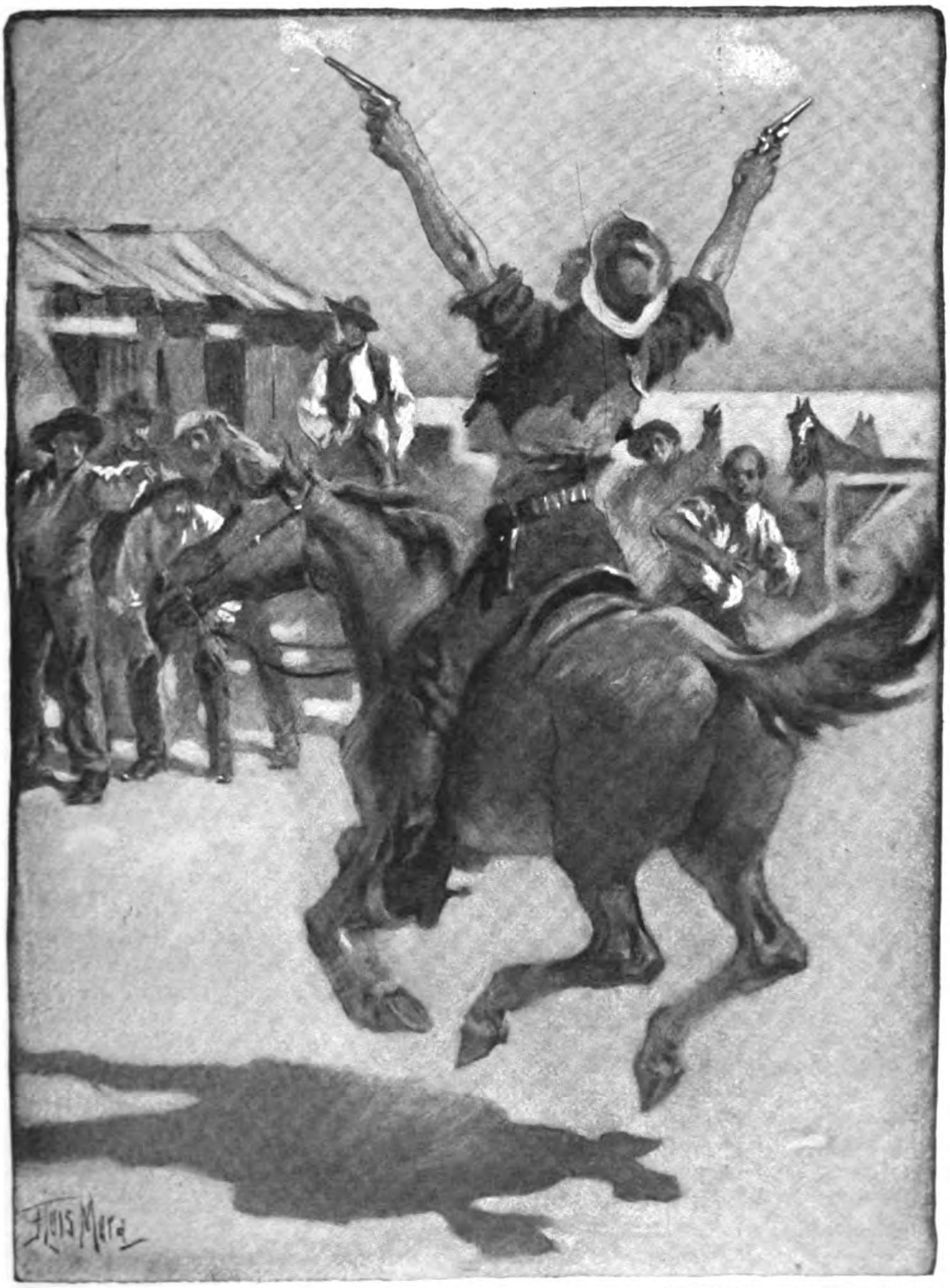

Half-tone plate engraved by H. O'Brien

A HORSEMAN CAME DASHING MADLY TOWARD THEM

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worse than pizen! By gar! just see if he burned any holes in my shirt."

Nearly all night long, however, little Barney lay awake, wildly fashioning excuses to avoid that horrid duel in the morning. He had always escaped by a margin so narrow that no precedent of the past gave assurance of luck for the future. He was mortally afraid that at last he had challenged such a monster of brute courage, malignity, and strength that nothing terrestrial could avert his untimely demise.

Then in the morning the first sight that met his troubled gaze was that of Slivers rounding up a pair of unbroken ponies, as wild as meteors, in the field of honor, hard by the camp. Every cell in Barney's structure was in a panic. How he managed to walk to the water-bench to wash was more than he knew. After that there was no retreat. The citizens of Bitter Hole surrounded him, according to preconcerted arrangement, and began to coach him for his fight.

"Barney, you'd better have a jolt of whiskey in yer vitals," suggested one. "Slivers is a regular expert with a stockin' of rocks."

"If I was you, Barney," said Tuttle, "I'd leave my bronco throw me right at him. Then I'd turn in the air and soak my heels into Slivers's grub-basket and knock him into pieces small enough to smoke in a cigarette."

"Barney," counselled another, "you take my advice and fight standin' up on your hoss, so you can jump over onto Slivers's bronco and cram your stockin' of rocks down that there mule-driver's neck and choke him clean to death."

They were "herding" the speechless Barney toward the corral, in which the two vicious ponies had now been confined. Slivers himself came forward.

"Leave me see how much the little scarecrow has shrunk in the night," said he.

Barney's wrath was kindled by this. He opened his mouth to deliver a broadside of verbal grape and canister, when he was suddenly interrupted.

A shot and a yell, from down the road, startled every man in camp. Two, three, five more shots barked in swift succession. Miss Sally Wooster herself was drawn from the house by the fusillade.

With Comanche-like whoops, a horseman came dashing madly toward the men, brandishing two huge revolvers as he rode.

"Skete, and drunk in the morning," said Tuttle.

A moment later the rider scattered the population as he rode his weltering pony through the group.

"You lubbers, celebrate!" he yelled, discharging a weapon three times in a second. "There's been a baby born at Red Shirt Canyon! We git in the census! We git on the map! Big Matt Sullivan's wife has got a little boy!"

"A boy!" said Sally Wooster. "Oh my!"

"Is that all?" inquired John Tuttle, on behalf of his somewhat indignant townsmen. "Red Shirt's thirty-seven miles away. We've got something more exciting than that right here in camp."

"Red Shirt's in this same county," protested the horseman, a trifle crestfallen. "I thought you fellers was patriotic."

Barney Doon threw out his chest and swaggered forward.

"Patriotic?" he echoed. "Doggone us, we're the biggest patriots on the coast! No man is a gentleman who wouldn't be a gentleman on such an occasion as this. Skete, you've saved the life of yonder braggart," and he pointed to Slivers. "I couldn't be a gentleman and slay him when a child's been born in this here county. Slivers, you can go your way, without alarm."

"What!" demanded Tuttle. "No fight? All on account of a baby?"

"If I ever!" added Sally Wooster.

A third disgusted person queried, "What's a baby got to do with a duel, and the kid near forty miles away?"

To this one Barney turned with pitying scorn. "You don't know how easy it is to disturb a new-born baby," said he. "There ain't a man but me in camp knows how to behave himself in a holy moment like this here, and I ain't a-goin' to kill no man when a sacred thing like that has went and happened."

"Well, durn his slippery hide!" grumbled Tuttle. "He's gittin' too smart!"

The men were all grinning, including Slivers.

"I reckon Barney knows as much about a baby as a hop-toad knows about

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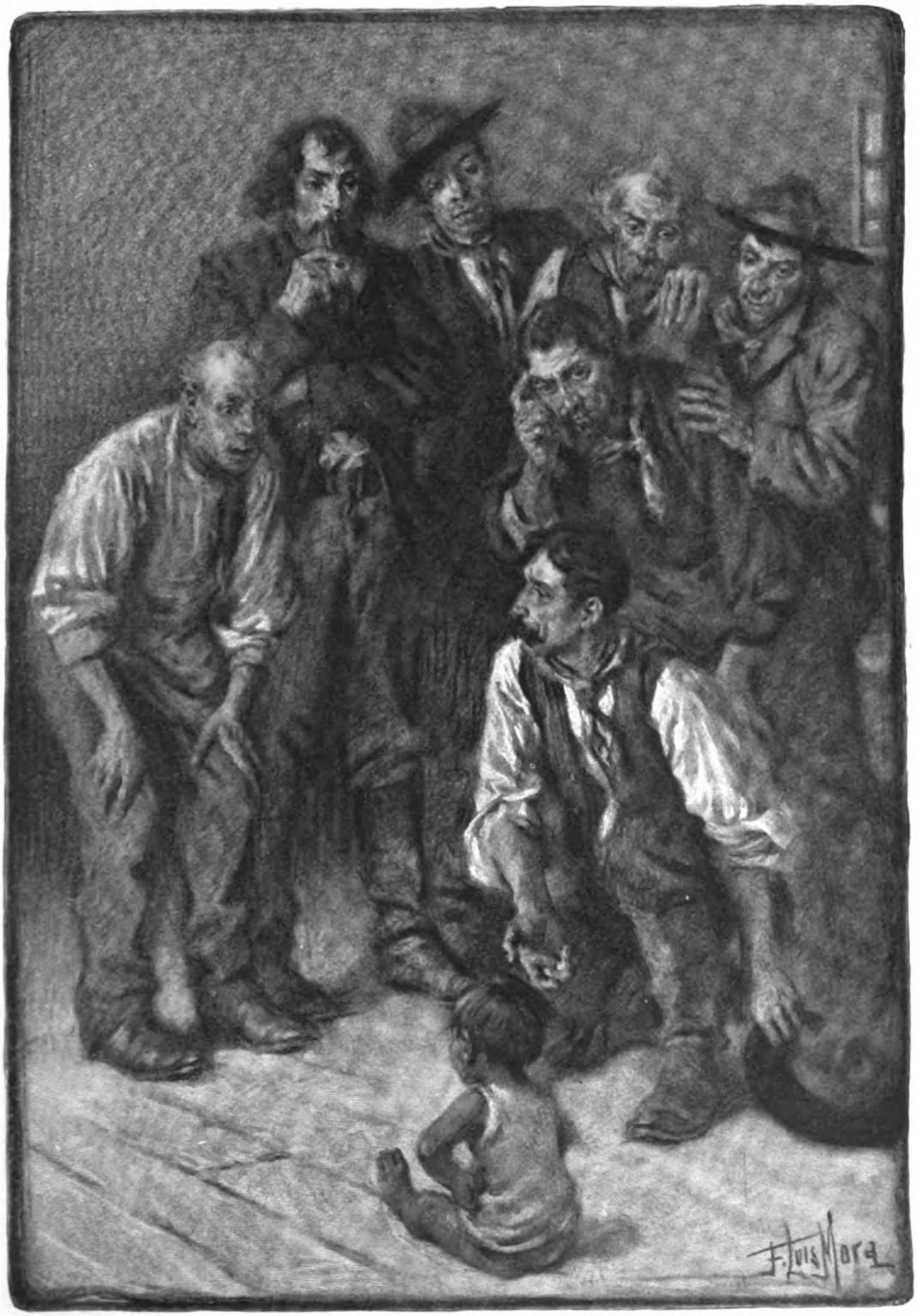

THE MAN PLACED A LITTLE PAPOOSE ON THE FLOOR

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arithmetic," said Wooster, winking prodigiously. "He's got us all square beat on kids."

"I don't know about that," replied a lanky individual who had sobered amazingly at the news from Red Shirt Canyon. "I've saw a kid or two myself."

"That so, Moody?" said Slivers. "Well, say, maybe we could work up a bet between you and Barney, to see which knows the most about a youngster."

Barney broke in abruptly. "I'll bet a million dollars I know more about children than all you cusses put together! There ain't a one of you knows how many teeth a baby's got when he's born."

The challenge produced a solemn stillness.

"W-e-l-l, I know they don't git their eyes open for a week," asserted Moody, mildly.

"You're clear off, first crack," retorted Barney. "It's nine days, instead of a week."

Again the men were awed to silence.

"Yes, that's right—Barney's correct," presently admitted citizen Wooster.

"You old ninnies!" said his daughter Sally, and she turned away to go to the house.

"Well, anyway," said Slivers, after a brisk bit of widespread conversation with Tuttle, "we've got a scheme. Barney wants to match himself against the whole shebang in knowin' about a kid, and we're goin' to fetch a young un to the Hole and leave him prove his claim."

"Not Sullivan's?" gasped Barney, suddenly overwhelmed at the prospect of proving his erudition on an infant so tender, with a father so brawny.

"Never mind whose," replied the teamster. "You sit quiet and look pretty, and we'll provide the kid."

This they did. The following morning, at daylight, Tuttle and Slivers reappeared at camp, from a pilgrimage, and the mule-driver held in his arms a little red Indian papoose, as fat, dimpled, and pretty as a cherub, and as frightened as a captive baby rabbit.

"Now, then," said the man, placing his charge on the floor, in the midst of a circle of wondering citizens, "there's your kid. Never mind where we got him —there he is. Barney takes charge of him every other day, and the rest of us by turns in between—all that cares to enter the race."

The news having spread, Miss Sally Wooster was among the astonished spectators who beheld the tiny, half-naked, frightened little chieftain-to-be, gazing timidly about him as he sat on the planks, gripping his own little shirt as his one and only acquaintance.

"Lauk!" she said, and laughing immoderately, sped for the door.

"Sally, you ain't to help neither Barney nor us!" called Tuttle.

"Don't you worry," she answered, before she disappeared. "It ain't no pie of mine."

The men continued to look at their "young un" in no small quandary of helplessness.

"He's a pretty little cuss," said one of the miners, after a moment. "I wouldn't guess him for more than a yearlin'."

Moody coughed nervously. "One of the first things to do for a child," he ventured, "is to git a thimble to rub on his teeth."

"That's right," said a friend. "My mother used to do that regular."

"What's the matter with putting pants on him fairly early in the fight?" inquired the next man of wisdom.

"First thing my mother always done for us was to make us a bib," drawled one fidgety fellow, tentatively.

"He'd orter be told never to drink, ner chew, ner smoke, ner swear, ner gamble, 'fore it gits too late," added a miner who carefully eschewed all and sundry of these virtues.

"Stub-tailed idiots!" said Barney, in huge disgust.

All eyes focussed on the fiery little cook.

"Well, then," demanded Tuttle, "what is the first thing to do for a little kid like him?"

"The first thing?" answered Barney. "The first thing is— Do you think I'm going to tell you lop-eared galoots all I know about a baby? What I want to know is if he's had a bite to eat?"

"What did you think we'd feed him?" asked Slivers. "Do we look like his mother?"

"Git away, you venomous scum, and let me have him!" demanded Barney.

"Hold on," interrupted Tuttle. "The first day he goes to the feller he picks out

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SHE HAD RAISED HIM BODILY TO THE PONY'S BACK

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himself, only you come last, bein' the challenger. We'll arrange things alphabetical. Adams, you git first shot, to find out if you're popular with the little skeesicks."

Adams turned redder than usual, which is saying much.

"Ah—I don't know nuthin' about kids," he confessed. "Catherwood—see what he can do."

Catherwood also proved to be modest. After him Farnham and Lane waived their alphabetical privilege.

Moody, as nervous as a girl, approached the dumb little man on the floor, and twisting the corner of his coat, inquired in a trembling voice, "Does Bunny love old Goo-goo?"

The child looked up with a frightened little query in his eyes.

"I'd hate to scare him," Moody added. "I don't mind seein' how he takes to Barney."

"Yes, give Barney a show," said Wooster.

Something had been happening to the cook. The tenseness had gone from his usually wiry little body; his eyes were milder; a curve was softening his mouth. Kneeling before the child, he held forth his arms.

"Baby want to go by-by?" he said, and tenderly lifting the little man, he bore him away, while the men looked on in silence.

Half an hour later the man who peeked through the keyhole reported that Barney was singing the youngster to sleep. The words of the song are not readily conveyed, but they sounded like—

> "Allonsum sum-sum bill-din,
> Allonsum sum-sum bill-din,
> Allonsum sum-sum bill-din,"

repeated times without number. Barney called it an Indian lullaby. As sung it was equally good Cherokee, Chinese, or Russian, being Barney's clearest recollection and interpretation of a song which his mother once had droned.

On the third day following, Slivers, Tuttle, Moody, and others held a council of war.

"Barney's goin' to clean up the whole works of us," said the mule-driver, "unless we can manage to work some better combination."

"What can we do?" inquired Tuttle. "The kid sure likes him best."

"That wasn't the point. It's a game of how much we all know about a young un as against little Barney. Now, Moody, on the square, do you think you know as much as him?"

"He knows more than you'd think," confessed Moody. "The—the only little kid I ever had—she died—ten months old."

"Oh."

"Well—that was hell, sure."

Some of the men puckered their lips as if to whistle, but made no sound.

"If only we could paint Barney's face an Irish green, or do something so's the kid would be scared to see him, we might win out yet, perhaps," resumed Slivers, presently. "Got any ideas?"

"I don't think Barney could scare him if he tried," answered Wooster. "Anyhow the pore little scamp ain't cried since he come."

"He ain't laughed any, either," added Moody.

There was neither a cry nor a smile that day, though Barney yearned to hear either one of these baby sounds. The little brown captive clung as always to his tiny shirt, and watched Barney's face with big, brown, questioning eyes. The cook had forgotten his boast. To hold the wee bit of babyhood against his heart, to coax him to eat, to yearn over him, love him, fondle him—these were his passions. A fierce parental jealousy grew in Barney's nature.

But the hour arrived when jealousy changed to a deeper emotion—to worry. All Barney actually knew of a child came through the intuitions of a natural father's heart, but little as this amounted to, Barney was aware that a tiny scamp like this should eat and sleep and creep about and crow. And the little brown "Bunny" had done not one of the pretty baby tricks.

The fiery little cook's new concern was at first concealed. With growing reluctance every time, he resigned the little man to Moody's care as the "contest" required. One night, however, when the dumb, sad bit of an Indian was with Moody, the man was aroused from his dreams by some one's presence. It was Barney, too worried to sleep, surrepti-

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tiously come to the tiny captive's fruit-box cradle, and gently urging the wee bronze man to eat of some gruel prepared at that silent hour of the darkness. He was willing that Moody should have the credit of taking good care of the motherless baby, if only the child could be made a little more happy. Thereafter, by night and day, the cook was hovering about the uncomplaining little chieftain; and Moody understood.

By some of the mystic workings of nature, Barney's love and worry extended to Sally. Hiding her feelings from all the men, even from Barney himself, she could not quell the upgush of emotion in her bosom, as she snatched the little Indian once, in secret, to her heart. Without the courage, as yet, to hear the men ridicule her weakness, she nevertheless contrived to place a hundred little comforting things in Barney's path, as he went his rounds of mothering his sad little wild thing from the hills. Her heart began to ache, as it swelled to take in the child and Barney Doon.

The men had lost all spirit of fun in the contest, even to Slivers, who strove, however, to see it through in a bluff, rough-hearted way.

Unexpectedly all of it came to a crisis. It was early in the morning. After a sleepless night Barney had gone in desperate parent-care to receive his foundling back from Moody. In one keen glance he had finally perceived what all their folly was leading to, at last.

With the dumb little chap on his arm he hastened to the dining-shed, where all the men, save Tuttle, were awaiting breakfast.

"You brutes had no right to steal this child!" he cried out, passionately. "He's starving! He's pining away! Look at his thin little legs! Look at his poor little eyes—getting hollow!" Tears were streaming from his own tired eyes as he spoke. "Slivers, you did this!" he charged, angrily. "You tell me where you got him, or I'll shoot you down like a dog!" He had hastened up to the teamster, against whose very breast he thrust a pistol a foot in length.

"By God! he'd do it!" said Slivers, unmoved by the push of the loaded weapon. "Uncock it, Barney. You'd ought to know I wouldn't harm the kid, any quicker than you. I'd do as much as any man if we had to save his life."

"He may not live through the day!" cried Barney. "I'm going to take him home—back to his mother! And if you don't tell me where she is—"

"Hold on, now; I call," interrupted Slivers. "We'll see if you've got any sand. The Injun camp is over across the desert, in Thimbleberry Cove. . . . Do you reckon you've got the nerve to pack him across?"

A peculiar silence followed this announcement. Barney stood like an animal at bay. His face became deathly white. He fully comprehended the awfulness of that great white dead-land just outside.

Wooster broke the silence. "It looks as if the wind is going to blow harder today," he said. "It's stirring up the desert some already. A man could never get two miles out from here, unless the breeze goes down."

Barney, with a crazed, wild look on his face, hastened away to the kitchen.

"I'm glad he didn't take you up on that," said Moody, gazing forth from a window. "Get on to the way the whirlwinds are kickin' up the smoke already."

"I reckon it won't blow no worse than yesterday," replied Slivers. "But I knowed he wouldn't tackle it anyhow. He'll be back here in a minute, to squirm out of the game."

They drummed on the table for fifteen minutes, as they waited. A brisk wind was blowing; the desert began to deliver up its cohorts of dust-clouds, where powdered alkali billowed and eddied and swept across the valley in ever-increasing volumes.

"Peek in the kitchen and see what Barney's up to now," prompted Slivers, nudging Adams as he spoke.

"Oh, he'll be back directly," said Adams.

"Here's somebody comin' now," added Catherwood, presently. "Maybe it's—"

"Sally," muttered Slivers, who meditated proposing for the hand of the buxom Miss Wooster.

She came toward them almost fiercely. Her face was white. She too had detected the change come upon the tiny Indian captive. All night she had accused herself of neglect and heartlessness.

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"Where's Barney? Where's the baby?" she demanded.

"Barney's maybe striking off for Thimbleberry Cove," answered Slivers, smilingly. "He was running a bluff on taking the kid to its mother."

"But Tuttle told me the mother's up at Red Shirt Canyon," said the girl.

"Of course," agreed Slivers, uneasily. "We—told him about the Cove to test his sand."

Sally gazed at him wildly. "Then—it must have been a man—Barney!—I saw—on the desert!" she cried, disjointedly. "They'll die! Oh no, he wouldn't—" She ran outside to scan the fearful expanse of alkali, with its gathering blizzard of dust.

The men, suddenly grown nervous, followed her out of the house. Apparently there was nothing, far or wide, on the desert, save the sweeping clouds of white, like drifting snow.

"My God! he wouldn't tackle that!" said Slivers.

"I hear some one out in the kitchen now," said Tate. "It must be him."

Sally ran to see. It was only the dog. She darted forth once more.

"Not there!" she said. "But surely Barney wouldn't— There! There!"

Her cry rang out so shrilly that even Slivers started. She was pointing stiffly. The men all stared at the storm of dust. For one brief second the swirling clouds were reft, revealing, far out eastward, in the dead-land of white, a small dark object—the form of a man.

One poignant sob was the only sound that Sally made, as she ran toward the stable.

"Good Lord! it's him!" said Adams. "Was he heading back this way?"

"I think he was," answered Catherwood.

"He couldn't—do anything—else," stammered Slivers.

For a moment no one spoke.

"I reckon I'll just mosey over to the desert," drawled the fidgety man. "I'd hate to have anything go wrong with Barney."

"Guess I'll go along myself," said Adams.

"Boys!" said Slivers, hoarsely, "I'm going to saddle up and git him back! I didn't mean no harm when I told him wrong. I didn't think he'd go. I'd ride through hell for Barney—or the little Injun, either. You fellers know I didn't mean no harm."

He started at once to get his horse. Before he had covered half the distance to the stable, Sally suddenly rode forth, bareback, on a buckskin pony, and heading for the desert, spurred her bronco to a gallop, crying to him wildly as she went.

"Sally!—Sally—I'll go!" yelled Slivers.

She seemed not to hear, but ran her pony out upon the white expanse, where the wreathing dust seemed to swallow both herself and the animal immediately.

Her horse, fleeing swiftly before the wind, carried Sally a mile or two out from the camp before she reined him in. Believing Barney could have come no farther than this, she began to search and to call.

At every turn of her head her eyes were blinded by the acrid dust. The stuff choked her breathing; already her throat was dry. Dust and powder and snow-of-alkali came from everywhere. It was blowing up her sleeves. It filtered into and through her clothing. Her ears were quickly coated; her hair was heavy.

She turned her head from side to side for a breath. The air was thicker than smoke with dust as heavy as flour.

"Barney!" she called, from time to time, but the alkali coated her tongue. On either side she could see for a distance of twenty feet, or less. It seemed far less, in all that terrible drift of white.

She rode across the wind, doggedly, crying Barney's name. A nameless hopelessness began to grow upon her. Now this way, now that, she urged her horse. How far could Barney hear her calling? How far could he wander? How far would she ride? There were forty miles in length and fifteen in width of this reek of wind-driven alkali. God keep them if ever they got more than two miles away from the Hole!

It was aimless riding, presently, but she still persisted. A sickening conviction that Barney and the little captive would both be dead before she could find them made her desperation unendurable. With eyes starting hotly, with every

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breath seeming like a struggle for existence, in the dust, she galloped, calling, calling, till at last she could call no more.

Dazed, she halted her horse at last, and sat staring blindly at nothing. The pony turned about, unheeded, and began to fight his way against the storm, his head down between his legs.

Sally's head also came down, by instinct more than by design. She felt past thinking. For a time she rode thus, heedlessly. Then abruptly she clutched at the reins and drew the horse to a halt. The animal pricked up his ears peculiarly.

Weirdly out of the wind and dust came a sound—not a moan, not a croon, but like them both, yet a song, uncertain, apparently coming from no definitive point. She even caught the words:

"All on some lonesome bill-din
The swallow makes her nest;
. . . . . .
All on some—lonesome bill-din
The—swallow makes—her nest."

Sally tried to call out. She made but a croaking noise. Slipping from her horse's back, she groped her way forward, leading the pony, and trying to shout.

For a rod or more she battled against the driving dust, then halted as before. Not another sound would the desert render up—only the strange dry swishing by of the particles of stuff rasping the desert's surface as they passed and rose.

"Barney!" she called, by a mighty effort. There was no response.

Crying now, in her anguish and plight, she led the pony this way and that, up and down, listening, trying to force a shout through her swollen lips. At length, in despair, she knew she could search no more. A lifelessness of feeling was creeping upon her. Mechanically she walked beside her pony, and it was the animal that was leading.

It seemed as if she had plodded onward thus for hours, when at length she stumbled upon a gray little mound in the drifting alkali.

"Barney!" she said, in a voice scarcely more than a whisper. Crooning and sobbing, she lifted him up—unconscious, but clinging to the still, little form that was hugged to the shelter of his breast.

"Hang on—oh, hang on to the horse, dear, please," she coaxed, in all the tender strength of a new-born love. "Barney—try—try, dear, please. I'll be your wife—I'll do anything—if only you'll try."

She had raised him bodily to the pony's back. Stiffly as a man that freezes he straddled the animal. He made no answer, no movement. She feared he must be dead. She dared not look at the little papoose. Barney's weight rested partially upon her shoulder. She tossed away the reins.

"Go on, Sancho—go on home," she croaked to the horse, passionately.

The pony seemed to comprehend. With some faint fragrance of the waters of Bitter Hole in his nostrils, the willing creature fought slowly, steadily forward, against the terrible drift.

John Tuttle and Henry Wooster descried a group, like a sculpture in whitened stone endowed with life, creep strangely out from the blizzard of alkali. A blinded horse, with head bent low, bearing on its back a motionless man, and led by a stumbling, blinded girl, against whose shoulder the helpless rider leaned, came with ghostlike slowness and silence toward them.

And all day long, one by one, more men came forth, like ghosts, from the dead-land. But the twilight had come and the wind had died away before teamster Slivers limped from the desert. He came afoot. He had ridden his horse to death, in his desperate quest. He could barely see—and his hair was white, even below the coating of the dust.

Moody ran to meet him.

"Barney?—Sally?—the kid?" the teamster demanded, raucously.

"Back—and goin' to live," said Moody. "The Injuns up to Red Shirt heard where the little feller was and was goin' on the war-trail, sudden, but the mother came down on the stage to-day,—and got her pretty little kid."

"Oh, God! I didn't deserve it!" said Slivers, and letting himself fall limply to the earth, he lay with his face in the curve of his arm and shook with emotion.

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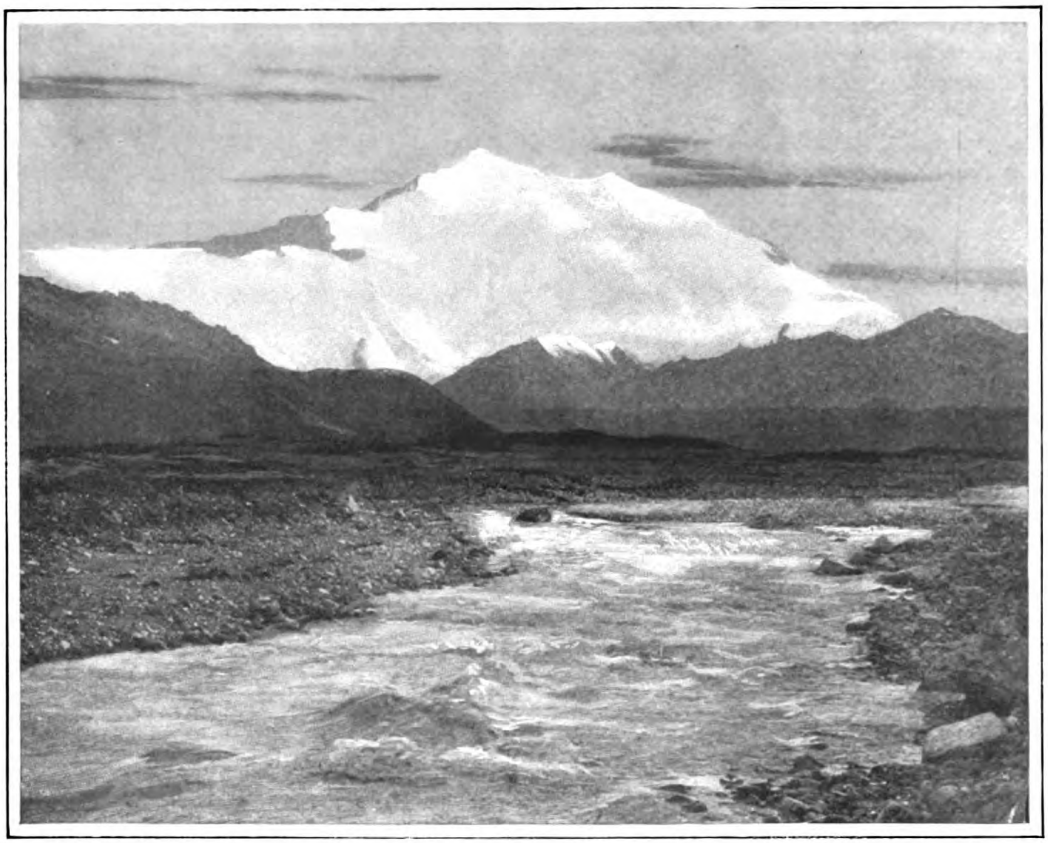

MOUNT MCKINLEY FROM BROOKS'S CAMP
Fourteen miles northwest of summit

America's Unconquered Mountain

BY FREDERICK A. COOK, M.D.

Illustrated from photographs by the author

MOUNT McKINLEY, thought to be the highest peak of North America, has to the present remained unexplored. The mountain was known to the Indians and to the Russians for a great many years, but it was not known to be of extraordinary height until after the present name was attached to it by W. A. Dickey, who, while prospecting at the head of Cook Inlet in 1897, saw from a small mountain a part of the Alaskan Range, one hundred miles away, and made a rough sketch of it. The gold stampede of 1898 brought to this part of Alaska several government expeditions, and the combined effort of these exploring enterprises, but more especially the work of the party under Alfred H. Brooks, has given us considerable knowledge of this Alaskan Range. From a mountaineering standpoint, however, all of the great peaks of this range are unknown.

The Alaskan Range takes a northeasterly course through central Alaska from Cook Inlet, thus dividing the drainage systems of the three greatest Alaskan rivers, the Kuskokwim, the Sushitna, and the Yukon. Our work was limited to the central portion of this range, which we will call the McKinley group. This group extends from the head waters of the Yentna River, one hundred and forty miles, to the Cantwell River. There are in this group four very remarkable peaks,

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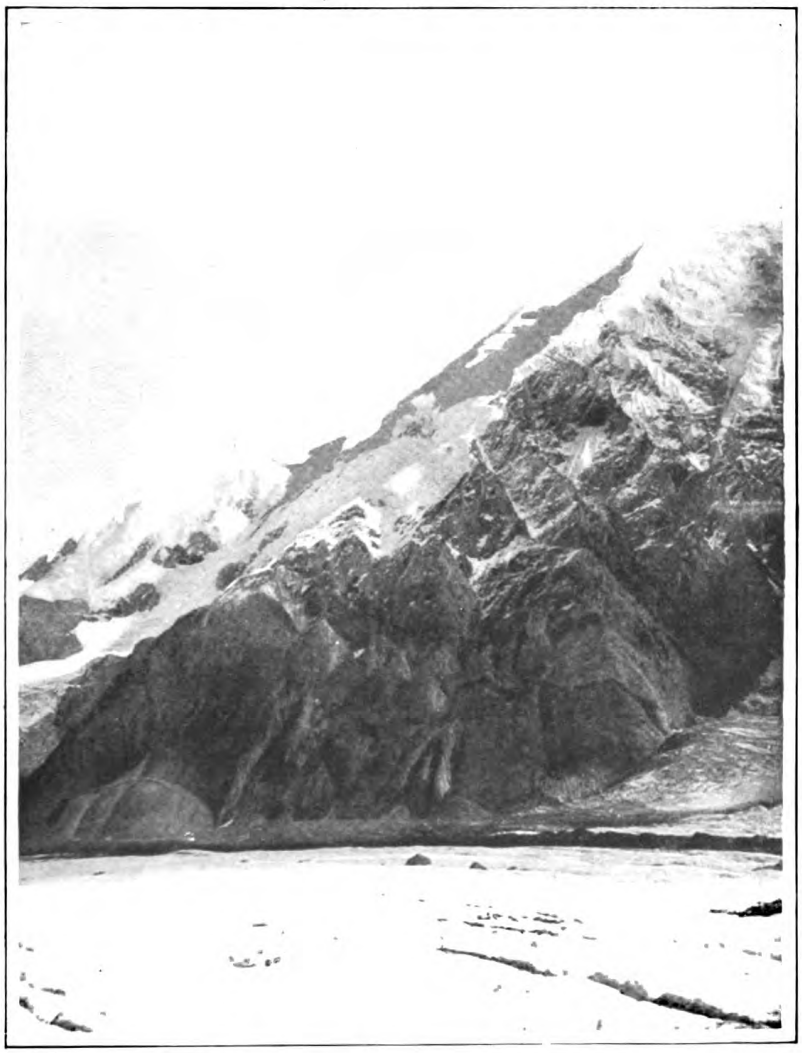
named in the order of their altitude, and from northeast to southwest—Mount McKinley, 20,300 feet; Mount Foraker, 17,100 feet; Mount Russell, 11,350 feet; and Mount Dall, 9000 feet. With my companions we assumed as our task for last summer an effort to climb Mount McKinley, and to explore as much of the neighboring range as the season would permit. Everything in Alaska is difficult, but the trials of mountaineering there are the troubles of the highest Alpine peaks multiplied many times.

In organizing this expedition I was fortunate in finding men well fitted for the arduous duties in hand. The party included Robert Dunn and Ralph Shainwald, of New York, Fred Printz and Walter Miller, of Seattle, and John Carroll and two Indians, of Alaska. For some time I hesitated in making a decision about the route to the mountain. The eastern slope was entirely unknown, but the distance to it was only one hundred and fifty miles up glacial rivers. The western slope had been partially examined by Messrs. Brooks and Rearburn of the Geological Survey, but the route to it was five hundred miles long. Both sides could not be attacked in one season, and on the recommendation of Mr. Brooks, I chose the western slope for the first assault. With little knowledge of the mountain, but with a fair knowledge of the main difficulties *en route,* I equipped our expedition accordingly.

Accompanied by Mrs. Cook, I left New York on May 26, stopping at the Yackima Indian Reservation, east of the Cascades. We picked out fifteen excellent pack-horses; these were taken to Seattle. The mountain equipment was brought from New York. At Seattle we purchased our general outfit, and all were placed on the steamer *Santa Anna,* and promptly transported to Cook Inlet through the kindness of the Pacific Packing and Navigation Company.

The entire party left Seattle early in the morning of the 10th of June,



WESTERN SLOPE OF MOUNT MCKINLEY
From 8000 to 15,000 feet altitude. Peters Glacier in foreground

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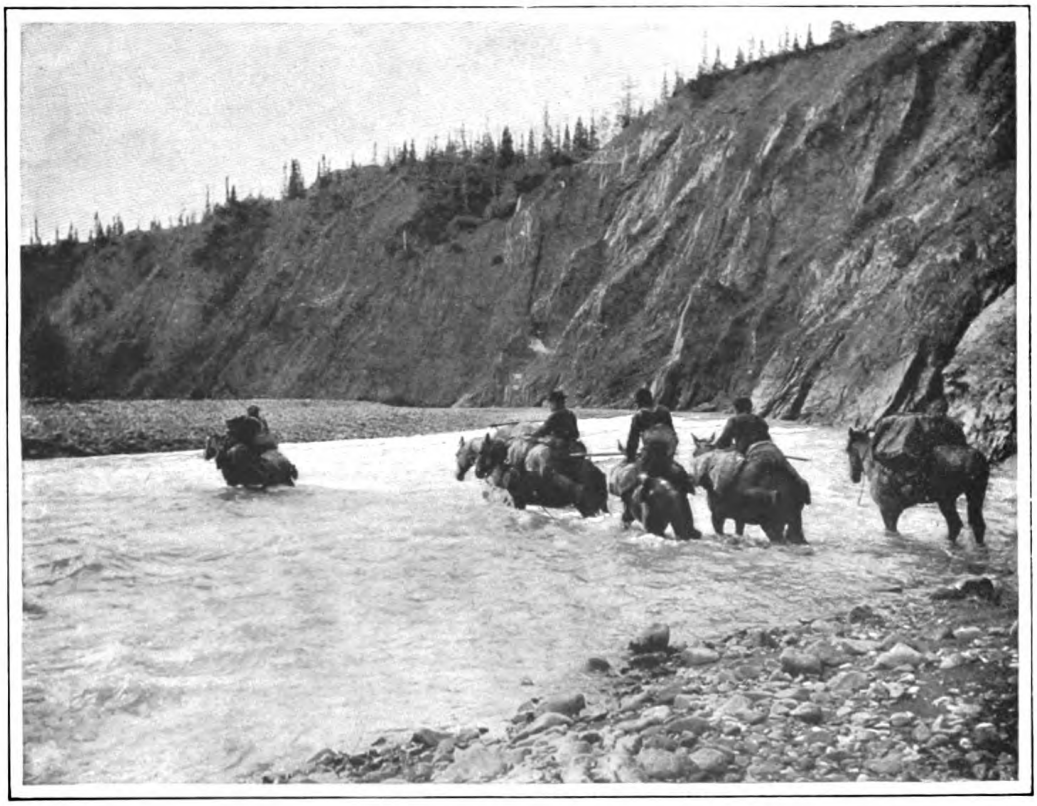
fully equipped for our summer work. After an interesting voyage along the Alaskan coast the *Santa Anna* dropped her anchor in Cook Inlet, a half-mile from the shore at Tyonek, about midnight on the 23d of June. A strong tide carried the water past the ship like the current of a rapid river. The night was clear and crisp, with sufficient light to see distinctly the pearly slopes of the volcanoes Iliamna and Redoubt, under a purple haze, far to the south. At three o'clock the first horse was placed in slings and thrown overboard, to swim ashore as best he could. The other horses, with good reason, objected to this kind of treatment, and their resistance was so great that we were compelled to devise another method of getting them into the water. The animals were led into the usual horse-box, which was then hoisted out of the hold and lowered to the water. There with a great deal of caution the horses were urged to plunge into the icy waters of Cook Inlet, and men in boats either led or followed them ashore. In a few hours our horses and outfit were safely landed, the *Santa Anna* steamed seaward, and we were left to work out the problem of getting to Mount McKinley.

Tyonek is a small trading post, with perhaps twenty Indian families, five or six white men, and one woman; and we found there deserted United States army barracks, which we occupied as our headquarters. Two days were spent in breaking in horses which did not take kindly to packs. This was both exciting and profitable work, the men obtaining a good knowledge of horse-taming, under the excellent tutorage of Mr. Printz, and the horses so thoroughly trained to our purposes that we had little trouble later.

In Cook Inlet all journeys by land or water are regulated by the tides. All boats, large or small, leave with the tides, for the tidal current carries them eight miles per hour. Alongshore it is only possible to travel at low tide. Even fishing, hunting, and certain kinds of mining are possible only at certain stages of the tides. Indeed, in Cook Inlet, as in the bays of Biscay and Fundy, life



FORDING A GLACIAL STREAM NEAR MOUNT MCKINLEY

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CUTTING STEPS IN THE ICE

moves with the tides. It is always the first topic of conversation, and when we started, on the morning of June 25, we were compelled to wait for low tide.

Our horses were packed with one hundred and fifty pounds each, then guided to the beach to follow the lead-horse. In four hours we travelled ten miles, camping about two miles south of the Beluga River, on a flat where wood, grass, and fresh water—the three necessities of a good camping-ground—were easy of access. On the following morning our course was through a thick jungle to the Beluga River, which we reached early in the afternoon. In the river we soon saw large numbers of white whales (belugas), after which the river takes its name, and on the opposite side we observed a large grizzly-bear, apparently getting a meal of fish.

The Beluga River is a deep, rapid stream, about two hundred and fifty yards wide, which takes its origin among the glaciers of the Tordrillo Range. To ferry men and equipment across this and other large streams farther north we hired a boat at Tyonek; and it was placed in charge of Miller, who, with the assistance of Shainwald, reached our camp on the Beluga late in the evening. The packs were ferried across the same evening, and on the following morning the lead-horse was urged into the river and towed by the boat, while the other horses were thrown into the stream from the bank. They followed a short distance, and then went down the stream with the current in a bunch, snorting and swimming as if crossing swift streams had been their main occupation. Arriving on the north shore the mosquitoes and flies tormented them immediately.

The animals were quickly packed, and, under the direction of Dunn, the pack-train was started across country, partly over an old Indian trail, for the Skwentna River. We anticipated considerable difficulty in getting the boat up the swift streams northward in time to ferry the party across, and at the last moment I decided to join Miller on his mission. In

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RESTING, ON SOUTHWESTERN RIDGE OF MOUNT MCKINLEY

our small dory we drifted down the Beluga, out through a great delta into Cook Inlet, and thence the tide carried us swiftly towards the mouth of the Sushitna River. While we were eagerly looking for the stream, the tide suddenly went out, and left us high on a vast mud flat a mile from shore and three miles from the water at low tide. This was exactly what we had tried to avoid, for we knew that the rising tide was likely to come with a swell and swamp our boat.

The ensuing night caused us a great deal of anxiety, but the scene about us was impressive. The sun sank under the rugged snowy peaks of the Tordrillo Range, leaving a warm, rosy afterglow over everything. Even the mud, ordinarily black and repulsive, which covered our surroundings, glittered with reflected colors. Redoubt volcano, eighty-five miles south, in a cloak of violet snow, belched huge tongues of fire and clouds of vapor. One hundred and twenty miles south, still plainly visible, was Mount Iliamna, clear-cut, a cone of snow-bright purple standing against a sky of dark purple-blue. Then as the eye ran across the great expanse of rushing waters of Cook Inlet it rested upon a sea of fascinating blues and purples and violets, flooded by the rose and gold of the parting sun. Far off to the west, under a haze of blue, were the curious mountains, of equal height, characteristic of the Kenai Peninsula. To the north, Mount Sushitna, dull, black, and gloomy, wrapped in storm-clouds, apparently but a stone's-throw, though fifteen miles away, and to the eastward of it is the great broad delta of the Sushitna River, covered by a dense green verdure, almost tropical in luxuriance. It was a scene which changed in color and interest very rapidly as the long twilight of the arctic midsummer night advanced. In the morning the tide came and lifted us as easily as it had left us, and then we pulled for the left fork of the Sushitna River. We soon found that the current of the river was too strong for rowing, so we tried towing. At noon we came to a small Indian settlement, where we got an Indian by the name of Stephen to assist us. On the morning of July 2, after nearly four days of the hardest kind of river boating, we reached Sushitna Station, a small trading post twenty miles up the river. The weather had been uniformly bad, but it did not prevent the gnats and mosquitoes from doing their worst. These persistent pests followed us over the waters in clouds, with a buzz that drove us to the verge of insanity. Our hands and faces were so badly bitten that we developed serious forms of inflammation, followed by pain, fever, and torture indescribable. All of this in spite of great care in protecting ourselves by veils, gloves, and a mosquito-proof silk tent. I have seen mosquitoes and allied pests in all parts of the world, but the Sushitna denizens are certainly, in my experience, by far the most desperate in their attack upon men and beasts.

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At the station we secured Evan, an Indian friend of Stephen, to assist us, and also obtained a better river-boat. We were to meet the pack-train at a point fifteen miles up the Skwentna River in a week after leaving the Beluga. We had spent five days in working twenty miles, and now there were sixty miles of worse waters ahead of us before we could join our party, and our Indians told us that it would take twenty days to meet the horses.

Soon after leaving the station we pulled up the Yentna River, which, like the Sushitna River, is a great glacial stream three-quarters of a mile wide, taking its origin mostly from the regions about Mount Dall. By poling and towing, rowing, pushing, and all kinds of devices, we averaged twelve miles daily. The fifteen miles up the Skwentna River to the canyon, which we were told could not be made in less than a week, we covered in but little over a day. On the morning of the 8th of July we pitched camp on a small island in the Skwentna River, two miles below the canyon, the appointed place. Nothing was seen of our companions, though we had expected the pack-train to have been in waiting several days. By noon of the same day, we heard a voice, and soon we observed the pack-train moving along the southern side of the river. The Skwentna is here about five hundred yards wide, and plunges over a gravel bed at the rate of eight miles per hour. The men and outfit were quickly ferried over, but we had considerable trouble in swimming the horses. One horse was carried downstream five miles, and was only secured by the great skill and diligence of Printz; but the animal was so nearly exhausted that it never recovered its normal strength, although it followed us to Mount McKinley.

The course of the pack-train from the Skwentna River was almost due north, twenty miles to the Keechatna River, and to this point it was also necessary to take the boat. The horses marched over swampy, low country; the boat descended the Skwentna, and ascended the Yentna River to the Keechatna River. Before leaving the Yentna River we ascended Mount Yenlo—or "Tahlictah," as the Indians call it.

We did not have time to ascend the highest spur of Mount Yenlo, but we reached an altitude of 4200 feet, and from there we got an excellent view of the McKinley group, and also of the great, broad valleys of the Sushitna and Yentna rivers. In the Yentna River we discovered several large uncharted islands.

We ascended the Keechatna River late at night, July 13—so late that it proved too dark to find a camping-place. It was a welcome sound when at eleven o'clock we heard voices and saw the campfire of our companions on the south bank of the river, in a swamp among spruce-trees. On the following morning we crossed the stream, and found a better camping-ground. Dunn reported much difficulty in crossing the low, wet country. The horses were frequently mired, and both men and horses showed signs of a hard time. After a day's rest the horses were started with light packs upstream along the soft ground of the banks and over many slews to the first high ground. The boat, with an increased load, followed. Our camp on the evening of the 15th was on a foot-hill about ten miles from the mouth of the river. From here our Indians were sent back. They were good, faithful helpers, and we would gladly have taken them farther, but they were eager to return to their fishing-grounds, and we could not have carried food enough for them had they continued with us.

Our route now lay westerly along the Keechatna River, and this in many respects proved to be our most difficult trail. Continued rains, thick underbrush, rapid streams, and difficult slopes, as well as horse-flies and mosquitoes, all combined to retard our progress. Our horses soon failed in strength, and were so sick that we could march them only three hours every second day. Their legs were very much bruised and lacerated by the brush, their skins so thoroughly bitten by horse-flies and mosquitoes that they developed cellulitis and a kind of blood-poisoning. Our packer called the disease distemper, but I am inclined to ascribe the entire trouble to direct poisoning through open wounds. A somewhat similar affection is commonly known among the Indians and prospectors who are much bitten.

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GUIDING A HORSE ASHORE, COOK INLET

We left the Keechatna River late in July, and ascended into a broad glacier-worn valley. The absence of trees and shrubs made good travelling here. Blueberries were very abundant, and so were signs of bears. We saw one as we got well into the mountains, and we quickly had vision of bear steaks; but the bear also saw us, and betook himself out of range. We rediscovered Simpson Pass, and through it, at an altitude of 4500 feet, we crossed the Alaskan Range, and quickly descended into the Tateno River, a tributary of the Kuskokwim River. During almost all of July we had wet weather, but this, with the mosquitoes, was now left behind as we passed along the western slope of the range. Horse-feed, however, failed us in the Kuskokwim, and our horses, though steadily improving for a time, again began to fail.

The scenery up the Keechatna was usually hidden from us by the dense forests through which we were compelled to travel. Occasionally we got a glimpse of rounded mountains three thousand to four thousand feet high. To the south we observed frequently high, picturesque peaks in unexplored areas. We should have liked to investigate this region, but our main object compelled us to press onward. As we rose out of the Keechatna River we got a glimpse of the first remarkable mountain scenery at close range — to the north, a great brown tongue of ice, Caldwell Glacier, nearly three miles wide, with arms reaching to unknown heights between steep, snowy slopes. The water which comes over, under, and through this glacier with a mad rush gives origin to the Keechatna River. Before us was the broad, green depression, with black, cloud-crested, slaty peaks six thousand feet high, to both sides. This valley leads to several passes through the Alaskan Range—one to the south, which Brooks discovered; another, westerly, named by Lieutenant Heron, Simpson Pass; and there is probably still another between the two. Before entering Simp-

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son Pass, we crossed a milky stream, which came from a cavern leading to Fleischmann Glacier. This glacier in size and surrounding is similar to Caldwell, and its drainage joins the same river. Simpson Pass is a deep gorge leading rapidly to a broad glacial stream, called, by Heron, Tateno River. Here game was abundant, but grass for our horses very scarce. On the steep slopes of the mountain north of Tateno River we saw hundreds of mountain-sheep. In the low country, fool-hens, ptarmigan, rabbits, and squirrels were abundant.

Two days' march brought us into the Kuskokwim River, among mountains six thousand feet high, appropriately named, because of their color, Terra Cotta Mountains. Here again our lot was unfortunate. The horses again failed because of the scarcity of grass, and, worse still, John Carroll, who had been ailing for some time, found that he could no longer keep up with the pack-train, and returned, taking with him one horse to carry his provisions. Our party now consisted of five men and thirteen horses; the horses each carrying about one hundred pounds. Just ahead of us at this time was Egypt Mountain, a pyramid of red sandstone; a little farther north, Farewell Mountain; and beyond the great green expanse the spruce-covered valley of the Kuskokwim. Soon after passing Egypt, we bid farewell to the Kuskokwim, and set a course northeasterly along the northern slope of the Alaskan Range above the tree-line. Here the grass improved; blueberries and game were abundant. Horses and men were well fed, and made good progress.

We now entered a region which promised much game, and while we did not see the large number of caribou reported by Brooks, we nevertheless encountered large game almost every day while on the western side of the range. In the valleys of the glacial streams we saw moose. In one or two places we crossed moose-paths that had been depressed three or four feet below the usual surface of the ground by the great number of fresh moose-tracks. In the region where blueberries were abundant we saw large brown grizzly or glacier bears. On the more level grassy plains we encountered hundreds of caribou. Far up the sides of the steep mountains we observed great herds of mountain-sheep. By way of small life, there were about us usually fool-hens, ptarmigan, ground-rats, and squirrels, and there probably were other forms of small life which escaped observation because of the rapidity with which we were compelled to march through the country. Although we tried bear and moose meat, we found that the caribou meat of large fat animals was usually very satisfactory, and so easy to get that we did not attempt to kill other game. There probably is no other area in North America which offers such an abundance of large game.

The country between the Kuskokwim and the Tonzona River was very rough and irregular; we were constantly ascending and descending rounded foot-hills and ridges, from a few hundred feet to two thousand feet in altitude, which were usually separated by glacial streams. While we were not delayed by swamps or forests here, nevertheless these irregularities impeded our progress considerably. Now and again we obtained a glimpse of the McKinley group, but we could barely see the peaks and almost nothing of the lesser mountains in the immediate vicinity. To the eastward within a few miles we could nearly always see the precipitous slopes of the rocky, ice-crested foot-hills of the main range.

On August 8, as we rose over the dome-shaped mountain, nearly five thousand feet high, we saw the broad gravel bed of the Tonzona River, and, beyond, the extensive glacial benches, apparently almost level. On these benches there were a large number of white boulders, and from our position they made the opposite shores of the Tonzona appear like the site of a big city.

Six days' travel took us over the flat country at the base of Mount McKinley. Here our camp was on the Tatlathno River, at an elevation of two thousand six hundred feet, in the uppermost limit of willows. We were now fourteen miles northwest of the great peak, and our position seemed particularly favorable for the first attack. Men and horses were somewhat fatigued from the continuous forced marches. The animals now had a chance to rest while we were to attack the mountain.

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But to place the men in the best trim possible, I decided to give them a rest of two days.

In forty-eight days we had marched a tortuous course of five hundred miles through swamps and forests, over glacial streams, up and down mountain-sides, and always across a trackless country. We did not ride, but walked, to get to this point, where our work, that of ascending Mount McKinley, was to begin. In this march we had hoped to get to the mountain by the first of August, but the illness of our horses during the early part of the trip delayed us a great deal. Still, with all this delay we marched faster than our predecessors, and gained fifteen days over a similar route by the Geological Survey party. The season was now advancing rapidly; storms were beginning to pour down from Mount McKinley with a great deal of rain. The temperature ranged from 45° to 60° F. The glacial streams were much swollen. Still, our position seemed so favorable and the mountain appeared so easy from our point of observation that we felt certain of reaching the summit within a few days. Our days of rest were spent in making final preparations for the alpine work. We had carried with us a sufficient quantity of hard biscuits for the mountain ascent, but these biscuits had been so much in water, and were so often crushed by accidents to the pack-horses, that we soon decided to use them. But now we were compelled to devise some kind of bread for the high altitude, because there bread could not be baked. It occurred to me that we might bake our bread in the usual way with a reflector, and then toast and dry it, after the manner of the German zwieback. For this purpose I detailed Dunn and Miller to go down the river a few miles where they could procure spruce wood, and within twenty-four hours they successfully baked sufficient bread, toasted and dried it thoroughly for mountain work. This, I think, is a new thing in mountaineering, and it certainly proved excellent for our purposes.

Our mountaineering equipment was very simple and extremely light. As food for each man—pemmican, 1¼ pounds per day; zwieback, 4 oz. per day; sweetened condensed milk, 4 oz. per day; tea. We had also a small quantity of cheese and some erbswurst; both of these, however, proved unsatisfactory. Pemmican, bread, tea, and condensed milk seemed to satisfy all our wants. For fuel we had wood alcohol, to be burned in aluminum stoves, and also petroleum, to be burned in a primus stove. The latter proved by far the more successful. We carried no dishes, except a spoon and a few cups, pocket-knives, and one kettle, in which we melted snow to get water for our tea.

There was nothing unusual about our clothes, except a large eider-down robe (the down attached to the skin of the birds). The robe was so arranged that it could be made into a sleeping-bag and an overcoat. Our tent was made of silk, after a special pattern which I devised for polar work. It was large enough for four men, and weighed less than three pounds. Each man carried a regular alpine axe, and in his ruchsack he was to carry his sleeping-bag, glacier rope made of horsehair, provisions, and a general outfit for a ten days' stay in the mountains. This weighed forty pounds.

Mount McKinley presented a formidable face from our camp. The upper ten thousand feet were, during the day, usually wrapped in dark clouds. The best view was obtained when the sun was lowest, and by far the most impressive view was during the long hours of the blue twilight. In a bright light the mountain seemed dwarfed. The foot-hills, the glacial depressions, and the striking irregularities were then run together into a great heap of mingled snow and rock, but the feebler play of light at dawn and sunset brought out all of the sharp edges, the great cliffs, the depressions, the lesser peaks, and the difficult slopes. To the northeast there was a long ridge with a gradual slope, but this ridge was impossible as a route to the summit because of several lesser peaks, which absolutely barred the way. To the southwest there was a more promising ridge, also interrupted by a spur, but which we hoped to get around. The western face of the great peak between these ridges, above twelve thousand feet, was an almost uninterrupted cliff of pink granite, so steep that snow would not rest upon it. Hence the only way to the summit from the west was along the southwesterly ridge.

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Aiming for this ridge, we moved our entire camp with the horses along the southern bank of the river to a point on the main stream where it came from a huge moraine. Crossing here, we ascended into a narrow valley of four thousand two hundred feet, and there pitched our base camp. Here grass was abundant, and the outlook for an easy ascent was good, but it rained incessantly. On the following day, with five horses, the entire party pushed over a series of moraines to a glacier which took its origin in an amphitheatre. The glacier travelling was quite difficult for the horses; deep snow and numerous crevasses made the task tedious and very dangerous. We pitched our camp at an altitude of seven thousand three hundred feet on the glacier near a part of the wall of the amphitheatre to the southwest, the only place where the slope was possible for an ascent. During the night a great deal of snow fell, and on the following morning we left our horses, and in a snowstorm ascended this slope to eight thousand three hundred feet, only to find that farther progress was absolutely cut off by a precipitous descent, which we afterwards learned led down two thousand feet into the bed of Peters Glacier. We remained on the glacier another night, and explored the area for a route out of the glacier basin; but the only outlet was toward Mount Foraker. We now decided to descend and try to get into Peters Glacier by some other route. This glacier sweeps the whole western side of the mountain from the southwest to the northeast. To the east of it McKinley rises in an alternate series of precipitous granite cliffs and overhanging glaciers. To the westward are three rows of foot-hills, the inner mountains rising to an altitude of from seven thousand feet northward to eleven thousand feet southward. We followed the glacier for eighteen miles, rising on it nearly five thousand feet, and then pitched camp near the southwestern ridge, behind which the glacier takes its origin. From a point near our camp we heard avalanche after avalanche thunder down the great slopes, and we felt the glacier under us shake as if moved by an earthquake. This noise of rock and snow slides and the quiver of the earth are characteristic of McKinley. We heard or felt them everywhere near the mountain, and the dangers from this source are very great.

On August 29 we made our first assault on the slope of the main peak, selecting again the southwestern ridge, which from every observation of the mountain offered the only chance to gain the summit. In Peters Glacier our altitude was eight thousand feet. We began the ascent in the track of a harmless avalanche of soft snow. This gave us a good slope for a few hundred feet, and then we were forced to cut steps up a slope ranging from forty to seventy degrees. Our greatest difficulty was not the work of chopping steps in the ice, but the effort of removing fourteen inches of soft snow before we found trustworthy ice upon which a safe footing could be made. Slowly but steadily we advanced against a freezing wind charged with drift-snow, until the setting sun forced us to seek a camping-place. We found nowhere a level place large enough for our tent, so we were compelled to dig away snow and cut down the ice for a tent flooring. This camp was at nine thousand eight hundred feet. The day following the slopes were steeper and the difficulty of cutting steps greater, but we rose to eleven thousand feet, where we were again compelled to cut a camping-floor to keep from rolling down three thousand feet.

At this camping-place we were confronted by a wall of solid granite, which rose almost perpendicularly four thousand feet above us. Accompanied by Printz, I ascended three hundred feet more to examine a possible route around the spur, but this we could not find, and no other route to the summit from here. If we could only have found some snow or ice slope we felt that progress could be made, but this cliff could not be surmounted by us. With a feeling of keen disappointment we descended, and knowing that there was from the west no other chance to do better, we made our plans to cross the range and examine the eastern slope. In doing this we crossed a blank in our charts of one hundred miles, and made several discoveries which to us proved more interesting than mountaineering. These discoveries will be described in a future article.

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The Other Side

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING

THE door-bell rang twice and there was a sound of raised voices in the hall. Shelton looked up from his cup of coffee across the table at his sister-in-law with a question in his eyes, just in time to see her change color. She rose hurriedly, murmuring an excuse, and went out, shutting the door behind her. The two little girls babbled on incuriously of the tennis tournament.

"Papa will take us," said Elsie, shaking her blond curls with conviction.

"Maybe he won't have time," said the more serious Claire.

"Oh, papa always has time for us; and, 'sides, it's for the benefit of the sick children, and papa said we ought to do all we can for it—'count of Robbie," concluded Elsie, triumphantly.

Shelton only half heard; his inner ear was fixed on that colloquy in the hall, and when, after a few minutes, Mrs. Shelton slipped silently into her place, his eyes studied her face keenly. She kept hers persistently averted, but there was a red spot on either cheek which had not been there before, and the hand which lifted the coffee-pot shook. Her brother-in-law continued to scrutinize her pitilessly. There were little lines about the corners of her eyes—those were the sleepless nights with the boy, probably; there were others about the corners of the mouth, and little furrows on the forehead which he remembered as Parian marble.—those were *not* the boy. The lips were set in a peculiar line, the corners depressed into the habitual melancholy of those who have forgotten how to smile. Shelton looked at her so earnestly that at last she surprised the look, and a hot color came into the thin cheeks.

"What kind of a night did Robbie have?" asked he.

"Restless—he slept towards morning; I was up with him most of the night." There was an implied explanation in the words; Shelton brushed it aside.

"Will too, I suppose?"—he glanced at his brother's untouched place.

"No,—I did not call him;—he took that long tramp yesterday to get Rob autumn leaves, and came home late, tired out. Besides — I couldn't have slept anyway."

"Here he is now," cried Elsie, clapping her hands. "Papa, papa!"

Claire's face, too, had brightened; indeed, a sudden sunlight seemed to fall upon the room. There are those who bring both sun and air with them; papa was one of these. A gay little echo of whistled melody came in with him, and he stopped on his way to his chair to give a soft little mischievous pull to the golden and brown curls above the two beaming faces turned to greet him. The children's babble ran over again in a minute.

"Papa, it *is* a good day," said Elsie; "I bet you a peanut it would be, you know."

"And, oh, papa, the ground will be splendid for tennis," cried Claire. "You *will* be able to go, won't you?"

Papa laughed and put both hands over his ears. "Hold on, chicks; give me time to breathe and to speak to mamma. Good morning, Jim. Well, what kind of a night did you have, Lena? How is the little chap?"

"She was up all night." Shelton spoke sharply.

"Why didn't you call me, Lena?" Papa's voice was reproachful. "You look all fagged out. I tell you what, chickies, we must take care of Robin and let the mamma get some rest after breakfast." And as papa proposed it, stirring his coffee, and smiling at them over it, it sounded like the nicest kind of proposition. But then anything—even a visit to the dentist's—would have had almost a festival sound as emanating from him. Papa's eyes were so merry and his laugh so full of fun, his brown curls were

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so soft, and everything about him so debonair and coaxing and kind,—the individual did not live who had ever seen papa really cross. Uncle James, beside him, was like a column of figures beside a fairy-tale, and mamma—even mamma—was like a story which you loved but which somehow depressed you and took the smiles out of you and left you vaguely uncomfortable. But papa—papa always understood; you could bubble over with him all the fun that was in you and never be thought silly, and he cared how your kites flew and whether you won the deuce set in tennis. Mamma often listened so abstractedly, you could not tell whether she really heard or not, and if she made an effort, still you were not sure she really cared; but papa *cared.* It was all real to him. He always had time to go down and score the match games, and knew every boy and girl of the set by name, and he understood just why Ned Martin's serve was "great," and where Sue Smith was deplorably weak; and from baseball to ping-pong, and dancing-school to the Charity Fair, he was an authority on all subjects, and one you could ruthlessly consult at all hours. Uncle James was good at helping you with your lessons in an awfully serious way, and mamma was always to be counted on for buttons and to do up one's sore throat, or any other barren necessity of life; but when it came to *living,* papa was the thing.

Mamma listened now in silence to the discussion of the tournament for the benefit of the hospital—all split up with little laughs and jokes—which went on while papa broke his egg and sipped his coffee. Mamma, however, never even smiled, and presently went up-stairs to Robbie.

Uncle Jim swallowed his breakfast glumly.

"Poor mamma," said papa, "she's all tired out. Run away like good little girls and see if you can't amuse Robbie. I'll come as soon as I've finished this egg."

"But, papa," said Elsie, "if we take care of Rob all the morning, you *will* take us this afternoon, won't you? It isn't going to rain, truly, papa."

Papa laughed again at her eagerness.

"We'll talk about that later on," he said, easily. "Come, skitter along."

"If you can manage with just the boys at the shop, Jim,"—he spoke soberly when the children had gone,—"I'll stay at home and give Lena a rest this morning; the poor girl has been up all night."

"Mossin has been here again with that coal bill, Will," said his brother, sharply, by way of reply. "What are you going to do about it?"

Papa's face clouded slightly, but he threw the cloud off resolutely.

"I told Mossin," he said, in an annoyed tone, "that I would attend to it at the first possible moment—"

"He has called three times already."

"I'll go round there to-day," said papa, pushing away his cup and rising. "It is impossible for me to settle just now—with Rob needing all kinds of comforts; but for the poor little chap's illness I could have kept things even. Here only last week I had to get a wheeled chair—"

"I didn't know that was paid for," said Shelton.

Papa looked more annoyed than ever, but his perennial sweetness conquered.

"Nobody realizes how these things count up," he said. "It's all very well for you, Jim, with only yourself to think of; but I can tell you it's a very different proposition when it comes to five. And now, besides the chicks and Lena, here's the little chap with this hip trouble; and I don't propose my family shall suffer for anything I can give them."

James Shelton's lips opened and shut silently. He followed his brother's graceful figure across the room.

"I suppose," said papa, turning at the door, "you can spare me this forenoon."

"Of course," said Shelton, dryly.

He was still leaning his elbows on the table, laying out tennis-courts with the crumbs moodily, when his sister-in-law reappeared and began to clear the table. The Sheltons kept but one maid.

"Don't let that coal bill worry you, Lena," said Shelton, abruptly. "I'll attend to it this morning."

Mrs. Shelton's thin cheeks flushed. "It was not the coal—this time," she said.

"What was it, then?"

"The market bill." Mrs. Shelton set down the pitcher she was carrying and gripped the table-cloth once or twice. "They refuse to leave any more orders

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till the account is settled; and the doctor insists upon strong broth and chicken for Robbie."

"How much is it?"

"Thirty-seven dollars odd."

"Will didn't pay it, then, last month?"

"Of course not," said Mrs. Shelton, with such an accent that her brother-in-law looked at her.

"Sit down, Lena," he said. "You are worn out."

He himself got up and walked up and down the room rapidly, casting as he did so glance after glance at the woman who sat there staring into the morning sunshine with burned and tearless eyes. In that light every one of the thin, sharp lines stood out plainly. Shelton cursed himself softly under his breath as he looked.

"Don't worry," he said, aloud. "I'll attend to both bills."

"Do you think that makes it any easier for me?" said the woman, sharply, and suddenly her eyes dimmed.

"For Heaven's sake, Lena, don't. Think of the child," said Shelton. "And —so far as I'm concerned—why should you mind? If I died to-morrow, the little I have would all be yours and the children's; I've taken care of *that* at least. And I've got the business where—where I can keep it from ruin."

"I am afraid of myself," said the woman; "I—I am beginning to hate him."

"Well!—I don't wonder." He walked to the window and looked out. "It is talking to the wind; I've tried already every possible argument, for your sake, but I'll try again if you say so."

"It is absolutely useless; do you think *I* haven't tried too—all these years? No, there is nothing to do. And the children adore him—they love him better than they do me."

"They ought to be ashamed of themselves," said Shelton, roughly.

"Why ought they to be ashamed of themselves?"—she turned upon him almost bitterly. "They love him for the same things I loved him for—the same things which I almost hate now!—and the things are true. He is gay and bright, and always doing all the pleasant, expensive things which give them pleasure. Children love what is cheerful and bright."

"It is easy to be cheerful and amiable —and let some one else pay the bills," observed Shelton, grimly.

"Isn't it?"

There was a moment's silence.

"You would be justified in clearing out of it altogether," said Shelton, slowly.

"So far as I am concerned, I *have* cleared out of it," she replied. "But—there are the children."

"They ought to be told; it's a shame to let them grow up cherishing false idols; they ought to know that it's all a grand sham."

"It is *not* all sham," said his sister-in-law, lifting her white face almost sternly. "Their part is true; the bond is a true one; what they love is true enough, and what he is to them. And suppose I *did* take all that out of their lives—suppose I did break their hearts and ruin their childhood,—do you think they would love me the better for it?"

"They ought to—when they know," persisted he, doggedly.

"But they *wouldn't;* and what could I give them in place of all this?"

"You know very well," began Shelton, averting his eyes, "that every cent I have in the world—"

"And *you* know very well," interrupted she, "that I couldn't take one—then. But it isn't that I mean. What could I give them in place of what *he* is to them? And he is their father,—and it is my fault that he is. When they are older, they will judge, inevitably,—and perhaps they will be able to judge more fairly and kindly than I am able to do. Everything irritates me now. I don't wonder the children love him best."

"It was always so," said Shelton, in a low voice. "He was the favorite at home and the pet at school; he had only to wish for a heart to win it. He could wheedle and coax anybody for anything. He can sell ten sets of volumes any day now to ten people who do not want them, while I am trying to sell somebody a book he has come a mile on purpose to buy. He had only to wish for a heart and it was his—child's or man's or—" he broke off, abruptly. "When I think of the home he took you from," he began, in a changed voice, "of the girl you were, and that it has come to this—that you are afraid to meet your own tradespeople—"

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"I am growing hardened to it," she said, with a quiet scorn, which a scarlet stripe, as if he had struck her, on either cheek belied. "It is only the children I think of now."

"And even *them* he manages to steal from you," said Shelton, savagely. "It's outrageous. *I* don't know how to win them, but you—it's preposterous! They are ungrateful little wretches. If you won't do anything else,—Lena, for Heaven's sake make a stand there."

"Do you think people love by force? —that I can compel my own children to love me—or you—better than their father?"

"Try, at least; make yourself brighter for their sakes, if that's what the little beasts care for," said the man, grimly. "Will is always talking about the duty of 'keeping near' them; 'sharing their interests,'—that means going to all the games, and buying Rob an expensive microscope last week instead of—"

"The child has been very happy with it," remarked the mother, listlessly.

"He has? Heaven knows I don't begrudge *him* any comfort, but—well, no matter. This cursed tournament, now—Lena, go yourself with the children and cut him out of it," said Shelton, with growing rage. "You can't take the walk, but—look here; let me send up a carriage for once, and you take the little girls and go; *pretend* you care! I'll stay with Rob myself, and see to everything. Come, it will do you good; make the effort."

"How can I!"—it was almost a cry of despair. "I tell myself every day I must; but it's no use. I have lost all energy—all hope—all courage, and I am so tired,—so tired,—so tired of everything." She dropped her head suddenly upon her arms, and Shelton sprang to his feet. His hands worked nervously, and he thrust them deep into his pockets as if for security. He looked dumbly again and yet again at the bowed figure, and walked away to the door.

"Try, nevertheless, Lena," he said, with his hand on the latch. "I—I'm going myself now to attend to the—the business," and the door closed behind him.

It was noon before "the business" was satisfactorily concluded and Shelton had arranged for an afternoon's absence at the shop. His face wore its most determined expression as he went up-stairs to seek his sister-in-law in Rob's room.

She met him on the threshold, holding up a warning hand; and Shelton, drawing near, gazed silently.

Propped in his father's arm, the sick boy was sleeping sweetly, one hand clasping a shining object, while the other curled round his father's finger, who, cramped in behind him, had held him patiently. The child's face wore an expression of contentment, but the father's was white against the white pillows; he had fainted quietly.

His wife turned a face as colorless to her brother-in-law. "He has not moved for fear of disturbing Rob."

"Lift the child," said Shelton, briefly, slipping an arm beneath his brother; but at the touch both pairs of eyes opened.

"What did I do?" said papa, with a smile. "Fainted? Oh, nonsense! And the little chap was sleeping so beautifully. You're all right now, Bobbins, aren't you?"

Rob rubbed his eyes, and they fell upon the shining thing before them.

"Look, mamma," said the boy. "Isn't it beautiful! My papa got it."

"For the tournament," said papa, with an embarrassed smile. "You see, I thought it would please the children, and being for the hospital, I got it for practically nothing."

Shelton surveyed the cup—it was of silver, with the date and event engraved.

"It isn't much of a cup," said papa, "but at any rate it's something towards helping the other poor little sick chaps who haven't any home like this one." He stooped to embrace the boy.

"I love you — I love you," said the child, wrapping his arms about him ecstatically, and papa held him very close. The two little girls came bounding in, dressed in their best.

"I told them not to disturb you," said papa to his wife. "You see, I had planned a little surprise, anyway, and as I had promised to take them to the tournament, it occurred to me that it would be a good scheme to give them lunch there, and give *you* a quiet day, Lena. We can get sandwiches—some-

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thing simple,—for we mustn't be extravagant, you know, chicks. Rob is going to watch for us, and not be lonely one bit—are you, Bobbins?"

"Isn't the cup lovely?" said Claire, softly, creeping up to her mother.

"And isn't it lovely of papa?" said Elsie, clapping her hands. "Papa always thinks of the nice things."

Papa laughed an embarrassed laugh. "It is mamma who is the lovely one, you know," he said, bending down to caress them; "but at any rate papa's little girls love to flatter him."

Shelton had walked to the window. "There's a buggy," he said, in an odd voice. "Did you order one?"

"Oh, that's all right," said papa, genially. "The trolley only goes part way, and the chicks would be all played out. You know I have a pull with Sayer's, so the carriage costs me almost nothing. We'll have a drive too one of these days, won't we, old chap, when the doctor lets us?"

The child threw his arms about him again silently.

"My little boy loves his papa, doesn't he?" said papa, in a moved voice.

"So do we, papa," cried Elsie, stoutly.

Papa extricated himself from the bouquet of arms with a laugh, but his eyes were dim.

"Well, come along, chickabiddies," he said, gayly. "Good-by, old chap; you look out and we'll wave when we go—and the first thing coming back; and if it's our side that wins we'll tie Elsie's blue ribbon on the whip, so you can see it ever so far; but if it's the other, we'll tie my white handkerchief half-mast." And papa walked out of the room, each of the little girls with a hand in his.

Robin leaned forward eagerly to watch the departure from the window. Papa helped Elsie and Claire into the buggy, then climbed in himself. Papa gathered up the reins; he waved a hand; the little fellow waved his energetically and fell back exhausted. It was the mother's arms which caught him.

"Darling papa," she heard him mutter.

Shelton picked up his hat. "I may as well go back to the shop," he said.

The Violet Meadow

BY FANNY KEMBLE JOHNSON

NEVER a single shadow lay on the lovely meadow,
Only the April sunshine illumed it with perfect light,
As we went wandering through it where the beautiful violets blue it,
A million heavenly petals curling from cores of white.

They were bluer, bluer than heaven, bluer than child-eyes, even.
Sometimes the heart of a sapphire has hints of the violet's hue;
But ever elsewhere we lose it; all colors of earth refuse it,
Only sometimes, in a dream, the soul of one sees such blue.

Never a single shadow has lain on the lovely meadow,
Through the long nights coming and going, and the clouds that gather for rain;
Always gold suns illume it, and flowers of blue perfume it,
Whenever in dreams we wander the ways that are lost, again.

In the bluer, bluer than heaven, bluer than child-eyes, even,
More blue than the heart of a gem is, in dreams we are hidden deep,
And sometime no fate shall find us, no morrow of earth remind us,
Sometime, haply, my Heart, we never shall wake from sleep.

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The Slave-Market at Marrakésh

BY SAMUEL L. BENSUSAN

IN the bazars of the brass-workers and dealers in cotton goods, in the bazar of the saddlers and the bazar of the leather-sellers, in all the places where the retail trade of Marrakésh is carried on, the auctions of the afternoon are drawing to a close. The delals have carried the goods to and fro in the narrow path between two lines of True Believers, obtaining the best prices possible on behalf of the merchants who sit grave and dignified in their boxlike shops. No merchant worries customers; he leaves the auctioneers to sell for him on commission, while he sits at ease, beyond the reach of elation or disappointment, in the knowledge that the success or failure of the day's market is decreed by Allah the One. Many articles have changed hands, but there is a greater attraction for men with money outside the limited area of the bazars, and I think the traffic here passes before its time.

The hour of the sunset prayer is approaching, and the wealthier members of the native community, leaving many attractive bargains unpursued, and heedless of the delals' frenzied cries, are setting out for the Sok es Abd — wool-market in the morning and afternoon, slave-market in the two hours that precede the setting of the sun and the closing of the city gates.

SLAVE-AUCTIONEERS

We follow them through a very labyrinth of narrow, unpaved streets, roofed here and there with frayed and tattered palm-leaves that offer some protection, albeit a scanty one, against the blazing sun. At one of the corners, where the beggars congregate and call for alms in the name of Mulai Abd el Kader el Jilani, I catch a glimpse of the great Kutubieh Tower, and the pigeons circling round its golden dome, and then the maze of streets, shutting out the view, claims me again. The road is by way of shops with every kind of native goods, and stalls of fruit and vegetables whose scent is as refreshing as the sound of running water. And at a turning in the crowded thoroughfare, where all the southern tribesmen are assembled and heavily laden camels compel the pedestrians to walk warily, we see the gate of the slave-market.

A crowd of penniless idlers, to whom admittance is denied, clamors on this side of the heavy door, while the city "rats" fight for the privilege of holding the mules of wealthy citizens, who are arriving in large numbers in response to the report that the household of a great wazeer, recently disgraced, will be offered for sale. Portly Moors from the city, wearing the blue cloth jellabias and selhams that bespeak wealth; country Moors, who boast less costly garments, but ride mules of easy pace and heavy price; one or two high officials of the Dar Maghzen—all classes

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of the wealthy, to be brief, are arriving rapidly, for the market will open in a quarter of an hour, and bidding will be brisk.

We pass the portals unchallenged, and the market stands revealed — an open place of bare, dry ground, hemmed round with tapia walls, dust-colored, crumbling, ruinous. Something like an arcade stretches across the centre of the ground from one side to the other of the market, roofless now and broken down, just as the outer wall itself, or the sheds like cattle-pens that are built all round it, but an imposing structure enough in days of old. Behind the outer walls the town rises on every side; I see mules and donkeys feeding—apparently on the ramparts, really in a fondak overlooking the market. The minaret of a mosque is at the side of the mules' feeding-ground; there is the great white tomb of a saint behind the wall, with swaying palm-trees round it. Doubtless the saint's tomb gives the Sok es Abd a sanctity that no procedure within the walls can remove.

On the ground by the side of the human cattle-pens the wealthy patrons of the market seat themselves at their ease, arrange their robes in leisurely fashion, and start to chat as though the place were a smoking-room of a club. Water-carriers (lean, half-naked men from the Sus) sprinkle the thirsty ground, that the tramp of slaves and auctioneers may not raise too much dust. As they go about their work with the apathy and indifference born of long experience, I have a curious reminder of the Spanish bull-ring, to which the slave-market bears some remote resemblance; the gathering of spectators, the watering of the ground, the sense of excitement, all strengthen the impression. There are no bulls in the torils, but there are slaves in the pens, and it may be that the bulls have the better time, since their period of suffering is brief.

Within their sheds the slaves are shrinking, huddled together. They will not face the light until the market opens. I catch a glimpse of bright coloring now and again as some woman or child moves in the dim recesses of the retreat, but there is no suggestion of the number or quality of the victims.

Two storks sail leisurely from their nest on the saint's tomb; a little company of white ospreys passes over the burning market-place with such a wild, free flight that the contrast between the birds and the human beings forces itself painfully upon me. Now, however, there is no time for these thoughts; the crowd at the entrance parts to the right and left to admit twelve grave men wearing white turbans and jellabias. They are the delals, or auctioneers, and the sale is about to begin.

Slowly and impressively the delals advance in a line to the centre of the slave-market, almost up to the arcade where the wealthy buyers sit expectant. Then the head auctioneer lifts up his voice and — oh, hideous mockery of it all!—he prays. With downcast eyes and outspread hands he prays fervently. He recites the glory of Allah the One, who made the heaven above and the earth beneath, the sea and all that is therein; his brethren and the buyers say amen. He thanks Allah for His mercy to men in sending Mohammed the Prophet, who gave the world the true belief, and he curses Shaitan, who wages war against Allah and His children. Then he calls upon Sidi bel Abbas, patron saint of Marrakésh, friend of buyers and sellers, imploring the saint to bless the market and all who buy and sell therein, granting them plenty and length of days. And to these prayers, uttered with an intensity of emotion quite Mohammedan, the listeners say amen. Only to Unbelievers like myself, to men who have never known, or knowing, have rejected, Islam, is there aught infamous in the approaching business, and Unbelievers may pass unnoticed. In life the True Believer despises them; in death they go to the unquenchable fire. So says the "perspicuous Book." Throughout this strange ceremony of prayer I seem to see the bull-ring again, and in place of the delals the cuadrilla of the matadors coming out to salute, before the alguazils open the gates of the toril and the fight for life and death begins. The dramatic intensity of either scene connects this slave-market in Marrakésh with the plaza de toros in the shadow of the Giralda Tower of Sevilla. Strange to remember now and here that the man who built the Kutubieh Tower for this thou-

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ROUND THE CIRCLE OF BUYERS THE AUCTIONEER LED THE SLAVES

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sand-year-old city of Yusuf ben Tachfin gave the Giralda to Sevilla.

Prayers are over, the last amen is said, the delals separate, each one going to the pens he presides over and calling upon their tenants to come forth. These selling-men move with a dignity that is quite Eastern, and speak in tones that are calm and impressive; they lack the frenzied energy of their brethren who traffic in the bazars.

Obedient to the summons, the slaves face the light; the sheds are emptied, and there are a few noisy moments bewildering to the novice, in which the auctioneers place their goods in line, rearrange dresses, give children to the charge of adults, sort out men and women according to their age and value, and prepare for the promenade. The slaves will march round and round the circle of the buyers, led by the auctioneers, who will proclaim the latest bid offered, and hand over any one of his charges to an intending purchaser, that he may make his examination before raising the price.

In the procession now gathering for the first parade five, if not six, of the seven ages are represented. There are old men and old women who cannot walk upright, however the delal may urge; others of middle age, with years of active service before them; young men full of vigor and youth, fit for the fields; young women—moving, for once unveiled, yet unrebuked, before the faces of men—and children of every age—from babies, who will be sold with their mothers, to girls and boys on the threshold of manhood and womanhood. All are dressed in bright colors and displayed to the best advantage, that the hearts of bidders may be moved and their purses opened widely.

"It will be a fine sale," says my neighbor, a handsome, dignified Moor from one of the Atlas villages, who had chosen his place before I had reached the market. "There must be well-nigh forty slaves, and this is good, now that the court is at Fez. It is because Our Master—Allah send him yet more victories!—has been pleased to 'visit' Sidi Abdeslam and send him to the prisons of Mequinez. All the wealth he has extorted has been taken away from him by Our Lord; he will see no more light. Twenty or more of the women here are from his house."

Now each delal has his people sorted out, and the procession begins. Followed by his bargains, he marches round and round the market, and I understand why the dust was laid before the procession commenced. Some of the slaves are absolutely free from emotion of any sort; they move round as stolidly as the blindfolded horses that work the water-wheels in gardens beyond the town. Others feel their position.

I think that the most sensitive must come from the household of the unfortunate Sidi Abdeslam, who was reputed to be a good master. Forced from the home where perhaps they were born, or at least lived a long time, these poor human chattels do not know what master will take them now, and whether they will be well or badly used. If the master be kind, well and good; if not—well, let it be put as briefly and concisely as possible: he can gratify any passion at their expense, even to the extent of torturing them to death, and the law (!) will not step in. Small wonder if they shrink or if the black visage seems to take some tint of ashen gray when a buyer whose face is an open defiance to all the Ten Commandments calls upon the delal to halt, and picking one out as though she had been one of a flock of sheep, examines teeth and muscles, and questions her and the delal very closely about past history and present health. I can understand now the delight sailors take in overhauling a slave-dhow and meting out rough justice to the blackguards in charge.

"Ah, Tsamanni," says my gossip from the Atlas to the big delal who led the prayers and is in special charge of the children for sale, "I will speak to this one"; and Tsamanni pushes a tiny little girl into his arms. The child kisses the speaker's hand. Not unkindly the Moor makes his critical survey, and Tsamanni enlarges upon her merits.

"She does not come from the town at all," he says, glibly, "but from Timbuctoo. It is more difficult than ever to get children thence. The accursed French people have taken the town, and the slave-market droops. But this one is desirable; she understands needle-

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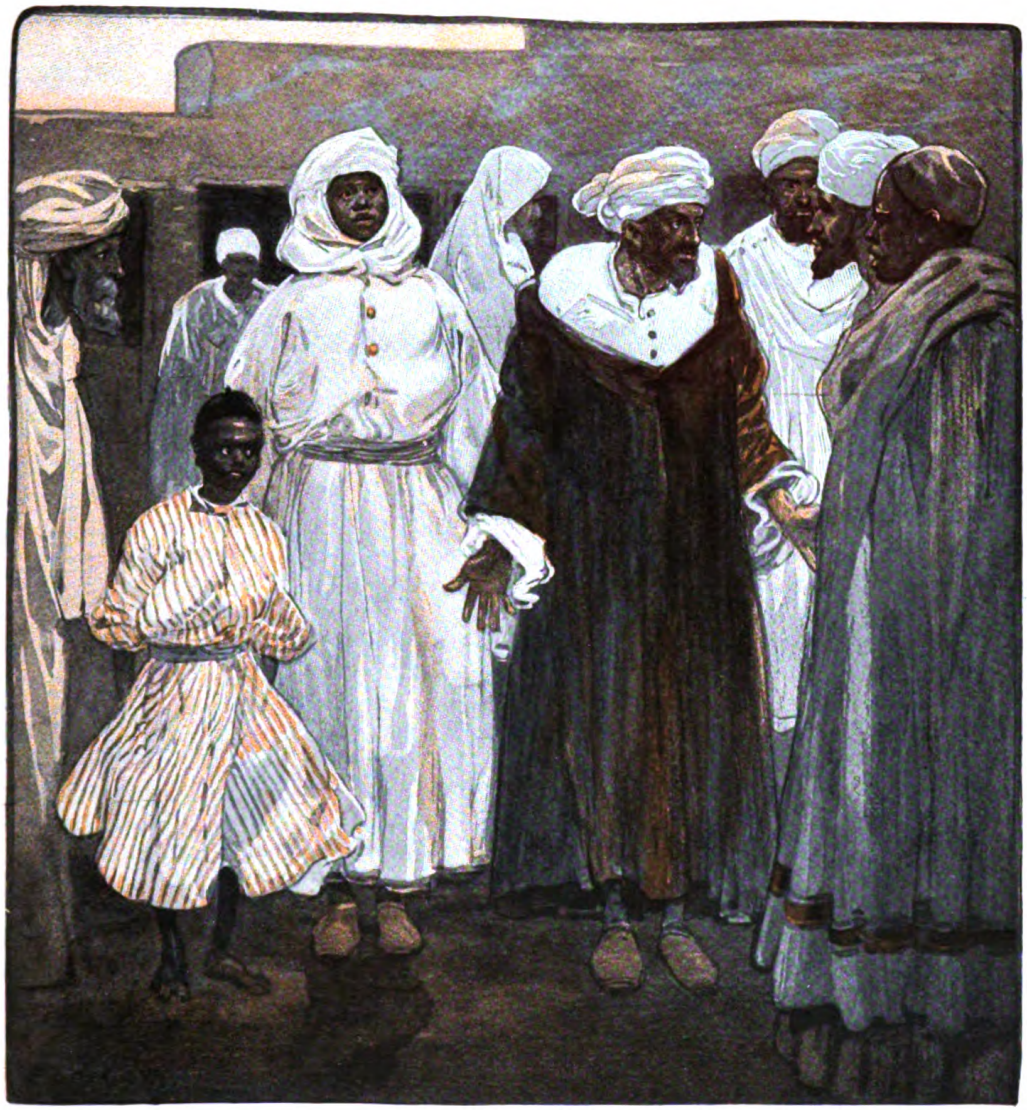

MOTHER AND SON SOLD INTO SLAVERY

work, she will be a companion for your house, and thirty-five dollars is the last price bid."

"One more dollar, Tsamanni. She is not ill-favored, but she is not well fattened. Nevertheless, say one dollar more," says the Moor.

"Praise be to Allah, who made the world," says the delal, piously, doubtless thinking of his commission, and hurries round the ring, saying that the price of the child is now thirty-six dollars, and calling upon the buyers to go higher.

I learn that the delal's commission is two and a half per cent. on the purchase-price, and there is a government tax of five per cent. Slaves are sold under a warranty, and are returned if they have not been properly described by the auctioneer. Bids must not be advanced by less than a Moorish dollar—that is, about three shillings—at a time, and when a sale is concluded a deposit is paid at once, and the balance on or after the following day. Thin slaves will not fetch as much as fat ones, for corpulence by the Moor is regarded as the outward and visible sign of health and prosperity.

"I have a little boy," says the Moor from the Atlas; "he is my only child, and must have a playfellow, so I am here to buy him one. In these days it is not

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easy to get what one wants. Everywhere the French. The caravans come no longer from Tuat—because of the French. From Timbuctoo it is the same thing. Surely Allah will burn these people in a fire of no ordinary heat, a furnace that shall never go out. Ah, listen to the prices!" The little girl's market value has gone to forty-four dollars — say, seven pounds ten shillings in English money at the current rate of exchange; it has risen two dollars at a time, and Tsamanni is doing good business. One girl, aged fourteen, has been sold for no less than ninety dollars, after spirited bidding by two country caids; another, ten years older, has gone for seventy-six.

"There is no moderation in all this," says the Atlas Moor, angrily; "but prices will rise until our lord the Sultan ceases to listen to the Christians and purges the land. Because of their Bashadors we can no longer have the markets at the towns on the coast; if we do have one, it must be held secretly, or a slave must be carried in the darkness from house to house. This is shameful for an unconquered people."

I am only faintly conscious of my companion's talk and action as he bids for child after child, never going beyond forty dollars. Interest centres in the diminishing crowd of slaves, who still follow the delals round the market in monotonous procession.

The attractive women and strong men have been sold, and have realized good prices; the old people are in little or no demand; but the auctioneers will persist until closing-time. Up and down tramp the unhappy creatures nobody wants, burdens to themselves and their owners, the useless or nearly useless men and women whose life has been slavery as long as they can remember. Scarred and bent by taskmasters and tasks, they make a pathetic picture, and it is impossible to avoid the knowledge that they feel the shame and humiliation of their position. Even the water-carrier from the Sus country, who has been jingling his bright bowls together since the market opened, is moved to compassion; for while two old women are standing behind their delal, who talks to a client about their reserve price, I see him give them a free draught from his goatskin water-barrel, and this kind action seems to do something to freshen the tainted air, just as the mint and the roses of the gardeners freshen the heated bazars in the heart of the city. Surely this journey round and round the market is the saddest of their lives, worse than the pilgrimage across the deserts of the Wad Noon, the Erg, or the Draa in the days when they were carried captive from their homes, packed in panniers upon camels, travelling by night, and half starved; for then at least they were valued. Now they are little more than the broken-down mules and donkeys left to starve by the roadside.

It is fair to say that auctioneers and buyers treat the slaves in a manner that is not actively unkind. They handle them just as though they were animals with a market value that ill treatment will diminish. The unsold adults and little children seem painfully tired; some of the latter can hardly keep pace with the auctioneer, until he takes them by the hand and leads them along with him. The procedure never varies. As a client beckons and points out a slave, the one selected is pushed forward for inspection, the history is briefly told, and if the bidding is raised, the auctioneer, thanking Allah, who sends good prices, hurries on his way to find one who will bid a little more. On approaching an intending purchaser the slave seizes and kisses his hand, releases it, and then stands still, generally indifferent to the rest of the proceedings.

"It is well for the slaves," says the Atlas Moor, still rather angrily, for the fifth and last child has gone up beyond his limit. "In the Mellah or the Medina you can get labor for nothing, now the Sultan is in Fez. There is hunger in many a house; it is hard for a freeman to find food, but slaves are well fed. In times of famine and war, freemen die, slaves are in comfort. Why, then, do the Christians seek to free the slaves, and put barriers against the market, until at last the prices are foolish? Clearly it was written that my Mohammed, my first-born, my only one, shall have no playmate this day. No, Tsamanni; I will bid no more. Have I such store of dollars that I can buy a child for its weight in silver?"

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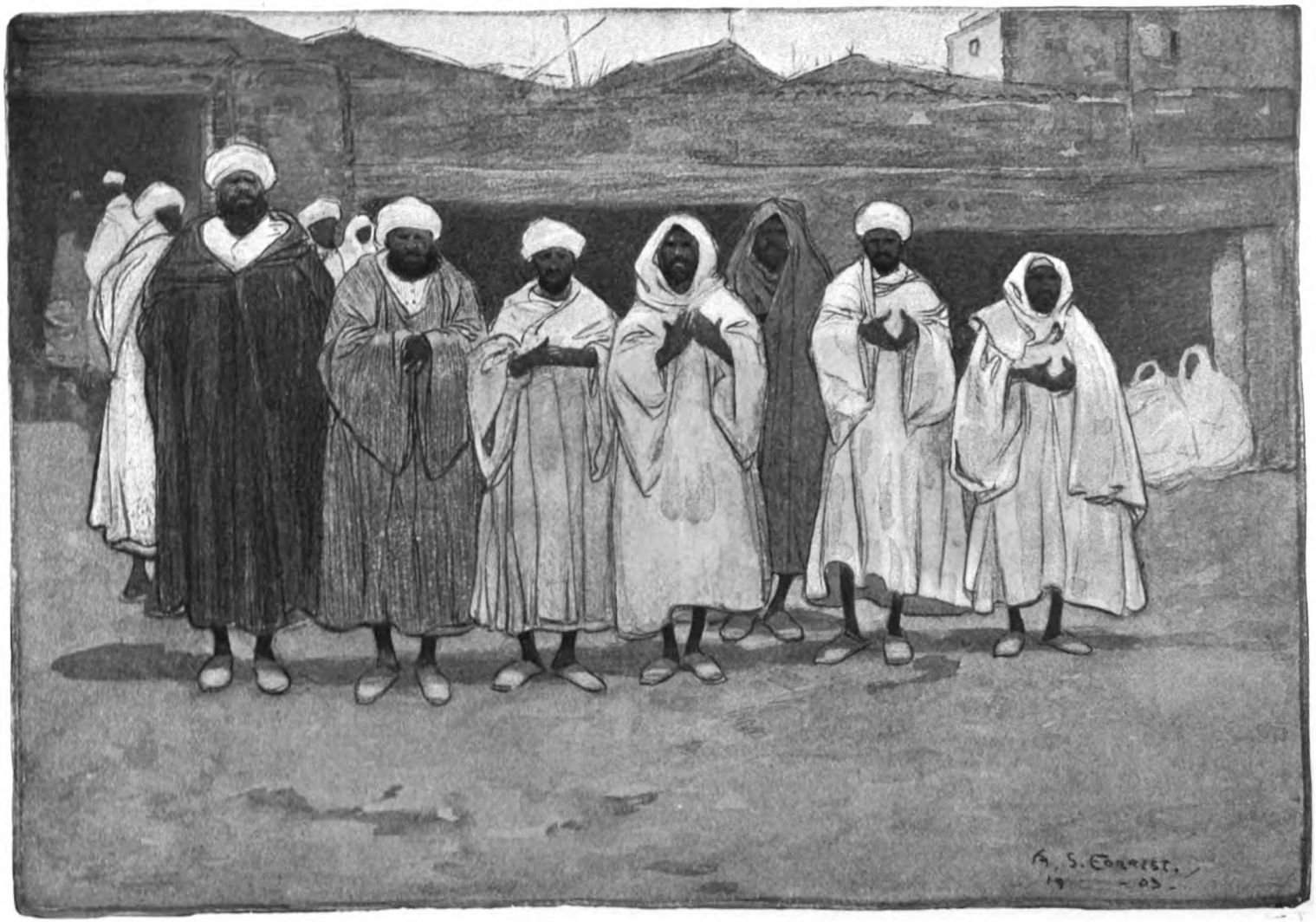

AUCTIONEERS PRAYING FOR A SUCCESSFUL SALE

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The crowd is thinning now. Less than ten slaves remain to be sold; and I do not like to think how many times they must have tramped round the market, neglected and despised. Men and women —bold, brazen, merry, indifferent—have passed to their several masters. All the children have gone; the remaining slaves, weighed down by the shame and degradation of their position, with shuffling gait, downcast eyes, and melancholy looks, are in pitiful contrast to their bright clothes — the garments in which they are dressed for the sale because their own rags might prejudice purchasers.

Half-tone plate engraved by Frank E. Pettit

A SLAVE GIRL AND HER MASTER

Once again the storks from the saint's tomb pass circling over the market, as though to tell the story of the joy of freedom. It is the time of their evening flight. The sun is setting rapidly and the sale is nearly at an end.

"Twenty-one dollars — twenty-one," cries the delal at whose heels the one young and pretty woman who has not found a buyer limps painfully. She is from the western Sudan, and her big eyes have the terror-stricken look that reminds me of a hare that was run down by the hounds a few yards from me on the marshes near my country home last winter.

"Why is the price so low?" I ask.

"She is sick," says the Moor, coolly; "she cannot work; perhaps she will not live. Who will give more in such a case? She is of Caid Abdeslam's household, though he bought her a few weeks before his fall, and she must be sold; but the delal can give no warranty, for nobody knows her sickness. She is one of the slaves who are bought from the dealers for rock-salt."

Happily the woman seems too dull or too ill to feel her own position. She moves as though in a dream — a dream undisturbed, for the buyers have almost ceased to regard her. Finally she is sold for twenty-three dollars to a very old, infirm man, who, whatever her state of health, can hardly be farther removed from the grave. Surely if her disease is quick it must be accounted merciful. Granting that the buyer's face is a true index to character, death would be a better master than the decrepid purchaser.

"No slaves, no slaves," says the Atlas Moor, impatiently, "and in the town they

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are slow to raise them." I want an explanation of this strange complaint.

"What do you mean when you say they are slow to raise them?" I ask.

"In Marrakésh, now," he explains, "dealers buy the healthiest slaves they can find, and raise as many children as is possible. Then, so soon as the children are old enough to sell, they are sold, and when the mothers grow old and have no more children they too are sold; but they do not fetch much then."

The infamy underlying this statement takes all words from me; but my informant sees nothing startling in the case, and continues, gravely:

"From six years old they are sold to be companions, and from twelve they go to the harems. Prices are good—too high, indeed; fifty-four dollars I must have paid this afternoon to purchase one, and when Mulai Mohammed reigned the price would have been twenty, perhaps less; and for that one would have bought fat slaves. Where there is one caravan now, there were ten of old times."

Only four slaves now, and they must go back to their masters, to be sent to the market on another day, for the sun is below the horizon, the market almost empty, and the guards will be gathering at the city gates. Two delals make a last despairing promenade, while their companions are busy recording their prices and other details in connection with the afternoon's business; and the purchased slaves, the auctioneer's gaudy clothing changed for their own, are being taken to their masters' houses. We who live within the city walls must hasten now, for the time of their closing is near, and he who stays outside runs more risk than need be set down here.

It has been a great day. Many rich men have attended personally or by their agents to compete for the best-favored women of the household of the fallen caid, and the prices in one or two cases ran into three figures, English money, so brisk was the bidding.

Outside the market-place one country Moor of the middle class is in charge of four young boy slaves, and is telling a friend what he paid for them. I learn that their price averaged eleven pounds apiece in English currency—two hundred and eighty dollars in Moorish money,—that they were all bred in Marrakésh by a dealer who keeps a large establishment of slaves as one in England might keep a stud-farm, and sells the children as they grow up. The purchaser of the quartet is going to take them to the north; he will pass the coming night in a fondak, and leave as soon after daybreak as the gates are opened. Some ten days' travel on foot will bring them to a certain city where his merchandise should fetch four hundred dollars. The lads do not seem to be upset by the sale of their future; and the dealer himself seems to be as near an approach to a commercial traveller as I have seen in Morocco. To him the whole transaction is on a par with selling eggs or fruit, and while he does not resent my interest, he does not pretend to understand it.

From the minaret that overlooks the mosque, the muezzin calls for the evening prayer. From the Kutubieh Tower and the minaret of Sidi bel Abbas, as well as from all the lesser mosques, the cry is repeated. Lepers pass out of the city on their way to the Hara, where they will be shut in for the night. Beggars shuffle off to their dens. Storks, standing on the flat housetops, look gravely down at the unchanging city. Doubtless the delals and all who sent their slaves to market to be sold this afternoon will join the muezzins in the declaration of faith with grateful hearts, and Sidi bel Abbas, patron saint of red Marrakésh, will not go unthanked.

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THEN THEY ALL BEGAN TO SING

The Greater Voyage of the "Violetta"

BY ARTHUR COLTON

"I HAVE a letter," said the engineer, "from Dr. Ulswater."

Those who were gathered on the wharf at Bateman's Slip roused themselves.

"From Dr. Ulswater," repeated the engineer. "Dated two months ago, Malay Peninsula." He held the letter in his hand and gazed dreamily at the tossing, shining water of the bay outside of Bateman's Slip.

"Malay Peninsula! It sounds like Ulswater — sort of fleshy and floating. But he might have dated himself before the Flood and been likely. He had a mind like a sargasso sea, and whiskers resembling sargasso. But maybe Mrs. Ulswater has trimmed them by this time, and rearranged his mind, and tidied it up, and swept it, and hung antimacassars over the chairs, and polished the andirons, and flung the cuspidor out of the window, and canned the tropical fruitage of his character into jellies and jams in glass jars with screw tops and rubber bands. Well, those would be the rational instincts of a housekeeper like Mrs. Ulswater; but she was a good woman, and I was fond of Mrs. Coe. Malay Peninsula! That's a long way east of Potterville."

April 21st.—Oh, my friend! Forever shall my voice bear testimony [wrote Dr. Ulswater] to the remarkable character of Mrs. Ulswater. She has gathered the mingled races about her knee. She has faced the wisdom of the East and subdued it. I proceed:

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The impatience of Mrs. Ulswater and Mrs. Coe to reach the Asiatic mission-field was great. They wished to see in action the process by which those whose souls were naturally darkened by the opaqueness of their skin became enlightened. This opinion as to the origin of idolatry I drew from Mrs. Coe. She holds the theory dimly, subconsciously. It was new to me. It is an opinion worth examining for its latent mysticism. If intelligence tends to increase with the transparency of the fleshly integument, wouldn't I be cleverer if not so fat? *C'est un grand peut-être.* But I'm getting thinner, you bet! Bismillah! Oh, my friend!

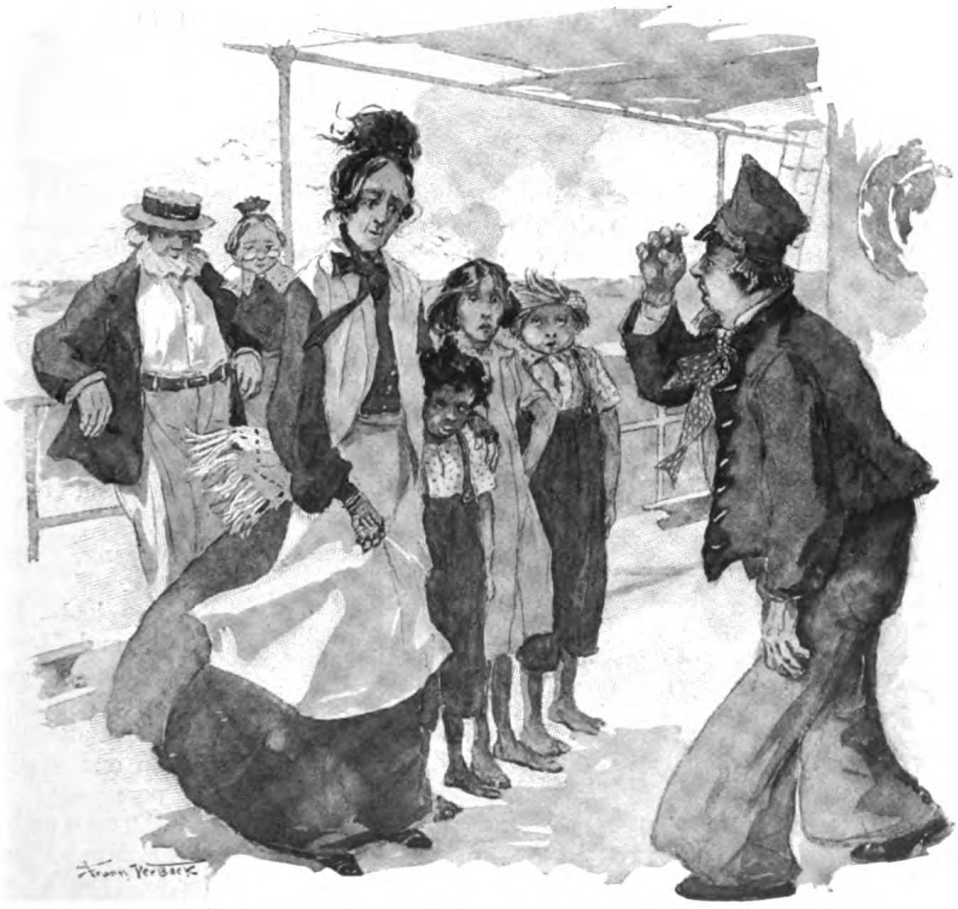
I am happy. I have in my life pursued ideals. I have hitched my wagon to stars. Some of the blanked things were comets. Some of them went out, as unregretted as a bad cigar. But now I cling forever to this domestic light and floating fireside of the *Violetta.* My family has increased. It now consists of Mrs. Ulswater, Mrs. Coe, three orphans, and a Pundit. No man has so entire a footing in the unplumbed universe as he whose steps are guided and his stockings darned by a woman with a logical mind.

I am not myself a vertebrate. Mrs. Ulswater is my complement. I am complete, I am satisfied, I am at rest.

On the 13th of last March we put in at the island of Clementina, which lies to the north of Mozambique Channel.

"Now," I asked of my family, "I am satisfied, I am at rest, but why Clementina?" Naturally, of course, naturally I asked, "Why Clementina?"

I was referred to and presented with a pamphlet, a periodical, a quarterly. It was apparently devoted to the reports



CAPTAIN JANSEN APPROACHED US AND TOUCHED HIS CAP

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of missionary labors. It is a branch of literature never by me thoroughly investigated. Mrs. Coe possesses a remarkable series of these pamphlets, covering more than twenty years. A veritable find!

Now, in this number of the periodical in question, about a year old, was an illustrated article by one Mr. Tupper, a missionary, describing an orphan-asylum in the island of Clementina, and, ah! so feelingly, with such pleasant details of the names and prospects of individual orphans, that I shared the interests of Mrs. Ulswater and Mrs. Coe. We wished to make the acquaintance in particular of the following orphans, to wit, the orphan named "Susannah," the orphan named "Thaddeus," and the orphan named "James." "Susannah," wrote Mr. Tupper, "is characterized by vigor of mind, Thaddeus by consistent serenity, and James by deliberate astuteness."

Clementina is a small and solitary island. We recognized the port, the high, green hill which the illustrations pictured as the site of the mission.

Mrs. Ulswater and I went ashore on the white beach under the hill. We climbed the hill. "On the very crest," in the words of Mr. Tupper's description, stood "a cluster of bamboo cottages hidden in foliage." The Asylum!

Horribile dictu! "Well," said Mrs. Ulswater, "I never!"

The cottages were empty! Nay, ruined! decadent! most of the roofs fallen! Seven decrepit bamboo structures in a row! The traces of a lawn, now faded into wilderness! Oh, neglect and desolation! What had we here? An orphaned orphanage! Most ridiculous of asylums!

A guinea-hen fled yelling across the open. In the wake of, in pursuit of, this guinea-hen there rapidly wriggled out of the thicket seven small, bescratched, and scarcely to be called clothed individuals. My impression was immediate. I said, "They are orphans."

They were. They sprang up in line. They seemed hardly surprised. They bowed. They shouted with remarkable unison:

"Good morning, sir! Good morning, ma'am!"

We gasped. We were astounded. "Well," said Mrs. Ulswater, "I never!"

Then they all began to sing. They sang, in point of fact, as follows:

> "Pull for the shore, sailor!
> Pull for the shore!"

except one orphan, from whose rounded mouth detonated the statement, "I'm a pilgrim, I'm a stranger," whose globular face was slapped with incredible rapidity by the girl who stood next, at the head of the line, and sang on, though the rest of the chorus broke down.

> "Heed not the rolling waves,
> But bend to the oar,"

she sang, imperiously.

She had lank limbs and Jewish features. I should in an offhand manner have described her in one word as a "personage."

"Susannah!" cried Mrs. Ulswater. "Don't you tell me you're not!"

"Present!" said Susannah.

I FOUND RAM NAD IN THE MARKET-PLACE

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HE, HIMSELF, WAS A LONELY MAN

"Thaddeus!"—to the globular pilgrim and stranger.

"Present!"

"Where is James?"

"Present!"

James stood at the other end of the line. He was the smallest, Susannah the tallest, Thaddeus the fattest, of the orphans.

Very good. There they were.

But, alas! it was a run-down, deserted asylum. Mr. Tupper, that talented descriptive author, had died in a recent epidemic, some two months back.

This I learned from the resident official of Port Clementina. He was the calmest official in the Indian Ocean. There were vast vacant spaces in his mind. He did not know there were any orphans at the asylum now. But if so, why not? He had an impression they'd all disappeared, or fallen off something, or been adopted, or had grown up, or died of the local fever. Again, why not?

Mrs. Ulswater was indignant.

The population of Clementina is of extremely mixed blood. That Susannah appeared to be of Arab or Jewish extraction—age, thirteen; Thaddeus in part of some north-Europe ancestry, by his flaxen hair and slightly piggy eyes—age, the same; James a diminutive Malayan of some vague locality—age, eight; and the rest miscellaneous African — argues a curious history for that island; which history I had no time to investigate, on account of Mrs. Ulswater's indignation; under the force of which indignation the

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SUSANNAH DASHED AT RAM NAD

orphans were swept swiftly to the *Violetta*. Mrs. Ulswater's sagacious judgment here came out strong. How? She made an alliance with Susannah. I discerned in Susannah one predestined to authority, not to say despotism. The orphans were promptly aboard. Again, good! There they were.

The following morning they weren't. We found only Thaddeus, Susannah, and James still with us. The rest were gone, vanished forever. The *Violetta* was anchored not far from the shore. Captain Jansen, her sailing-master, approached us and touched his cap.

"Yes, 'm. Dey yump; I hear 'em go yump, one, two, dree, four, un I get out dey boat, un dose gone swim ashore, un dese dree dey don' yump. I don' know."

Mrs. Ulswater turned on Susannah.

"What made them jump?"

"Didn't," said Susannah; "I pushed 'em. They ain't any good, those niggers."

Singular, scornful maid. We were unable to find the Miscellaneous again, and, with this diminished orphanage, set sail across the Indian Ocean, looking for a proper asylum.

(I found at Clementina a positively new variation of the Asteroidea, or starfish.)

You never saw the beat of Susannah.

It was at Colombo in Ceylon that we met with Ram Nad. I asked for him in the market-place, and found him. He was sitting on a cobblestone and leaning over his basket, asleep.

My acquaintance with Ram Nad began many years ago. Somewhere in my indefinite and unmapped past I lived on the island of Ceylon and knew Ram Nad. He was by faith a Buddhist, by nature a painstaking liar, by profession a medical practitioner, or quasi-physician, —not of the allopathic school, nor of the homœopathic, but of the heteropathic and absurd. But he practised sleight-of-hand tricks and mesmerism in a manner that roused my profound respect. We exchanged informations. I had a great affection for him in those days. Even then he looked like a mixture of Abraham and an early Christian martyr, with some resemblance to a sheep.

I took him aboard the *Violetta* in order to get his advice respecting the orphan-asylums of his native land.

Ram Nad already knew himself to be more vertebrate and sagacious than I, but he did not know Mrs. Ulswater.

There we were, in consultation on the *Violetta*. The harbor at Colombo is no harbor, but an open roadstead, though quiet at that time.

The spicy breezes blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
And every prospect pleases, and only man is vile.

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The hymnal says so, but I don't agree with it. Three-quarters of Ceylon is an abomination of swamp, sand, and jungle, with a most pestilential and vile climate; whereas the normal Cingalese person is the mildest, most peaceful, and pious agriculturist that's to be found.

Ram Nad wore a blue turban. The rest of his clothes were meant to be white, like his beard. He squatted behind his basket. Mrs. Ulswater and Mrs. Coe rocked in their rocking-chairs, Mrs. Coe knitting, looking at Ram Nad over her spectacles benevolently, but as if she did not make out how to begin benefiting him; Mrs. Ulswater hemming a handkerchief and examining Ram Nad, who in turn examined the orphans, who in turn were playing jackstraws—a game which James usually won, and in which Susannah became violent and Thaddeus perspired. That was the generic variation among them.

Ram Nad said there were no orphan-asylums in Ceylon that he could truly recommend, which sounded conscientious.

He continued. But for himself, he said, he was a lonely man; desolate and empty was his house of the beautiful gardens; he was desirous of children in his old age. The venerable Mrs. Coe, the excellent Mrs. Ulswater — might their wisdom and benevolence be rewarded! the learned Ulswater—might his folly and ignorance with respect to the curing of diseases have been by time corrected! — he hoped that these all would understand his immaculate motives. For what said the Great Teacher? "Let parents train their children, and their memories be honored by the same: let the husband give his wife kindness, together with suitable ornaments and clothes, and let her be a thrifty housekeeper; finally, let the pupils give attention, and the teacher instruct them in science and lore." The three children, he said, pleased him; therefore it was possible that he might in righteous charity adopt them, instruct them; by a singular accident he had but yesterday taken a solemn vow to adopt three children; many had been witness to this vow.

Mrs. Ulswater looked thoughtful. She rather wanted the children brought up Presbyterian. Mrs. Coe whispered: "He quotes Scripture very well, Susan. It sounds a little queer, but maybe it's his turban." But both of them seemed disturbed, and looked away at the orphans, who played jackstraws.

I reflected vaguely about Ram Nad, on the different kinds of guile he was equal to, and how if he went off with Thaddeus, Susannah, and James, the Indian Ocean would seem less entertaining. Mrs. Coe appeared worried.

Ram Nad waived the point. He said he would the rather display marvels for our instruction while further considering. Then he opened a few common tricks.

He took Mrs. Ulswater's sewing, threw it over the rail into the sea, picked it out of the inner folds of his turban, and returned it. Then he thrust Mrs. Coe's

HE SPOONED AND CROONED THE ORPHANS

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RAM NAD TEACHES THADDEUS AND JAMES THE PALI ALPHABET

knitting-needles down the throat of Thaddeus, and drew them one by one from the pit of his tubby stomach, which Thaddeus rubbed, and appeared to feel unwell, looking at the needles doubtfully. He put James and the jackstraws into his gourd-shaped basket, covered them, stirred them with his hand — a violent circular motion as one beats eggs with a spoon,—lifted the basket, shook it bottom up, disclosed the interior. No James, no jackstraws.

He covered it, stirred it again—suggesting eggs and spoons. He lifted James out by the collar.

Susannah was indignant. She thumped James. She shouted, "Where've you been?"

To which James answered, astutely. "I been," he said, "inny bashket."

And Susannah, denouncing him as a "naughty boy," turned from this piece of doubtful casuistry to scratch her back with wild, ungainly gesture. Mrs. Ulswater came to her help, and unbuttoning her frock, took out the jackstraws. They seemed to have been dropped down the back of her neck. Susannah was furious.

Ram Nad next seated the three orphans in a row before him, and fell to crooning and waving his hands circularly—two spoons, infinite eggs.

"Mercy!" said Mrs. Coe; and Mrs. Ulswater, "Well, I never!" Even I may possibly have ejaculated "Ha!" at the phenomenon following.

The eyes of the orphans became fixed, their forms rigid.

Ram Nad stroked his beard; the orphans stroked their chests. He sighed; they sighed. "Roll over." They rolled over; they kept on rolling; they rolled across the deck, and brought up in the scuppers, where they struggled to continue rolling. "Roll back." They rolled back. "Sit up." They sat up.

Ram Nad fell to crooning and waving, with reversed spoons reaching after dispersed eggs. The orphans blinked, relapsed, and awoke.

Remarkable maid, Susannah; strenuous, decided. She dashed at Ram Nad. She snatched off his turban. She flung it in his face. She fled to Mrs. Ulswater, and wept loudly in her arms.

Ram Nad looked surprised and partly martyred. "Nevertheless, I am not displeased," he said, unrolling his turban. "I will take them to my house of beautiful gardens."

"Indeed you won't," cried Mrs. Ulswater, sharply. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself — a man as old as that."

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Ram Nad bowed his head, pulled his beard, and covered himself with meekness. I suggested to Mrs. Ulswater that there was a Cingalese point of view.

"Surely," Ram Nad said, ineffably mild. "We say no more, excellent Mrs. Ulswater. Other orphans are elsewhere to be found and the vow accomplished. But now, if permitted, I go, and return soon with gifts of fruit plucked in the gardens of my house, that our happiness may be complete as the meeting of long-parted friends, pleasant as to the bee the sweet sap of the jasmine."

It was all gammon about his house. He had no property except his trick outfit in a basket, his moderate but amusing clothes, and a lien on a cobblestone in the market. Mrs. Ulswater observed him quietly. I didn't make out what she thought of his handsome language.

He was rowed ashore in the gig, and came back later in a misshaped Cingalese canoe, kilted fore and aft, with two Malabar coolies for rowers, who promptly departed. He fished pomegranates and pineapples out of his basket. Very pleasant, very. He begged to be allowed to sleep on a deck rug beneath our palatial awning. Said it was the custom of the country. So it was, granted a rug and awning were handy. He talked a number of kinds of gammon, and he knew I knew it was gammon. But, then, I allowed a Cingalese of his age and acquirements had a right to be mythological in his statements.

My family at midnight lay asleep in their staterooms. The Indian moon shone on the *Violetta*, which lay lifting slowly with the swell. The watchman sat forward. Ram Nad, with his chief garment wrapped about his head, was stretched on a rug on the lee side and just above the port-holes of the staterooms occupied by the orphans in their innocent sleep. Oh, Ram Nad, friend of my earlier days! I'm free to admit your standards of virtuous conduct were ever in some respects obscure, not to say too much for me.

I was wakened by Mrs. Ulswater's suddenly pulling my arm. It was near three o'clock in the morning.

"Listen!" she whispered. "Now wait!"

To my bewildered sense became now audible the sound of soft, regular steps in the outer cabin and on the cabin stairs leading to the deck. I arose softly.

Mirabile dictu!

I saw the three orphans in procession, in their pretty night garments of Mrs. Coe's making, stiffly mounting the stairs with a military lock-step; and beyond them on the moonlit deck whom but Ram Nad, white-bearded, blue-turbaned, white-garmented, beckoning, retreating! I was about to advance, when at that moment Mrs. Ulswater shrieked loudly in my ear, and Ram Nad, running forward, sharply shut and bolted the cabin door. An instant's silence followed, then shouts and swift feet running aft. I rushed to the port-hole. Past it and past my face went a swiftly falling and fluttering body, which splashed in the sea. Was it Ram Nad? Was it an orphan? Mrs. Ulswater was beating the door with her hands and crying: "Catch that man, Captain Jansen! Catch that man!" Distressing moment! Mrs. Coe and Norah the waitress came from their staterooms and mingled their voices in the tumult. There we were!

The cabin door was opened. Captain Jansen's red, bearded face appeared.

"Yes, 'm. But he yump for das boat. He gone ofer."

"Then catch the boat. Quick!"

"Yes, 'm. But I got das boat mit un grapple."

We all emerged on that warm night, that moonlit deck. The ladies had donned their shawls. This was the situation.

Ram Nad's misshaped and kilted canoe was held fast and one end lifted from the water by a grappling-iron, at which a sailor was tugging with a rope over the rail. The two black heads of his rowers were just above the water at some distance, moving hastily shoreward, their wakes shining in the moonlight. Ram Nad was nowhere in sight. The three orphans stood on deck in close Indian file, motionless; the watchman forward sat motionless,—all four rigid, frozen, mesmerized; each wrapped up in his or her inner consciousness like a ball of yarn.

"There!" said Mrs. Ulswater. "He didn't get the orphans. Doctor, we must go away from this place. I don't like it."

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"We can weigh anchor," I said, "surely, now as well as any time. But, my dear, as to these ossified unfortunates, who appear to be mesmerized again, I don't quite see. I'm no Ph.D. Mahatma, nor yet a brindle-cat, hell-broth witch. It's mortifying, but that's my limit. I'm not on to Ram Nad's spoon motion, nor yet his lullaby. Hadn't we better wait and find another magician that knows how to untwist the charm? Because Ram Nad appears to be drowned, and the whole four, according to my notion, are, as you might say,

"Tied up particular tight, tra-la-la,
And how we'll untie 'em to-night, tra-la-la,
Is what I don't happen to know."

Mrs. Ulswater tried to wake the orphans, but could not. She was indignant. She thought I treated the subject too lightly, in language I ought to be ashamed of; there was nothing funny about it. Maybe not. I gave it up. I thought the situation was not without a certain sepulchral but natural gayety.

"Ashamed" I take to be a vertebrate condition. Never could fetch it. It's left out of me. I've got no centre of personality, no angles to my circumference on which to hitch a conviction of sin. Never could seem to get hold of that kind of embarrassment. Calling myself a series of conventionally derogatory and ineffective names is the nearest I can come to remorse. Speaking seriously, Mrs. Ulswater was right.

At this point Captain Jansen called: "He's yumped in! Yes, 'm. He's yumped!"

We ran to the rail. There Ram Nad sat in his kilted canoe, wringing the water from his turban.

Mrs. Ulswater said, "You come up here right away!"

He seemed unwilling, but Captain Jansen dropped a rope ladder, and the sailor jerked on the grapnel, rendering his position untenable. He yielded and came, wearing an expression of injured meekness, and yielded to Mrs. Ulswater's command. He spooned and crooned the orphans and the watchman into normal condition. He left Susannah till the last. He retired hastily behind the mast, holding on to his turban, avoiding Susannah.

Mrs. Ulswater now reduced matters to order. The orphans, the indignant Susannah, were persuaded to bed. Ram Nad was put under guard. Mrs. Ulswater, Mrs. Coe, and Norah retired.

The anchor was raised. The *Violetta* got under steam. We glided away into the Indian Ocean. I remained on deck reflecting, inhaling the soft breath of the dawn, gazing at the fair palace of the night, how marvellously roofed and lit, how floored with sparkling mosaic, considering two things which equally excited my admiration, namely, the constitution of this world and Mrs. Ulswater.

I conversed with Ram Nad.

As far as I could gather from Ram Nad, he had first gotten into conversation with the watch, and then mesmerized that Norwegian, after which he had hung himself down from the rail and mesmerized the orphans through the port-hole. A subtle performance! He did not dare enter the cabin, having a nervous fear of Mrs. Ulswater. Mrs. Ulswater's emphatic cry had roused the crew. He had plunged over, and, rising, clutched the edge of the boat; which being grappled and the coolies fled, he had submitted, first to concealment, then to capture. Now, he continued, were his excellent intentions frustrated, his purposes to instruct the three orphans, who already spoke the English and had intelligence and temperament suitable,—excepting the damsel, who was a female of a tiger and not respectful of men's turbans,—to instruct them in science and lore, according to the Precept, to the end that the people might behold him performing wonders and his riches increase. But how then? The righteous man endeavors. But if frustrated, let him be content. Yet he could but wonder for what reason he was now being carried away, recklessly, from his native land.

I didn't see, either, why we were carrying off Ram Nad, but it seemed to have points of interest. I didn't see any real objection to it. I suggested:

"You don't think you ought to be skinned or drowned? Why not? Well, well! It depends on Mrs. Ulswater's opinion. But see here, Ram Nad, if you ever try to mesmerize those orphans again, or anybody aboard, I'll see to the skinning privately, and Thaddeus shall

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insert Mrs. Coe's knitting-needles into your digestion, and Susannah stuff your mouth full of turban, and Mrs. Ulswater make a Presbyterian of your mangled remains. You hear me?"

Ram Nad took oath he would not.

Peacefully we journey then over this balmy sea. My enlarged family is at peace, excepting Susannah. The meekness, the surprised interest, of Ram Nad in us, in our purposes and his own situation, is irresistible, except by Susannah. Mrs. Ulswater seems to regard him as a sort of fourth orphan. Susannah resents this idea. James is never tired of being put in the basket and then spooned into nothingness.

"But," cries Susannah, impatiently, "how did you *feel*?"

And James answers, astutely, "I did feel thoft an' thmall."

What propriety of language is his! What accuracy!

Thaddeus, who seldom breaks his somnolent silence, will do so to ask for knitting-needles to be inserted in and extracted from his stomach. I judge there is in this for him something poignant and vivid, something pleasing and stirring to his imagination; that it gives him, if I may say so, a sense of centre and personality, resembling the effect of Mrs. Ulswater on me.

Thus we approach the Malay Peninsula. Ram Nad sits cross-legged on a rug, teaching Thaddeus and James the Pali alphabet. I read the English poets to Mrs. Ulswater, who darns stockings—as does Susannah also, with vicious jabs,—to Mrs. Coe, who knits doilies.

Mrs. Ulswater does not attend. She has something on her mind.

"Dr. Ulswater," she says at last, "is Ram Nad a well-educated man?"

"My dear, he knows everything that I don't. Therefore he knows infinitely more than I do."

"Why shouldn't we bring up the orphans among us instead of looking for an orphanage any more?"

"Perfectly possible."

"Why shouldn't we have a mission of our own on the *Violetta* instead of hunting for other people's missions?"

"An idea!"

"Well, then, we will."

"A—a sort of floating mission. Fascinating, unique conception! That is, if pursued moderately. The orphans are a success—so far, including Ram Nad. But I wouldn't invest too heavily, too rapidly, in orphans. I would take, in fact, some pains to get hold of preferred stock."

She said, thoughtfully: "Of course the *Violetta* won't hold a great many. I should want nice ones. That's what you mean?"

"Precisely. For instance, Ram Nad is more interesting than those whom Susannah so wisely kicked overboard."

"Then that's what we'll do."

I think, then, with all deference to destiny, that we will. What! Return as an emigrant-ship? I don't care.

"I have sometimes wondered," I remark, "just what our idea was in kidnapping Ram Nad—if it was quite accidental, or if you and I were not, mutually, on that occasion—shall we say, practical?"

"Why"—Mrs. Ulswater returns to the stocking,—"of course! I thought he wanted to steal the orphans. He wasn't a bit good at pretending. Goodness! No! But I didn't know how he was going to do it, so I asked Captain Jansen to stay awake below. But it would have been dreadful if Ram Nad had drowned, wouldn't it? I just let him try, because, of course, I thought, after behaving so, he couldn't say much if we carried him off."

"He couldn't! But why, at that time, did we want to carry him off?"

"It was the pictures in Aunt Coe's Bible," said Mrs. Ulswater. "All the old men there look like him. I thought it would be nice to have him."

Practical! What a woman!

Such is our situation. Here I float on Elysian seas. (My next article, on the Scaphopodæ, will astonish the scientific world. My collection of Cephalopteræ is now unique. I have proved three mistakes in Schmidt's classification of the Cœlenterates.)

Farewell. ULSWATER.

P.S.—Ram Nad begs to remain with us.

But suppose Mrs. Ulswater learns Oriental mesmerism of Ram Nad, and supplements—quite unnecessary—by this means, her government of me. I should protest: "No, Mrs. Ulswater! Not while I know myself master of this household!"

P.S.—Suppose she insists!

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Sir Mortimer

BY MARY JOHNSTON

CHAPTER V

LUIZ DE GUARDIOLA, magnificent Castilian, proud as Lucifer, still as the water above the reef offshore, and cruel as the black fangs beneath that serenity, looked over the wall of the fortress of Nueva Cordoba. He looked down into the moat well stocked with crocodiles, great fish his mercenaries, paid with flesh, and he looked at the tunal which ringed the moat as the moat ringed the squat white fortress. A deadly girdle was the tunal, of cactus and other thorny things, thick, wide, dark, and impenetrable, a forest of stilettoes, and for its kings the rattlesnake and viper. Nor naked Indian nor mailed white man might traverse that thicket, where wall on wall was met a spiked and iron growth. One opening there was, through which ran the road to the town, but a battery deemed impregnable commanded this approach, forming an effectual clasp for that strong cestus which the fecund, supple, and heated land made possible to all Spanish fortifications. Beyond the tunal the naked hillside fell steeply to a narrow plain, all patched with golden flowers, and from this yellow carpet writhed tall cacti, fantastic as trees seen in a dream. Upon the plain, pearl pink in the sunset light, huddled the town. Palm-trees and tamarinds overhung it; palm-trees, mimosas, and mangroves marked the course of a limpid river. Above the battery at the river's mouth drooped a red cross in a white field. Caravels there were none in the road, but riding there, close inshore, the four ships that had sunk the caravels and silenced the battery.

High in the air of evening, blown from the town, a trumpet sounded. De Guardiola ground his teeth, for that jubilant silver calling was not for San Jago, but Saint George. The notes gathered every memory of the past few days and pressed them upon him in one cup of chagrin. The caravels were gone, the battery at the Bocca gone, the town surrendered to these English dogs who now daily bared their teeth to the fortress itself. De Guardiola admitted the menace, knew from experience in the Low Countries that this breed of the North sprang strongly, held firmly. "Hounds of hell!" he muttered. "Where is the fleet from Cartagena?"

The tropic ocean answered not, and the words of the wind were unintelligible. The sun dropped lower; the plain appeared to move, to roll and welter in the heated air and yellow light. Tall starvelings, the cacti spread their arms; from a mimosa wood arose a cloud of vultures; it was the hour of the Angelus, but no bells rang in the churches of the town. The town sat in fear, shrinking into corners from its cup of trembling. "Ransom!" cried the English from their ships and from their quarters in the square. "Pay us ransom, or we burn and destroy!" "Mother of God!" wailed Nueva Cordoba. "Why ask but fifty thousand ducats? As easy to give you the revenue of all the Indies! Moreover, every peso is housed in the fortress. Day before yesterday we carried there—oh, señors, not our wealth, but our poverty!" Quoth the English: "What has gone up may come down," and sent messengers, both Spanish and English, to Don Luiz de Guardiola, Governor of Nueva Cordoba, who from his stronghold swore that he found himself willing to hang these pirates, but not to dispense to them the King of Spain his treasure. Ransom! What word was that for the lips of Lutheran dogs!

A sea bird flew overhead with a wailing cry; down in the moat a crocodile raised his horrible, fanged snout, then sank beneath the still water. Don Luiz turned his bloodshot eyes upon the town in jeopardy and the bland and mocking ocean, so guileless of those longed-for

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sails. The four ships in the river's mouth!—silently he cursed their every mast and spar, the holds agape for Spanish treasure, the decks whereon he saw men moving, the flags and streaming pennants flaunting interrogation of Spain's boasted power. A cold fury mounted from Don Luiz's heart to his brain. Of late he had slept not at all, eaten little, drunken no great amount of wine. Like a shaken carpet the plain rose and fell; a mirage lifted the coasts of distant islands, piling them above the horizon into castles and fortifications baseless as a dream. The sun dipped; up from the east rushed the night. The tunal grew a dark smudge, drawn by a wizard forefinger around De Guardiola, his men-at-arms, the silver bars and the gold crescents from Guiana. Out swung the stars, blazing, mighty, with black spaces in between. Again rang the trumpet, a high and sombre voice proclaiming eternal endeavor. The wind began to blow, and on the plain the cacti, gloomy and fantastic sentinels, moved their stiff bodies, waved their twisted arms in gestures of strangeness and horror. The Spaniard turned on his heel, went down to his men-at-arms where they kept watch and ward, and at midnight, riding like Death on a great, pale steed, led a hundred horsemen out of the fortress, through the tunal, and so down the hillside to the town.

The English sentries cried alarm. In the square a man with a knot of velvet in his helm swung himself into the saddle of a captured war-horse—one of a number which the English had found stabled in Nueva Cordoba,—waved aside the blue-jerkined boy at the rein, in a word or two cried over his shoulder managed to impart to those behind him sheer assurance of victory, and was off to greet Don Luiz. They met in the wide street leading from the square, De Guardiola with his hundred cavaliers and Mortimer Ferne with his chance medley of horse and foot. The hot night filled with noise, the scream of wounded steeds and the shouting of men. Lights flared in the windows, and women wailed to all the saints. Stubbornly the English drove back the Spanish, foot by foot, the way they had come, down the street of heat and clamor. In the dark hour before the dawn De Guardiola sounded a retreat, rode with his defeated band up the pallid hillside, through the serpent-haunted tunal, over the dreadfully peopled moat into the court of the white stone fortress. There, grim and gray, with closed lips and glowing eyes, he for a moment sat his horse in the midst of his spent men, then heavily dismounted, and called to him Pedro Mexia, who, several days before, had abandoned the battery at the river's mouth, fleeing with the remnant of his company to the fortress. The two went together into the hall, and there, while his squire unarmed De Guardiola, the lesser man spoke fluently, consigning to all the torments of hell the strangers in Nueva Cordoba.

"Go to; you are drunken!" said De Guardiola, coldly. "You speak what you cannot act."

"I have three houses in the town," swore the other. "A reasonable ransom—"

"There is no longer any question of ransom," answered Don Luiz. "Fellow"—to the armorer,—"fetch me a surgeon."

Mexia sat upright, his eyes widening: "No question of ransom! I thank the saints that I am no hidalgo! Now had simple Pedro Mexia been somewhat roughly handled, unhorsed mayhap, even the foot of an English heretic planted on his breast, I think that talk of the ransom of Nueva Cordoba would not have ceased. But Don Luiz de Guardiola!—quite another matter! Santa Teresa! if the town is burnt I will have payment for my three houses!" His superior snarled, then as the surgeon entered, made signs to the latter to uncover a bruised shoulder and side.

At sunrise a trumpet was blown without the tunal, and the English again made demand of ransom money. The fortress crouching upon the hilltop gave no answer, stayed silent as a sepulchre. Shortly afterwards from one quarter of the town arose together many columns of smoke; a little later an explosion shook the earth. The great magazine of Nueva Cordoba lay in ruins, while around it burned the houses fired by English torches. "Shall we destroy the whole of your city?" demanded the English. "Judge you if fifty thousand ducats will build it again!"

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Nueva Cordoba, distracted, sent petitioners to their Governor. "Pay these hell-hounds and pirates and let them sail away!" "Pay," advised also Pedro Mexia, "or presently they may have the fortress as well as the town! The squadron—it is yet at Cartagena! Easier to torment the caciques until more gold flows than to build another Nueva Cordoba. Scarpines and strappado won't lay stone on stone!"

Don Luiz kept long silence where he stood, a man of iron, cold as the stone his long fingers pressed, venomous as any snake in the tunal, proud as a Spaniard may be, and like the rest of his world very mad for gold; but at last he turned, and despatching to the English camp a white flag, proposed by mouth of his herald a brief cessation of hostilities, and a meeting between himself, Don Luiz de Guardiola, Governor of Nueva Cordoba, and the valorous Señor John Nevil, commandant of Englishmen. Whereto in answer came, three-piled with courtesy, an invitation to Don Luiz de Guardiola and ten of his cavaliers to sup that evening in Nueva Cordoba with John Nevil and his officers. Truce should be proclaimed, safe-conduct given; for table-talk could be no better subject than the question of ransom.

Facing the square of Nueva Cordoba was a goodly house, built by the Church for the Church, but now sacrilegiously turned to other uses and become the quarters of Sir John Nevil and Sir Mortimer Ferne, who held the town and menaced the fortress, while Baptist Manwood and Robert Baldry kept the fleet and conquered battery. The place had a great arched refectory, and here the English prepared their banquet.

Indian friends by now had they, for in the town they had found and set at liberty three caciques, penned like beasts, chained with a single chain, scored with marks sickening to look upon. The caciques proved not ungrateful. Down the river this very day had come canoes rowed by men of bronze and filled with spoils of the chase, fish of strange shapes and brilliant hues, golden, luscious fruits, flowers also fairer than amaranth or asphodel, gold beads and green stones. Gold and gems went into the treasure-chests aboard the ships, but all besides came kindly in for the furnishing of that rich feast. Nor were lacking other viands, for grain and flesh and wine had been abundant in Nueva Cordoba, whose storehouses now the English held. They hung their borrowed banqueting-hall with garlands of flowers, upon the long table put altar-candles of virgin wax, with gold and silver drinking-vessels, and brought to the revel of the night a somewhat towering, wild, and freakish humor. Victory unassuaged was theirs, and for them Fortune had cogged her dice. They had taken the *San José* and sunk the caravels, they had sacked the pearl-towns and Nueva Cordoba, they had gathered laurels for themselves and England. For the fortress, they deemed that they might yet drain it of hoarded treasure. The poison of the land and time had touched them. The wind sang to them of conquest; morn and eve, the sun at noon, and at night the phosphorescent sea, were of the color of gold, and the stars spoke of Fame. The great mountains also, to the south,—how might the eye leap from height to height and the soul not stir? In Time's hornbook ambition is an early lesson, and these scholars had conned it well. Of all that force, scarce one simple soldier or mariner in whom expectation ran not riot, while the gentlemen adventurers in whose company were to sup De Guardiola and his ten cavaliers saw that all things might be done with ease and that evil chances lurked not for them.

The Captain of the *Cygnet* and the Captain of the *Phœnix,* with Arden and Sedley, awaited beside the great window of the hall their guests' appearance. The sunset was not yet, but the moment was at hand. The light, dwelling upon naked hillside and the fortress crowning it, made both to seem candescent, hill and castle one heart of flame against the purple mountains that stretched across the south. Very high were the mountains, very still and white that fortress flame; the yellow plain could not be seen, but the palm-trees were gold green above the walls of Nueva Cordoba. The light fell from the hilltop, a solitary trumpet blew, and forth from that guarded opening in the tunal rode De Guardiola on his pale horse, and at his back ten Spanish gentlemen.

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"The dark line of them is like a serpent creeping from the tunal," said Henry Sedley. "Last night I dreamed a strange thing. . . . It concerned my sister Damaris. She came up from the sea, straight from the water like blown spray, and she was dressed in white. She looked down through the sea and her tears fell, and falling, they made music like the mermaiden's singing that we heard. *'Lie still,'* she said. *'Thou under the sea and I under the sod. Lie still: dream well: all's over.'* . . . To whom did she speak?"

"If I were a dead man and she called my name, I would answer," said Ferne. "She under the sod and I under the sea. . . . So be it! But first one couch, one cup, one garland, the sounded depths of love—"

"I dreamed of home," quoth Baldry, "and of my mother's calling me, a little lad, when at twilight work was done. *'Robert, Robert!'* she called."

"I had no dreams," said Sir Mortimer. "Now sounds John Nevil's trumpets—our guests have made entry."

"Why, señors," answered Mexia, flattered and flown with wine, "I learned to speak your tongue from a man of your country, who also gave me that knowledge of English affairs which you are pleased to compliment. I make my boast that I am no traveller—I have not been home to Seville these twenty years—yet, as you see, I have some trifling acquaintance—"

"Your learning is of so shining a quality," quoth Sir Mortimer, with courteous emphasis, "that here and there a flaw cannot mar its curious worth. Smerwick Fort lies in Ireland, señor, not in England. Though verily the best thing I know of Edmund Campion is the courageousness of his end; yet indeed he died not with a halo about his head, nor were miracles wrought with his blood. Her Gracious Majesty the Queen of England hath no such distemperature as that you name, and keepeth no sort of familiar fiend. The Queen of Scots, if a most fair and most unfortunate, is yet a most wicked lady, who, alas! hath trained many a gallant man to a bloody and disastrous end."

"Where is that Englishman, your teacher?" came from the head of the board the Admiral's grave voice.

"He is dead," said De Guardiola at his right hand.

"Of his fate, valiant señors," began the fuddled Mexia, "you alone may be precisely aware—"

"He is dead," again stated with deliberation Don Luiz. "I know, señors, the pool where these fish were caught and the wood where alone grows this purple fruit. So you set at liberty those three slaves, the caciques? . . . Well, I had reason to believe that they had hidden gold."

"Where is Master Francis Sark?" demanded Nevil, of Ferne. "I did command his attendance here to-night."

"He plead a tertian fever—would not mar our warmth with his shivering," said the other. "I sent the chirurgeon to his cell—for indeed the man shook like a reed."

It would appear that Francis Sark was an unknown name to their guests, for no flicker of recognition passed over the countenance of any Spaniard. They sat at the long table, and foe drank to foe while fiddle and hautboy made music and the candles slowly wasted and in the hot night the garlands withered. Perfumes were lit in the room, and the smoke of their burning made a violet haze through which quivered the heart-shaped candle flames. The music had a wild ring, and laughter as wild came easily to a man's lips. The English laughed for that their spirits were turned thistle-down, and the Spaniards laughed because a man's foe should not see his chagrin.

For a while compliment and courtesy led each party in chains; they masked distrust and hatred beneath cloth-of-gold ceremoniousness, punctiliously accepted a Roland for an Oliver, extravagantly praised the prowess of men and nations whom they much desired to sweep from the face of the earth. But as time wore on and the wine went round, this cloak of punctilio began to grow threadbare and the steel beneath to gleam dangerously. There was thunder in the air, and men were ready to play at ball with Ate's apples, though as yet they but tossed to each other the poisonous flowers which should grow that fruit. "How mightily on such a day did your little island!" cried the Spaniards. "Ah, señors, the

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invincibleness of your conquistadores!" ran the English testimony. "El Draco, Juan Acles, yourselves, valorous gentlemen, what daring past most pirates to sail the King of Spain his seas!" came the Spanish retort.

"The King of Spain his seas!" an Englishman echoed, softly.

"Why, had you not heard?" said Arden. "God gave them to him on creation morning."

"Pirates! That is a prickly word!" swore Baldry.

"Why do you smile, señor?" demanded De Guardiola of the gentleman opposite him, this being Sir Mortimer Ferne.

"Did I smile, señor? I but chanced to think of a hound of mine who once was king of the pack, but now grows old." The Englishman shrugged. "True he thinks himself yet the fleetest and the strongest, but the younger dogs outstrip him. Presently they will snatch from him every bone."

"Now, by the Mother of God, I agree not with you!" said De Guardiola.

"Now, by the power of God, yet will it come to pass!" affirmed Sir Mortimer.

The Admiral, to whom Pedro Mexia, an easy man, was making voluble narration of the latest futile search for Manoa, turned his glance for a moment from that frank Spaniard. But Mortimer Ferne sat at ease, a smile upon his beautiful mouth, and his hand, palm uppermost, upon the board. Opposite him Don Luiz de Guardiola also smiled, and if that widening of the lips was somewhat tigerish, why, if all accounts were true, the man himself was of that quality, as cruel, stealthy, and remorseless as any jaguar in those deep woods behind his castle. The Admiral returned to his discourse with Mexia, who might drop some useful hints as to the road to El Dorado.

"We have met before," said De Guardiola. "It was you who led your landing-party, capturing the battery."

"The fortune of war, señor! What says your proverb—"

"I gave ground, it is true. . . . There may come an hour when with a whip of iron I will drive you from Nueva Cordoba. Did you lead the attack upon the town?"

"Not so, señor. Sir John Nevil very valiantly held that honor, and to him Nueva Cordoba surrendered."

"Last night—when I thought to take you by surprise — were you the leader then?"

"Yes, señor."

"Wore you," the Spaniard spoke slowly—"wore you black armor? Wore you in your helm a knot of rose-colored velvet? . . . Ah, it was you unhorsed me, then!"

"Again, señor, the fortune of war."

A spasm distorted for the moment De Guardiola's every feature. So often of late had chagrin been pressed to his lips that the cup had grown poisonous. When he spoke it was with a hollow voice: "Had not Mexia come in between us! . . . The light caught the velvet knot upon your helm and it flamed like a star. I, Luiz de Guardiola, lying at your feet, looked up and saw it blaze above me like an evil star!" His hand fell heavily upon the table. "The star may fall, Englishman!"

"The helm that bore the star may decline to earth," answered Ferne. "The star is fixed — beyond thy snatching, Spaniard!"

Thrust in Mexia, leaving El Dorado for the present less gilded plight of the Spanish: "Fifty thousand ducats! Holy Virgin! Are we Incas of Peru—Atahualpas who can fill a hall with gold? Now, twenty thousand—"

"I will not pay one peso," said De Guardiola. His voice, low and vibrant, was as a warder thrown down. On the instant, all the length of the table, the hurried speech, the growing excitement, the interchange of taunt and bravado, ceased, and men leaned forward, waiting. The silence was remarkable. Down in the square was heard the sentinel's tread; from a bough that drooped against the wall a globe of vegetable gold fell with the noise of stone-shot.

"Raze every house in Nueva Cordoba," went on the Spaniard, "play the earthquake and the wave—then sail away, sail away, marauders! and leave the fortress virgin, and the treasure no lighter by one piece, and Luiz de Guardiola to plan a day of vengeance against every English pirate in these seas!"

He had risen from his place, and at that movement sprang also to their feet his ten cavaliers. At once arose a tumult

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that might have resulted in the severance of the truce with sharp steel had not the leaders of the several parties stayed with lifted arm and stern command that threatened disgrace. At last was compelled a stillness sinister as that of the air before a great storm.

"I bid our guests good night," said the Admiral. "Our enemies we shall meet again. I think that so slight a ransom will not now content us. As you ride through the streets of Nueva Cordoba look your last, señors, upon her goodly houses and pleasant places."

"Do thy worst!" answered De Guardiola, grinning like a death's-head.

Mexia wiped the sweat from his brow. "Let us go — let us go, Don Luiz! I stifle here. There's a strangeness in the air — my heart beats to bursting! Holy Teresa, give that the wine was not poisoned!"

Back to their fortress rode the Spaniards, up the bare, steep, pallid hillside, through the tunal, over the moat; back to the town rode the English, who with the punctilio of the occasion had accompanied their foes to the base of the hill. They rode through the streets which that morning they had laid waste, and through those that the stern Admiral had sworn to destroy. There black ruin faced them starkly; here doomed things awaited mutely. The town was little, and it seemed to cower before them like a child. Almost in silence did they ride, lifted and restless in mind, thought straining at the leash, but finding no words that should free it.

"How hot is the night!" spoke Baldry at last. "Hast noticed the smell of the earth? We killed a great serpent coming across the plain to-day."

"How the sea burns!" said Henry Sedley. "There is a will-o'-the-wisp upon the marsh yonder."

"Here they call it the soul of the tyrant Aguirre," answered Ferne. "A lost soul."

A little longer and they parted for the night to meet early next morning in council with the Admiral. If to Nueva Cordoba, stripped and beaten, trembling beneath the fear of worse things to come, an army with banners held the land, so, in no lesser light, did the English see themselves, and they meant to have the treasure and to humble that white fortress. But it must be done quickly, quickly! Pampatar in Margarita, the castle of Paria or Berreo's settlement in Trinidad, could send no ships that might contend with the four swinging yonder in the river's mouth, but from the west at any hour, from La Guayra or Santa Marta, thunderbolts might fall. Would they indeed be wholly victors, then a general and overwhelming attack must soon be planned, soon made.

Weary enough from the day's work, yet, when he and his fellow adventurers had exchanged good night, Mortimer Ferne went not to his quarters. Instead he passed through a dim corridor to the little cell-like room where was lodged Master Francis Sark, whom the English kept under surveillance, and who, under another name, had given to Pedro Mexia his knowledge of English speech and English history. What persuasion the Captain of the *Cygnet* used, what bribe or promise or threat, what confidence that there was more to tell thereby like a magnet compelling any wandering information, is not known; nor is known what hatred of his conqueror, of a gallant form and a stainless name, may have uncoiled itself to poisonous ends in the soul of the small, smug, innocent-seeming man to whom he spoke; but at the end of a half-hour the Captain of the *Cygnet* left his prisoner of the *San José,* moved swiftly and lightly down the corridor to his own apartment, where he crossed to the window and stood there with his eyes upon the fortress of Nueva Cordoba, rising shadowy upon its shadowy hill. So often had he looked upon it that now, despite the night, he saw with precision the squat, white walls, the dark sweep of the encircling tunal, and, strong clasp for that thorny girdle, the too formidable battery bestriding the one apparent opening. "Another path!" he said to himself. "Masked and hidden, unguarded, known only to their leaders. . . . To come upon them from the rear while, catlike, they watch the highway yonder!" His breath came in a long sigh of satisfaction. "What if he lies? Why should he lie, seeing that he is in our power? But if he does . . ."

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Minutes passed and yet he stood there, gazing with thoughtful eyes at hill and fortress rising above the silent town. Finally he went over to Robin-a-dale, asleep upon a pallet, and shaking him awake, bade the lad to follow him but make no noise. To the sentinels at the great door, in the square, at the edge of the town, he gave the word of the night, and so issued with the boy from the huddle of flat-roofed houses, overhung by palm-trees, to the open plain.

Overhead innumerable stars, between heaven and earth incalculable swarms of luminous insects, from the soil a heavy exhalation as of musk, here arid places, there cacti like columns, like candelabra, like dark writhing fingers thrust from the teeming earth;—Robin-a-dale liked not the place, wondered what dangerous errand his master was upon, but since he as greatly feared as greatly loved the man he served, cared not to ask. Presently Ferne turned, and a few moments found them climbing the long western slope of the hill, above them the dim outline of the fortress, the dark fringe of the tunal. Half-way up they came to a little rocky plateau, and here Ferne paused, hesitated a moment, then sat down upon a great stone and looked out to sea. He was waiting for the moon to rise, for with her white finger she must point out that old way through the tunal of which Master Francis Sark had told him. Was it indeed there? The man, he thought, had all the marks of a liar. Again, why should he lie, being in their power?—unless treachery were so ingrained that it was his natural speech. By all the tokens Sark had given, the opening should not be fifty yards away. When the moon rose he would see for himself. . . .

A pale radiance in the east proclaimed her approach. Since wait he must he waited patiently, and by degrees withdrew his mind from his errand and from strife and plotting. The boy crouched in silence beside him. There was air upon these heights, and the stir of it made Robin-a-dale to shiver. He gazed about him fearfully, for it was a dismal place. From behind those piled rocks, from the shadow of those strange trees, what things might creep or spring? Robin thought it time that the adventure were ended, and had he dared had said as much. Lights were burning upon the *Cygnet* where she rode in the pale river, near to the *Phœnix*, with the *Mere Honour* and the *Marigold* just beyond, and there came over the boy a great homesickness for her decks. He crept as closely as he might to her Captain, sitting there as quietly as if the teeming, musky soil were good Devon earth, and that phosphorescent ocean the gray waves of English seas, and he laid his hand upon Sir Mortimer's booted knee, and so was somewhat comforted.

Upon Ferne, waiting in inaction, looking out over the vast, dim panorama of earth and ocean, there fell, after the fever and exaltation, the stress and exertion of the past hours, a strange mood of quiet, of dreaming, and of peace. Sitting there in listless strength, he thought in quietude and tenderness of other things than gold, and fame, and the fortress which must be taken of Nueva Cordoba. With his eyes upon the gleaming sea he thought of Damaris Sedley, and of Sidney, and of a day at Windsor when the Queen had showed him much favor, and of a little, windy knoll, near to his house of Ferne, where, returning from hunting or hawking, he was wont to check his horse that he might taste the sweet and sprightly air.

Now this man waited at the threshold of an opening door, and like a child his fancy gathered door-step flowers, recking nothing of the widening space behind, the beckoning hands, the strange chambers into which shortly he must go. Yet who shall say that through the opening door there stole no breath of colder air, no echo of some shrillest voice bidding the soul to say farewell,—to say farewell forever to the door-step flowers — for none such grew beyond? Such faint and far monition may have touched him, for now for a little while his mind dwelt lightly upon all things, gazed quietly upon a wide, retreating landscape, and saw that great and small are one. He was wont to think of Damaris Sedley with ardor, imagining embraces, kisses, cries of love, sweet lips, warm arms,—but to-night he seemed to see her in a glass, somewhat dimly. She stood a little remote, quiet, sweet, and holy, and his spirit chastened itself before her. Dear

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were his friends to him; his heart lodged them in spacious chambers and lapped them with observance; now he thought whimsically and lightly of his guests as though their lodgings were far removed from that misty central hall where he himself abode. Loyal with the fantastic loyalty of an earlier time, practiser of chivalry and Honor's fanatic, for a moment those things also lost their saliency and edge. Word and deed of this life appeared of the silver and the moonlight, not of gold and sunlight; existence a dream and no matter of moment. He plucked the flowers one by one, looked at them tranquilly, and laid them down, nor thought, This is Farewell. The shadow of the shadow claimed him, and to Whom deals the shadows something of spectacular interest may have clothed him waiting there before the door that was so nearly open.

Nueva Cordoba lay still amongst her rustling palms; the ocean rippled gold, and like gold-dust were the scintillating clouds of insects; the limpid river palely slid between its mangrove banks, a low wind sighed, a night-bird called; far, far in the forest behind the hill a muffled roar proclaimed that the jaguar had found its meat. The moon rose—such a moon as never had England looked upon. Pearl, amethyst, and topaz were her rings; she made the boss of a vast shield; like God's own candle she lit the night. "At home the nightingales would sing," thought Sir Mortimer. "Ah, Philomela, here befits a wilder song than thine!" He looked toward the *Cygnet,* still as a painted ship upon the silver sluggish flood. "When there shall be no more sea, what will seamen do?" Over the marsh wandered the *ignes fatui.* "How restlessly and to no bourne dost thou move, lost soul!" The boy at his feet stirred and sighed. "Poor Robin! Tired and sleepy and frightened, art not? Why, dear knave, the jaguar is not roaring for thee!" Bending, he put an arm about the lad and drew him to his side. "I only wait for the brightness to grow," he said. "Do not shiver so! In a little while we shall be gone."

The moon rose higher and the plain grew spectral, the town a dream town, and the ships dream ships. Ferne turned slightly so that he might behold the Cordillera. In mystery and enormity the mountains reared themselves, high as the battlements of heaven, deep as those of hell. The Elizabethan looked long upon them, and he wreathed that utter wall, that sombre and terrific keep, with strange imaginings.

At last the two, master and boy, arose, and climbing the farther slope to the tunal, began to skirt that spiked and thorny circlet, moving warily because to the core it was envenomed. Beneath the sun it swarmed with hideous life; beneath the moon the poison might yet stir. The moon silvered the edge of things, drew illusion like a veil across the haunted ring; below, what hidden foulness! . . . Did the life there know its hideousness? Those lengths and coils, those twisting locks of Medusa, might think themselves desirable. These pulpy, starkly branching cacti, these shrubs that bred poignards, these fibrous ropes, dark and knotted lianas, binding all together like monstrous exaggerations of the tenants of the place, like serpents seen of a drunkard, were they not to themselves as fair as the fairest vine or tree or flower? The dwellers here deceived themselves, never dreamed they were so thwart and distorted.

As he walked, the halo of the moon seemed to widen until it embraced a quarter of the heavens. The sea beneath was molten silver. A low sound of waves was in his ears, and a wind pressed against him faintly, like a ghost's withstanding. From the woods towards the mountains came a long, bestial cry, hoarse and mournful. "O God," said Sir Mortimer, "whither dost Thou draw us? What am I? What is my meaning and my end?"

Beyond loomed the fortress, all its lineaments blurred, softened, qualitied like a dream by the flooding moonlight. A snake stretching across their path, Sir Mortimer drew his sword, but the creature slipped away, kept before them for a while, then turned aside into its safe home. They came to the place they were seeking. Here was the cactus, taller than its fellows, and gaunt as a gallows-tree, and here the projecting end of a fallen cross. Between showed no vestige of an opening; dark, impervious, formidable as a

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fortress wall, the tunal met the eye. Ferne, attacking it with his sword, thrust aside a heavy curtain of broad-leaved vine, came upon a network of thorn and spike and prickly leaf, hewed this away, to find behind it a like barrier. Evidently the man had lied!—to what purpose Sir Mortimer Ferne would presently make it his business to discover. . . . There overtook him a sudden revulsion of feeling, depression of spirit, cold and sick distaste of the place. Torn and breathless, in very savagery over his defeated hope and fool's errand, he thrust with all his strength at the heart of this panoplied foe. His blade, piercing the swart curtain, met with no resistance. With an exclamation he threw himself against that thick-seeming barrier, and so, with Robin-a-dale behind him, burst into a narrow, secret way, masked at entrance and exit, and winding like a serpent through the tunal which surrounded the fortress of Nueva Cordoba.

CHAPTER VI

"NOW Neptune keep the plate-fleet at Cartagena!" whistled Arden. "When I go home I'll dress in cloth of gold, eat tongues of peacocks, and drink dissolved pearls!"

"When I go home I'll build again my father's house," said Henry Sedley.

"In Plymouth port there's a bark I know," quoth Baldry. "When I go home she's mine,—I'll make of her another *Star!*"

"When I go home—" said Sir Mortimer, and paused. The early light was on his face, a deeper light within his eyes that saw the rose which he should gather when he went home. Then, since he would not utter so deep and dear a thought—"When we go home," he said, and began to speak—half in earnest, half in relief from the gravity of the past council—of that returning. By degrees the fire burned, and he whose spirit the live coal touched as it touched Sidney's and, more rarely, Walter Raleigh's, bore his listeners with him in a rhapsody of anticipation. Long fronds of palm drooped without the room which held them, Englishmen in a world or savage or Spanish, but their spirits followed the speaker to green fields of Kent or Devon. They saw the English summer, saw the twilight fall, heard the lonely tinkle of far sheep-bells, heard the nightingales singing beneath the moon that shone on England. Friends' homes opened to them; Grenville welcomed them to Stowe, Sidney to charmed Penshurst. Then to London and the Triple Tun! Bow Bells rang for them; they drank in the inn's long-room; their names were in men's mouths. What welcome, what clashing of the bells, when they should sail up the Thames again—the *Mere Honour*, the *Cygnet*, the *Marigold*, and the *Phœnix*—with treasure in their holds, and for pilot that bright angel Fame! What should they buy with their treasure? what should they do with their fame? Treasure should beget stout ships, stout hearts to sail them; fame, laid to increase, might swell to deathless glory! Sea-captains now, sea-kings would the English be, gathering tribute from the waters and the winds, bringing gifts to England—frankincense of wealth, myrrh of knowledge, spikenard of power!—till, robed and crowned, she rose above the peoples, Joseph's sheaf, Joseph's star!

On went the charmed words, each a lantern flashed on thought, grave, poetic, telling of triumph, yet far removed from gross optimism, not without that strange, melancholy note sounding now and again amongst the age's crashing chords. Abruptly his voice fell, but presently with a lighter note he broke the silence in which his listeners gazed upon the stately vision he had conjured up. "Ah, we will talk to Frank Drake of this night! Canst not hear Richard Hawkins laugh in the Triple Tun's long-room? The Queen, too, in her palace will laugh,—like a man with the flash in her eye and her white hand clenched! And they whom we love. . . . What is the word for to-night, John Nevil? I may give it? Then—Dione!"

It was the red dawn after his vigil on the fortress hill: in the great room of the stone house the leaders of the expedition had followed, line by line, his sword point as it drew upon the flagging a plan of attack, to which they gave instant adoption; Master Francis Sark had been dismissed, and to the Admiral's grave hint of possible treachery Ferne had answered, "Ay, John Nevil, I also think

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him a false-hearted craven, Spaniolated and perverse, a huckster, whose wares do go to the highest bidder! Well, with our hand at his throat we do not bid the highest?"

Now as he raised on high his tankard to drink to the word of the coming night, suddenly from the square below, shattering all the languid stillness of the tropic dawn, brayed a trumpet, arose a noise of hurrying steps and hasty voices. Baldry, at the window, wheeled, color in his cheeks, light in his deep eyes.

"War is my mistress! Down the hillside come those to whom I can speak—can speak as well as thou, Sir Mortimer Ferne!" The door was flung open, and Ambrose Wynch, a mighty man in a battered breastplate and morion, looked joyfully in upon them.

"The Dons supped so well last night, Sir John, that now they're coming to breakfast! 'Tis just a flourish—no great sortie. Shall a handful of us go out against them?"

That sally from the fortress was led by Mexia, who somewhat burned to wipe out the memory of his lost battery at the river's mouth. And as blind Fortune's dearest favor flutters often to the lackey while the master snatches vainly, so it befell in this case, for Mexia's chance raid, a piece of mere bravado to which De Guardiola had given grudging consent, was productive of results. Bravado for bravado, interchange of chivalric folly, of magnificence that was not war,—forth to meet the Spaniard and his company must go no greater force of Englishmen! Luiz de Guardiola, Governor of Nueva Cordoba, kept his state in his fortress; therefore, Sir John Nevil, Admiral of the English and of no less worth than the Castilian, remained for this skirmish inactive. On both sides their captains played the game.

Sir Mortimer Ferne and Robert Baldry at the head of threescore men, some mounted, some on foot, deemed themselves and this medley sufficient for Pedro Mexia. Nor can it be said that their reckoning was at fault, since Mexia, deep in curses, had at last to make hasty way across the strip of plain between Nueva Cordoba and its fortress. Too easily did the English repel an idle sortie, too eagerly did they follow Mexia in retreat, for suddenly Chance, leaving all neutrality, threw herself, a goddess armed, upon the Spanish side. In the very shadow of the hill, the mounted English, well ahead of those on foot, Mexia's disordered band making for the shelter of the tunal, a Spaniard turned, raised his harquebus and fired. The great bay steed which bore Sir Mortimer Ferne reared, screamed, then fell, hurling its rider to earth, where he lay, senseless, stark in black armor, with a knot of rose-colored velvet in his crest.

No hawk like De Guardiola was Pedro Mexia, but when luck pinioned his prey his talons were strong to close upon it. Now on the instant he wheeled, swooped with all his might upon the disordered vanguard of the English. Baldry and those with him fought madly, the English on foot made all haste; the prostrate figure, pinned beneath the dying bay, became the centre of a wild mêlée, the hotly contested prize of friend and foe! Then burst from the tunal, came at a run down the hill, re-enforcements for Mexia. . . .

Erelong, Don Luiz de Guardiola sent to inform Sir John Nevil that he had for his prisoner one of the latter's captains. It appeared to the Governor of Nueva Cordoba that the English held the man in some esteem,—perchance even that he was their leader's close friend. Sir John Nevil would understand that to a Spanish soldier and good son of the Church the prisoner was, inevitably, mere pirate and heretic, to be dealt with as such.

To this announcement John Nevil returned curt answer. Nueva Cordoba lay in the hollow of his hand, and at his disposal were some Spanish lives perhaps not altogether valueless in the eyes of Don Luiz de Guardiola, since their kindred and friends and Spain herself might hold him responsible for their sudden and piteous taking off.

When an hour had dragged itself away the fortress spoke again, and its speech was of a piece with the Governor's mind. The peril of the town and the lives within it was ignored. Bluntly, the price of Sir Mortimer Ferne's life was this—and this—and this!

The Admiral made reply that Honor was too dear a price for the life of any English gentleman. He and Sir Mor-

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timer Ferne declined the terms of Don Luiz de Guardiola. The safety of his friend should, however, ransom a city. Deliver the captive sound in life and limb, and the English would withdraw from Nueva Cordoba, and proceed with their ships upon their way. Reject this offer, let harm befall the prisoner, and Don Luiz de Guardiola should see how John Nevil mourned his friends!

The Governor answered that his terms held. The evening before, the English leader had been pleased to announce that if by moonrise of this night he had not in hand fifty thousand ducats, Nueva Cordoba should lie in ashes; now Don Luiz de Guardiola, more generous, gave Sir John Nevil until the next sunrise to heap upon the quay at the Bocca all gold and silver, all pearls, jewels, wrought work and other treasure stolen from the King of Spain, to withdraw every English soul from the galleon *San José,* leaving her safe anchored in the river and above her the Spanish flag, to abandon town and battery and retire to his ships, under oath, upon the delivery to him of the prisoner, to quit at once and forever these seas. Did the first beams of the sun find the English yet in Nueva Cordoba, then the light should also behold the death with ignominy of the prisoner.

"He will not die with ignominy," spoke the Admiral when the herald had come and gone. "Death cannot wear a form so base that he, nobly dying, will not ennoble."

"Do you purpose, then, that he shall die?" demanded Baldry, roughly.

"I purpose that if he lives I may look him in the face," answered the other. "We may not buy his life with the dishonor of us all." His stern face working, he covered his bearded lips with his hand. "But as God lives, he shall not die! We have until the next sunrising."

"There is more in it than meets the eye," said Arden. "These monstrous conditions! . . . One would say that the Spaniard means there shall be no rescue."

Henry Sedley broke in passionately. "Ay, that is it! Did you not hear their talk last night?"

"For many a year, as I have gone jostling up and down, I have studied the faces of men," pursued Arden. "With this Governor the cart draws the horse, and his particular quarrel takes precedence of his public duty. I think that in the wreaking of a grudge he would stand at nothing."

The Admiral paced the floor. Arden, eying him, spoke again with emotion.

"Mortimer Ferne is as dear to me as to you, John Nevil! . . . I think of the men of the *Minion* and of John Oxenham."

In the silence that followed his words each man had his vision of the men of the *Minion* and of John Oxenham. Then Baldry spoke, roughly and loudly, as was his wont:

"I think not of the dead, for whom there's no help. For the living man, he and I have yet to meet! There is to-night —there is the path he found—no doubt he counts upon our attacking as was planned! He is subtle with his words—no doubt he'll hold them off—insinuate—make them look only to the seaward—"

The Admiral, coming to the table, leaned his weight upon it. "Gentlemen, you all do know that this is my friend, whom I love as David of old loved Jonathan. Of the value of his life, of that great promise which his death would cut short, I will not speak. I also think that this Governor, believing himself, the treasure, and his men-at-arms secure, careth naught for the town whose protector he is called. Therefore an we would save the man who is dear to us and to England from I know not what fate, from the fate perhaps of John Oxenham, this night must we take by storm the fortress, using the plan of attack, the hour, ay and the word of the night, which he gave us. If it is now less simple a thing, if this Spaniard will surely sleep in his armor to-night, yet there is none to tell him that, offering at his face, we do mean to strike him in the back. If our onslaught be but swift and furious enough we may, God willing, bring forth in triumph both the treasure and the man whose welfare so outweighs the treasure."

"Amen to that," answered Arden; "but I have a boding spirit. It seems to me that the blessed sun himself hath shrunken, and I would I might wring the neck of yonder yelling bird! . . . That Englishman, that Francis Sark—he is well guarded?"

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Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE PROSTRATE FIGURE BECAME THE CENTRE OF A WILD MÊLÉE

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"John Appleby keeps the door," said the Admiral, briefly. "The window is barred and beyond reaching. . . . Yea, I grant, as did Mortimer Ferne, his knavery, but now, as nearly as we can sail to the wind of the truth, the man, desiring restitution and reward, speaks plain honesty."

"He spoke 'plain honesty' after the taking of the *San José*," muttered Arden. "Yet we found a hawk where we looked for a wren's nest. Oh, I grant you there were explanations enough to stand between him and the yard-arm, and that Fortune, having turned her wheel in our favor, apparently left her industry and fell asleep! She awakened this morning."

"Wring thine own neck for a bird of ill omen!" began Baldry, to be cut short by the Admiral's grave "Where all's danger, whatever course we shape, who gives a safer chart?" Then, as no one spoke: "To our loss we have found both shoal and reef between us and yonder castle. Think you not that I know, as knew Sir Mortimer Ferne, that we are shown a doubtful channel by a shifty pilot? But beyond is the open sea of all our hopes. Fortune and her wheel, Giles Arden!—nay, rather God and His hand over the issues of life and death!"

Up in his white fortress that same hour De Guardiola heard in silence the Admiral's message of defiance, then when he and Mexia were again alone frowned thoughtfully over a slip of paper which by devious ways had shortly before reached his hand. With all their vigilance not every hole and crevice could the English stop; Spanish was the town and Spanish the overhanging fortress, and the former was the place of many women and priests. The conquerors strove to secure the place as with a fowler's net, yet now and again a bird of the air fluttered through their meshes. The paper which Don Luiz held ran as follows: "May not a countryman of heretics choose his own king? When Death peers too closely—as was the case upon the galleon *San José*—may not a man turn his coat and send Death seeking elsewhere? Death gone by, may not the man be willing (if it be so that he is not well entreated of his new masters) to take again the colors to which on a Corpus Christi day of which you wot he swore fealty? At sunrise this morning the English laid toils for you. I have knowledge to sell. Will you buy my wares with five thousand pesos of silver and the letter to Cartagena which I desired? . . . I wrap this in a fig-leaf and drop it from the window to Dolores laughing with the seamen below. If you will buy, then raise above the battery a pennant of red that may be seen from the room with the hidden door in the Friar's House."

"The dog! I thought that he perished with Antonio de Castro!" spoke Mexia.

"That he did not," answered the Governor. "He is so false that were there none else with whom to play the traitor, his right hand would betray his left. . . . The English called him Francis Sark."

"You'll pay?"

"He shall think I'll pay," said the other. "So they lay their toils!—it needs not this paper to tell me that;" he tapped it as it lay before him. "Somewhat will this Englishman, this Nevil, do to-night. He hath his game in his mind,—his hand on this piece, his eye on that, these pawns in reserve, those advanced for action." De Guardiola leaned back in his chair and studied the ceiling. "Ha, Pedro! we must discover what he would do! When I know his dispositions, blessed Mother of God, what check may I not give him!"

"But if Desmond escapes not," began the duller Mexia, "we may learn not at all, or we may learn too late. Then all's conjecture. They fight like fiends, and day by day we lose. What if they overbear us yet?"

Don Luiz brought his gaze from the ceiling to meet the look of the lesser man. Mexia fidgeted, at last burst forth: "There are times when the devil dwells in your eye and upon your lip! 'Twas so you smiled in the Valdez matter and when that slave girl died! What do you mean?"

"Mean?" answered De Guardiola, still smiling. "I mean, my friend, that we must know what traps they bait down yonder." He called to those who waited without, wrote an order and sent it to the officer in command at the battery. "Up goes one traitor's signal! . . . Good Pedro, when Fate gives to you your en-

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emy; says, 'Now! Revenge yourself to the uttermost!'—what do you do?"

"Why, I take his life," answered Mexia. "Then shall he trouble me no more."

"Now I," said Don Luiz, "I give him memories of me. Mayhap the dead do not remember. So live my foe! but live in hell, remembering the brand upon thy soul and that it was I who set it glowing there!"

"Well, I am thy friend, am I not?" quoth Mexia, comfortably. "I am not Englishman nor Valdez nor Cimmaroon slave, and so I fear not thy smile. It is twelve of the clock. . . . Do you think that Desmond knows so much?"

"Not more than one other," answered De Guardiola, and called for a flask of wine.

The day wore on in heat and light, white glare from the hill, and from the sea fierce gleams of blue steel. The coasts loomed, the plain moved in the hot air. Here the plain was arid, and there yellow flowers turned it to a ragged Field of Cloth of Gold. The gaunt cacti stood rigid, and the palms made no motion where they dropped against the blue. In cohorts to and fro went the colored birds; along the sandy shores, rose pink and scarlet and white, crowded the flamingoes. Crept on the noonday stillness; came the slow afternoon, the sun declined, and every hour of that day had been long, long! One would have said that it was the longest day of the year. Throughout it, dominant upon its ascending ground, white, impregnable, and silent as a sepulchre, rose the fortress. Before the fortress, slumberous also, couched the long, low fortification of stone and earthwork commanding in its turn the road through the tunal. In the town below, alcalde and friar waited trembling upon the English Admiral with representations that the quality of mercy is not strained. The slight rills of gold yet hidden in Nueva Cordoba burst forth and began to flow fast and more fast toward the English quarters. From the churches, Dominican and Franciscan, wailed the *miserere,* and the women and children trembled beneath the roofs which at any moment might no longer give them sanctuary. For all the blazing sunshine, the place began to wear a look of doom. Off the mangrove-shadowed shore the dark ships were making ready to sail. Watching them, the fearful people believed that it would be by the light of the burning town, perhaps to the thunder of the falling fortress, that the sails would spread themselves and, gorged like vampires, their enemies flit forth beneath the moon.

During the day the English dragged Mexia's conquered guns to the edge of the town, and under their cover threw up earthworks and planted their artillery where it might speak with effect. Countermove: Spanish soldiery appeared before the battery, and, according to the tactics of the time, began to make thorny with abattis, poisoned stakes, and other devices the way of the enemy across the open space which it guarded. English marksmen picked them off, others took their place; they falling also, one great gun from the fort bellowed defiance. Its echoes ceasing, silence again wrapped the white ascent and all that crowned it. For days now each antagonist had that knowledge of the other that ammunition was the pearl of price only to be fully shown by warrant of circumstances.

The sun in sinking cast a strange light. It stained the sea, and the air so partook of that glow that town and fortress sprang into red significance. The river also, where swung the dark ships, was ensanguined, as was every ripple upon the shore, where now the birds grew very clamorous. There were no clouds; only the red ball of the sun descending, and a clear field for the stars. The evening wind arose; at last the day died; unheralded by any dusk, on came the night. Color of blood changed to color of gold, gleamed and glistened the sea, sparkled the fireflies, shone the deep stars; over the marsh flared the will-o'-the-wisp like a torch lit to bad ends.

Nueva Cordoba was held by two-thirds of the English force; now for the Spaniards' greater endangering down from each ship's side came, man by man, well-nigh all of that division which looked to the safety of the fleet. So great was the prize, so intolerable any idea of defeated purpose, that for this night—this night only—the balances could not be held evenly. Precaution lifted from one side

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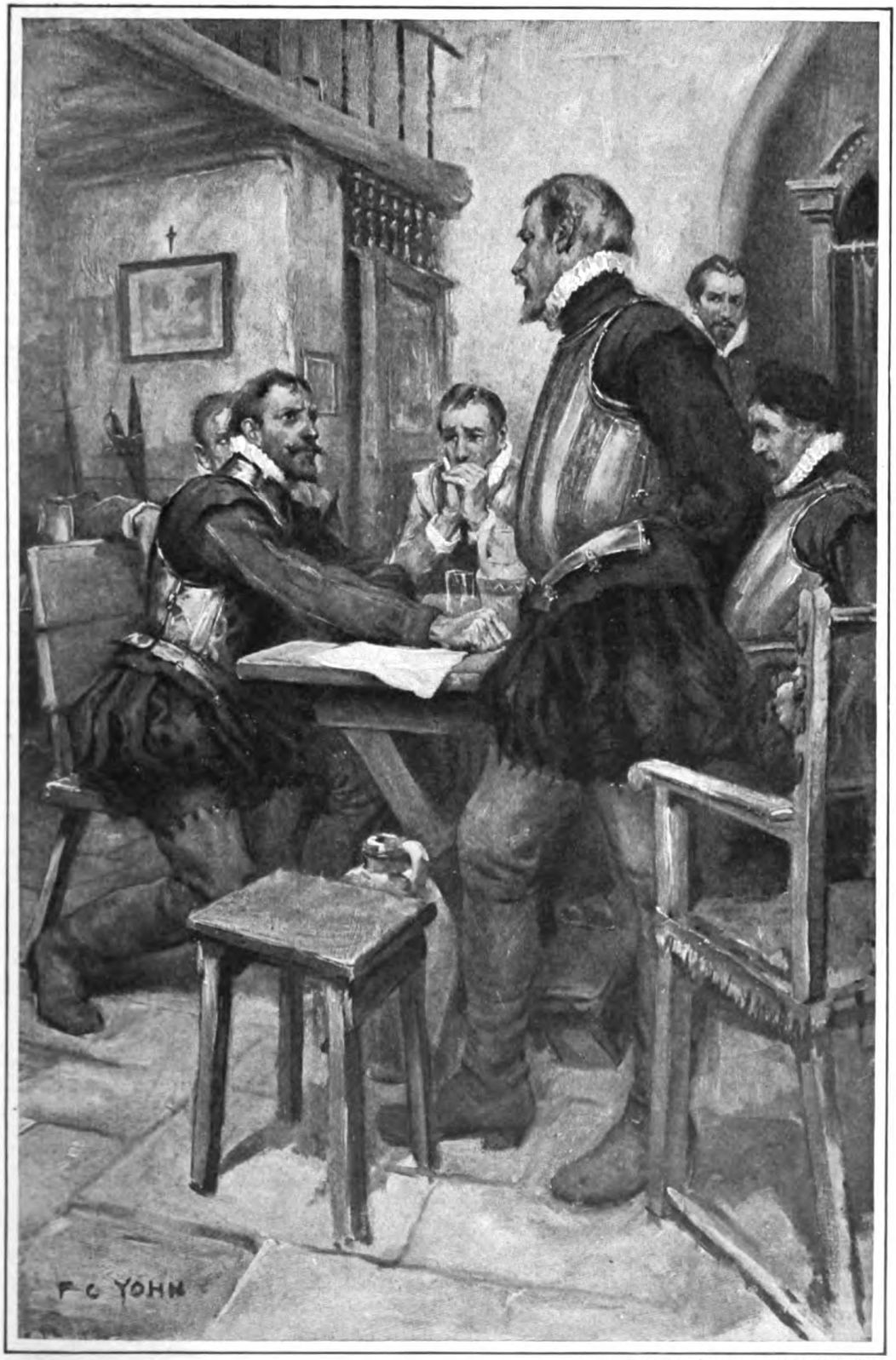

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"DO YOU PURPOSE, THEN THAT HE SHALL DIE?" DEMANDED BALDRY

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added weight to the other, and the borrowing from Peter became of less moment than the paying of Paul. Day by day, north and east and west, watchmen in the tops of the *Mere Honour*, the *Cygnet*, the *Marigold*, and the *Phœnix* had seen no hostile sail upon the bland and smiling ocean. The river ran in mazes; undulating like a serpent it came from hidden sources, and its heavy borders of tamarind and mangrove sent long shadows out toward midstream. The watchmen looked to the river also; but no greater thing ever appeared than some Indian canoe gliding down from illimitable forests. Now the ships were left maimed for what was meant to be the briefest while. The sick manned them; together with a handful of the unhurt they looked down from the decks and whispered envious farewells to their comrades in the boats below. High above the boats towered the black hulls; the topmasts overlooked sea and land; the bold figureheads, that had drunk the brine of many a storm and looked unmoved upon strange sights, gazed into the darkness with inscrutable, blank eyes.

Silently the boats made landing, swiftly and silently through the darkness two hundred men crossed the little plain, and their leader was Robert Baldry. Out from Nueva Cordoba, stealing through the ruined and depopulated quarter of the town, came a shadowy band, and they from the town and they from the river met at the base of the long, westward slope of the hill. Thence they climbed to the rocky plateau where, the night before, Sir Mortimer Ferne had made pause. Here they halted, while Henry Sedley and ten men went on to the tunal as, the night before, one man had gone. By the signs that Ferne had given them they found the entrance which they sought, and when they had thrust aside the curtain of branch and vine, saw the clearing through the tunal. It lay beneath the stars, a narrow defile much overgrown, walled on either side by the impenetrable wood. On went Sedley and his men, cautiously, silently, until they had well-nigh pierced the tunal, that was scarce wider, indeed, than an English copse. Before them, quiet as the tomb, rose the fortress—no sound save their stealthy movement and the stir of the life that was native to the woods, no sign of sentience other than their own. Back they went to the plateau and made report, then with Baldry and half of all the English force waited for the Admiral's attack upon that notable fortification which guarded the known entrance through the tunal.

Rising ground and the bulk of the fortress hid from them the battery; they would hear, not see, John Nevil's onslaught, so now they watched the east for the silver signal of attack. Not long did they watch. Above the waters the firmament became milk white; an argent line appeared, thickened:—one moment of the moon, then tumult, shouting, the blast of a trumpet, the sound of small arms, and the roar of those guns which must be rushed upon and silenced! Noises of bird and beast had the tropic night, all the warfare and the wrangling with which life exacts tribute from life, but now the feud of man with man voiced itself to the stars. So great and stern was the uproar that it seemed as though John Nevil might oversweep with his iron determination that too formidable battery and unaided seize upon the fortress.

No tarrying after the burst of sound and light made Baldry and his men. Up the steep ground they swept toward that pale, invulnerable castle borne upon the shoulder of the hill, faintly outlined against the pallid east. On they came, a long thin line of men of England to that secret path through the tunal. Devon was there, and Kent and Sussex, and many a goodly shire beside. Men of land-fights and of sea-fights were they, and of old adventures to alien countries, strong of heart and frame, and very fiercely minded toward the fortress of Nueva Cordoba. It withheld from them the gold they wanted, and now within its grasp was a life they valued. To-night their will was set to take the one and rescue the other. They saw the treasure heaped and gleaming, and they saw the face and waved hand of Mortimer Ferne. They heard him laugh and gayly cry his thanks.

They entered the defile. To the right and the left rose the impenetrable wood; before them wound a path thorny and difficult, where not more than three men

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might go abreast; beyond, the low mass of the fortress was outlined against a red glare. On through the impeding growth, where passage was just possible, rushed Baldry and his men. The way was not long, larger loomed the fortress, louder grew the noise of attack and defence. At last the edge of the tunal was reached, and they in the van, freed from hindrance and delay, sprang forward over open ground, marked here and there by low bushes and some trailing growth, sweeping around the fortress to the rear of the battery, and apparently of a solidity with the universal frame of things.

Suddenly, beneath the footing of the foremost, the earth gave way and a line of men stumbled, and pitched forward into a trench which had been digged, which had been planted with pointed stakes, which had been cunningly covered over by a leafy roof so thin that a child had broken through. Not until toward the sunset of that day had Don Luiz de Guardiola received information which enabled him to lay snares, but since that hour he had worked with frantic haste. Now he knew the moment when his springe would be trodden upon, the number of them who would come stealthily through the tunal to that gin, the nature of Nevil's attack upon the front, what guard had been left in the town, what upon the ships. His information was minute and accurate, and, hawk and serpent, he acted upon it with fierceness and with guile.

The onward rush of the English had been impetuous. They in the rear of the first upon that frail bridge, unable to stay their steps, plunged also into the trench; those who were latest to clear the tunal surged forward in consternation and confusion. Suddenly, from a low earthwork hastily raised in the shadow of the fortress wall, and masked by bushes, burst a withering fire of chain-shot from cannon and culverin, of slighter missiles from falcon and bastard and saker, caliver and harquebus. The trench, dug in a half-circle, either end touching the tunal, made with the space it enclosed, and which was now crowded by the English, an iron trap, into which with thunder and flame the Spanish ordnance was pouring death.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Clouds

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH WELLS

I LONG for stillness—deep, without the stir
Of lightest leaf, or even the soft whir
Of moving wings; a flower's fragrant breath
Would waken clamor of remembered things,
Discords acute with anguish; even death
Is loud with tears, and every passing brings
Despair and questioning and bitter cry—
There is no rest—no rest, beneath the sky.

Yet far above us, like the wraiths of years,
The vapor of our laughter and our tears,
Soft clouds float silently—so soft—so white—
Dreamily fading in a world of blue;
They pass forever from us to the light,
Fair thoughts—bright visions—for the earth too true;
And in the waiting stillness of the sky
Is rest—oh, endless rest—where these drift by.

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Disintegration of the Radioactive Elements

BY ERNEST RUTHERFORD, F.R.S.

Professor of Physics, McGill University

NOT more than seven years have elapsed since Henri Becquerel made the discovery that uranium and its compounds possessed the power of spontaneously and continuously emitting rays capable of passing through substances opaque to light, of darkening a photographic plate, and of rapidly discharging an electroscope. In this short interval the subject has grown with surprising rapidity, and every fresh addition to our knowledge has but added to the interest that has been aroused in the remarkable properties of the radioactive bodies, of which uranium was the first known example.

As a result of an examination of all the known elements, thorium was found to possess the power of radiating to about the same degree as uranium, while the researches of M. and Madame Curie have led to the isolation from the radioactive mineral pitchblende of two very active bodies, radium and polonium. The former has been found to be a new element of heavy atomic weight, possessing the power of spontaneous radiation to an astonishing degree. The radiations from a few grains of radium light up brilliantly an X-ray screen brought near it in a darkened room. In addition Debierne has found in pitchblende another extremely active body, which he has named actinium. Neither polonium nor actinium has yet been chemically isolated, but there seems to be no doubt that the latter in any case will prove to be a new element as active as radium itself.

These radioactive bodies are remarkable not only for their power of naturally emitting rays over long intervals of time without apparent change, but also for the peculiar and distinctive properties of the radiations themselves. We shall confine our attention to a study of the radiating properties of the three best known and most studied radioactive substances, uranium, thorium, and radium.

The radiations from all these substances are complex, and consist of three distinct kinds of rays, which, for convenience, have been called the α, β, and γ rays. The β rays have been most widely studied, on account of their marked penetrating power and their action of exciting phosphorescence in a large number of substances. These rays are readily deflected by a magnet, and have been shown to be of the same character as the cathode rays produced by the electric discharge in a highly exhausted vacuum tube. J. J. Thomson has shown that these cathode rays consist of streams of negatively charged corpuscles travelling with great velocity. The corpuscles, or electrons, as they are sometimes called, have a mass about one-thousandth part of the hydrogen atom, and are the smallest bodies known to science. The β rays are, however, spontaneously projected with a speed more than ten times as fast as the cathode rays in a vacuum tube, and move with an average velocity of more than 100,000 miles per second.

The γ rays, which are difficult to detect except in a very active substance like radium, are of extraordinary penetrative power, producing an appreciable action through a foot thickness of solid iron. They appear to be a very penetrating kind of Roentgen rays, produced at the moment of the sudden expulsion of the β or cathode ray.

The β and γ rays are of quite secondary importance in the subject of radioactivity compared with the α rays. These rays have very slight penetrating power compared with the β or γ rays,

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being completely absorbed in their passage through a few centimetres of air and a sheet of ordinary note-paper. I have recently found that these rays also can be deflected by very intense electric and magnetic fields, but in the opposite direction to the β ray. From results of this kind it has been found that the α rays consist of streams of heavy bodies projected with a velocity of about 20,000 miles a second, and carrying a positive charge of electricity. The mass of the projected body is about twice as great as the mass of the hydrogen atom, and thus about 2000 times as great as the mass of the β or cathode ray. The velocity of the projected atom is enormous compared with that which can be given by mechanical means to ordinary matter. For example, a rifle-bullet travels with a velocity of about half a mile a second, but these projected atoms have a velocity 40,000 times greater. Since the energy of motion of a moving body increases as the square of the speed, the energy carried off by these atomic projectiles is enormous compared with their mass. If it were possible to give an equal velocity to an iron cannon-ball, the heat generated by its impact on a target would be many thousand times more than sufficient to melt the cannon-ball and dissipate it into vapor.

The energy of motion of each of these projected atoms is so large that the flash of light set up by its impact on a screen of a suitable chemical substance, like zinc sulphide, is able to be clearly perceived by the eye. Sir William Crookes has recently shown that if a small trace of radium is placed a few millimetres in front of such a screen, and the screen looked at in a dark room by means of a magnifying-glass, the light given out is not uniformly distributed, but consists of a multitude of spots of light scintillating like the stars of the heavens on a clear night. This effect is due to the continuous rain of atomic projectiles striking the screen. Each projectile produces, on impact, a bright flash which is clearly seen by the eye. The experiment is a most striking and suggestive one, and brings vividly before the observer the characteristic property of radioactive bodies of throwing off from themselves minute particles of matter. In viewing such an experiment, it is difficult to believe that radium would not soon dissipate itself by this continuous projection of matter; but the number of atoms in the small mass of radium is so enormous, that the process would probably continue for hundreds of years, before an appreciable fraction of the radium was dissipated.

In this continuous emission of atomic projectiles from radium probably lies the explanation of the remarkable fact, recently observed by Curie and Laborde, that a pellet of radium is always 5° or 6° Fahrenheit above the temperature of the surrounding air. On this view, the heating of the radium is in reality due to the bombardment of the mass of radium by the α rays arising from its own mass. Since each particle of the radium is engaged in firing off projectiles and these projectiles are very easily stopped by solid matter, a large proportion of them does not escape, but is absorbed in the mass of radium itself. The energy of motion of these projectiles is converted into heat *in situ*, and the temperature of the radium is in consequence raised above that of the air surrounding it.

The rate of emission of α rays is uninfluenced by a range of temperature between that of liquid air and of a red heat. It depends only on the amount of the active element present, and is unaffected by the combination of the latter with inactive substances. The radiating power is thus an inherent property of the radioactive elements, and must reside in the atoms themselves. Since the radiation consists in the projection of matter, this matter must be a part of the atom, and the latter must suffer disintegration. Now it is impossible to imagine any mechanism possessed by the heavy atoms of the radioactive elements whereby they suddenly project from rest a portion of themselves with enormous velocity. It seems far more likely that the atoms themselves are very complex systems, consisting of smaller charged parts in rapid rotation and held in equilibrium by their mutual forces. For some reason the atom becomes unstable, and one of these parts suddenly escapes from the system with the velocity it possessed in its orbit.

The view that the radioactive elements are suffering spontaneous disintegration

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has been recently put forward by Mr. Soddy and myself not only to account for the material nature of their radiations; but also for the property, possessed by each of these elements, of manufacturing from itself radioactive matter of quite distinct chemical properties from the parent element.

The most interesting and also the best known of these radioactive products are the "emanations" of thorium and radium. These emanations, which are produced only by thorium and radium but not by uranium, consist of minute particles of matter possessing the property of radiating for some time. They continuously diffuse from the mass of the active substance into the surrounding air. By passing a current of air over the active body, the emanation is carried away like an ordinary gas, and continues to radiate long after its removal. Their radiating power is not persistent, but decays in a geometrical progression with the time. The two emanations are distinguished by the great difference in their rates of loss of activity. The radium emanation loses half its activity in about four days, that from thorium in about one minute. The radium emanation can be stored like a gas in an ordinary gasholder and still retains some activity after standing for a month.

The emanations have been shown to possess all the properties of gases. They diffuse rapidly through air and through porous substances like paper, but, like ordinary gases, are unable to pass through a thin sheet of mica. From the rate of diffusion it has been shown that they behave like heavy gases of molecular weight over one hundred times that of hydrogen. In addition they can be condensed from the gases with which they are mixed by the action of extreme cold. The thorium emanation begins to condense at —120° C., the radium at —150° C.

There can be little doubt that these emanations are in reality new gases possessing the radiating property. They are unaffected by chemical reagents, and in this respect resemble the recently discovered gases in the atmosphere—argon, xenon, and krypton.

The presence of the emanations was detected and their properties investigated by means of their radiating power. They, however, are evolved in such minute quantity that they have not yet been brought within the range of the spectroscope or the balance, although there is every probability that when greater quantities of radium are at the disposal of the investigator the radium emanation will be collected in sufficient quantity to examine chemically.

These emanations in many cases are unable to escape from the radioactive substance, but collect there and add their radiations to those of the active substance proper. With dry radium chloride, this stored or occluded emanation produces more than half of the radiating power of that substance.

The amount of energy radiated by the emanations is enormous in comparison with the amount of matter involved. The emanation stored up in a few grains of radium chloride, when liberated by solution or heating, is sufficient to light up a screen of phosphorescent zinc sulphide brightly for several days. Yet this rapid emission of energy is due to an unweighable and imperceptible quantity of gaseous matter. If a cubic centimetre of this active gas could be collected, the bombardment, due to its powerful radiations, would heat to a red heat, if it would not melt down, the walls of the glass tube containing it.

In addition to this radiating power, the emanations of thorium and radium possess the very remarkable property of exciting activity on every substance with which they come in contact. This "excited" activity is not permanent.

This activity, produced in substances otherwise not radioactive, is due to an invisible and unweighable deposit of radioactive matter upon them. This active matter has definite chemical properties, for it can be dissolved in some acids and not in others. If the acid in which it has been dissolved is evaporated, the radioactive matter is left behind, and the activity is found to be unchanged by the process. Miss Gates has recently shown that the active matter is volatilized at a white heat and redeposited on the cold bodies in the neighborhood.

It is now necessary to consider another radioactive product of thorium, the investigation of whose properties has thrown a flood of light on the processes

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occurring not only in thorium, but also in uranium and radium. Early experiments had pointed to the conclusion that the radioactivity of thorium remained constant, and was an unchangeable property of that element. Yet by a single chemical process it was found possible to separate from thorium the greater proportion of its activity and to concentrate it in a minute quantity of intensely active matter. If ammonia was added to a thorium solution, the precipitated thorium was found to have lost more than half its activity. When the filtrate, which was free from thorium, was evaporated and heated, the whole of the lost activity was concentrated in a minute residue, which, weight for weight, was over a thousand times as active as the original thorium. This active residue was called thorium X.

An examination of the variation with time of the activity of the precipitated thorium and the thorium X revealed the remarkable fact that the thorium spontaneously regained its separated activity exactly as fast as the thorium X lost it. The activity of the precipitated thorium when added to that of the thorium X was always equal to that of the thorium before the chemical process. In the course of a month the thorium X was almost inactive, while the thorium had regained its old activity. Provided sufficient time is allowed to elapse for the thorium to recover its activity, the process can be repeated indefinitely.

These surprising results are completely explained by supposing that the thorium is continuously manufacturing from itself at a constant rate a radioactive substance, thorium X, different in chemical properties from the thorium itself. The radiating power of this thorium X decays in a geometrical progression with the time, following the same law as the decay of activity of the emanations, but at a different rate. On this view the constant radioactivity of thorium is the result of two opposing processes—the manufacture of active matter and the decay of activity of this matter.

A further examination revealed the important fact that thorium X and not thorium gave rise to the emanation; for after separation of the thorium X, the thorium does not possess at first the property of giving out the emanation, but the thorium X does. The power of thorium X of producing the emanation was found to decay at exactly the same rate as its radiating power. This law applies generally to all the active products yet obtained, showing that the radiation is an accompaniment of the change of one substance into the next.

We thus see that thorium produces a succession of radioactive substances, each one different in chemical properties from the other and from the parent substance. Thorium produces thorium X, which gives rise to the emanation, and this in turn changes into the matter responsible for "excited" activity. Thorium X is soluble in ammonia; thorium is not. The emanation is an inert gas possessing no definite chemical properties. The matter producing excited activity behaves like a solid, insoluble in ammonia, but soluble in sulphuric and hydrochloric acid.

The radioactive elements uranium, thorium, and radium exhibit distinct but yet analogous properties. Uranium produces a new product called by Sir William Crookes uranium X, but this, unlike thorium X, does not give rise to either an emanation or excited activity. There is no stage in radium corresponding to the thorium X in thorium. The radium first produces the emanation, which in turn changes into the matter producing excited activity. These radioactive products may be tabulated thus:

Uranium.	Thorium.	Radium.
↓	↓	↓
Uranium X.	Thorium X.	Radium Emanation.
↓	↓	↓
Final product.	Thorium Emanation.	Matter causing excited activity.
	↓	↓
	Matter causing excited activity.	Final product.
	↓	
	Final product.	

There is very distinct evidence, in addition, that the matter causing excited activity undergoes at least two further changes in the case of thorium and three in the case of radium. Since these substances have only been detected by their power of radiating, the final product, which is not radioactive, is beyond the range of investigation by this method.

The changes we have considered, although chemical in nature, are different from anything before observed in chem-

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istry. The rate of production of active matter and the rate of decay of its activity are not affected by any known agency. Change of temperature, which has so powerful an influence in altering the rate of chemical reaction, is here entirely without influence.

The chain of substances that are being spontaneously produced from the parent element cannot be due to the breaking up of molecular systems, but must arise from an actual disintegration of the atoms of the radioactive elements into simpler forms. It is to be expected that wide changes of temperature would have little effect in altering the stability of the atom; in fact, the general experience of chemistry, in failing to transform the elements, strongly supports such a view.

The discovery that radiation from each active product consists for the most part of the expulsion with great velocity of charged atoms, about twice the mass of the hydrogen atom, allows us to make a mental picture of the processes occurring within the atom which give rise to the chain of products observed. As an example, let us consider the case of thorium. It must be supposed that a very minute fraction of the thorium atoms—not more than one per second in every million billion—for some reason become unstable, and as a result of the instability each atom throws off a fraction of its mass with great velocity. This gives rise to a radiation, consisting of α rays, which is an inherent property of the mass of thorium, and which cannot be separated by chemical means. This at once explains the presence in all the active substances of a non-separable activity consisting entirely of α rays. The expulsion of this mass leaves the thorium atom lighter than before, and must change its physical and chemical properties. The thorium atom minus one expelled body becomes the atom of the new substance, thorium X. The atom of thorium X is again unstable, and throws off another portion of its mass. The thorium atom minus two expelled bodies thus becomes the atom of the emanation. This again goes through the same process, and changes into the matter which produces excited activity, and so on. The process, once started, goes on spontaneously at a definite rate from stage to stage.

The radioactive products given in the foregoing table thus really consist of unstable atoms produced by the breaking up of the atoms of the radioactive elements in successive stages. The activity of each product is a result of its instability, and is a direct measure of the amount of matter undergoing change. Since the atoms of the radioactive products are unstable and continuously break up into new systems, the substances like thorium X and uranium X and the emanations cannot consist of any known kind of matter, since their life in most cases is not longer than a few weeks.

If the radioactive elements are undergoing spontaneous transformation, their life as elements must be limited. The rate at which the process of transformation goes on can only be calculated roughly, but there is no doubt that it is extremely slow in the case of thorium and uranium. On a moderate computation at least a million years would be required before a thousandth part of any given mass of these elements would undergo change. In radium, on account of the enormous activity of that element, the process takes place a million times faster, so that the same amount must change per year; or, in other words, the life of radium cannot be much more than a thousand years. The active elements must thus be considered as analogous to the radioactive products to which they give rise, with the difference that their rate of change is very much slower.

The difference between these changes in the radioactive elements and ordinary chemical change in matter is clearly brought out when the amount of energy evolved during the spontaneous transformation is considered. The amount of energy emitted in the form of radiations during the life of radium is enormous compared with that liberated by any known chemical reaction. This enormous amount of energy is derived from the internal energy stored up in its atoms. Its rate of liberation, due to their gradual disintegration, is too slow to be used as a source of appreciable power even in the case of radium.

If this view of the transformation of the radioactive elements is correct, can we ever hope in a limited time to test its truth by ordinary chemical means?

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There is one indirect method of attack of the problem that suggests itself. Since the radioactive elements must have been radiating for geological epochs in the earth's crust, it is probable that the disintegration products would always be found associated with them. Now it is very remarkable that the gas helium, recently discovered by Sir William Ramsay, is only found in radioactive minerals. For this and other reasons it was suggested two years ago, by Mr. Soddy and myself, that helium might be a disintegration product of the radioactive elements. A few months ago this suggestion could not have been considered more than a justifiable speculation, which might possibly be put to the proof in the next decade. But the progress of science is so rapid and its methods so powerful that it seems as if this question was answered in the affirmative to-day.

Sir William Ramsay and Mr. Soddy have recently found that helium is present in the gases liberated by solution in water of a small quantity of pure radium bromide. The quantity of helium present was very small, but was sufficient to show clearly the characteristic spectrum of this gas. When the emanation was collected in a small vacuum tube and an electric discharge passed through it, a spectroscopic examination revealed some new bright lines, which they considered were due to the emanation. In addition the spectrum of helium made its appearance, after the emanation had stood some time in the tube, and increased in brightness for several days. This remarkable result indicates that the helium is produced from the emanation, or, in other words, that helium is a true disintegration product of the radium emanation. It seems probable that the helium produced in the tube in reality consists of the α bodies which are continually projected from the emanation. The fact that the mass of the α body is about twice that of the hydrogen atom is very suggestive in this connection, since the atom of helium comes next to that of hydrogen in lightness.

The interpretation of experimental results of such great importance on the transformation theory must naturally be accepted with reserve until it is proved beyond doubt that the helium present in radium is continuously produced from itself by that element, and cannot be derived from an external source.

The idea that all the chemical elements are built up of some elementary unit of matter or protyle has long been familiar, and has been tentatively suggested in different forms by many prominent scientists. From evidence of a spectroscopic examination of the stars, Sir Norman Lockyer has put forward the view that the matter of the universe is undergoing a continuous process of evolution. The hottest stars consist of the lighter and simpler forms of matter, like hydrogen and helium, but at lower temperatures the more complex and heavier types of matter appear. The theory we have put forward is the exact converse of this. It demands a continuous disintegration of matter, the heavy atoms breaking up into simpler forms, and in this change the highest temperature obtainable in the laboratory has little or no influence. This process of degradation does not consist in a slow simultaneous transformation of all the matter with a gradual alteration of chemical properties, but is a process of degradation *per saltum* in which only a minute quantity of matter is affected at one time, and where the products are of clearly defined chemical and physical properties differing from the original substance.

Whether this process of degradation is common to all matter or takes place only in the radioactive elements is at present a purely speculative question. There is indeed experimental evidence that ordinary matter possesses the property of radioactivity to a very slight extent. If this is not due to some slight radioactive impurity, it is strong evidence that all matter is gradually breaking up into simpler forms. The changes occurring even in radium would probably never have been observed but for its property of expelling one of the products of the change with great velocity. Matter may be slowly breaking up and yet not give rise to a radiation capable of easy detection. The process of decay may be imperceptible when judged by the life of man, but the effect is cumulative, and in the ages yet to come may reduce the matter of this earth to the simpler and more stable forms.

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The Reign of the Doll

BY MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

THERE was a great storm. Fidelia Nutting was too frightened and excited to go to bed. It was eleven o'clock; three hours before, at eight o'clock, she had opened the door into her bedroom in order that the warmth of the sitting-room should temper the freezing atmosphere before she retired. She sat where she could see the peaceful white slope of the feather bed; her head was heavy with sleep, but the strain of her nerves kept her awake. Fidelia was exceedingly timid, and even overawed, by any unusual stress of nature. Summer thunder-storms had always rendered her for the time a mild maniac; winds seemed to penetrate her soul, winter snows to enter and sift into the farthest crannies of her thoughts. This storm was sleet rather than snow. The wind raged. It seemed to pounce upon the house and shake it like a wild beast, then retreat, muttering, to some awful lair of storm, to return with a new gathering of fury.

Fidelia cowered and shivered, with a roll of fearful eyes. She was a large, elderly woman with the soul of a child. She was entirely alone in her little house; over across the street, in the large old mansion-house of the Nuttings, her sister Diantha was also alone. Now and then Fidelia went to her window that looked across the street, and saw with a thrill of half-resentful comfort her sister Diantha's light. She reflected that Diantha also had always been afraid in a storm, though not as afraid as she—or not owning to it.

"She always used to keep her lamp burning when there was a thunder-storm and when the wind was high," reflected Fidelia. Diantha's lamp was set on a table in the centre of her sitting-room, in a direct line with Fidelia's window. A great beam of yellow light shone through the window—through the shreds of snow which clung like wool to the sashes, through the icy veil of sleet, through the foliage of the geraniums in Fidelia's beautiful window garden. Fidelia was a little afraid that the cold wind might injure her flowers, but she would not lower her curtain, because she was shamefacedly desirous of the company of Diantha's light.

Suddenly she heard a gathering flurry of sleigh-bells. They increased until they seemed in the room; then they stopped suddenly. Fidelia's heart leaped for fear.

"Something has stopped here," she gasped. It was unprecedented for anything to stop there at that hour and in such a storm. She shaded her eyes, and peered fearfully and cautiously from the window around her geraniums. She could see a dark shape at the opposite window, blotting out the lamplight, and she knew that Diantha was also looking. A man's figure, gigantic in a fur coat, lumbered slantingly through the drifts of the path to the front door. Fidelia put a little worsted shawl over her head, took her lamp, and crept tremblingly through the freezing front entry in response to the knock. Her bell was out of order.

"Who's there?" she asked.

"Express," he shouted, in an angry voice, and Fidelia turned the key and opened the door. The fur of the expressman's coat stood out, stiffly pointed with ice; his cap looked like an ice helmet. "Express, ma'am," he said, in a hoarse voice, and the package was in Fidelia's hand and he was gone. Then the wind came in a wild gust, and Fidelia fled before it with her streaming lamp. Back in the warm sitting-room she set the lamp safely on the table; then she stood gazing at her package. It was a long box, very nicely wrapped in thick paper and securely tied. Fidelia did not connect it with Christmas; Christmas presents were not within her present environments. She

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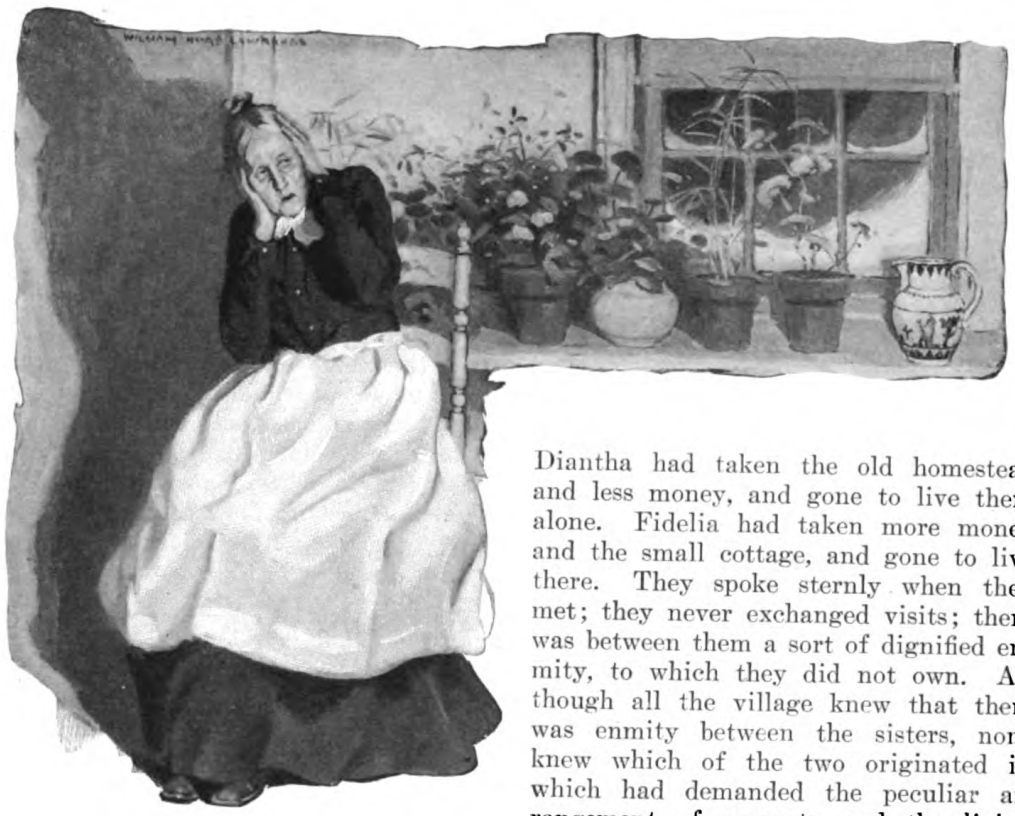

FIDELIA COWERED AND SHIVERED

examined the package carefully, and saw that the address was correct—Miss Fidelia Nutting, North Abbot, and it was marked paid, with a blue pencil. She laid the package on the table, and seated herself near it in her rocking-chair. Another gust of wind came, and the bombardment of the sleet upon the window was frightful; it seemed as if the panes must be shattered. She looked at the package on the table, and a curious fear of it came over her. The unwontedness of that and the unwontedness of the storm seemed one, and instinct with terror.

"I'd like to know what's in that bundle," she whispered, with fearful eyes on it. She got up and gazed across the street at her sister's lamp, which still shone to comfort her. The dark figure, however, moved before it in a second. "She's looking out," she thought, with that curious mixture of timidity and anger and affection with which she always thought of her sister. She and Diantha had quarrelled over the distribution of the property after their mother died. Diantha had taken the old homestead and less money, and gone to live there alone. Fidelia had taken more money and the small cottage, and gone to live there. They spoke sternly when they met; they never exchanged visits; there was between them a sort of dignified enmity, to which they did not own. Although all the village knew that there was enmity between the sisters, none knew which of the two originated it, which had demanded the peculiar arrangement of property and the living part. Fidelia felt a certain sympathy with Diantha because of the express package. She knew how curious Diantha was, though she would not own to it. Curiosity at its extreme is like unslaked thirst. "Poor Diantha, she's just dying to know what is in that bundle," she said to herself. She, aside from her vague alarm over it, was loath to open it in the face of this eager, unsatisfied curiosity over the way. She watched her sister's light opposite. She had a desperate hope that she would keep it burning all night; but about half past ten it went suddenly out. "Oh dear," groaned Fidelia. Loneliness went over her like a deep sea. New terror of the package seized her. She felt that nobody would send it to her with any good purpose. Her nervous terror had fairly for the time being unsettled her reason. Then she heard some one at the door. She waited, hoping that she might be mistaken, that it was the wind. But it came again. There was a sharp pounding on the door panels; it was impossible to think it was anything else.

Fidelia pulled her little shawl closely over her head, took up her lamp, and

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went forth into the cold front entry. The pounding came on the door with redoubled impetus. The caller had seen the lamp through the side-lights.

"Who is it?" cried Fidelia, in a voice which rang strange to her own ears. She was almost in convulsions of terror.

"Diantha," responded a shrill voice from outside. "Let me in quick; it's a terrible storm."

Then Fidelia set her lamp on the entry table, and fumbled in a tumult of surprise and delight with the bolt and the key and a chain. As the door opened, the lamp blazed high and went out. Diantha and Fidelia rushed upon the door, and together forced it back and locked it.

"Come into the sitting-room, Diantha," said Fidelia, in a trembling voice. "Look out you don't run into anything; it's very dark." Fidelia felt timidly for her sister's hand, and led her, feeling her way carefully, into the sitting-room.

Fidelia got a match and fumbled her way back to the entry, got the lamp and lighted it, and put it in its usual place on the sitting-room table. Then the sisters looked at each other. Each looked curiously shamefaced. Diantha was smaller than Fidelia, but more incisive. She was rather pretty, with a sharply cut cameolike face framed in white hair, which was now indecorously tossed about her temples. She began smoothing it impatiently.

"I never saw a worse night," said she.

"It's a terrible storm," assented Fidelia. It was pleasant to find a common grievance. "Do you want a brush and comb?" asked she.

"Yes, I guess I'd better smooth my hair a little," said Diantha; and Fidelia got her brush and comb from the bedroom. She watched her sister standing before the sitting-room mirror, which hung between the front windows, and her whole face was changed. Whatever bitterness had been in her heart toward Diantha was lost sight of in her joy over companionship in this night of storm.

"It's a dreadful storm," said she.

"Yes, it is," assented Diantha. "I could hardly get over here. The telephone-wire is down, and the branches are crashing off the trees. There's a big maple branch right 'side of your front gate. I had to step over the end of it. It's awful."

"It's worse than it was," said Fidelia.

"Yes, it's worse than it was when the expressman came." Diantha looked hard at the package on the table.

Fidelia was slow to wrath, but all at once she had an impulse of indignation. So that was all her sister had come over there for, — just curiosity to see what was in that package, when she knew how frightened she was in a storm, how frightened she had always been. She sat down in the rocking-chair, and her large face took on an expression at once sulky and obstinate.

"Yes," she said, dryly, "I guess it is worse than it was when the expressman came." Then she said no more. She rocked slowly back and forth; a fierce rattle of sleet came on the window-panes. Diantha carried the brush and comb back to the bedroom; her white hair shone like silver; then she returned, and stood looking out at the black night pierced by the whiteness of the storm.

"Don't you feel afraid that your geraniums will get frozen, quite so close to the window?" she asked. "That Lady Washington lays right against the pane, and it is so cold that the window is frosting, beside the sleet."

Fidelia softened a little. "Maybe there is some danger," she said.

"Suppose we move them back a little?" said Diantha. "We can move them together, I guess."

Fidelia rose, and she and Diantha took hold of the flower-stand and moved it slightly away from the window.

"I guess that is safer," said Diantha. She looked at the package on the table again, but Fidelia was rocking back and forth with the old look of obstinacy on her face. Diantha also sat down near the stove. A great gust of wind shook the house; a tree crashed somewhere.

"It is an awful storm," remarked Diantha.

Fidelia felt such a thrill of thankfulness for companionship in the midst of that terrible attack of wind that she melted. "Yes," she said, "it is awful."

"It makes me think of stories I used to read of folks in a fort being besieged by Indians," said Diantha, looking at the package.

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Fidelia's eyes followed hers. "Yes," she said, "it does."

"I suppose you don't want to go to bed yet?" said Diantha, rather formally. "I am not keeping you up?"

"No," said Fidelia.

"I thought you didn't use to go to bed in a hard storm," said Diantha, "and I felt kind of nervous alone, and I saw your light burning."

Fidelia's face lightened. So Diantha had not come over wholly for the sake of curiosity. Fidelia felt pleased to think her sister had felt the need of her, even selfishly. Her eyes and Diantha's both fell upon the package at the same time; then they met.

"I haven't opened it yet," said Fidelia, quite easily. She laughed.

Diantha laughed too. "You don't seem to be in much of a hurry to see your Christmas present," said she.

"Oh, I don't believe it can be a Christmas present."

"It must be."

"Who could have sent me one?"

"I don't know, but somebody must have."

"Perhaps I had better see what it is," said Fidelia. She rose, and Diantha hesitated a second; then she rose, and both women stood over the package on the table. Fidelia began carefully untying the string.

"Why don't you cut it?" asked Diantha.

"It's a very nice string," replied Fidelia, who was thrifty. Her thrift had made some of the difference between herself and her sister.

She strove hard with the knot, which was difficult. Diantha pushed her away, and untied it herself with firm, nervous fingers. Then she flung the string to her sister.

"Here's your string," said she, but with entire good-nature. She even laughed indulgently. Fidelia then wound the string carefully, while Diantha lifted the lid from the box. Both women gave little gasps of astonishment.

"Goodness!" cried Diantha. "Who ever could have?"

"I don't know," responded Fidelia, feebly. They both stared a second at each other, then again at the box. In the box, in a nest of tissue-paper, lay a large doll. The doll's eyes were closed, but she smiled in her doll-sleep—a smile of everlasting amiability and peace. Golden ringlets clustered around her pink and white countenance, her little kid arms and hands lay supine at her side, her little kid toes stuck up meekly side by side. The doll was entirely undressed, except for a very brief under-garment of coarse muslin.

"It's a doll," gasped Diantha.

"Yes, Diantha," gasped Fidelia.

"Who could have sent you a doll?" inquired Diantha, with some sternness.

"I don't know," replied Fidelia.

"There must be some mistake," said Diantha.

Fidelia's face, which had worn an expression of secret delight, fell. "I suppose so," she said.

But both women stared at the doll, as if under a species of fascination. The storm roared harder, the sleet beat against the window as if it would break the glass, another tree branch crashed, but they did not heed it. They continued to stare at the doll.

"She isn't dressed," said Fidelia, finally, with a tender cadence in her voice.

"No, she isn't," returned Diantha.

Diantha then lifted the doll very carefully and delicately by the middle of its small back. The doll's eyes immediately flew open, and seemed to survey them with intelligent and unswerving joy.

"Her eyes open and shut," remarked Diantha. She then pressed the small body a little harder, and there came a tiny squeaking cry. "It cries," proclaimed Diantha.

Fidelia simply stared.

Diantha looked speculative. "Most probably this doll belongs to the little Merrill girl that lives next door," said she.

"Perhaps it does," replied Fidelia.

"I guess you had better take it over there to-morrow morning and ask her mother."

"I suppose I had."

Diantha and Fidelia sat down after Diantha had placed the doll carefully back in the box, but she did not replace the lid. The two women rocked, and listened to the storm, which seemed to increase.

"There's no going to bed to-night, I suppose," said Diantha, with an angry

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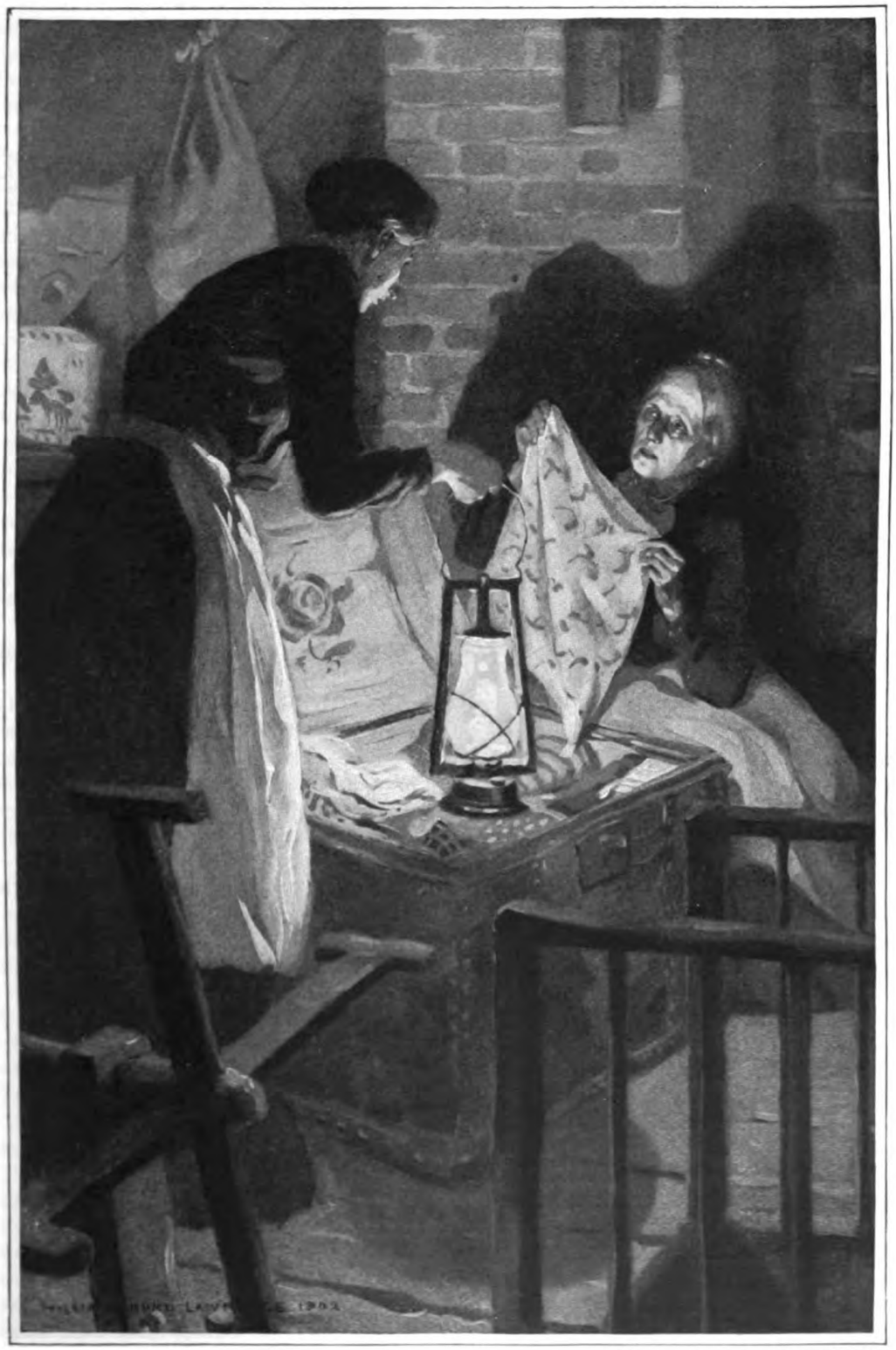

Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

THEY COLLECTED A QUANTITY OF REMNANTS

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inflection. She scowled at the storm beating at the windows.

The two rocked a while longer. It was past midnight.

"That doll makes me think of that one I had when I was a child," said Diantha, in a tone of indignant reminiscence.

"It looks a good deal like mine too," said Fidelia, in a softer tone.

"It seems," said Diantha, still in an indignant tone, "a pity to give away a doll to any child, not dressed."

Fidelia, looking at Diantha, blushed all over her delicate old face, and Diantha also blushed.

"Yes, it does," said Fidelia, in a hesitating voice.

"It's a shame," said Diantha.

"Yes," said Fidelia—"yes, I think it is a shame."

"I suppose you have a lot of pieces in the house?" said Diantha. She did not look at Fidelia then; she gazed out of the window. "It is a dreadful storm," she murmured, before Fidelia had a chance to reply, as if her mind were really not upon the doll at all.

"Yes, I have," replied Fidelia, with subdued eagerness.

"Well, I suppose the little Merrill girl would think a lot more of the doll if it was dressed; it would be a shame to give her one that wasn't, and if we've got to sit up for the storm we may as well do something. It wasn't ever my way to sit idle."

"I know it wasn't, sister," agreed Fidelia, falling insensibly into her old manner of addressing Diantha. "I've got a great many real pretty pieces," she said.

"Handy?"

"They are up-garret."

"Well, what if they are? I ain't afraid to go up-garret for them. You'd better light the lantern, that's all. I don't think we'd better carry a lamp up there; the wind blows too hard."

"I'll get it right away," said Fidelia, fairly tremulous with excitement.

"Have you got any pieces of that blue silk dress you had when you were nineteen years old?"

"Yes, I have some nice pieces."

"My green silk would make something handsome, but the pieces of that are all over at my house."

"I've got a big piece of that," said Fidelia. "You gave me some for patchwork years ago, and I did not begin to use it up; and I've got some of that pink satin I had when Abigail Upham was married; and I've got some dotted muslin, and some of that sprigged muslin, and plenty of old linen, and some narrow lace, and some ribbon."

"You'd better get the lantern, and we'll get the pieces and go right to work," said Diantha, rising with alacrity.

The two women went forthwith to the garret, stepping cautiously over the loose flooring, and peering timorously into the recumbent shadows beneath the eaves by the flashing light of the lantern which Fidelia carried. The pieces were in two old trunks and a blue cotton bag. They collected a quantity of remnants of silk and satin and linen, and went back downstairs to the sitting-room. Fidelia was trembling with the cold.

"You'd better sit close to the stove, or you'll catch your death," said Diantha, and she looked kindly at her sister.

"Yes, I will," replied Fidelia, gratefully.

"I'll set the lamp on the stand, and then you can see," said Diantha.

The two sisters, seated close to the warm stove, with the stand between them, went to work with half-shamed delight. They cut and made the tiny garments for the smiling doll, while the storm raged outside. They paid very little attention to it. They were absorbed.

"Suppose we make the pink satin just the way yours was made," suggested Diantha.

"With a crosswise flounce," said Fidelia, happily.

"And a little lace spencer cape."

"My old doll had one," said Fidelia.

"And so did mine."

"All our dolls used to dress alike."

"Yes, I know they did."

"We used to take a sight of comfort playing with them, sister."

"Yes, we did," agreed Diantha, harshly; "but those days are over."

Fidelia felt a little rebuked. "Yes, I know they are," she replied, meekly.

"We might make a dress of dotted muslin over the blue silk, like those our dolls used to have," said Diantha, in a softer voice.

"Yes, we might," Fidelia said, delighted.

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As the two women worked, their faces seemed to change. Tall and bent though they were, with a rigorous bend of muscles not apparently so much from the feebleness and relaxing of age as from defiance to the stresses of life. Both sisters' backs had the effect of stern walkers before fierce winds. Their hair was sparse and faded, brushed back from thin temples, with nothing of the grace of childhood, and yet there was something of the immortal child in each as she bent over her doll-clothes. The contour of childhood was evident in their gaunt faces, which suddenly appeared like transparent masks of age; the light of childhood sparkled in their eyes; when they chattered and laughed one would have sworn there were children in the room. And, strangest of all, all rancor and difference seemed to have vanished; they were in the most perfect accord.

They worked all night, until the triumphant pallor of dawn overcame the darkness, and the window-panes were outlined in blue through the white shades. It cleared just before daylight.

"I declare, it's morning," said Diantha.

"We've worked all night," said Fidelia, in an awed tone.

"Better work than sit still," said Diantha. "You'd better put the lamp out."

Fidelia put out the lamp and pulled up a window-curtain.

"The storm is over," said she, "but it is awful! Just look, sister."

Diantha and Fidelia stood at the window and surveyed the ruin outside. The yard and the road were strewn with the branches of the trees; the trees, lopped and mutilated, stood cased in a glittering white mail over their lost members. It was a sylvan battle-field, where the victors had barely come off with their lives.

"It's dreadful; you can't get home yet a while," said Fidelia.

"I guess I can manage," said Diantha, suspiciously. She wondered if Fidelia wanted to be rid of her.

But Fidelia was looking at her with the expression of a child who wants to make up. "I thought I'd make some of those light biscuits you used to like for breakfast," said she.

"I don't see as I can get home before breakfast," said Diantha. Then she added, in another voice, "Yes, I always did like those light biscuits, sister."

"I've got some honey, too," said Fidelia.

"If there is anything I do like it is light biscuit and honey," said Diantha.

"We can finish dressing the doll after breakfast," ventured Fidelia, radiantly.

"Yes, we can. It's a shame to give a child a doll that ain't dressed."

The sisters worked until late afternoon on the doll's small wardrobe. Everything was complete, from the tiny stockings and slippers to the hat of drawn pink silk, after the style of one which Diantha's doll had owned a half-century before. When at last the doll was arrayed in her pink silk frock, her lace spencer cape, her pink hat trimmed with a fall of lace, under which her rosy face with its unswerving smile looked at her benefactors, they were radiant.

"I call that a very beautiful doll, sister," said Fidelia.

"She certainly is," agreed Diantha.

Fidelia looked at Diantha, and Diantha returned the look. A sudden cloud was over both faces.

"I suppose," said Fidelia, slowly, "we had better—"

"Yes, I suppose so," said Diantha, harshly.

"Before it gets any later," said Fidelia, with a sigh.

"Yes, I suppose so."

"To-morrow is Christmas. Maybe her mother wants to hang it on the tree."

"Very likely."

"Well, will you take it over, or will I?"

"I had just as lief."

"I will if you don't feel like it."

Still neither offered to move. Both regarded the doll, then again each other.

"That Merrill child is not nearly old enough to have a doll like that," said Diantha, suddenly.

"I don't think she is either," said Fidelia.

"No, she is not. It is strange people will buy such dolls for children who are no older."

"Especially since she has such handsome clothes."

"She would spoil the clothes in no time."

"Yes; she would let her wear that pink silk and her best hat every day."

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Half-tone plate engraved by A. Lockhardt

SHE RANG THE BELL, TREMBLING

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"That little Merrill girl is not old enough to take care of that doll," said Diantha, with emphasis, and with much the same tone as if she had spoken of a baby. She gathered up the doll with determination.

Fidelia sighed. "Are you going to take her over there now?" said she. It was noticeable that both sisters now spoke of the doll as she and her.

"No, I am not. I am going to take her home," declared Diantha.

"You are not going to take her over to the Merrills, sister?"

"No, I am not. That child is not old enough."

Fidelia looked scared, and also aggrieved. "But," she said, "that doll was left here; I don't think you have any right to take her away, Diantha. If either of us is going to keep her, it ought to be the one to whom it was sent."

Diantha surveyed her sister with an injured expression. "Fidelia Nutting," said she, "you don't think—you don't really think—I would do such a thing as that? Of course I wasn't going to take the doll away from you, although she does not really belong to either of us. Of course I know that you have the first claim. I was just going to take her to my house for a while, and I thought you would come over and have tea with me. I have some of that damson sauce you like, and the pound-cake and a mince pie, and I will make some of those griddle-cakes with butter and sugar and nutmeg on them. It's lonesome for you here alone, with the roads not cleared enough so anybody can get in very easy, and it's lonesome for me. I thought maybe you'd come over, but if—you don't want to—"

"Oh, sister, I shall be very happy to come over, and I haven't had any of those griddle-cakes since mother died. I never got the knack of making them myself. I'll get my shawl and hood."

"You'd better wrap up warm," said Diantha; "it's cleared off cold by the looks. And you'd better fix your fire so you can leave it. Maybe you'll feel as if you could stay all night."

When the two sisters crossed the road together, stepping among the débris of the storm, which had not yet been fully cleared away, the neighbors within range stared. In the Merrill house, next to Fidelia's, the width of a wide yard distant three faces were in the sitting-room window—Mrs. Merrill's, her unmarried sister's, and little Abby Merrill's, round and rosy, flattened against the glass.

"Did you ever!" cried Annie Bennett, Mrs. Merrill's sister. "There go the Nuttings across the street together. I wonder if they have made up."

"They are going into Diantha's house," said Mrs. Merrill, with wonder. "I wonder if they have made up. I don't believe one has been into the other's house since their mother's funeral."

"Maybe they have," said Annie Bennett.

"Mamma," said little Abby Merrill. "what do you spect Miss Nutting is carrying under her shawl?"

"I don't know, dear," said Mrs. Merrill.

"It looks like a dolly," said little Abby Merrill, wisely.

Mrs. Merrill and Annie Bennett laughed. "I guess Miss Diantha Nutting isn't going around carrying dollies," said Mrs. Merrill. "I guess you must be mistaken, darling."

Annie Bennett could scarcely stop laughing at the idea of Diantha Nutting carrying about a doll. But she suddenly remembered something. "Why, there's that parcel that came here for Fidelia by mistake last night," she said, chokingly. "Seeing her carry a parcel makes me remember that. I had quite forgotten it. She ought to have it, I suppose. Perhaps it is a Christmas present."

"Yes, she ought to have it," said Mrs. Merrill, turning away from the window as the door of the opposite house closed after Diantha's and Fidelia's shawled and hooded figures.

"I'll run over there and carry it," said Annie Bennett.

But little Abby interposed. She was wild to get out-of-doors after her imprisonment by the storm, and she was wild to carry a Christmas present. "Oh, mamma, let me carry it," she begged.

Her mother looked doubtful. "I don't know whether you can get over all those tree branches without falling and hurting yourself, darling," she said.

"Oh yes, I can," pleaded little Abby.

"I don't believe it will hurt her any

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if she wants to go," said her aunt Annie Bennett.

So little Abby Merrill, carefully wrapped against the cold, went across the street, picking her way among the fallen branches, with her mother watching anxiously, and carried the parcel to Diantha Nutting's door. "My mamma sent me over wif zis," said she—for Abby could not say "th"—"my mamma sent me over wif zis, zat was left at our house by a spressman by mistake last night." Little Abby Merrill never knew why Miss Diantha Nutting's face looked suddenly very strange to her, but she felt vaguely alarmed, and shrank back when Diantha spoke.

"Thank you, child," said she, in rather a deep voice, and she took the parcel.

Miss Fidelia Nutting's face was visible behind her sister's, and it wore a similar expression. "Oh, sister," she gasped, when little Abby Merrill had gone trotting, stepping high in her little red leggings, across the street. She was a stout little girl, and planted her little feet in a sturdy fashion. "Oh, sister!"

Diantha clutched her hard. "Come into the house," said she.

The two returned to the warm sitting-room, and then they looked at each other like two confederates in crime.

"Oh, sister, it is dreadful!" said Fidelia, faintly. "That doll must belong to little Abby Merrill, and this bundle she brought must be a Christmas present that somebody has sent me, and somehow the expressman made a mistake. She ought to have her, sister."

"Well," said Diantha, "go over there and carry her if you want to, then."

Fidelia hung her head. "She is a pretty small child to have such a doll, I suppose," she faltered.

"Then don't talk about it," said Diantha. "Why don't you open your parcel?"

Fidelia opened the parcel; inside the brown wrapping-paper was a nice white one tied with lavender ribbon. She untied the dainty bows, and unfolded a fleecy white shawl.

"Who gave it to you?" said Diantha.

Fidelia looked at the slip of paper pinned to a corner of the shawl. On it was written, "With Xmas greetings from Salome H. May."

"It's Salome May," she said.

"She always makes a sight of Christmas," said Diantha.

"I suppose she sent it because I gave her old-fashioned pinks out of my garden last summer," said Fidelia.

"It's a pretty shawl," said Diantha, with no enthusiasm.

"Yes, it is," said Fidelia; "but I never was in the habit of wearing a knit shawl in the house much." She laid the shawl on the table. "I suppose she sent the doll to the little Merrill girl," she added, after a pause.

"Very likely. She and Annie Bennett are intimate."

"Diantha, don't you suppose we are doing a dreadful thing?"

"No, I don't. I don't see why we are. We are not stealing that doll, are we?"

"No-o, I don't suppose we are stealing her," said Fidelia, hesitatingly.

"I am not stealing her, anyway. My conscience is clear. All I am doing is keeping her a little while, until the little Merrill girl is old enough to play with her and not destroy her."

"Oh, of course, that is all I am doing, too, sister."

Diantha Nutting prepared tea in the old dining-room, and she set the table with her mother's old blue Canton china and the best silver teapot and creamer. There were the griddle-cakes piled in a golden mound sprinkled with sugar and nutmeg; there was the damson sauce; there the pound-cake; but neither sister could eat much. The doll in her brave attire lay on the sitting-room table beside the shawl. Both felt, though they would not confess it to each other or herself, like greedy and dishonest children stealing another child's doll on Christmas eve. But they were yet firm. Fidelia remained with Diantha that night, and Fidelia occupied her old room out of Diantha's. Neither slept much. Often one called to the other in the darkness of the night: "Fidelia, are you asleep?" "Diantha, are you asleep?" Both were thinking of the doll and the little Merrill girl, and their consciences, which were their New England birthrights, never slumbered nor slept.

The next morning at breakfast—which they did not care for, although it was as desirable as the tea of the night before,

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being composed of hot biscuits and honey, and ham and eggs and coffee—they looked at each other.

"Sister, I can't do it. I can't keep it up any longer," said Fidelia, suddenly and piteously.

"Well, I suppose she'll have to have her, if she does destroy her," said Diantha, grimly. Then she took another biscuit.

"I guess I'll have another biscuit too," said Fidelia.

After breakfast Fidelia crossed the road to the Merrill house. She rang the bell, trembling, and Annie Bennett came to the door.

"Here is a doll," said Fidelia, trembling. She extended the doll in her pink silk hat and her spencer cape. "Here is a doll that was left at my house by mistake. My name was on the paper, but I guess she made a mistake on account of sending so many presents. Salome H. May sent me a shawl, and I guess she must have meant the doll for little Abby."

But Annie Bennett stared wonderingly at the doll. "Why, no," said she. "Salome sent a doll for Abby two days ago. She can't have sent this to Abby. Abby has five dolls this Christmas, anyway. It can't be Abby's. I don't know of any one else who could have sent her a doll. Was your name on the wrapper?"

"Yes, it was," admitted Fidelia, a great shamefaced hope in her heart.

Annie Bennett laughed. "Well," she said, "as near as I can find out, the doll is yours, Miss Fidelia. I guess somebody thought you and your sister needed a doll to play with."

Fidelia was aware of the friendly sarcasm, but quite unmoved by it. She blushed, but she smiled happily. "It is queer who could have sent it," said she, "but I guess it can't belong to little Abby."

"No, I know it can't," said Annie Bennett.

Annie Bennett and Mrs. Merrill and little Abby Merrill, with her new doll from Salome H. May in her arms, all watched Fidelia Nutting cross the street to Diantha's.

"She skips along like a child," said Mrs. Merrill.

"She is a good deal spryer than Abby," laughed Annie Bennett. "You ought to have seen how that doll was dressed: the funniest old-fashioned things. I wonder if she and Miss Diantha dressed it. I didn't know but she would leave it for Abby anyhow."

"I suppose they will give it to some child," said Mrs. Merrill. "I suppose she thought Abby had dolls enough. I'd like to know who sent her that doll."

"I know what I think," said Annie Bennett. "I think Salome May had a doll left over, and sent it to Fidelia Nutting for a joke. It's just like her."

"Maybe she did," said Mrs. Merrill, laughing.

But Fidelia and Diantha themselves were the children who loved the doll, and they could not spare her to another child. When Fidelia ran into the sitting-room of her sister's house with the doll in her arms, Diantha stared.

"What have you brought her back for?" she asked, shortly.

"Oh, sister, the little Merrill girl has a doll from Salome H. May. This isn't her doll. It must have been sent to me."

"Fidelia Nutting, who do you suppose did such a silly thing as to send a doll to you?"

"I don't know, sister."

"Well," said Diantha, "there's one thing certain: if we don't know whom she belongs to, there's nothing to do but keep her. If she wasn't meant for you, it's the fault of the sender."

"Maybe we shall find out sometime about her," said Fidelia. But they never did.

"Well, you had better stay to dinner," said Diantha. "I hailed the butcher and got a chicken, and I've got pudding on boiling."

When the two sat at dinner, casting stray glances at the doll on the sitting-room table, Diantha spoke.

"Look here, Fidelia," said she. "I've been thinking. Suppose you rent that house you live in, and come and live with me. Nobody knows how much longer we've got to live, anyhow, and we can put our means together and have a girl to wait on us; we ain't either of us fit to live alone, and I guess we can get along. We used to get along well enough when we were children."

"Yes, we did," said Fidelia, cheerfully. "I'll come if you want me to, sister."

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In the afternoon the sisters sat together in the sitting-room of the Nutting house. They were making some more clothes for a doll—a lavender silk frock from an old one of Diantha's, and a little black silk mantilla. They sat close to the window to catch the waning wintry sunlight—two old sisters, come together after years of estrangement, through the mediation of the universal plaything of childhood, which had come to them out of a mystery, and into a common ground of old love and memories.

"I suppose we ought to name this doll," said Diantha. "We always did name our dolls."

"Yes, I guess we had better name it," agreed Fidelia.

"We will keep her for little girls to play with if any happen in with their mothers," said Diantha. "And if a child asks what her name is, we ought to have something to say."

"Yes, I think so."

"Well?" said Diantha, interrogatively.

Fidelia blushed redly before her own sentiment; then she spoke. "I guess Peace would be a good name," said she, with a soft little shamed laugh at her sister.

"Well," said Diantha.

The two sisters continued sewing on the doll's clothes while the light lasted, their heads bent close together with loving accord, and the doll was between them, smiling with inscrutable inanity.

The Temple of Eros

BY CHARLES DALMON

Ah, yes! I know you see it in my eyes,
That I have been within the holy place
And am initiated in its mysteries.
I know Love's glory lingers on my face.
I cannot hide the rapture of my soul;
It has transfigured earth and sky and sea
To such new beauty, such strange loveliness!
It has made Life to wear an aureole
Of such supernal splendor that to me
The universe takes on my happiness!

I used to stand outside the temple door
And watch the eager worshippers go in;
I was an outcast, poorest of the poor,
Denied by all save Ignorance and Sin;
Then, in a wondrous moment, all was changed—
A sound of wings came down from far away,
And from within the secret sanctuary
I heard my name; and I, no more estranged
From Love's communion, entered in to pray
More earnestly than all Love's company.

The rest you know—and yet you cannot know—
You know your joy—you cannot quite know mine—
To you yours is the greater? leave it so.
Love fills our being with celestial wine,
Exalts our souls with sweet, ecstatic bliss,
And leads us far away from Time and Space
To dwell with him in Paradise alone:
All the long ages vanish in one kiss;
All other faces fade before one face;
All worlds, all heavens are underneath Love's throne!

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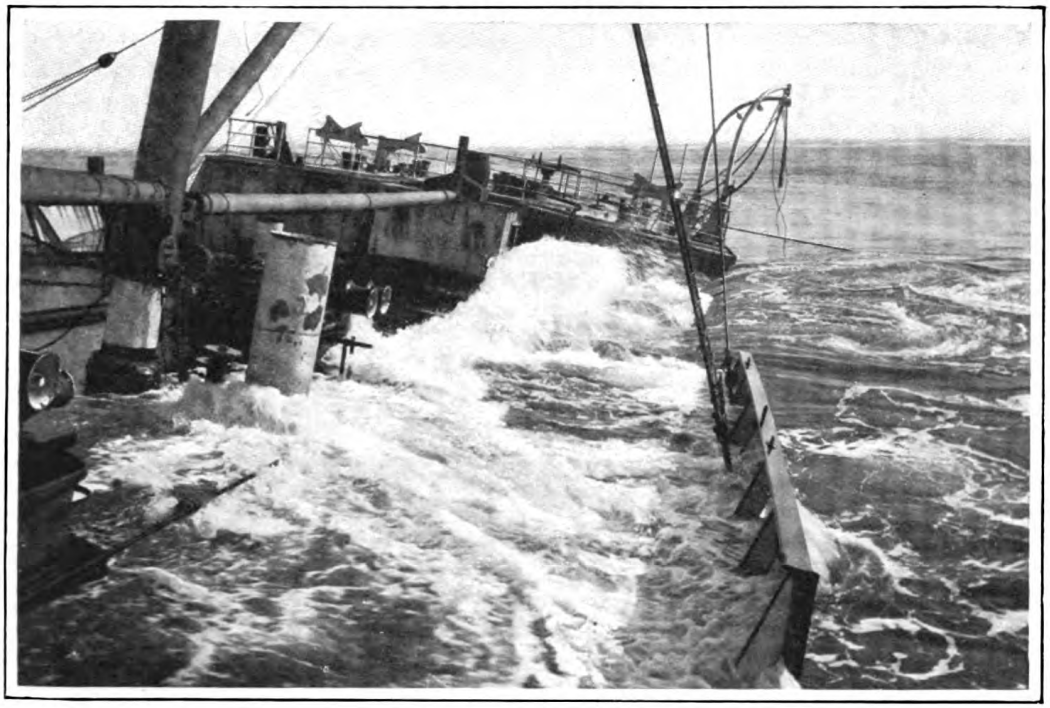

ABANDONED OFF NEWFOUNDLAND

The Derelict-Hunters

BY HENRY HARRISON LEWIS

THE order was simple enough, merely to the effect that an unknown derelict reported as being seen on the 3d of the month in latitude 34° 16′ and longitude 73° was to be sought out and destroyed without delay, but the officers and crew of the revenue-cutter *Windom,* stationed at Norfolk, hailed it with delight. They had been in port almost a month, and the prospect of a cruise after a derelict came as a most welcome break in the monotony of routine duty.

Few preparations were necessary, as derelict-hunting during certain seasons, principally in the months of September and October, forms an important part of the revenue marines' official schedule, so within three hours of the receipt of the order the cutter was steaming past Fortress Monroe, bound out.

The importance of the quest was apparent to all, from the captain down, as the position of the derelict at the last report was in the direct route of steam-vessels sailing between the Gulf of Mexico and the English Channel, also of vessels plying in the coastwise trade, and every day such a menace to commerce was permitted to remain afloat meant a day of peril to ships nearing the coast.

After passing the capes the cutter was driven at her utmost speed. The distance to the spot where the derelict had last been seen was about two hundred miles, and as it was shortly after five in the afternoon when the cutter dropped Cape Charles light, the abandoned craft should be in sight soon after dawn. As drifting derelicts are at the mercy of every vagrant wind and current, however, the captain of the cutter took the

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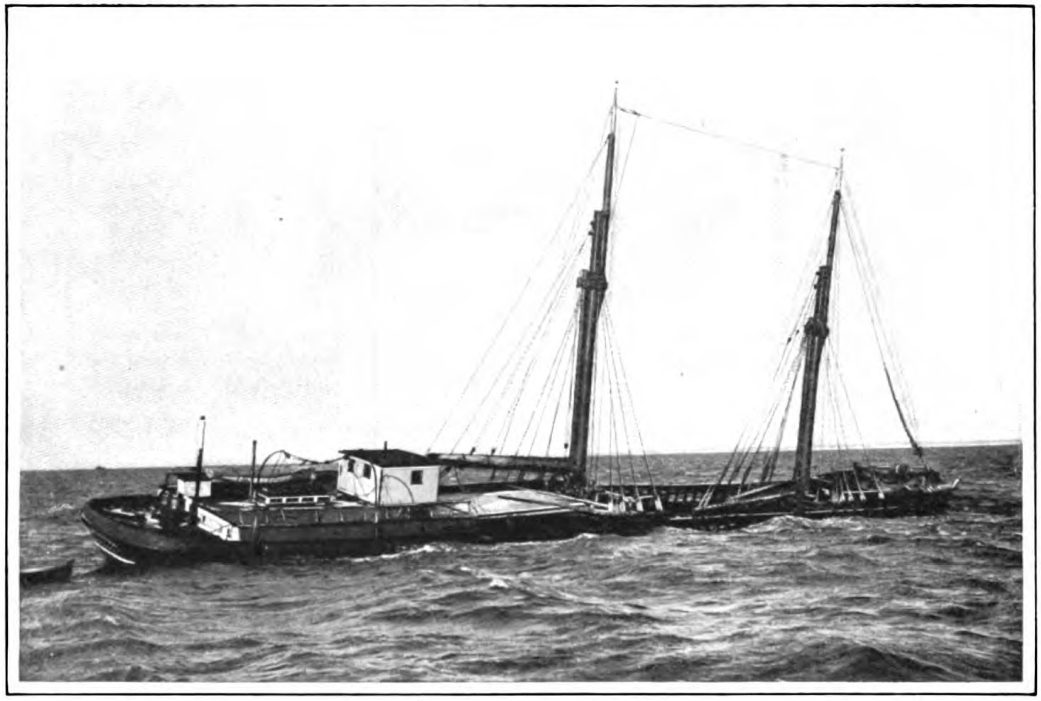

DRIFTED ASHORE NEAR CAPE HENRY

seamanlike precaution of slowing down in the middle watch, and also doubled the lookouts.

The early morning hours dragged interminably. Very few members of the crew, except the tired fireman fresh from the stoke-hole, found occasion to sleep. In the officers' quarters there was much speculation as to the identity of the craft, and whether her cargo would repay the trouble of salving. The first lieutenant, who acted as gunnery expert, told what he would do in case it was decided to blow up the stranger.

At break of dawn a loud hail came from the bridge. It was the welcome announcement that a vessel had been sighted, and in much less time than is taken in the telling, the cutter's entire crew was on deck. Aided by his powerful glass, the captain saw a blotch on the distant horizon, which presently resolved itself into a bark standing to the northwest.

"We'll have to look further," he said, with evident disappointment. "That craft is no derelict. She's got a crew aboard."

With the hope that the bark might have sighted the abandoned ship, the cutter's course was altered and she steamed within hailing distance. A brief conversation elicited the fact that something resembling a drifting hulk had been seen not three hours previously, but as it was too dark to distinguish details, the skipper of the bark was not certain. It was a promising clue, however, and the cutter steamed away again.

Shortly after two bells (nine o'clock) one of the men who had been keeping a steady watch ahead called out that he could see something resembling a topmast above the rim of the horizon. A few moments later another spar appeared, and then a tremulous line, which finally assumed the shape of a hull. Even at that distance it was possible to see that something was wrong on board the craft. It was apparently a two-masted schooner, but the maintopmast was gone, and what appeared to be a mass of wreckage encumbered the after-deck.

As the revenue cutter rapidly lessened the distance, the strange vessel was seen to yaw and pitch, as if not under control.

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There could be no further doubt. It was the derelict. The cutter steamed to within a few hundred yards, and preparations were immediately made to send a boat.

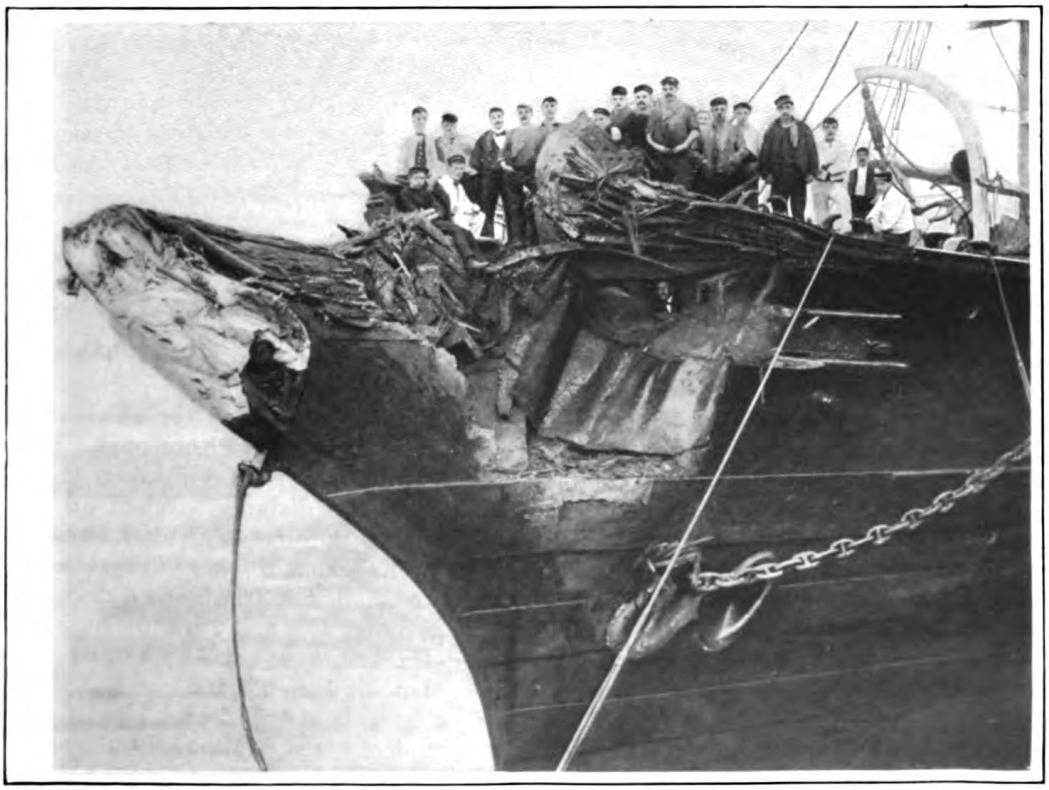
The weather was ideal for the work in hand. The sky was clear overhead, and there was just enough breeze to temper the heat of the summer day. The sea was calm, with a slight lifting swell from the east, and there were no present indications of a change.

In the boat, which was in charge of the first lieutenant, were placed materials for firing the derelict if that were considered the proper course, and also a case containing two hundred pounds of gun-cotton. A small electric battery with a quantity of wire was also taken along. Any possibility of salving the derelict had been abandoned, as it was apparent from her sluggish rolling and the condition of the hull, as seen through the glass, that her case was hopeless. All that remained was to end her career by fire or explosives.

The first lieutenant of the cutter was a man of long experience in such work. As the small boat ran under the lee of the derelict, he seized a trailing rope and climbed over the side. The scene that met his gaze was just what he had expected. The decks were strewn with an indescribable tangle of wreckage. Twisted and snarled masses of the rigging hung in festoons from the broken mainmast; the port bulwark was gone for more than half its length; the forecastle house had been swept away, and aft a part of a spar, evidently the broken topmast, protruded from the roof of the cabin, which it had penetrated in its fall. From below-decks came a sullen swashing of water.

The port quarter was gone, cut away as if by a huge knife. Leaning far over the stern, the first lieutenant caught sight of several letters of the schooner's name. There were only three—"Sta—" and it was impossible to tell what they represented. The home port was too far under water to be visible.

From the top of the after-companion



EFFECT OF A COLLISION

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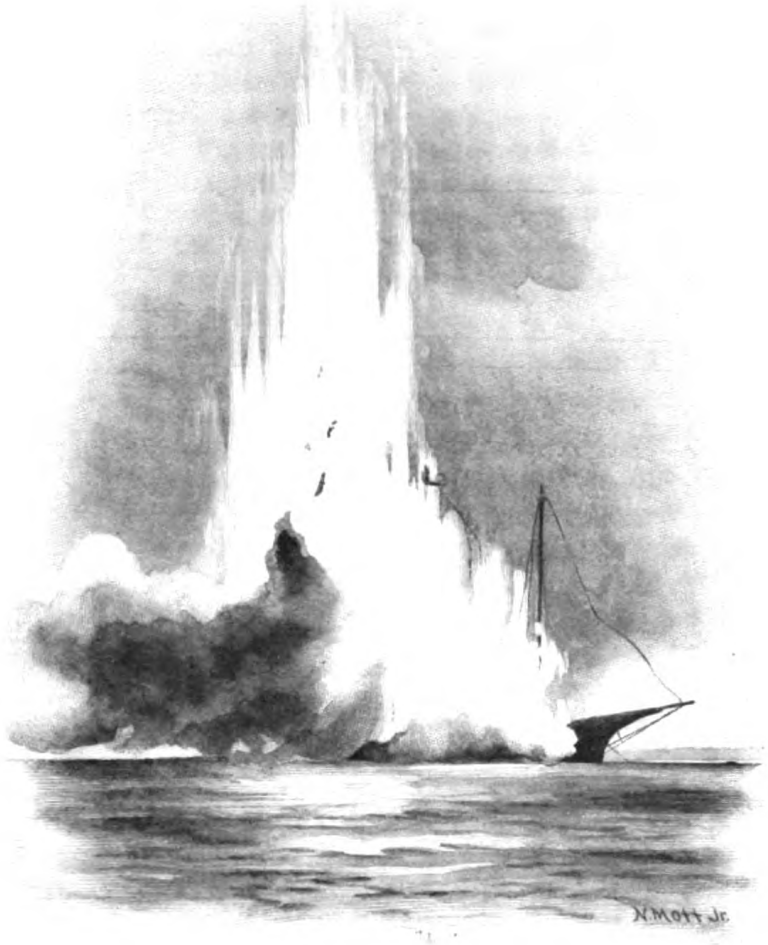

BLOWING UP A DERELICT

it was seen that the entire cabin was awash. Floating about were pieces of splintered furniture, scraps of paper, and two or three sodden articles of clothing. There was nothing resembling a body, and the lieutenant made no further investigation.

By this time the boat's crew had dragged on board the case of guncotton and the other apparatus. It was decided to blow up the derelict, as the hull was too much water-soaked to make a fire possible. When the main-hatch was opened it was seen that the hold contained hard wood in logs. It was this which had kept the shattered hull afloat.

Under the lieutenant's directions the boat's crew work expeditiously. The guncotton with its detonating primer was lowered into the hold as far as possible, and the two firing-wires connected. Then the ends of the wires were taken in the boat to a safe distance. When all was in readiness the first lieutenant stood up with his finger on the key. There was a moment of silence, then with a dull roar a column of water and dust, intermingled with fragments of deck planking and logs, shot high in the air.

The small boat heeled over, almost gunwale under, but skilful handling brought the bow around in time to meet a huge, curling, foam-capped wave that came tumbling from the spot where the dere-

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lict, now a mass of broken timbers, had stood. The sea quickly subsided, and it was seen that the explosive charge had done its work well. Of the entire fabric there remained nothing larger than a part of the after-house, and it was apparent this would quickly go to pieces during the first rough weather. The surface of the ocean in the immediate vicinity was covered with a great mass of débris,—logs, spars, timbers, and other flotsam,—but the action of the waves was already beginning to disintegrate it.

After a time, satisfied that nothing further could be done, the revenue cutter returned to Norfolk, whence a report was sent to Washington that another menace to marine commerce had been swept from the seas. And the incident was closed.

It is curious to note that on practically the same day that the United States revenue cutter destroyed this derelict, a British tramp steamer, the *Grimsby,* was performing similar work some nine hundred miles to the eastward. The story is told tersely, but with graphic force, in the steamer's log, and runs as follows:

"*August 9.*—Shortly after eight bells, while in lat. 40° 23′, lon. west 73° 9′, a derelict was sighted three points off the port bow. Steamed to within quarter of a mile and sent life-boat with Second-officer Murphy in charge. Derelict proved to be the German ship *Stuttgart* from Bremen, laden with mixed cargo, and evidently bound to United States. On receiving report from Officer Murphy that the craft was a wreck and a menace to commerce, ordered him to set it on fire. This he accordingly did, starting a blaze in the cabin and also in the forecastle with the aid of four gallons of kerosene and a quantity of dry shavings taken from this steamer. The derelict burned like tinder, and when we got under weigh again, after waiting several hours, there was every indication that she was burnt to the water's edge and would founder in the first gale. Nothing was found on board to indicate why she was abandoned. It was my impression she was sound when the crew left her, and had received her damages during the heavy weather which had prevailed during the past week. Still, I may be mistaken."

Subsequent information proved that the captain was mistaken. The *Stuttgart* had sprung a leak during a heavy gale, and it was only at what appeared to be the last moment that the German skipper and his crew consented to leave their ship at the behest of a passing steamer.

The subject of derelicts is one of the utmost importance to seafaring men in general, but especially so to the large transatlantic steamship firms. It seems strange, in view of the ever-present menace afforded to ocean traffic by derelicts, that no systematic plan has been adopted looking to their destruction. From time to time spasmodic efforts are made to interest the various governments in the subject, but without results as yet. Several months ago the New York Maritime Exchange appointed a committee to prepare a petition for presentation before Congress, praying that steps be taken to call an international conference on the general subject of derelicts. This petition recites in detail the serious peril to marine commerce presented by abandoned ships which are permitted to drift at the mercy of the wind and the waves, especially in the much-travelled steamer lanes, and renews with emphasis a recommendation made at the International Marine Conference held at Washington in 1898. This recommendation was as follows:

"It is recommended that a steam-vessel of about 800 tons displacement be built which shall be especially fitted and adapted to the service of taking the ocean in bad weather for the purpose of blowing up or otherwise destroying wrecks and derelicts or bringing them into port; such vessel to be built under the direction of and attached to the Navy Department, and that particular attention be paid to her strength, and to the strength, size, and character of her boats, owing to the fact that the services of such vessel are required principally just after a storm, when the seas are still running high and when no ordinary boat could take the sea. Special design in the hull is required on account of having frequently to tow vessels submerged."

The general plan as outlined provides for a permanent station or headquarters for this picturesque derelict-hunter at New York or Norfolk. Telegraphic com-

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munication will be maintained with all the Atlantic coast ports, and on receipt of word that a derelict has been reported by some incoming vessel the little cruiser will put to sea on her mission of salving or destruction. The work will require a high order of professional training, including a thorough knowledge of ocean winds and currents, as derelicts are not prone to remain long in one spot.

One of the principal objects of the petition is to persuade the United States government to seek the co-operation of other maritime powers. As the maritime laws now stand, every shipmaster who takes time and labor to destroy any derelict found in his path lays himself liable to a suit for damages on the part of the derelict's owner. Cases have been known where such owners have brought claims on the plea that their apparently abandoned vessel might have been salved, or in any event should have been left alone until certain supposititious efforts looking to that end had been exhausted.

For this reason it will be necessary to promulgate new laws, compelling shipowners to relinquish their rights and title after their property has been abandoned a stipulated time, and also other laws providing a reward or some form of compensation for shipmasters who make special efforts to destroy derelicts.

Until the present time the task of ridding the seas of abandoned ships has been left to war-vessels and revenue cutters. To the personnel of the navy the work is not only interesting, but also instructive. There is no more welcome sight to the crew of a man-of-war than the outlines of a derelict looming above the horizon. It generally means gunnery practice with some of the elements of actual warfare. It also means a break in the monotony of sea routine, which to those who have had experience is something not to be lightly disregarded.

Derelict-hunting, as we have seen, is considered an important part of a revenue cutter's official duties. In fact this marine branch of the Treasury Department is now doing the work intended for the special cruiser above mentioned.

In addition to this governmental work there is maintained by the United States a department of the navy called the Hydrographic Bureau, which through its various stations located at the principal seaports endeavors to keep the merchant marine informed of the whereabouts of all known derelicts. A pilot chart is issued each month, plainly indicating the latitude and longitude of floating obstructions as reported by shipmasters. In addition to this, certain bulletins and special reports are sent out through a mailing-list including practically every shipmaster in the United States. This service is entirely free. The information is considered so important that it is seldom a captain sails without sending one of his officers to the nearest branch hydrographic office for the latest reports.

The statistics collected so far state that the average number of derelicts annually sighted in the Atlantic is 232. The year 1893 was the most prolific, 418 floating derelicts of every degree being reported to the bureau. The field apparently sought by these abandoned ships is in the Gulf Stream off the United States, north of 30° latitude and west of 60° west longitude. In this area at least nineteen derelicts are constantly drifting, and it is here that the wary mariner maintains careful watch, especially after the fall of darkness.

There is something peculiarly fascinating in the thought of these strange, ragged, and broken tramps of the sea drifting over the bosom of old ocean at the beck and call of each listless wind. Abandoned and worthless hulks though they are, there is a romance about them that is irresistible. Take the remarkable case of the *Fannie E. Woolston.* Left by her crew off the American coast in 1891, she drifted for three years and six days, covering in that time more than ten thousand miles. In the course of her wandering she followed the Gulf Stream over to England, then took a jaunt down the European coast, and finally, true to her country, returned by devious ways over the equator back to America, where she was wrecked three degrees north of the spot where she started adrift.

The schooner *B. R. Woodside,* another famous derelict, began her career several hundred miles east of Savannah. She started off toward Europe by way of the Gulf Stream, changed her mind when near the Canary Islands, and turned back to within twenty miles of her

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starting-point. Then she drifted south to the islands off Florida, became mixed up in a storm, and went zigzagging across the ocean. She crossed her own path a number of times, and was sighted by forty different shipmasters, who made haste to report her manœuvres to the Hydrographic Bureau. She was a particularly dangerous specimen of the *genus* derelict, and there was great relief in marine circles when it was reported that some enterprising craft had picked her up and towed her to Abaco, New Providence.

The honor of being the most remarkable derelict probably belongs to the *Fred B. Taylor,* the craft that was run into by the *Trave* in 1892. The sharp bow of the transatlantic liner cut the sailing-vessel squarely in half, and by all rules of marine procedure should have sent her to the bottom. Strange to relate, however, the two parts remained afloat, and each started off on its own hook to become a member of the profession of derelicts. The stern was blown north, and finally brought up on Wells Beach, and the bow, guided by an inshore current, went south and came to grief opposite the Carolinas.

The following extracts from the *Hydrographic Bulletin*, published weekly by the Hydrographic Bureau, will give a clear idea of the method used in keeping track of derelicts. It will be noted that each abandoned vessel has a number by which it is recorded:

"3197-11—May 12—Lat. 47°, lon. 42°, passed the derelict and dismasted bark *Record.—Jupiter* (Nor. bk.), Danielson (Report by Mr. T. Gourdeau, Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries, Ottawa, Canada.

"3197-12—May 27—Lat. 46° 52′, lon. 35°, passed the waterlogged derelict bark *Record;* decks awash and foremast gone. —*Bristol City* (Br. ss.), Barclay.

"3197-13—May 27—Lat. 46° 56′, lon. 34° 44′, passed a derelict with decks awash and foremast gone. — *Noordam* (Dutch ss.), Bonjer; report by Fourth-officer Yonge.

"3197-14—May 30—Lat. 47° 13′, lon. 33° 20, passed the derelict bark *Record,* with foremast gone at deck.—*Teutonic* (Br. ss.), McKinstry; report by Officer Mason.

"3197-15—May 31—Lat. 47°, lon. 33°, set fire to the derelict bark *Record.*— *Rappahannock* (Br. ss.), Buckingham. (New York *Herald.*)"

Here is the concluding history of a derelict which had been reported fifteen times, and which had haunted the transatlantic steamer lane for weeks. Fourteen different craft had sighted her, and it was not until the *Rappahannock,* a freighter, came along that this most dangerous of menaces to marine commerce was removed by fire. Waterlogged, with decks awash, and only a part of her masts showing above the surface of the sea, there was no human possibility of sighting her from the lookout of a swiftly moving passenger-boat on a dark night.

There are romance and the imagery of the sea in the picturesque derelicts that go rolling and drifting at the mercy of the wind and the wave, but there is tragedy too.

On the Way to the Bourne

BY JOHN FINLEY

I'D have the driving rain upon my face,—
Not pelting its blunt arrows at my back,
Goading with blame along its ruthless track.
But flinging me defiance in the race.

And I would go at such an eager gait
That whatsoe'er may fall from heaven of woe
Shall not pursue me as some coward foe,
But challenge me—that I may face my fate.

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Dea ex Machina

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD

IT was a smoky sou'wester—one of the brilliant and beautiful light winds which precede the gale due on the New England coast in the dying of August or the birth of September.

The catboat careened and labored a good deal, making the course with some difficulty, as if the solitary sailor were unpractised or out of practice; but the expression of the man betrayed no discomfort whatever. Rather it might be said that a species of insane joy possessed him. His muscles were tense with delight; every nerve quivered rapturously. His dignified straw hat floated about in the swash at the bottom of the boat, and his curling gray hair blew boyishly back from his heavily lined forehead. His eyes were two mad dancers; upon his parted lips clung a smile of ecstasy.

"Nothing *can* make a catboat safe!" he muttered, joyously, gulping mouthfuls of dashing salt water between his teeth. "I always used to say so when I used to sail. But then, she doesn't know the difference. Cat or Cunarder, it's all the same to her, thank God! Fortunately," he thought, "it's the time for her nap. She won't see."

The town was now well behind him, and the shore approaching rapidly. About the hotel beyond the pier the summer people stirred like figures seen in a fever. A lady in a dory just abeam of him rowed with a strong stroke. She wore a boating-dress of white flannel; her arms were brown and athletic. She glanced at him over her shoulder.

In the amber mist the spire of his church shot up dizzily; the roof of the parsonage showed gray and distant—the southern piazza, where the woodbine would not grow because the winters were so bleak; the row of poplars in his front yard, all bent by the easterlies, like round-shouldered little old men; the windows of his wife's room, and the white curtains — drawn? or parted? It was a tremendous question. The minister felt the cold drops start on his forehead beneath the splashing spray.

Now the catboat put her nose into the water and began to prance. She keeled heavily. The water ran over the rail like a river. An expression of bliss scarcely less than maudlin settled upon the minister's face.

A partly submerged reef (it was half-tide) ran out ahead of him, like a forefinger with a sharp nail. Everybody knew this reef; none better than he (she had allowed him to row), and he tacked to escape it. As he luffed, a flaw dealt the catboat a vicious box on the ear. She keeled and capsized.

When the minister found himself in the water, his first sensation was one of mortified astonishment that it was so difficult to swim with his rubber boots on. He was a good man, a religious man, a saint in his way, but when he felt himself sinking, a big, natural, human terror of death possessed him.

As the water roared in his ears and crushed his lungs, he uttered two words only,—

"Poor Nelly!"

For twenty years the sweet reasonableness of this most manly man had idealized and sheltered an unreasonable woman. He had performed his share of the pious deeds expected of his holy office; but there were not wanting among his people a few cynics who held that the chief Christian fact of their pastor's career was that he was the husband of his wife.

Now the lady in the dory, being but a summer lady, knew nothing of the natural history of the winter parson, and when her boat came leaping through the smoky sou'wester to the sinking man, and her ear, fine as some beautiful wild animal's, caught, half-asphyxiated as it was, that heartrending, soul-confessing

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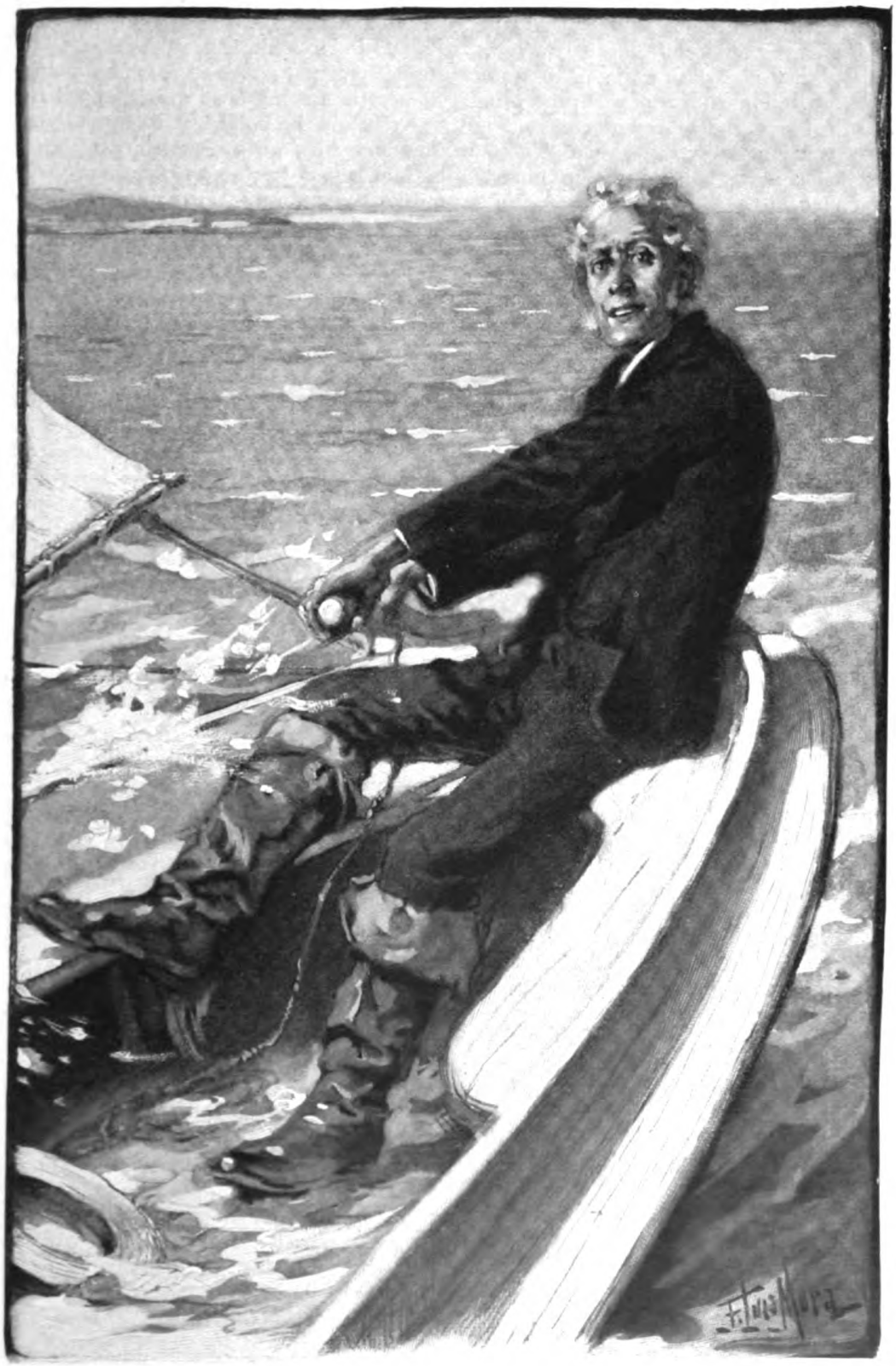

HIS MUSCLES WERE TENSE WITH DELIGHT

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"Poor Nelly!" she thought, "I save a lover worth saving—or having."

Down went her brown, beautiful arms, both of them, into the water. His, as he came up, clutched them with the blind grasp of his mortal emergency. The dory, behaving as a dory should, keeled but held stoutly. With two firm hands, as powerful as his own, the woman swung the man through the water till she brought him astern. He clambered up collectedly, and sat dripping upon one of the thwarts. She took up her oars.

"Madam," said the minister, gravely,—"*morituras saluto.*"

"*Qui fui morituras,*" corrected the lady, quickly.

"I defer to your finer—or your fresher—Latin," he responded. "You row an admirable stroke; you have a strong arm, a quick wit, a steady head—in short, an amount of pluck not expected of your sex. I am under obligations—"

"Omit to mention them," interrupted the lady, frowning slightly. "I am accustomed to meeting emergencies; it is part of my business in life. Put your hand in my pocket, please; there is some brandy there. I can't lay down these oars till I get you ashore—the tide is too strong; we shall drift. You will take two swallows," she added, nodding authoritatively at her passenger. "Who is Captain of this boat?" she asked, sharply, seeing that he hesitated. "Obey orders, I tell you!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" cried the passenger, promptly. The sailor in him came to the relief of the clergyman. As he thrust his dripping hand into the lady's dry, white pocket, and tipped a dainty travelling-flask to his purple lips, his brain whirled with a vision of two human faces providentially absent from this remarkable occasion. One was the countenance of his wife; the other belonged to the president of the parish temperance association.

"There now!" observed the lady, who was rowing with a vigorous, masculine stroke, "you look better. You are not young enough to stand this sort of thing without proper care."

"I'm not old enough to enjoy being told so!" said the minister, with spirit. A woman of the world would not have said that, he thought; and he was quite right in his conclusion.

"Pardon me," said the young lady, with unexpected gentleness; "I am obliged to be so blunt in my business."

She had now brought the dory alongside of the tossing float which lapped the water below the hotel. It happened that the float was quite deserted, and after he had helped her up with the dory, the minister stood still, dripping and embarrassed, and looked at his rescuer.

She was a tall, firm young woman, with a direct eye and a grave mouth. She might have been what is called a handsome woman, but she lacked the pliable, deferent texture so necessary in the feminine face to the taste of man. She was bareheaded, and her hair was black, and brushed back from her temples.

She, on her part, saw a well-trained clerical figure, and the face of forty-six; the minister had the mouth of an educated saint and the eyes of a natural worldling. He stood gracefully in his rubber boots, and had pushed his drenched hair back from his lined forehead.

"My name is Luther Goodspeed," he said, abruptly. "I am pastor of the Congregational church in this village."

"And I am Eunice Thorpe," returned she of the white flannel. "I am a physician, and am staying at the hotel."

The minister bowed.

"What do you suppose has become of the catboat?" he demanded, suddenly.

"Oh, she went to the bottom like a diver," replied Dr. Thorpe, smiling.

"She belonged to my senior deacon," urged the minister, plaintively. "He lent her to me to get home in. I had taken my dory over to be examined and repaired. I grazed her bows the other day. Mrs. Goodspeed was afraid of a leak."

He turned and shot a pathetic glance at the parsonage. The curtains were drawn apart in the second-story window over the piazza; figures or a figure could be seen stirring between the curtains.

"Mrs. Goodspeed did not know," pleaded the minister, not without dignity, "that I was to return in the catboat. My wife is an invalid, madam. I spare her all possible disturbance. I—I— Dr. Thorpe!" cried the man, "I have not been in a sail-boat for twenty years!"

"And with the passion of twenty men in one, he loves a tiller and a main-sheet," thought Dr. Thorpe.

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For one mute minute the sea-loving woman glanced at the sea-bereft man; a straight, compassionate, womanly shaft of her brown eyes struck the sailor's heart of him.

But she spoke not as she looked—more wisely, as the world counts wisdom.

"Few men," she said, distinctly and slowly, "are so considerate. Many sick wives would recover, possessing such devotion. They need it—women; they are a pitiable lot!"

"You must understand—in your profession—" chattered the minister. He was shivering now, and for the first time conscious how wet and cold he was.

"You must go home at once," she commanded. "You are running a risk standing here. I will come over by and by and see how you are."

"Oh, pray don't!" cried the minister, with uncontrollable candor.

Now the young lady did not change color at this rebuff; and it smote him with a kind of helpless anger to see that she did not, but that she only smiled maternally.

"I will call upon you," he stammered. "I will call upon you to express my gratitude. Mrs. Goodspeed will write you a note. She will be very grateful."

"Run away home," said Dr. Thorpe, as if he had been a boy.

The Rev. Luther Goodspeed turned and went. It cannot be said that he ran. His rubber boots were still full of water, and he trod heavily across the beach and up the garden walk.

His heart was heavier than his feet. Two terrible interviews frowned before him. To face his wife or the senior deacon—which would be the crueler fate?

The minister sat in his study. It was now half past one o'clock, and all visible signs of the early parsonage dinner, abruptly and contritely eaten alone by the Rev. Luther Goodspeed, had been cleared away by Arvilla, the "housekeeper."

At the present moment the housekeeper was doing Mrs. Goodspeed's feet up in something hot and woolly. Mrs. Goodspeed moaned faintly at regular intervals, as if her suffering were a clock that must strike when it was wound. Now and then she clung to Arvilla's hand. When she was offended with her husband she was apt to be affectionate with Arvilla.

"Only a woman can understand a woman," she sighed. "No man *can*."

"Land!" said Arvilla, dispassionately, "I wouldn't set the minister down for a minyot—not a *born* minyot. He's got some brains left in his skull yet, if you give him credit for it. You'd oughter see Mis' Chickamy's husband, where I did nursin' in Salem before I come to you. You'd think you was the wife of a cherubim, that's all."

"What did Mr. Chickamy do?" asked the invalid, with unexpected interest. "You often allude so mysteriously to Mr. Chickamy, Arvilla. But you never explain what you mean."

"Nor I ainter gointer," snapped Arvilla. "All I say is that you've married a seraphim, and you'd oughter sense it."

"Was Mrs. Chickamy as sick as I am?" asked Mrs. Goodspeed, weakly.

"A sight sicker," replied Arvilla, cruelly.

Mrs. Goodspeed made no answer. In her heart she did not think it credible that any woman could be sicker than herself. The lids drooped over her eyes. She had fine eyes, and when they were not visible her face took on a certain commonness, like a cheap candlestick in which the light has been extinguished. She had been a pretty girl; she had the petulant mouth of a spoiled invalid, but the still youthful manner of a woman beloved and sheltered.

"Has he gone over to the study?" she asked, suddenly opening her eyes. "After the shock I have received?"

"Lord!" cried Arvilla, "he's *got*ter go. He's wore out same's you be. It's consider'ble of a stent to be drownded, let alon' fussin' over you afterwards. You was consid'ble to tend to for a spell along there after he capsized. My ironin's all in the basket. I ain't teched only one shimmy and two pair of his stockin's. I wish you'd perk up a little," added Arvilla, with a mournful candor.

But the invalid did not perk up. In fact, she seemed the rather to be perking down. Whatever might be said of her on some other occasions, on this Mrs. Goodspeed was really ill.

No human infliction has found less generous or even judicial comprehension,

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either in life or in letters, than chronic illness. Its victims, who may sometimes receive fair play in fact, seldom do in fiction.

Nevertheless, the truth compels me to admit that Ellen Goodspeed, ten years an invalid in the seashore parsonage, and for twenty years the cherished wife of the Reverend Luther, belonged to that class of women who at their worst are what we charitably call impossible, and who when ill are never at their best.

The Rev. Luther Goodspeed sat in his church study. His next Sunday morning's sermon lay half written upon his table, held in its rebelliously fluttering place by a Concordance and the Revised Version; for the sou'wester brushed brusquely in at the large window. It was unexpectedly a stained window, having been presented by a deceased but once sympathetic parishioner, who was understood to be under special spiritual obligations to the pastor. The design presented the figure of Christ healing the sick—a cripple. The Christ was white, the cripple was yellow; a lavender Temple on a pea-green Palestine showed beyond. The window, which moved inwards and outwards on a swivel, was open, and the minister sat in the full draught, hungrily. He still panted a little, like a man who has passed through an excessive exertion of either mind or body. His boyish curls, yet wet, clung to his temples and forehead. He had a wearier expression than he was accustomed to allow himself; he wore one of the looks that a man's wife does not see. He had taken up his pen mechanically, but he was not writing. An arrow of yellow from the tallith of the Judean cripple hit the minister's idle hand. He glanced at it and his lips moved. "Poor Nelly!" he said. "Poor Nelly!" His thoughts could not get beyond this familiar stage.

The sou'wester, which was dying leisurely, suddenly set a rousing whirl of air astir in the church study and slapped the painted window. The study door opened loudly and slammed to in the draught.

"You've gotter come right over!" commanded Arvilla, shrill with unwonted excitement. "She's got *something* this time. The old doctor ain't to home, for I seen him gewhollopin' over to the harbor. I've sot out to find somebody else. You run right along and set by her till I get one!"

The minister obeyed—everybody obeyed Arvilla. In startled silence, bareheaded, he ran from the church to the parsonage, and took the stairs two at a time. His lips still moved to the familiar "Poor Nelly!" It seemed to him to justify the experience of a thousand baseless alarms and wasted wells of sympathy drawn upon for all her ailing years that he should now find poor Nelly really very ill indeed.

In fact, she was, or seemed to be, unconscious, and lay silently in the arms that clasped her with the old, sure, indefatigable tenderness which Ellen Goodspeed took as a matter of course, and for which so many wives would have exchanged life.

Mrs. Goodspeed was not, in fact, a fainting woman, and the Reverend Luther, who might have easily taken a nurse's diploma in many or most departments, was at his wit's end, when Arvilla slammed up-stairs with the only doctor she had been able to secure.

"It ain't a he doctor," announced Arvilla, "but you better b'lieve she'll beat the old one out of his boots. *She* ain't no minyot, I betcher."

When the minister raised his haggard eyes he turned sick and dizzy. How was it possible to entrust his poor and precious Nelly to a physician in a white flannel dress and a low tortoise-shell back comb?

"*You!*" he cried, with piercing candor.

"Put her down," commanded Dr. Thorpe, authoritatively. "So,—perfectly horizontal—so. You are holding her too high."

"Is she—will she—die?" asked the husband, with white lips.

"Oh dear no," said the woman doctor.

Then, thus and there did the care of the minister's wife go over into the professional charge of Dr. Thorpe.

A new earth, if not a new heaven, now evolved in the parsonage. The invalid went captive at once and altogether to the girl doctor.

"The doctor understands my case perfectly," she confided to Arvilla.

"Shouldn't wonder!" retorted Arvilla, with an accent the invalid—who was not a dull person—felt to be ambiguous.

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THE INVALID WENT CAPTIVE AT ONCE TO THE GIRL DOCTOR

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"It takes a woman to understand a woman," she repeated, sharply. A flicker of carmine brushed her pale lips; she showed a pleased color not infrequently in those days.

Her naturally fine eyes assumed a deep inward brilliance. That fretful carving between her brows had cut too deep to be recalled. You can fill and level a grave, but not those moral cañons in the human face. But a gentle cheerfulness or expectancy now suffused her expression and manner.

The truth was that the minister's wife had found that which may surcharge a nervous invalid into late recovery, and for lack of which many have died—a new absorption.

"She's got an interus'," said Arvilla.

Beneath the bruising cross Mr. Goodspeed felt another shoulder—how gentle and how strong! Manifold and mysterious were the steps by which the girl doctor interpaced the parsonage life. She wove a magic web around, across, and through the cheerless household.

Every day the minister thought of her in a new metaphor. She was climate. She was atmosphere. She was escape. She was freedom. With her came uncounted respites and reliefs; through her accession opened little vistas of rest, something that he dared not call hope, and yet for which there seemed no duller name.

The exactions of the sick-room upon the overwearied man were melting—who could say how? For three nights now he had slept undisturbed; all day he had been summoned but twice. Last week he spent a day in the city. Yesterday he had a long bicycle ride. To-day his poor Nelly herself asked him to invite his classmates from the hotel to supper.

To-morrow she thought a horseback ride somewhere would be good for him. Next week, she said, in her prettiest way—and no one had a prettier way than Nelly when she was young and well:—

"Those people at the hotel with the automobile are going to take the doctor for a trip around the Cape. They want another gentleman. If they *should* invite you—would you like to go, Luther?"

"It would not do at all for both of us to be away from you all day," replied the Reverend Luther, promptly; but the dash of fire in his eyes betrayed him.

"I didn't know you cared so *much*," replied the invalid, not without pathos. "Arvilla can take care of me quite well. Dr. Thorpe wishes me to depend on myself. The doctor likes to have me do things without people. The doctor—Oh, what should I do without the doctor? God bless her!"

"*Amen*," said the minister, solemnly.

He sat in that automobile like a beatified spirit flying through the mysteries of ether.

When he came home his wife had got down-stairs. She crept up from the study sofa and came to meet him. She wore a pretty, white, loose gown; it had bright autumnal ribbons;—the doctor had given her those ribbons.

"She makes her take an interus' in how she looks," observed Arvilla.

The minister kissed his wife adoringly. In the chariot of fire, all the blazing autumn day, a comrade had shared his flight; he returned to a dependent. He thought of the girl doctor's splendid color and vigor—the look of her red cheek beneath her veil, her free step in her long automobile coat, the profile of her bare, brown hand upon her lap. He thought of his immeasurable obligations to her.

He looked at his invalid wife with fond returning eyes; her wasted face lay upon his breast; she lifted her thin hand to his cheek; she did not fret or complain; she hoped he had a good time.

These simple words filled him with admiration. He thought her heroic, and told her so.

"I'm glad you went," she answered, restlessly. "Isn't the doctor coming in?"

A vague jealousy stirred within the minister's heart. To his poor Nelly he had so long been the world and all that was therein!

He went out and sat on the porch alone when Dr. Thorpe came in to see how her patient had passed the day. The voices of the two women came to his ear confusedly—the one plaintive, appealing, and delicate; the other, ringing and strong.

They grappled some duality in his own nature, hitherto submerged in his consciousness. He had the singleness and simplicity of a devout boy. He was troubled by some of his thoughts.

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Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

SHE HOPED HE HAD A GOOD TIME

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It was a cold September evening, and Dr. Thorpe came out buttoning her automobile coat. She wore her white flannel dress and a little white felt hat.

"Finished your cigar?" she said.—"Oh, I forgot!"

The minister looked so like a man who ought to have had the smoke which he denied himself that she was tempted to run across to the apothecary's and get him one.

"Poor fellow!" she said. "Is it Nelly? or the senior deacon?"

The minister returned her a straight, steady look, before which the mischief in her brown eyes wavered. In his the natural worldling and the acquired saint contended silently.

"Call it the Junior Endeavor," he replied.

"There is to be some deep-sea fishing to-morrow — the automobile party," observed Dr. Thorpe, abruptly. "Mrs. Goodspeed has suggested that you should join us. We have engaged *The Arrow*. We sail at eight o'clock."

"*I!*— Mrs. Goodspeed!— The *Arrow!*" ejaculated the minister. "Eight o'clock!" he added, faintly. "I carry her down-stairs at ten. Dr. Thorpe, I thank you. I cannot subject my wife to such a strain. You do not know what she suffers when I am on the water.—I told you—I have not sailed for twenty years."

"As you please," replied Dr. Thorpe, sharply; her face had its professional look. "I think it well for her to make sacrifices—to exercise self-control. You obstruct my management of the case."

"I will discuss the matter with my wife," replied the minister, stiffly. The husband and the physician parted with coldness.

He felt unhappy to have quarrelled with her. His debt to her was so large that little estrangements seemed a kind of spiritual bankruptcy.

"I shall not go on her fishing trip," he said. But the next morning he was at the wharf with the rest of the party.

As *The Arrow* dashed out of the harbor, the too long sea-denied man forgot the solid earth and all that was thereon—his senior deacon, the Junior Endeavor, parish politics—yes, and his poor Nelly. Clearly Dr. Thorpe perceived that he had forgotten herself. She reflected that she should take pleasure in that fact.

Circumstances forced him to remember her unexpectedly. When the wind died, and *The Arrow* wallowed in the swell beyond the Light, the other lady of the party fell a victim to a severe attack of *mal de mer*—surrendered the excursion, and demanded that she be put ashore to walk home. Her husband dutifully accompanied her. Thus it befell that the minister and Dr. Thorpe returned with the skipper.

It was late September, and the bay had the glitter of its calendar. All through the morning, while the southerly lasted, the water had presented a sheet of white fire and seemed to smoke. The wind had been good-humored, sinking to the calm that had disrupted the party, and the harbor flickered with sails. Most of these had now disappeared. *The Arrow*, alone of her class, was still beyond the bar.

Her skipper, who was of the talkative, tourist's variety, had grown unnaturally silent.

"We're goin' to have a breeze o' wind," he said, slowly.

As he spoke the words, the wind veered with an incredible swiftness, and one of the fierce autumnal northerlies, with whose temper no man may reckon, smote an unprepared and writhing sea.

The Arrow keeled and lay over as if she had been knocked down by a gun. In a moment the little pleasure-boat was quivering between whirlpool and whirlwind—her landing two miles off.

"Lend a hand, parson!" bellowed the skipper, wrestling savagely with his tiller. "If you know *anything*,—drop that mains'l, and be —— quick about it!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" cried the minister, springing.

As the little sail came rattling down beneath his alert and intelligent fingers, he gave one glance through the smoky spray at the shore. He could make out the roof of the parsonage, and the row of stunted poplars bent like weather-beaten old men.

"You ain't no such pious fool, either!" yelled the skipper through the blast. "You dropped her quite toler'ble well."

Dr. Thorpe had not yet spoken.

"I can help too," she said, quickly.

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"I understand a boat. I can steer if you'll trust me."

"When I trust my hellum to a woman," replied the skipper, "I'll be d—d, —or a parson, either."

The passengers were both as white now as the foam in which *The Arrow* weltered. The minister looked at the doctor. Her eyes answered his steadily. In them he saw an infinite and dumb anguish. If by flinging herself overboard at that moment she could have landed him alive and in the arms of his wife, she would have done it; and he felt that she would.

"*Bail!*" thundered the skipper, suddenly. "Bail like the devil, or we'll be in hell afore we can say damn!"

The northerly had now become a hurricane. *The Arrow,* trembling from stem to stern, spun and whirled like a dead leaf. The water rushed over the rail in cataracts.

Only a few people on shore had observed the position of the little boat. These gave her up for lost, with easy unanimity. Only one of them, an old offshore fisherman, with a slimy green dory, did anything.

He took his pipe out of his mouth, picked up his oars with big, gnarled, experienced hands, and rowed out into the caldron.

Between whirlpool and whirlwind the three in *The Arrow,* drenched and gasping, clung to the last moments of consciousness in the silence with which most human souls face probable death. Even the skipper had ceased to damn. The minister sat with set teeth, and eyes staring shoreward and homeward.

"She asked me to take a tender," he muttered; "it was the only thing she *did* ask."

For the first time a groan ground its way through his quivering lips.

"Shut up there!" cried the skipper, roughly. "Keep up your courage, same's you sot out to. *Bail,* I tell ye! Bail! Look here," he added, in the next breath; "I won't fool ye no longer. 'Tain't no use . . . bailin' . . . nor nothin'.—Parson, I guess it's your turn to take the hellum."

The skipper, still wrestling with his tiller as Jacob wrestled with the angel, jerked off his dripping hat and made as if he would fall upon his knees.

"Come, parson," he said; "you pray. It's time."

As the minister's voice, responding with the quickness of a life's training and a life's faith, rose pleading to Heaven and the hurricane, *The Arrow* quietly swamped.

At this moment the tempest yawned, and out of its throat dropped a slimy, green dory, rowed by an old fisherman, bent and drenched and dominant, son of the sea and of the storm, as powerful and as incredible as leviathan.

When the green dory landed her passengers the whirling shore was throbbing with people. Pre-eminent among them, a lanky figure against the frowning sky, Arvilla ornamented the cliff top. She was gesticulating wildly, and seemed to be shouting unheard words. The minister and the doctor looked at her in heavy silence. Neither of them had addressed the other since they were dragged out of the foam into the dory.

To her own soul Eunice Thorpe spoke the unsparing words of an ardent and high-minded woman who believes herself conscientiously to have veered to the verge of a grave mistake.

"I meant to help them! I meant to help them!" she repeated, piteously: "I have done them an irreparable hurt!"

She dared neither forecast nor ignore the probable consequences of this day's events. She felt the sense of immaturity in human experience, or aloofness from the plan of life, which comes at times to every unwedded woman.

"They are married," she thought; "I am not. I should not have interfered. I should have let them alone."

Her spirits sank so that she did not bear the drenching very vigorously, and suffered rather a serious chill. The fisherman offered her his oil coat, and the Reverend Luther tried to wrap it about her, but she declined it.

"I am no colder or wetter than you," she said. "Put it on yourself."

He dropped the coat, and it lay in the bottom of the dory; whence the skipper promptly picked it up and threw it over his own streaming back.

"Who is that?" said the minister,

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abruptly, in a strained voice.—"*That?—There?*"

Her eyes followed his shaking finger.

"*It is Mrs. Goodspeed!*" she panted. "She is on the cliff. Arvilla is holding her up."

When the dory bumped on the float, the Reverend Mr. Goodspeed leaped without looking back. Everybody made way for him as he dashed like a boy up the cliff; and a low, moaning sound came from the people on the shore when he took his wife, who had not walked a rod outside her house for well-nigh a dozen years, into his dripping arms.

Eunice Thorpe turned away. She felt exiled. She experienced the isolation of the happiest solitary woman before the mysterious bond of marriage. The hotel people took care of her, the old man doctor gallantly offered her his services, and she did not look back at the two on the cliff. She allowed herself one savage thought. "If she scolds him," reflected the doctor, "I will—I will—put her in a plaster cast!"

But Mrs. Goodspeed did not scold her husband — not then. She kissed, and laughed, and cried, and blessed, and kissed again. With her invalid arms clasped around the half-drowned, shivering man, she walked steadily back to the parsonage, cooing and crooning unintelligibly all the way, as women—whether sick or well—do when they love a man or a child. And Arvilla ran on ahead to heap the fires.

The minister sat in his study. The empty church seemed muffled in more than its usual stillness. The boundings of his own heart hammered in his ears. It was a cold day, and a little fire purred in the grate. He had allowed himself this luxury, for he had coughed a good deal since *The Arrow* swamped, a week ago. His next Sunday's sermon lay before him—thirty blank, bleak pages of manuscript paper. He had not got beyond his text, which repeated the beautiful apocalyptic dream about the "first heaven and the first earth" that were "passed away." He could not write. The stained-glass window was shut, and the chilly autumn sun struggled to illuminate the white Christ and the yellow cripple, but made no effort to contend with Palestine or the lavender Temple. The Rev. Luther Goodspeed had a worried look.

A low knock brushed the door, and he sprang to open it with the nervous movement of a man in unconcealed suspense. Dr. Thorpe came in without speaking, but did not take the chair which he pushed forward by the fire.

She stood with her hands upon the back of the chair, and looked—as he did—into the heart of the blaze. They began to talk at once, without ceremony or hesitation, as people do who have vital matters on hand.

"How did you leave her?"

"She's pretty tired. Arvilla is with her."

"What have you been saying to her?"

"Saying? Oh, everything, I think—that is, almost."

"You play with my suspense," he said, peremptorily. "Relieve it. It's not natural—a physician pre-empting a wife's confidence, while a husband is shut out."

"You cannot be more conscious of that than I. I purpose to put an end to it as soon as possible. She has become too dependent on me. I told her so."

"*Ah!*—That was cruel. How did she take it?"

"Like a woman—that is, with spirit. I am glad to say she showed considerable. When she was young—and well—she must have been a girl of some force of character."

"Indeed she was!" cried the husband, hotly.

"I told her," proceeded Dr. Thorpe, without meeting his eye, "that I intended to leave town next week. I have decided to practise in the city. I am going on Friday morning."

"*Going?* Friday *morning?*—I thought you meant to settle here. There are so many who—have expected it—who wish it . . . a good many ladies of my congregation—" he broke off, lamely enough.

"Such was my intention. I have changed it," replied the doctor, in a tone which admitted of no reprieve.

"How did she take *that?*" he asked, in a tone lower than her own.

"Like a lady — like the lady that she is."

"It's going to be very hard for her,"

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he said, with an opaque, half-blind look. His gaze had returned to the fire.

"I am afraid so."

"She will miss you. She will not know how to take up—her sufferings—without you. Nor—nor I."

A sense of impending bereavement half strangled him. He wheeled and regarded her unexpectedly; he had the look of a troubled and bewildered boy.

"Steady, now, steady!" said Eunice Thorpe; but she said it to her own strong soul.

"I shall come back sometimes," she suggested, in a comfortable, commonplace tone. "I shall not entirely desert the case."

"*Ah!*—That will—help us out."

"I shall try to do—what is best," added the girl doctor, halting for the first time in this agitating interview.

Abruptly she turned and went to the study door. With her hand on the latch, she paused, drew a quick, deep breath, and faced him.

"Mr. Goodspeed, I think you ought to know that you do not know the details of my talk with your wife to-day. I have told her everything."

"*Everything?* I fail to—understand you, Dr. Thorpe."

Blind thoughts of things that he had read in disagreeable fiction groped for a moment through his well-ordered mind —phantoms of scenes such as did not occur in the lives of Christian clergymen; shadowy complications of feeling, such as a gentleman, being the husband of one wife, could not suffer himself to experience. But in the dark eyes of the girl doctor he saw only that inscrutable, maternal look. A little mocking smile curved her red lips as they slowly brought out these unexpected words:

"I have told Mrs. Goodspeed that she is perfectly curable. I have told her that she has been self-deluded—that she has been an unnecessary burden upon you all these years."

"It was my privilege to assume it!" cried the husband, in a scorching tone. "It was my delight as well as my duty. My wife has been a very sick woman—"

"I have just told her that such is not the fact," interrupted the doctor, calmly. "I have told her that she has put a false diagnosis on the condition. I have told her to stay out of bed and keep on her feet—that she is perfectly able. Within limits, I mean, of course. I have ordered her to walk as far as the end of that row of round-shouldered poplars every day. She has promised to do so."

"Did you ever tell her to do this before?" gasped Luther Goodspeed.

"Never."

"Why not?"

"She would not have believed me nor obeyed me. Now she can't help herself. Since she walked to the cliff to meet you, there is nothing to be said. What you call Providence shipwrecked you to disillusionize her. No therapeutics could have done it. Love did. She will never be a strong woman, or quite well. But, relatively speaking, she will recover."

"Do you mean to say," demanded the minister, severely, "that my poor Nelly— Oh, you must have hurt her! You wounded her!—I should go to her at once."

He looked about for his hat. A shaft of the autumn sunlight struggled through the tallith of the white Christ in the window and expressed the pallor of the man's noble face. All its patient lines and conquered self were revealed, perhaps sublimated, before the doctor's steady eyes.

"You are a good man," she said, in a very low voice. "I honor you . . . above most men whom I know. I shall not deceive you about it all. She has suffered very much; she does; she must. But there has never been any lesion, nothing organic. There is a neurosis—but it is curable. I have told her—more than I shall tell you; more than she will tell you. Leave us to work it out. Leave me the management of my own case.—By the way," she added, "this bronchial irritation of yours needs attention. You have coughed ever since that first shipwreck, and two in one season have been more than your share. You are to go South for the month of March, this winter. I have told her so."

"You might have spared yourself that trouble!" cried the minister, defiantly. "When you see me ask my sick wife to spare me for a month—"

"You will not find it necessary to ask her," returned Dr. Thorpe, rather wearily. "She will propose it herself. — Don't, don't fight me so," she protested, with

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sudden entreaty. "Don't, *don't* make everything so hard! I am trying to do—what is best—the best I can—for her—for you—for everybody."

She held out her firm brown hand abruptly. He bowed his face above it.

"*Victurus saluto,*" he said, brokenly. She smiled a little, wistfully, but did not reply; and so melted from the study. He stood for a moment when she had left him; the white light from the Christ in the window passed over his face and off from it, leaving a tremulous, uncertain shadow.

The minister sank into his study chair and laid his face upon his unfinished sermon. His praying lips touched the text: "*For the first heaven and the first earth were passed away.*"

In the sick-room Mrs. Goodspeed sat panting in the easy chair. Her pretty, petulant face wore a startled, something like a terrified, expression.

"Arvilla," she asked, distinctly, "what did Mr. Chickamy do to Mrs. Chickamy? You never told me. I really wish you would. I never knew the family, you see, and never shall. There can be no impropriety."

"Won't you *never* tell?" demurred Arvilla.

"Never, Arvilla, never!"

"Eny-meeny-mony-my,
Hold my tongue or wish I may die?"

"Eny meeny—mony my," echoed Mrs. Goodspeed, laughing. She was glad of a chance to laugh. Returning health had already taught her to weary of the tragic.

"Well," admitted Arvilla, sinking her voice to a hollow and unnatural whisper, "when she was so tantragious nobody *could* stand her—Mr. Chickamy he shook her."

"Shook her! Shook his wife! A sick lady! An invalid wife! *Shook* her?" gasped Mrs. Goodspeed.

Arvilla nodded solemnly. "He warn't no cherubim," she said, conclusively. "Yourn is."

There was a harvest-moon that night, and Dr. Thorpe went out to row upon the harbor. She went alone. Everybody seemed superfluous to her. She drifted up and down for an hour, and then brought her dory to the float, and came up the ladder slowly. At the top a strong hand stretched down to meet her own.

"I meant to be in time to help you with the dory," said the minister. He spoke with some embarrassment and timidity. "My wife wishes to know—*could* you come over?" he asked, with manifest hesitation.

"Is she really in need of my services?" demanded the doctor, somewhat shortly.

"I don't think so. I think it was more a social invitation—a friendly chat—all of us together. She is trying not to go to bed so early. She is trying to please you."

"Ask her to excuse me," replied Dr. Thorpe, after a moment's silence. "I am really — pretty tired. Some other time. Tell her I will come some other time.—Go home and tell her, please. I am going to sit here on the float for a while."

It occurred to him suddenly that he might stay and sit beside her in the moonlight on the swaying float—that he must do it. Then, with a grip through his heart, like a physical pain, he perceived that he must not. He did not say, I dare not; his consciousness halted this side of the words. He obeyed her in silence. He walked rapidly, without looking back, passed under the row of weather-beaten poplars, up the steps, and into the house.

The moon was blazing on the sea, and Eunice Thorpe buried her thoughts in gulfs of light. A woman may offer a man the highest service if she refrains from doing all she can for him. This she remembered. A noble idealization filled the delicate and upright soul of the minister. This she felt. The girl doctor meant to be glad that she had not suffered him to confuse the great counter-currents of experience. Gratitude and friendliness have the nature of the tide, and, like the tides, may rise to strange shores or ebb to familiar seas. She wondered why she was not happier that she had made this unselfish, unworldly man and that ailing and imperfect woman her lifelong and her loyal friends.

Pretty soon he came to the window of his wife's room and drew the shade. She could see his shadow on the shade after it was drawn.

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Editor's Easy Chair.

THE talk was of that strange passion for reading which has of late possessed the public, and the contagion or infection by which it has passed to hundreds of thousands who never read before; and then the talk was of how this prodigious force might be controlled, and turned in the right way: not suffered to run to waste like water over the dam, but directed into channels pouring upon wheels that turn the mills of the gods, or something like that. There were of course a great many words; in fact, talk is composed of words, and the people at that luncheon were there for talking as well as eating, and they did not mind how many words they used. But the sum of their words was the hope, after a due period of despair, that the present passion for reading might be made to eventuate in more civilization than it seemed to be doing, if it could be brought back to good literature, supposing it was ever there in great strength, and the question was how to do this.

I

One of the company said he had lately been reading a good many books of Leigh Hunt's, and after everybody had interrupted with "Delightful!" "Perfectly charming!" and the like, he went on to observe that one of the chief merits of Hunt seemed to be his aptness in quotation. That, he remarked, was almost a lost art with critics, who had got to thinking that they could tell better what an author was than the author himself could. Like every other power disused, the power of apt quotation had died, and there were very few critics now who knew how to quote: not one knew, as Hunt, or Lamb, or Hazlitt, or the least of the great quotational school of critics, knew. These had perhaps overworked their gift, and might have been justly accused, as they certainly were accused, of misleading the reader and making him think that the poets, whose best they quoted, putting the finest lines in italics so that they could not be missed, were as good throughout as in the passages given. It was this sense of having abused innocence, or ignorance, which led to the present reaction in criticism no doubt, and yet the present reaction was an error. Suppose that the poets whose best was given by quotation were not altogether as good as that? The critics never pretended they were; they were merely showing how very good these poets could be, and at the same time offering a delicate pleasure to the reader, who could not complain that his digestion was overtaxed by the choice morsels. If his pleasure in them prompted him to go to the entire poet quoted, in the hope of rioting gluttonously upon him, the reader was rightly served, in one sense. In another, he was certainly not disserved, or his time wasted. It would be hard for him to prove that he could have employed it more profitably.

II

Everybody, more or less, now sat up, and he who had the eye and ear of the table went on to remark that he had not meant to make a defence of the extinct school of quotational criticism. What he really meant to do was to suggest a way out of the present situation in which the new multitude of voracious readers were grossly feeding upon such intellectual husks as swine would not eat, and imagining themselves nourished by their fodder. There might be some person present who could improve upon his suggestion, but his notion, as he conceived it, was that something might be done in the line of quotational criticism to restore the great poets to the public favor, for he understood that good authors were now proportionately less read than they once were. He thought that a pity: and the rest of the company joined in asking him how he proposed to employ the quotational method for his purpose.

In answering he said that he would not go outside of the English classics, and he would, for the present, deal only with the greatest of these. He took it for granted that those listening were all agreed that mankind would be advantaged in their minds or manners by a more or less less familiar acquaintance with Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden,

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Pope, Cowper, Burns, Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, and Browning; he himself did not mind adding Scott to the list, whose poetry he found much better than his prose. To bring about an acquaintance which might very profitably ripen into intimacy, he would have each of these poets treated in the whole measure of his work as many or most of them had been topically or partially treated by the quotational critics. Some one here made him observe that he was laying out rather a large piece of work, and to this he answered, Not at all; the work had been already done. Asked then, somewhat derisively, why it need be done over again, he explained with a modesty and patience which restored him to the regard he had lost by the derision (all had impartially united in it), that though the work had already been done, there needed some slight additions to it which would easily fit it to his purpose. He was not thinking of going in for one of those dreadful series of books which seemed the dismay alike of publisher and reader, and required rewriting of matter more than enough rewritten. In fact, he said, that for his purpose the writing was done fully, and probably better than it could be done again, and it was only the reading and quoting that demanded editorial attention.

Another said he did not see how that could be, and the inventor of the brave scheme, which was still *in petto*, said that he would try to show him. We had, he contended, only too great riches in the criticisms of the poets open to our choice, but suppose we took Spenser and let Lowell introduce him to us. There would be needed a very brief biographical note, and then some able hand to intersperse the criticism with passages from Spenser, or with amplifications of the existing quotations, such as would give a full notion of the poet's scope and quality. The story of each of his poems could be given in a few words, where the poems themselves could not be given even in part, and with the constant help of the critic, the reader could be possessed of a luminous idea of the poet, such as he probably could not get by going to him direct, though this was not to be deprecated, but encouraged, after the preparatory acquaintance. The explanatory and illustrative passages could be interpolated in the text of the criticism without interrupting the critic, and something for Spenser might thus be done on the scale of what Addison did for Milton. It was known how those successive papers in the *Spectator* had rehabilitated one of the greatest English poets, or rather rehabilitated the English public, and restored the poet and the public to each other. They formed almost an ideal body of criticism, and if they did not embody all that the reader need know of Milton, they embodied so much that he could no longer feel himself ignorant of Milton. In fact, they possessed him of a high degree of Miltonian culture, which was what one wanted to have with respect to any poet. They might be extended with still greater quotation, and if something more yet were needed, the essay on Milton which made Macaulay's reputation might be employed as a vessel to catch the overrunnings of the precious ichor.

Who could not wish to know the poetry of Keats as we already knew his life through the matchless essay of Lowell? That might be filled out with the most striking passages of his poetry, simply let in at appropriate places, without breaking the flow of that high discourse, and forming a rich accompaniment which could leave no reader unpleasured or uninstructed. The passages given from the poet need not be relevant to the text of the critic; they might be quite irrelevant, and serve the imaginable end still better. For instance, some passages might be given in the teeth of the critic, and made to gainsay what he had been saying. This would probably send the reader, if he was very much perplexed, to the poet himself, which was the imaginable end. He might be disappointed one way, or he might be disappointed the other way, but in the mean while he would have passed his time, and he would have instructed if he had not amused himself.

It would be very interesting to take such a criticism as that of Lowell on Dryden and give not only the fine things from him, but the things that counted for the critic in his interesting contention that Dryden failed of being a prime poet because of the great weight

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of prose in him, and very good prose; or, as the critic charmingly put it, he had wings that helped him run along the ground, but did not enable him to fly. It would be most valuable for us to see how Dryden was a great literary man, but not one of the greatest poets, and yet must be ranked as a great poet. If the balance inclined now towards this opinion, and not against it, very possibly the reader would find himself impelled to turn to the poet's work, and again the imaginable end would be served.

III

A listener here asked why the talker went chiefly to Lowell for the illustration of his theory, and was frankly answered, For the same reason that he had first alluded to Leigh Hunt: because he had lately been reading him. It was not because he had not read any other criticism, or not that he entirely admired Lowell's; in fact, he often found fault with that. Lowell was too much a poet to be a perfect critic. He was no more the greatest sort of critic than Dryden was the greatest sort of poet. To turn his figure round, he had wings that lifted him into the air when he ought to be running along the ground.

The company laughed civilly at this piece of luck, and then they asked, civilly still, if Leigh Hunt had not done for a great many poets just what he was proposing to have done. What about the treatment of the poets and the quotations from them in the volumes on "Wit and Humor," "Imagination and Fancy," "A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla," and the rest? The talker owned that there was a great deal about these which was to his purpose, but, upon the whole, the criticism was too desultory and fragmentary, and the quotation was illustrative rather than representative, and so far it was illusory. He had a notion that Hunt's stories from the Italian poets were rather more in the line he would have followed, but he had not read these since he was a boy, and he was not prepared to answer for them.

One of the company said that she had read those Italian poets in Leigh Hunt's version of them when she was a girl, and it had had the effect of making her think she had read the poets themselves, and she had not since read directly, Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, or Tasso. She regarded that as an irreparable injury, and she doubted whether, if the great English poets could be introduced in that manner, very many people would pursue their acquaintance for themselves. They would think they were familiar with them already.

Yes, the talker assented, if that were the scheme, but it was not; or, at least, it was only part of the scheme. The scheme was to give the ever-increasing multitude of readers a chance to know something of the best literature. If they chose to pursue the acquaintance, very good; if they chose not to pursue the acquaintance, still very good; they could not have made it at all without being somewhat refined and enlightened. He felt very much about it as he felt about seeing Europe, which some people left unseen because they could not give all the time to it they would like. He always said to such people, Go, if they could only be gone a month. A day in Rome, or London, or Paris, was a treasure such as a lifetime at home could not lay up; an hour of Venice or Florence was precious; a moment of Milan or Verona, of Siena or Mantua, was beyond price. So, you could not know a great poet so little as not to be enriched by him. A look from a beautiful woman, or a witty word from a wise one, distinguished and embellished the life into which it fell, so that it could never afterwards be so common as it was before.

Why, it was asked from a silence in which all the ladies tried to think whether the speaker had her in mind or not, and whether he ought really to be so personal, why could not Mr. Morley's English Men of Letters series be used to carry out the scheme proposed; and its proposer said he had nothing to say against that, except perhaps that the frames might be too much for the pictures. He would rather choose a critical essay, as he had intimated, for the frame of each picture; in this sort of thing we had an endless choice, both new and old. If he had any preference it would be for the older-fashioned critics, like Hazlitt, or perhaps like De Quincey; he was not sure, speaking without the book, whether De Quincey treated authors so much as topics, but

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he had the sense of wonderful things in him about the eighteenth-century poets: things that made you think you knew them, and that yet made you burn to be on the same intimate terms with them as De Quincey himself.

His method of knowing the poets through the critics, the sympathetic critics, who were the only real critics, would have the advantage of acquainting the reader with the critics as well as the poets. The critics got a good deal of ingratitude from the reader generally, and perhaps in their character of mere reviewers they got no more than they merited, but in their friendly function of ushers to the good things, even the best things, in the authors they were studying, they had a claim upon him which he could not requite too generously. They acted the part of real friends, and in the high company where the reader found himself strange and alone, they hospitably made him at home. Above all other kinds of writers, they made one feel that he was uttering the good things they said. Of course, for the young reader, there was the danger of his continuing always to think their thoughts in their terms, but there were also great chances that he would begin by and by to think his own thoughts in terms of his own.

The more quotational the critics were, the better. For himself, the speaker said that he liked that old custom of printing the very finest things in italics, when it came to citing corroborative passages. It had not only the charm of the rococo, the pathos of a bygone fashion, but it was of the greatest use. No one is the worse for having a great beauty pointed out in the author one is reading, or reading from. Sometimes one does not see the given beauty at first, and then he has the pleasure of puzzling it out; sometimes he never sees it, and then his life is sublimed with an insoluble conundrum. Sometimes, still, he sees what the critic means, and disagrees with him. In this case he is not likely to go to the end of his journey without finding a critic whom he agrees with about the passage in question.

After all, however, it was asked by one that had not spoken before (with that fine air of saying a novel thing which people put on who have not spoken before), would not the superficial knowledge of the poets imparted by quotational criticism result in a sort of pseudo-culture which would be rather worse than nothing, a kind of intellectual plated-ware, or æsthetic near-silk?

The talker said he thought not, and that he had already touched upon some such point in what he had said about going to Europe for a few months. He offered the opinion that there was no such thing as pseudo-culture; there was culture, or there was not; and the reader of a quotational criticism, if he enjoyed the quotations, became, so far, cultivated. It could not be said that he knew the poets treated of, but neither could it be said that he was quite ignorant of them. As a matter of fact, he did know them in a fashion, through a mind larger and clearer than his own.

For this reason the talker favored the reading of criticism, especially the kind of criticism that quoted. He would even go so far as to say that there was no just and honest criticism without quotation. The critic was bound to make out his case, or else abdicate his function, and he could not make out his case, either for or against an author, without calling him to testify. Therefore, he was in favor of quotational criticism, for fairness' sake, as well as for his pleasure; and it was for the extension of it that he now contended. He was not sure that he wished to send the reader to the authors quoted in all cases. The reader could get through the passages cited a pretty good notion of the authors' quality, and as for their quantity, that was often made up of commonplaces or worse. In the case of the old poets, and most of the English classics, there was a great deal of filth which the reader would be better for not taking into his mind, and which the most copiously quotational critics would hardly offer him. If any one said that without the filth one could not get a fair idea of those authors, he should be disposed to distinguish, and to say that without the filth one could not get a fair idea of their age, but of themselves, yes. Their beauty and their greatness were personal to them; even their dulness might be so; but their foulness was what had come off on them from living at periods when manners were foul.

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Editor's Study.

I

THE feeling of protest which a peculiar folk has against conformity with the outside world in custom, costume, and speech is not entertained merely in the interest of the picturesque. It is due rather to the pride of origin—that is, of race or country—something like the primitive feeling of tribal loyalty. It is a folk-passion; and, within its limitations, it is a mighty stickler for uniformity.

By whatever other peculiarities this passion may be distinguished, its chief badge is dialect, held aloft more conspicuously in speech than in writing. Indeed, the conditions under which dialect is cherished are not those which promote literature. Speech, moreover, in its pronunciation and intonation, intensifies the petted idiom, giving the badge a heightened color.

The invasions made by culture in favor of general uniformity are not consciously aggressive against these provincial idioms. Rather, simply for its own entertainment, it would protect them; and seeing that this is not possible, it seeks to give them permanence in fiction. The implacable conflicts about grammar, pronunciation, and usage engage diverse factions in the culture-camp itself. The purpose of these conflicts is to establish uniform standards; and it is merely a question of time when the object in view will be attained. Even as between London and New York—where the disagreement is most radical—reconciliation is not hopeless, in so far as it is held to be desirable. In an early number of this Magazine, Alice Meynell will have some interesting things to say about these differences. In the mean time our readers are enjoying Professor Lounsbury's excellent and authoritative papers touching changes in the very texture of our language.

II

Professor Lounsbury's answer to the question, Is the English language becoming corrupt? is substantially this: It has grown and enriched itself by what is called its corruption.

This is true in a sense not applicable to other languages. If the word "corruption" is given its original meaning—the state of being broken up—then every language grows by corruption. Articulation itself is the breaking of a current. The estate of speech is that of brokenness. In languages like the Greek, Latin, and German there is an organic unity, like that which belongs to a physiological structure whose complexity is due to the compound division of the cell, and is the result of a natural development. In the growth of the Romance languages there was something beyond this normal corruption—an interruption, and a grafting of one order of speech upon others radically different, save for some remote, common origin.

The English language is a complex mixture of various corruptions—a variegated mosaic of speech. Its eclecticism, at first spontaneous, has been in later stages of development deliberate—a conscious selection directly from Latin (overleaping the Romance formations), from modern French, from the Greek, and even from the Arabian, to meet new needs of expression.

No other language is so readily eclectic and assimilative. The German thinks in his native tongue, and whatever acquaintance he may have with other languages, ancient or modern, he must in the communication of his thought be limited by the capacities of a speech which from the beginning has repudiated foreign alliances. Every word he speaks or writes carries with it a definite and familiar image, which serves him well within its limitations, but can never be veiled or lured into obliquity or indirection so as by refraction to yield prismatic hues of expression. The native honesty and straightforwardness are inevitable. So it must have been with the Greek, though his bondage was ameliorated by the veilings of diverse Hellenic dialects, as was that of the Roman through the variety of strains which

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during centuries blended together, within the limits of Italy itself, and later through the impregnating influences of Hellenic culture—resulting in the wonderful organic unity of Latin speech.

In the Romance languages, by the very process of their formation, a certain degree of remoteness from origin was established, and therewith an obscuration of native and persistent images. The English language more than any other is free from this species of despotism; and this freedom is its chief compensation for its lack of structural unity. It has therefore more flexibility and accommodation, responding without constraint to all the varied needs of expression. In French, where to every mood and need of the human spirit there leans the fitting word, the accommodation is subject to law, as in a vital organism; and something of this compulsion must have been felt in the early growth of English — in the period of more unconscious assimilation. But from the time of Chaucer we witness the arduous and conscious strife of leading minds with inadequate material—the struggle for expansion beyond the confines of a too narrow vocabulary. The language, having got its body through physiological processes, reached beyond itself, gaining every possible leverage, arbitrarily, and with deliberate consideration, controlled by no instinct but that of necessity.

III

We leave the reader to Professor Lounsbury's comment concerning the critical spirit which withstands to-day as it has withstood for generations the inroads of new locutions and idioms. As he wisely says, no corruption—using the word in its secondary meaning, of debasement—can come of this expansion of language save through the degradation of the peoples who speak and write it. The English language would more readily than any other yield to the influence of such debasement because of its unconstrained freedom of development.

Writers are only indirectly concerned with questions concerning pronunciation (except for such regard as poets must have for accent); but everything affecting the texture of the language is to them a matter of special interest. Professor Lounsbury very properly denounces the mania for reversion to the primary meaning of words in justification of false definition and use. We are not joining issue with him, however, when we add that a knowledge of the derivation of words is of the greatest value and importance to writers. We have said that remoteness from origins is a kind of emancipation, the condition of perfect flexibility. The feeling of servile obligation to the first meaning of words, as etymologically determined, would impoverish the language. But in the very sentence just written the writer might have tautologically used the phrase "binding obligation" but for a knowledge of the original meaning of the substantive.

In the case of a very large number of words the first meaning is retained, and it is because of that precise meaning that they were adopted into the language which they have thus helped to enrich. No careful writer would use the word "depict" save in its original meaning; he certainly would not use it in place of "describe," unless he wished to suggest vividness and color. We keep the word "portray" also, which, though as generally used almost interchangeable with "depict," has yet the special meaning which distinguishes the portrait from the painting. The frequently inept use of the word "dilapidated" is a grievance to the judicious scholar, as well as an offence to the purist. Feeling has much to do with the misapplication of words. There is an intensity of meaning in the word "dilapidated" as indicating a downright ruin ("not one stone left upon another") which would seem to justify its application to fallen structures not made of stone. When the feeling is very strong, it will have its way against all criticism.

The earliest meanings of words are vital. The elemental expression of feeling is obstinately projectile, and in its intenser forms is thrown into the body, as indicated in the French word *acharnement*, and in some uses of our word "incarnate." The Scriptural phrase, "the deeds done in the body," has this objective strength. To the primitive mind the use of certain words signifying evil happenings was ominous, as if the word leaped forward, becoming the thing it imaged. This was one very dire aspect

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of the despotism of the image. To escape this tyranny, a kind of euphemism was introduced by means of words that veiled the image, eluding the fatal portent. The word "fate" originally meant something "said"—the same thing as something doomed. We moderns resort to the same euphemism for mitigation rather than from apprehension. This is shown in the number of elusive words and phrases that serve as substitutes for "death." We can see no other justification of any but the legal use of the word "demise," originally used only in connection with the death of sovereigns, who thus "demitted" or passed on the crown.

All words signifying in the simplest terms descent, contraction, or an analytic motion had primarily an evil meaning, which we have retained; as all which signified ascent, expansion, synthesis, were hopeful terms. As hopefully associated with synthesis we have a good example in the word "edification." Here also we follow the ancients. And we conserve that optimism which is characteristic of the human spirit in all ages in the meanings we give to words in themselves neutral, in equal poise as between good and evil issue. Sometimes the neutrality is maintained, as in the word "befall"; but oftener we insist upon the good issue, as in the words "fortune," "happiness," "luck"; indeed, we have charged with beneficence all words where "chance" is implied.

It will be admitted that the consideration of the origins of words is an interesting study, most suggestive to the psychologist, and necessary to the scholar; but its importance in the general culture which is the common ground of meeting between leading writers and intelligent readers is not fully appreciated. This common ground not only constantly expands, but it rises ever to higher planes. The concurrent expansion of the language is through the most valuable accessions—valuable, that is, to permanent literature.

Often, it is true, the importation of a Latin word is pedantic and unnecessary, as in the phrase "otiose assent" used by Paley over a century ago. He was writing for scholars, and this fact would have justified his use of an unusual word. But he used the word "otiose" as identical with "easy" where "easy" would have been correct and "otiose" was not. The Latin term has a special meaning, and was applied to persons having no official or regular occupation. The English derivative is used correctly by George Meredith in the phrase "otiose husbands," where the use of the word "easy" would obviously have been misleading. Here there is the justification of absolute propriety, of necessity even, if the meaning is to be given in a single word. This is an extreme case. The interests of literature and of sound growth of the language are best served by writers who have a due regard for historical continuity, and who in their use of old words and of necessary new ones show the ripest wisdom, and a becoming modesty withal.

IV

In our last month's Study we drew attention to the exceptionally large number of words which Mark Twain brought within a given space in his story "A Dog's Tale." Miss Mary Johnston, in this estimate, stood next to Mark Twain.

Mark Twain is a great story-teller by native genius—the projector of dramatic situations. His humor arises mainly from such situations, and, while he draws so largely from the abundant resource of that fun which lies at the very heart of things, alongside of an infinite pathos, yet he seems to care little for the subjective analysis of a mood or the elaborate portraiture of an individual character. His thought is direct rather than reflective, and while his instances are modern enough, his method is elemental. He belongs to the great brotherhood of native story-tellers to whom the whole world listens with delight.

When we think of fiction as an art we regard another kind of literature, with even quite another vocabulary. The aim in each field is distinctive. Mark Twain from the beginning has been haunted by the Story, never satisfied till he has lured it into embodiment. Howells waits to find and depict the souls of men and women, after observation, study, and divination of mood, temperament, and action. Into his regard and for his purpose the man or woman of the past does not enter; and this is also true of Henry James. The imagination in this order of fiction is under a kind of restraint, held within

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the limits of a definitely comprehended actual situation. Dickens, though confining himself for the most part to his own time and to the London he so well knew, never submitted to this bond. He was a story-teller.

Between the downright story-teller—the kind of which Mark Twain is the greatest living example—and the analytical novelist stands the writer of the historical romance, who has the widest range for the employment of his imagination, yet who, to escape utter failure, must have the vitality and divination of genius. It is really as a story-teller rather than as a novelist, in our modern sense of the term, that the writer of historical fiction usually achieves the widest popularity. In George Eliot's *Romola* the historical feature is so far subordinated to the subtle characterization—divination effectively standing for analysis—that the result is properly designated a novel. The vocabulary is that of the novelist. On the other hand, in Charles Reade's novels the story-telling, dramatic, instinct predominates, and we have a very different sort of vocabulary.

Terseness and directness of diction do not satisfy the conditions of such fiction as is written by Meredith, George Eliot, Mrs. Humphry Ward, and Howells. These writers put more stress upon the art of expression, as shown in elaborate texture; they draw upon the richest resources of the English language in its Latin expansion; they use a larger proportion of long words, suited to the infinitely varied shades of meaning that complete their chromatic harmonies.

The writer of historical romance is not denied these resources; he may use them to the fullest extent; but, in so far as he surrenders the analytical function and puts himself in nearer alliance with the brotherhood of story-tellers, he is content with less elaboration, and with less of distinctively literary art.

Miss Johnston in "Sir Mortimer" has her pen dyed with the color of the time in which her romance is laid. She does not surrender the literary art; her diction is touched by the Elizabethan spirit of gentleness, poetry, and chivalry. Of adventure also; therefore she has a story to tell of thrilling interest, and is moved forward by its current. The strong and vital movement gives vigor and directness to her speech.

V

The historical romance has this advantage—that it has to do with actual events and persons. This amount of realism it has at least; and something more than this through the divination of a master whose imagination sometimes invests characters and situations with a reality that few historical narratives possess. The historian may have this high order of imagination, and thus bring to his work far more than the study and patience of the careful annalist. This is also true of biography.

But we are often grateful for the simple presentation of facts, devoid of imagination, resenting any gloss, even for picturesque effect. We enjoy the high literary quality of the life which Henry James has given us of William Wetmore Story. All that we most desire in such a work is heightened by this excellence. But in the case of such a story as that of Laura Bridgman told by Maud and Florence Hall Howe, the daughters of her distinguished teacher, Dr. Howe, we should be jealous of anything leading us to think of its authorship save as convincing of its authoritativeness. We want the simple facts just as these writers have presented them, gathered from every possible source, and making altogether a complete record which will always be of the greatest value to the psychologist, as well as of interest to the philanthropist. We do not require that the authors should display that wonderful philosophical co-ordination of facts which characterizes John Fiske's *Discovery of America*. Dr. Howe discovered a new continent in the almost vacant mind of his pupil, and we follow his experiments, in an exploration and development hitherto untried, with a curiosity which only the simple and direct statement can satisfy. It is the kind of interest awakened in Laura Bridgman's lifetime among educators, statesmen, poets, and philosophers — a permanent interest also, now and hereafter fully met by the remarkable human documents of this book.

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The Artist

BY GUY WETMORE CARRYL

With Pictures by the Author

THE world is full of stupid folks, who seem to think it true
That just because a man makes jokes, that's all that he can do!
The time has come for me to tell that, ever since my birth,
I've drawn an animal as well as any man on earth!

The Horse has been my closest friend. I feel no small remorse
To think so little time I spend within his stall, perforce.
His every point I comprehend: he draws me round, of course:—
Yet there are people who contend I cannot draw a horse!

The trusty Dog is wont to think my friendship firm and warm.
He comes to me for food and drink and shelter from the storm.
You'll never see him cringe or shrink, but on my lap he'll swarm:—
Yet there are those who slyly wink when I depict his form!

The vigilant, voracious Goat regards my word as law,
A fact which surely must denote he never found a flaw
In anything I drew or wrote, but all with pleasure saw:—
Yet I have heard some critics vote that Goats I cannot draw!

The Walrus in his chilly clime, upon the arctic floe,
Was my companion many a time, and who so well could show
How he pursues, with mien sublime, the codfish o'er the snow?
Yet people say, "Perhaps in rhyme—but *drawing* him? Oh, no!"

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The Camel, indolent and slim, I beckon with my hand.
To meet and greet me he will skim, rejoicing, o'er the sand.
He stretches every agile limb to answer my command:—
And yet they cry that sketching him I do not understand!

The Kangaroo, the Kangaroo! He's almost like my twin,
So oft together at the Zoo in converse have we been.
I love him well, he loves me true, I'm sure we two are kin:—
Yet some ejaculate, "Pooh, pooh! He makes him far too thin!"

The Polar Bear, of manners cold, has told me in despair
That really he could not have told how, why, or when, or where
He could have found a friend so bold, for whom he'd learn to care:—
Yet there are certain men who hold I cannot draw a Bear!

The Tiger used to leave his feast whenever I drew near—
(Not incommoded in the least, but with a smile sincere).
When I was sailing from the East he sent a case of beer:—
Yet in my pictures of the beast they say there's something queer!

The timid, tall Camelopard is like my better half.
I cherish him in high regard, and have a hearty laugh
In walking round his little yard, and listening to his chaff:—
Yet some desire to have me barred from sketching the Giraffe!

Well, here is my reply to those who at my drawings rage:—
I beg that you will note the various creatures on this page!
Of course, I've only made a few, and dashed them off, at that,
But still, they show what I can do, and knock your theories flat!

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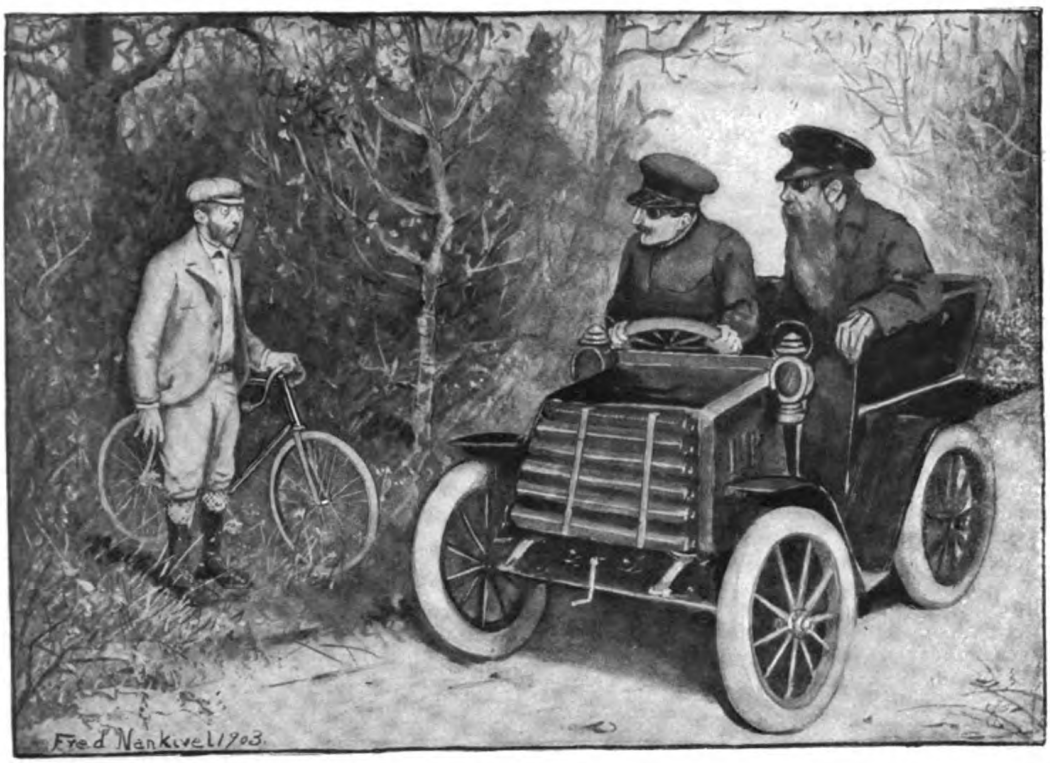

A Mere Trifle

BICYCLIST. "*I beg your pardon; but how long will it take to get to the next town?*"
AUTOMOBILIST. "*Oh, about five minutes; it's only fifty miles!*"

Doing His Best

DIANA has taught the twins that thunder is the voice of God. The three were strolling far from home one afternoon when the heavens began to utter their deep note of warning.

"Quick, quick, children," called Diana; "don't you hear the thunder? It says: 'Go home, go home! It's going to rain!'" Then she took little twin sister's hand and scurried along, while Nathaniel brought up a panting rear. Again and again the thunder rumbled and muttered. Each time Nathaniel looked impatiently over his shoulder and stumped on a little faster. Finally an especially threatening roar burst forth from the sky. In exasperation Nathaniel called out:

"I hear you, good Lord; I hear you. Can't you see I'm going as fast as I can? You must 'member that I'm only four 'ears old!"

M. P. B.

Justifiable

ROBERT, aged six, was returning from school one day and lost his rubber in the mud. Having picked it up, he sat down on the wet sidewalk to put it on. A lady passing said to him, "Why, Robert, what are you doing?" The boy, continuing to work away at the rubber, replied, "I am trying to do two things—put on this rubber and mind my own business."

How Sylvester Justified Himself

SHE is an Atlanta matron equally well known for her interest in social pleasures and her devotion to all manner of charities, the two carrying her into almost every part of the city. Last winter, during an unusually severe spell of weather, the Mayor issued an appeal for help for the poor, with the request that all supplies be sent to police headquarters for distribution. The lady in question decided to go with her contributions and find out for herself any special cases of need; but after a good deal of aimless driving and the loss of much valuable time, her driver—a new one—had to confess that he could not find the place.

"But you told me when I employed you that you were thoroughly acquainted with the city," the lady protested, with considerable severity.

Sylvester looked his humble regrets. "An' so I does know de *proper* parts of it, ma'am," he apologized, "but I ain't never driv fer no lady befo' what had to go to de police station."

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A Disciple of Truth

"THAT'S a good team you've got there, Si," the store clerk ventured.

"Well, rather," and Silas looked with fond admiration at the pair of old pelters he was driving.

"Buy 'em or swap for 'em?" the calico-measurer inquired.

"Traded fer um—traded a gun fer um."

"A gun? Must have been pretty good gun to bring in a team like that, Si."

"*Was* it a good gun? Well, rather," Silas assented. "It was a good gun when I first got it, but it got strained in shootin' once, and I hed to git rid of it. It was the prettiest silver-mounted, gold-lined 'Old Kentuck' you ever saw. Regular intellectural gun; cud shoot *anything* with it. Jest tell it what you wanted to hit, p'int it up, and blaze away, and down ud cum your game. Used to shoot wildcats and catemounts in the dark with it. My old woman cud shoot it as good as any one. Whenever she wanted ter kill a chicken fer Sunday dinner she'd p'int out the one she wanted, lay the gun on th' door-step, and then drive the chickens around that side of the house, and the old gun ud pink him every time."

"But I should think you could have made more money by keeping such a gun instead of trading if off for horses, Si?" the clerk suggested.

"That's jest the p'int thet I'm a-comin' to; it *warn't* such a good gun when I made th' trade. It was like this: I'd been out haulin' some wood one day, and when I drov' up to the house 'long towards sundown my old woman came a-runnin' out to the wagon, and says,

"'Si, there was a drove of deer went by here 'bout half an hour ago, and they ain't more'n three miles away now.'

"I got off the load of wood and went fer the rifle. I put in a three-mile charge of powder, and then I stood in th' doorway and looked, and shur'nuf there was five deer jest comin' to the top of a knoll about three miles away. I jest spoke a couple of words to the old gun, and then I rested her against the door-jam, and I says to my old woman,

"'You watch, while I shoot.'

"The minit I pulled the trigger the old woman sings out,

"'You've got him all right, Si,' and shur'nuf there was the biggest, fattest buck in the lot rollin' over on his side stone-dead. But it sp'iled the gun—strained it, yer know. The deer was further away then they looked, and in reachin' um the gun strained itself, so that it couldn't ever shoot agin. You cud put in as big a charge of powder as yer wanted to, but it couldn't throw a bullet across th' road. It was strained and sp'iled. So I traded it off fer this team—and got a good thing, too."

"It's a *good-lookin'* team all right, Si, but can they pull?—thet's the real question," some one suggested.

Silas spat contemptuously on the wagon wheel.

"Kin they pull? Well, rather! Why, last week I was down in Cerro Gordy County haulin' sand, and in one of the coal-mines down there they hed an elevater stuck in th' shaft. The boss miner offered to bet me ten dollars thet my team couldn't pull it up. I took him. I jest hitched th' rope on behind the nags, and took up the lines and spoke ter them, but before they'd pulled fer three minits the mine boss offered me a twenty-dollar bill if I'd stop um. Yes, sir, they was simply *ruinin'* thet shaft. You see, th' infernel elevater was everlastin'ly wedged, and when the old hosses found thet they couldn't budge it by itself, they jest began haulin' up the shaft and all—pullin' the shaft right out of th' ground. Befor' I could get um stopped they hed shortened thet shaft twenty-three feet by actual measur'. The fellers workin' in the fur ends was pulled up towards the top a couple of rods or so." And Silas again expectorated upon the wagon wheel.

Obadiah Sutton, seated on an empty salt-barrel, had been an attentive listener. "I don't call thet any proof of real pullin' ability," he said. "*I've* got a team that can really pull. I had um in the stun'-quarry haulin' stun' two weeks ago, and some of the quarry hands fixed a big stun' so thet nothin' could move it. I reckoned I'd try it, and so I hitched a chain onto it and jest teched the horses up a little, and they started to pull. I was watchin' the rock that wouldn't budge, and didn't notice until the team hed pulled fer a couple of minits, but when I looked round there they was, pullin' stiddy as clockwork, sunk up to their ankles in solid stun', and sinkin' deeper and deeper every minit. *Thet* was *real* pullin'."

Silas picked up the lines and slapped the horses on the back. "I think it's time fer me ter be movin'," he said, glaring at Obadiah. "When it comes ter a pass where *lies* is bein' told I don't care to *remain*. Git ap."

EDWARD HUNTINGTON WILLIAMS.

Theory vs. Practice

A FISHERMAN invested in a tub so very old
A single drop of water in its staves it would not hold.
Said he: "'Tis very plain to me a vessel of this kind
Would make the safest fishin'-smack a fisherman could find.
What matters if a barr'l of brine should o'er the gunwale slop,
This ancient tub would keep afloat — it couldn't hold a drop."
Which as a bit of logic you'll admit is good and sound:
But when it came to practice—why, the fisherman was drowned!

PETER NEWELL.

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First Loves

Tiny maid with sunlit hair; sombre elf with eyes cast down;
Princess dainty, debonair; auburn tresses, gold, and brown.
Some were gay and some were grave; shyly swayed by blame and praise.
Others ruled their willing slave with their tiny tyrant ways,
Time has blent them all for me in one golden memory. **B. J.**

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Behind the Fan

"*Do you think she has much of an ear?*"
PROFESSOR. "*Not for music.*"

Olde English Ballad

THREE knights ryd out of the forest glades,
With a *hey down derry, derry down dey!*
And one was black as the ace of spades,
With a *down hey down, and a derry down dey!*
And one was white as he well could be
Syn he ryd him out of the mud countree,
And one was ryding a toy gee-gee,
Fol de rol, de riddle de rol de ray!

Now the knight as black as the ace of spades,
With a *hi non noni, no nonny hey!*
And the white knight soiled in the forest glades,
With a *ho nonny noni, non nonny hey!*
They fought with the one on the toy gee-gee
And they licked the boots clean off of he—
(You must sing this verse in a minor key)
Fol de rol, de riddle de rol de ray!

Then the two that were left whipt out their blades,
With a *hey down derry, no nonny hey!*
And each sent each to the land of shades,
With a *hi non nonny, derry down dey!*
And that was the end of the ryders three.
What terrible tommyrot ballads be!
And nonny and derry mean nothing to me,
So *whim wham whaddle oh! Strim stram straddle oh!*
Heigh ho et cetera rol de ray!

BURGES JOHNSON.

More Difficult

AN Englishman and an American were conversing on the subject of wit from their view-points. The American said: "Speaking of wit, I heard one of the wittiest things from one of your countrymen, who are generally accredited with a lack of humor. This particular Englishman asked the following riddle of one of my countrymen: 'What has feathers, walks on two legs, and barks like a dog?' To this the gentleman from the 'land of humor' replied, 'Don't know—if it wasn't for the bark would say a chicken.' To this the Englishman replied, readily enough, 'Right you are, my boy; I merely added the bark to make the riddle harder, don't you know.'"

Birds

YOU never see a bird alone;
There are always two.
Men and women singly moan;
Birds know how to woo.

The birds are never bachelors,
Or spinsters all unblest;
They wisely know the happiness
Within a sacred nest.

ROBERT LOVEMAN.

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Perfectly Excusable

DICKIE'S father recently purchased a St. Bernard dog.

"It looks like a great tawny lion," was the comment of a certain friend of the family, and the simile fixed itself in Dickie's mind.

"We've got a lion up at our house," he told a child the other day while out visiting.

"Oh no, dear," corrected his mother; "you mean a dog that looks like a lion."

"No, I mean a real lion," persisted the boy, and no amount of coaxing or threatening would induce him to change his statement in the presence of the other child.

That night his mother advised him when saying his prayers to ask the Lord to forgive him for the naughty lie he had told that afternoon.

"And did you do as I told you?"

"Yes, mamma, I did. And He said, 'You was perfectly 'scusable, Dickie. I often take that dog for a lion myself.'"

An Antiquary

MURIEL. "*Do you know, dear, I have kept every birthday present I have ever received since I was a little girl.*"

EDITHA. "*Oh, you must let me see them, dear. I fairly revel in looking at antiques.*"

WILLIE. "*It's all right, nurse. We're playing Garden of Eden, and Tommy's de snake, and won't give up de apple!*"

A Christmas Sonnet

O MYSTIC Yule, whose old Druidic rites
Gave birth to all the—(yes, that doll's for Nell,
The baby gets that little silver bell.)
But hark! The carols of the shivering wights—
(By all means, use wax candles for tree lights.)
The mummer's silent pantomime doth tell—
(Please stop those children's songs, they simply yell!)
Of smoking boar's head, ale and such delights.
Inside the dim-lit halls the minstrels play,
And cheerful Yule logs crackle, hiss and roar,—
(You want more money? Why I'm overdrawn.
You have another Christmas bill to pay?
I'll be blamed glad when all this fuss is o'er!)
Throw wide the doors and welcome Christmas's dawn!

HARVEY PEAKE.

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A Director

"Say, Jimmie, you see that feller over there with my sister? Well, she tells me he's a director in a down-town bank."

"Oh, don't I know that?—he directs the envelopes!"

An Impossibility

THE new minister was a timid man, and when Mrs. Milbanks left him in the sitting-room with the children while she went to see after the supper, the five pairs of eyes centred steadily upon him seemed suddenly more formidable than those of a large congregation—boys' eyes they were, clear, non-committal, challenging. Subjects for conversation flew wildly from him.

"Five little boys," he said at last, in a futile pretence at jocularity. "Five little boys and not a single little girl. Why, it does seem to me that one of you might have been a little girl."

There was instant excitement in the row of little figures sitting primly in their places, and Dinwiddie burst out in grand style, forgetful that the right of reply belonged to his older brother.

"Huh!" he ejaculated, with rising scorn, "I do' know who'd 'a' been 'er. Dave, he wouldn't 'a' been 'er; an' John, he wouldn't 'a' been 'er; an' Marcus, he wouldn't 'a' been 'er; an' George, he wouldn't 'a' been 'er; an' I know *I* wouldn't 'a' been 'er. I do' know how she could 'a' been when there wa'n't nobody to 'a' been 'er!" M. A. B.

The Modern School of Alliteratists: or, "Wouldn't that W?"

WE walk in the wide, white wood and watch
For the whinnying wind to woo,
In wisful wile, with the whiskers, wan,
Of the wee, wet, wisps of dew;
And the wounded, whimsical waves we weave
Are woven in W.

We wander and watch, and we wake to work
The wail of the well-to-do,
Who wonder well at the winning way
We wilt into whispers new;
And the woeful, weird, and woozly web
We wind out of W!

Oh, to weep and wile is a woman's wish,
And to wash in the water, too,
Yet she wants to write and she wishes to wear
The wings of a wizard too.
Why will she warble in wanton wise
The wonderful W?

GELLETT BURGESS.

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Illustration for "The Sphyx"

See page 369

"I—I'LL GO," SHE STAMMERED

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America's Unconquered Mountain

SECOND PAPER

BY FREDERICK A. COOK, M.D.

Illustrated from photographs by the author

AS we descended from our second attempt to climb Mount McKinley, we were made to realize by frozen grass and increasing snow-storms that the season for mountaineering had closed; furthermore, the north wind convinced us that if we wished to get out of the country before the long winter and the night stilled the subarctic world about us, we must quickly reach the head waters of some big stream. We did not care to go to the Yukon, because in doing so we would cover explored territory. We could not return as we had come, because horse-feed along the western slope of the range was already frozen. We were not yet ready to leave Mount McKinley, provided we could only linger at some point where our retreat would not, as was likely in our present position, be suddenly cut off. Altogether, our purposes would seem best served if we could cross the range and get into the Sushitna Valley; but the possibility of such an effort seemed doubtful, in the time at our disposal, unless we were fortunate enough to find a pass within a few days' travelling. Accordingly, we resolved to make a desperate attempt to cross to the eastern slope of this great range, and, in the event of failure in this, our alternative was to make the deep waters of the Toklat, and travel thence by raft to the Tanana River.

Though thwarted by an insurmountable wall, we had ascended Mount McKinley far enough to get a good view of its entire western slope. The walls of the main mountain rise out of Peters Glacier, which sweeps the entire western slope. Avalanche after avalanche rushes down the steep cliffs and deposits its downpour of ice, rock, and snow on the glacier. Beyond Peters Glacier is a remarkable ridge of lesser mountains, extending about sixteen miles parallel to the great mountain. Its altitude is 7500 feet at the north, and it gradually rises to 11,900 feet at the south. The ridge is weighted down with all the ice it can possibly carry. Many glaciers grind down the gorges on both sides, and along the western slope every cliff is heavily corniced with ice. The altitude of the lower clouds here ranges from 6000 to 10,000 feet, and when looking at Mount McKinley from the west, during the greater part of our sojourn, we could see only this great ridge, the main mountain usually being obscured under heavy clouds. For this unique geographical feature I shall suggest the name Roosevelt Ridge. West of Roosevelt Ridge is a series of snow-free foothills, mostly pyramidal in shape, for which I shall suggest the name Hanna Foot-hills. We descended a dome-shaped mountain six miles south of this ridge, from which place we made our final at-

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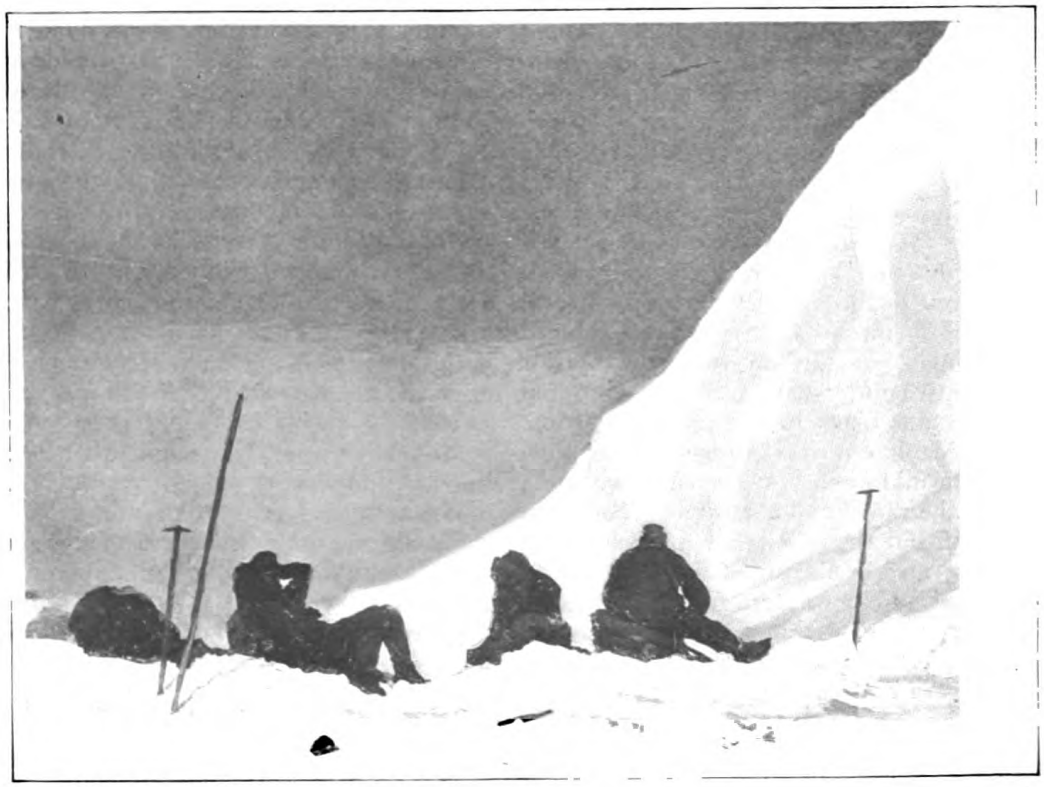
tack. The mountain referred to is entirely covered with ice, and its summit reaches an altitude of 14,000 feet. This will appear on our map as Mount Hunter, in honor of Miss A. F. Hunter, of Newport. In the eastern end of Roosevelt Ridge there is a huge amphitheatre, in which rises a glacier about two miles wide and six miles long; this glacier, in honor of one of our companions, will receive the name of Shainwald Glacier. Over Shainwald Glacier we made our first ascent to an elevation of 8300 feet.

As we were about ready to start on our uncertain effort to cross the range we found ourselves deserted by six of our horses. In their eagerness to get grass the animals had wandered downstream toward the main valley of the Kuskokwim. The seven remaining horses were easily able to carry our reduced packs, so we allowed the wayward horses to seek their fortunes in lowlands among the caribou and moose.

On the morning of September 4 we started on our long, weary march along the western slope of the foot-hills above the tree-line. The slopes were long and difficult; and the travelling, after our mountain experience, proved very tiresome. Every sudden descent from the high altitudes produced a feeling of languor, with difficult heart action. This after-effect of mountain-work was to us much worse than any effect of ascending altitudes. So much was the fatigue felt that as we ate lunch on a prominent hill, we picked out our evening camp only a few miles away. The lunch was eaten with some relish because we were hungry and had worked hard. It was the usual meal of boiled caribou ribs, cold and without salt; also without bread or anything else except glacial water. While we were picking the bones, our horses were searching little depressions for a few sprigs of grass which had not been frozen, and as we rounded up our horses we saw several caribou. Printz with a rifle, and Shainwald with a revolver, crept stealthily around a hill into a ravine, and soon we heard a volley of shots. We



THE SOUTHWEST RIDGE

Steps were cut for 3000 feet up this steep wall

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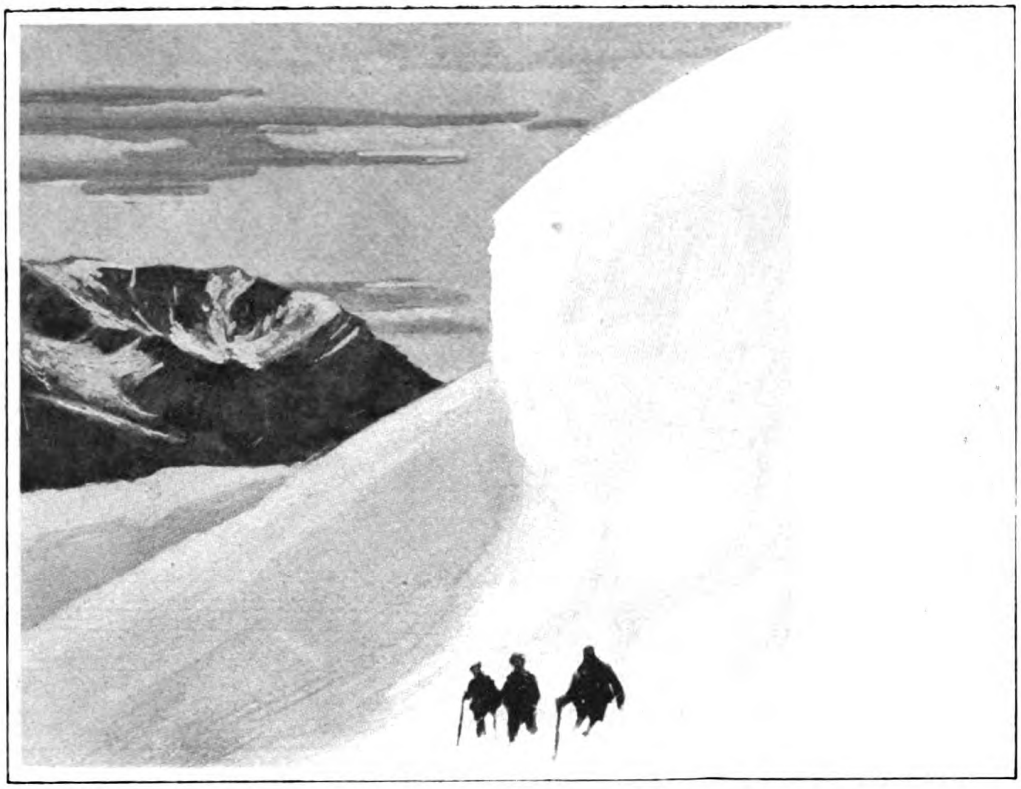

A Difficult Descent

followed with the horses and took the choice bits of a fat bull. Then, within an hour, we were headed for the willows of a small creek, and here the Nimrods spied and secured a moose, which was very good excuse for shortening our day's march. So we camped in moose haunts in a swamp, where we built a huge camp-fire and ate an incredible amount of moose-steaks, while our horses climbed the neighboring hills for the vanishing grass.

Packing our horses, on the following morning, with an abundance of fresh meat, we then took a course for Muldrow Glacier, beyond which we hoped to find a pass. In two days, marching seven hours daily over tundra, we reached the terminal moraine of this great glacier, and then we marched southeasterly to examine the mountains. Our course hitherto had been close to that of Brooks and Reaburn, and their map, though quickly made, was found to be remarkably correct. But now we were to traverse absolutely unknown territory, and the task thus became doubly interesting, though much more difficult. In our course we first discovered a glacial stream pouring through a canyon only a few hundred feet north of Muldrow Glacier. We followed this stream into a broad valley, and there learned that the river was the output of a system of glaciers among a cluster of sharp peaks seven miles east of the Muldrow Glacier.

As we left the lateral moraine of the big glaciers, travelling on the gravel bars of the newly discovered river, we moved through a great broad valley, which we later discovered extended nearly fifty miles northeasterly. To the east were the high snow-capped mountains, from 7000 to 10,000 feet high, while to the west were brown weather-worn mountains of from 5000 to 7000 feet altitude. The valley had a general width of seven miles, and an average elevation of four thousand feet; and I named it, in honor of one of our companions, Dunn Valley. On September 8 we camped in the canyon of a small stream at the base of a rounded black mountain,

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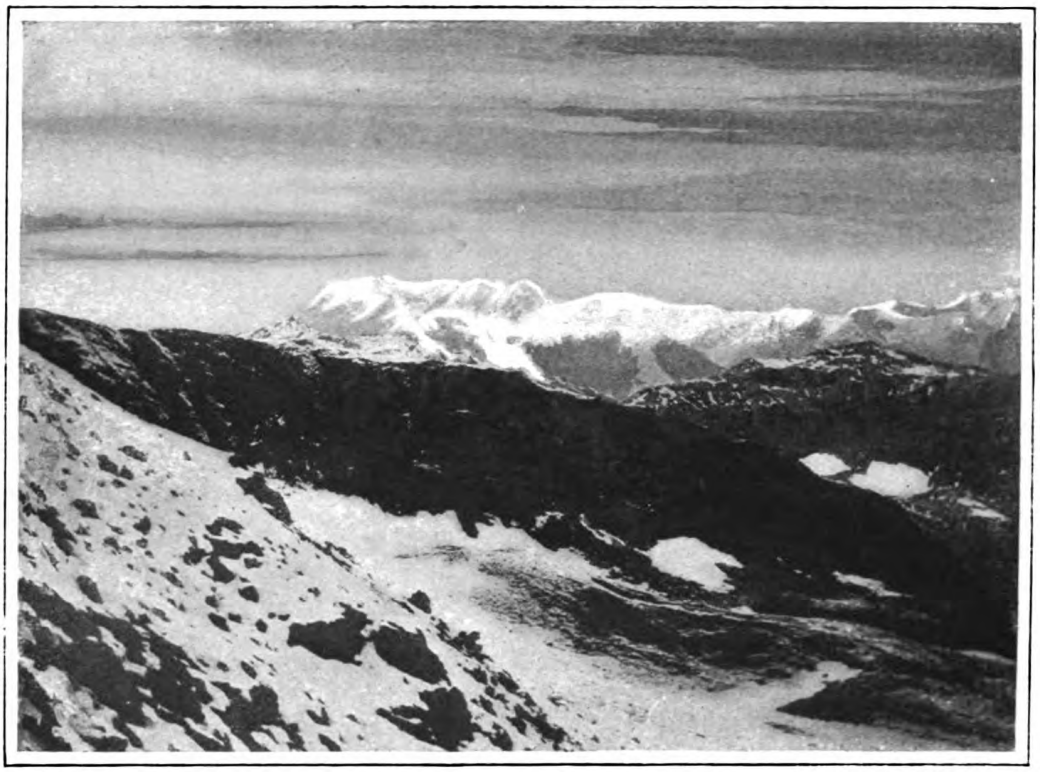

HITHERTO UNKNOWN COUNTRY EAST OF MOUNT MCKINLEY

to the west of which we hoped to be able to find a pass.

After a hasty meal of unsalted moose-steaks I asked Printz and Dunn to join me in an ascent of the mountain before us, which we called Black Head. The climb was steep, but not difficult, and on the way we found many tracks of grizzly-bears, caribou, and mountain-sheep. In the course of an hour we reached the summit at an altitude of 5400 feet. From here we had a magnificent view of the great expanse of country, upon which it is probable that no human eye had rested before. Thirty-five miles to the southwest, looking across unnamed mountains 12,000 feet high, we saw the summit of the unconquered, culminating peak of North America. The upper walls of this great McKinley uplift from this side had for us a new aspect.

An almost constant stream of clouds swept over and around the mountain from the east, and a blue electric glow softened the rough outline. Now and again we could see the summit, and from here it resembled very much the crown of a molar tooth. Four tubercles were distinctly visible; the saddles seen from the west formed two, and to the east were two rather higher and more distinct. These tubercles of this giant tooth are separated by large glaciers, whose frozen current pours down very steep slopes. If it were not so very difficult to get at this side of the mountain, we reasoned that here the upper slopes might offer a promising route.

Apparently continuous with Mount McKinley, and extending northeasterly far beyond our position, there was a sharp icy ridge, in which we saw several mountains over ten thousand feet high. We thought we could see a break through this ridge about ten miles northward from our position, but the prospective pass which we had seen from below was only a small valley walled off by the main ridge. About eight miles up the valley we saw the benches of a large stream, and on the banks spruce-trees. The sight of spruce raised hopes of a big camp-fire and a good camping-ground, with better prospects of grass for our poor, half-starved horses. Along the upper slopes, in the most inaccessible

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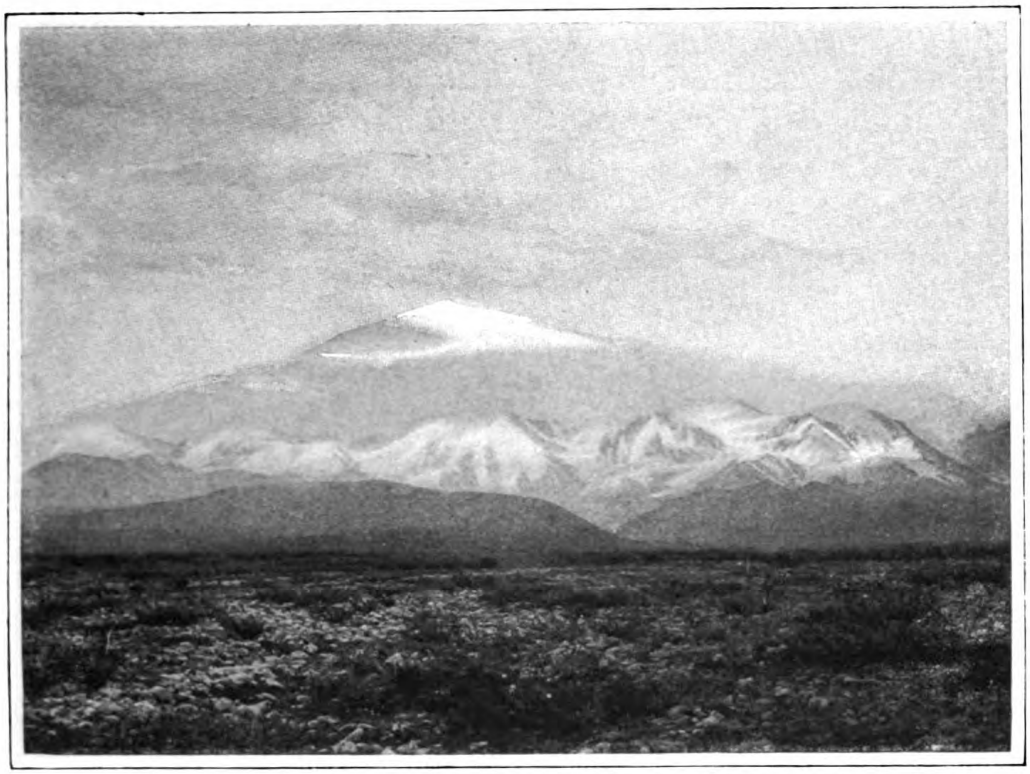

ROOSEVELT RIDGE AND HANNA FOOT-HILLS
Along western side of Mount McKinley

places, we saw long lines of snowy dots zigzag on the sunny rocks; these were mountain-sheep in great numbers, but our larder was too well stocked and our time too precious to seek them. Around us and toward the unnamed brown mountains northward we saw innumerable ptarmigan.

After plotting our course for the following day, we descended to our camp among scrub-willows. Here we found coal in the stream's bed and, near by, signs of petroleum. On the day following we moved our pack-train to the river we had seen from the Black Head, but, much to our disappointment, the southerly outlook here did not promise a pass. Beyond, the main valley widened, the glacial streams became more numerous, willows were larger, and signs of game more abundant. Our camp on the 9th was near a salt-lick, where many animals had congregated to eat the salty soil. The drainage all along Dunn Valley was northward into the Toklat River—the valley itself probably had been carved out by some vanished glacier. To the eastward the valley ended in a series of hills, and there we felt that we were certain to find a pass. On the 10th we camped on a large stream at the end of our newly discovered valley, and from here, looking southward, we discovered a wide cut through the ridge. Through this opening, over a glacier, came the moist, cutting easterly winds. The horses were desperately hungry and were bent on deserting us. To guard against this we set up a watch through the night, but in the dense blackness of midnight they escaped and back-trailed. On the morning of the 11th, while Dunn and Printz searched for the horses, Shainwald and I explored the prospective pass. In an hour we had ascended the face of the new glacier and walked over ice very much crevassed. Ahead were two possible routes to cross the range—to the north and to the south of a nunatak which projected above the glacier. We gradually rose to an elevation of 6100 feet, crossing hundreds of crevasses in a thick snow-storm, and as we came to the end of the easterly arm of the glacier

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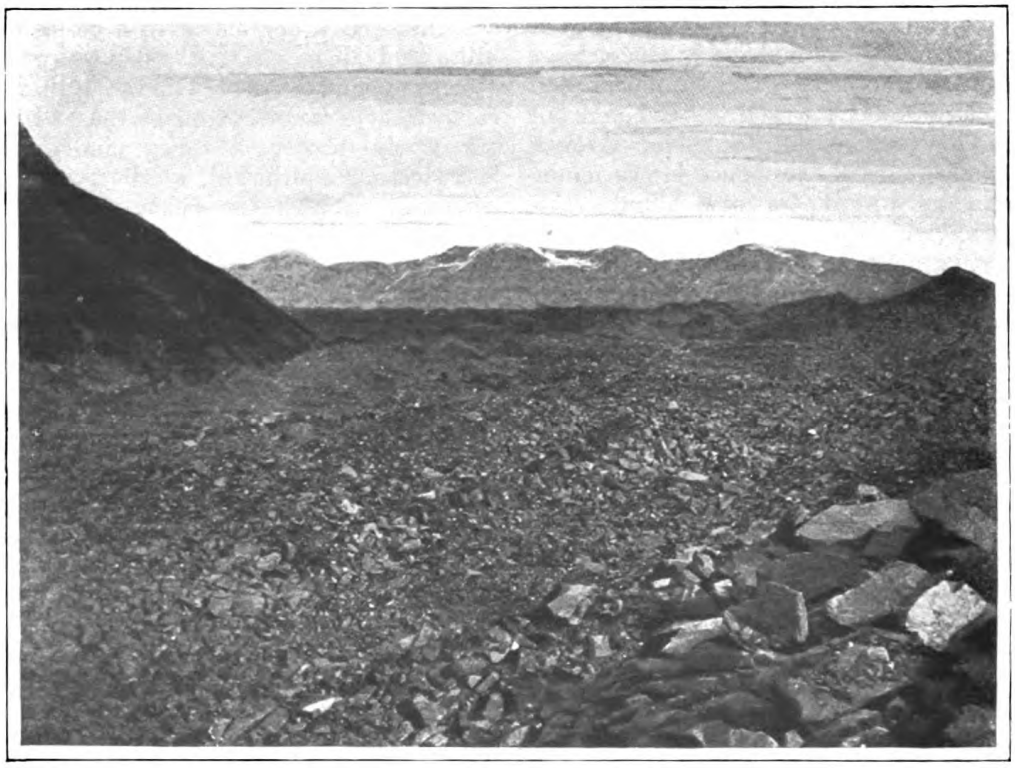
the snow-cloud vanished, the weather cleared, and with a good deal of pleasure we looked down into the green valley of the Chulitna, the main tributary of the Sushitna River. The descent, however, seemed very difficult for our horses, though possible in an emergency like ours.

We next sought a course through deep soft snow around the nunatak to the westerly arm. A cloud of snow swept the glacier, and so thoroughly blotted out the huge mountains to each side that we were compelled to travel by compass. For nearly two hours we marched up this arm, keeping our glacial rope tight, almost expecting to drop into crevasses every moment. Suddenly we broke through the cloud, and just beyond Shainwald's toes was the brink of a precipice with a perpendicular drop of three thousand feet. We quickly stepped back, and then beheld the most desolate mountain wilderness which it has ever been my lot to behold. Here were the easterly foot-hills of the McKinley group, black, ragged peaks, dotted by spots of fresh snow. We were at an altitude of seven thousand feet, and these mountains were a little higher. The most remarkable feature was their apparently uniform height of about 7500 feet. Over this expanse of jagged peaks there drifted heavy silver-edged clouds. Sometimes we could see over them, at other times under them, but at nearly all times through them. This remarkable cloud effect also induced a mirage, which drew up some mountains to such heights that we could see huge needles of rock so far above us that we believed ourselves discoverers of several peaks that rivalled Mount McKinley.

As we returned, the clouds were now, for a time, swept out of the divide by a strong northerly wind, giving us a good view of the glacier over which we had advanced in a snow-storm. It is about eight miles long and somewhat less than two miles wide. The highest mountains on each side are 8000 feet, and from these several small tributaries pour down their frozen output. This new glacier I have named Harvey Glacier, in honor of Mr. George Harvey.

The drainage from Harvey Glacier



FIDÈLE GLACIER, THE LARGEST OF INTERIOR ALASKA

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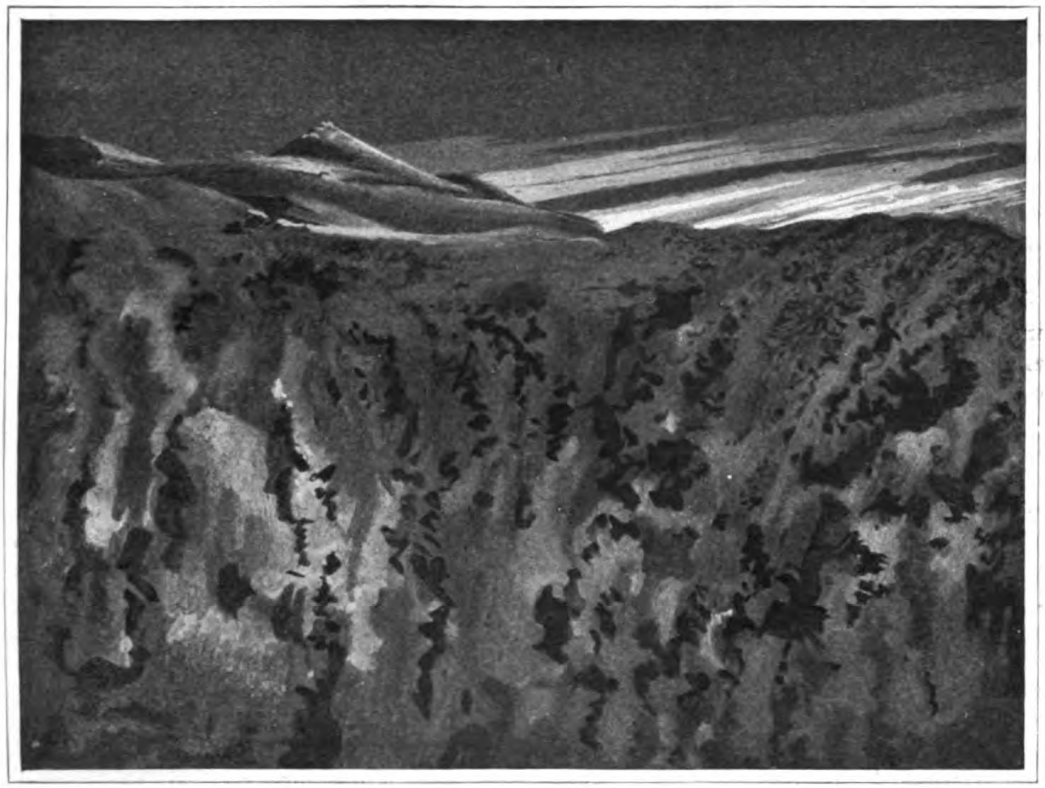

THE WALL THAT STOPPED US

Granite mass, 4000 feet high, which proved an impregnable obstacle to the ascent of Mount McKinley

spreads out into numerous channels over a great bed of glacial silt about a mile wide. This river takes a course almost due north across Dunn Valley, and then it enters a canyon, after which it probably takes an easterly course to the Toklat River.

Nearing the centre of Harvey Glacier, we met the pack-train, carefully guided by Dunn, Printz, and Miller, between two great pillars of granite, which mark the gates of the divide. From here the task of getting the horses over and around wide crevasses became extremely difficult. And as we ascended higher, the horses frequently slipped into wide gaps, deceptively bridged by snow. Our horses, however, were now pretty well used to all kinds of hardships, and though they were thoroughly frightened by frequent falls into dangerous caverns, they carried their packs nobly and safely over the divide.

The most difficult task for the horses, among their long series of hard adventures, was the descent from this glacial pass. In less than two hours they came down three thousand feet at an angle sometimes too steep for the men. It was a route over sharp stones, ice, and frozen ground; but the animals, with their feet and legs cut and bruised—leaving bloody stains everywhere in their trail,—followed us without urging towards the green fields of the lower valley. We were lucky enough to cross a green slope of long young grass just as we were aiming to strike camp. From here the famished animals refused to be urged on, and we quickly removed their packs that they might eat to their utmost capacity. It was their first feed of grass which had not been frozen, for more than two weeks.

We now took a course nearly due south over a marshy country towards the main Chulitna River. Our next camp was on a bluff to the main tributary of the Chulitna, which came from the unknown glaciers only ten miles west of the place where we crossed the range. The underbrush here was so thick and the canyons

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so numerous that with our horses we were forced to take to the stream-bed for our route. Getting into this glacial stream, we found excellent travelling, but the slews soon narrowed, and led us into a canyon with walls three hundred feet high. The rushing, milky waters among richly tinted cliffs, crowned by trees in beautiful foliage, made a picture sublimely fascinating; but just at this time we were not so much interested in landscapes as we were in making rapid progress.

We had used our last bread. The supply of tea and sugar was exhausted; and the horses, in an unguarded moment, had deprived us of all our salt. Of meat and beans we still had an ample supply, but everything else except a reserve of pemmican had either been eaten or spoiled by water. We were still anxious to examine Mount McKinley from the east, and all our energies were bent on getting to the mountain as quickly as possible. The winter, however, was advancing with an alarming pace. Even the low mountains about us were blanketed by newly fallen snow, and the temperature was falling to the freezing-point every night. We desired to get out of this canyon and cut a trail, but we dared not lose the time. Fully knowing the danger of following an unknown stream through a canyon, we still had no alternative.

We marched down-stream, crossing from bank to bank as the river turned, to find footing for our horses. At first these crossings were not difficult, but the stream gathered force very rapidly. On the second day's march down-stream the horses were compelled to swim at almost every crossing, and it was necessary to cross the river thirty to forty times daily. The men tried to ride the horses, behind the packs, but in swift streams they were frequently thrown off. For three days we swam and forded this icy stream, and then we were aroused to the dangers of the task through an accident by which a man and a horse were carried down-stream and thrown against a cliff. A similar accident was likely to occur at any time. The horses could not be taken much farther. For the safety of ourselves and our outfit we now sought to build a raft.

The Chulitna proper is formed by the union of the glacial stream down which we came and a clear-water stream of somewhat less volume, the latter draining the extensive low country towards the head waters of the Cantwell River. About two miles below this fork the canyon was considerably broken down, and here we found small flats covered with tall cottonwood-trees. In the absence of better wood we camped here and built a raft. The cottonwood-trees were fifteen inches thick, about eighty feet high, remarkably straight, and free of limbs. We cut logs thirteen feet long and carried them to a convenient launching-place, where we fastened them with cross-bars lashed by ropes, making two tiers about eight feet wide. After the raft was finished, we learned to our sorrow that it would barely carry two men. The wood was evidently too heavy for raft-building.

Printz and Miller floated the raft, while the others followed with the horses. The stream got larger, more rapid, and even more dangerous to swim. After having gone only two miles we saw dry spruce-trees a short distance westward up a large creek of clear water. Here we camped and built two good rafts, and then came the sad task of leaving our horses. Good, faithful animals that they had been, it seemed heartless to leave them to meet an almost certain death, either as a result of deep snow or from the onslaught of wolves. Each man had among the animals one or two pets, and nobody had the boldness to deliberately kill any of the noble creatures. The grass was good here, and we argued that when the deep winter snow came they might possibly dig under it and find a bare subsistence. On this clear stream, then, about eighteen miles north of the big glacier, we left seven of the finest and most faithful horses that ever traversed the wilds of Alaska.

Taking to the rafts, we quickly descended the Chulitna through a series of small canyons divided by cross-canyons. Early in the afternoon of September 19 we camped on a bar about eight miles southeast of the moraine of a great glacier. The lower end of this glacier had been partly charted by government parties, but nothing was known of its

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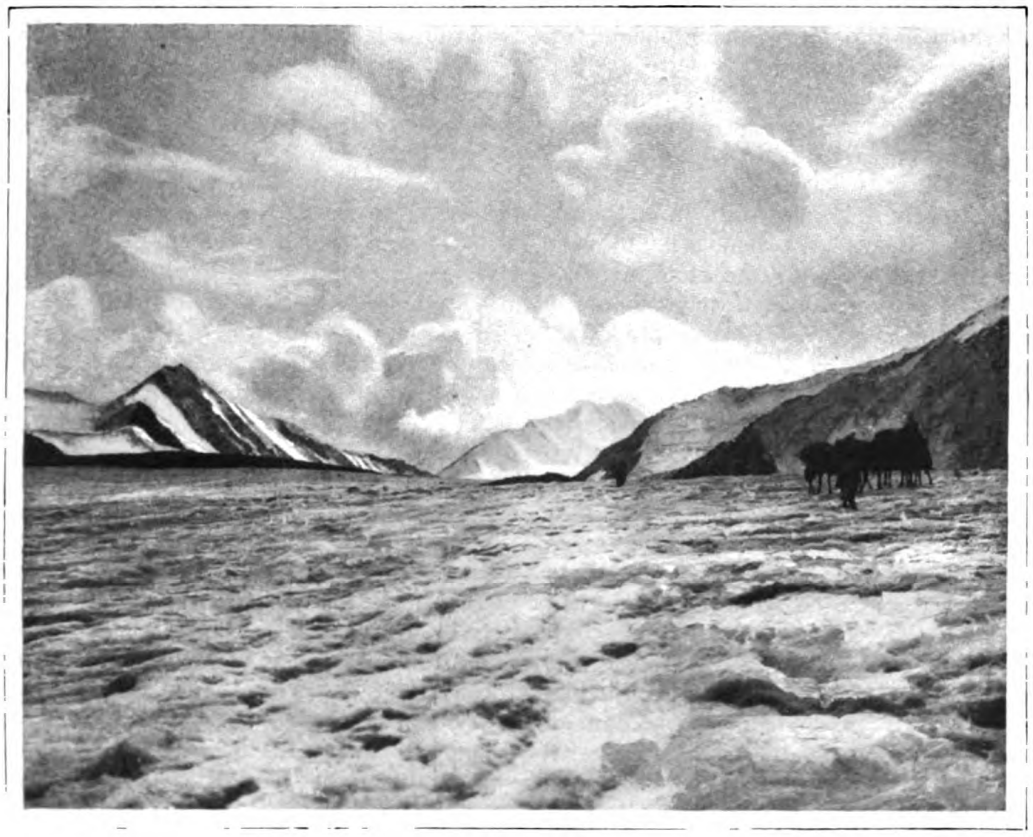

HARVEY GLACIER

upper reaches. We now set for ourselves the task of exploring the glacier, and over it the eastern slopes of Mount McKinley, which had not yet been seen by us. With our outfit and supplies for three days packed in our rucksacks, we ascended the terminal moraine on the following morning, and then climbed for eight miles over the most wonderful accumulation of glacial débris that I had ever seen. At the first bend we left the glacier, and ascended the steep slopes of a series of mountains, from which we hoped to see the course of the glacier and the great peak.

We climbed to an elevation of 6000 feet, but then our progress was barred by cliffs. From here, however, we were able to map the glacier and a large mountainous area. The glacier starts from the northeast side of Mount McKinley and flows almost due east for fifteen miles, where it receives a large arm from the north. Five miles southeast of this another arm swells the bulk of the great icy stream, and then it takes a circular course, swinging toward the Chulitna. The lower edge is seven and one-half miles wide, its length is about forty miles, and the lower ten miles are so thoroughly weighted down by broken stone—the product of landslides—that no ice is visible. It is thus the largest interior glacier of Alaska, and it probably carries more moraine material than any other glacier in the world.

Somewhat later we discovered a smaller but similar glacier which drains the southeastern side of Mount McKinley. These two glaciers I have named in honor of my wife and daughter—the larger, Fidèle Glacier; and the smaller, Ruth Glacier.

Mount McKinley from the east gives a much clearer impression of great altitude. We could not see the lower ten thousand feet, but the upper slopes, though difficult and perhaps impossible of ascent, are more nearly accessible than those of the west. The upper ten thou-

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sand feet are rounded like a beehive, and three spurs offer resting-places for glacier ice, over which a route to the summit may, perhaps, be found.

The season had now so far advanced that if we cared to avoid being detained for the winter, we saw that we must take to our rafts quickly and descend the Chulitna River. We had still to raft sixty miles of an unknown stream. Our supply of provisions was nearly exhausted and our clothing was torn into rags. Hatless and almost shoeless, we pushed our raft over bars, wading icy streams several hours daily, until we reached the deep waters of the Sushitna River. We arrived at Tyonek on September 26, just four months after our start. In that time we had walked over seven hundred miles, and by boat and raft we had travelled three hundred miles. We had explored a good deal of new territory. We had ascended Mount McKinley 11,400 feet, encircled the McKinley group, and made a fair geological and botanical collection. Altogether, we had done all that determined human effort could in the short time of an Alaskan summer.

As to the future efforts to climb Mount McKinley, it is not likely that the highest peak in North America will be abandoned as impossible of ascent until the great mountain has been thoroughly explored for a route from every side. I hope to be able to make an attempt from the east. In the mean time other mountaineers will consider the project. Any attempt to reach the summit is sure to prove a more prodigious task than Alpine enthusiasts are likely to realize. The area of the mountain is far inland, making the transportation of supplies and men a very arduous task. It is surely the steepest of all the great mountains, and arctic conditions begin at the very base. Unlike Mount St. Elias, the glaciation is not extensive enough to offer an all-ice route. The prospective conqueror of this immense uplift must pick his path over broken stones, icy slopes, sharp cliffs, and an average slope of forty-five degrees for at least fourteen thousand feet. It is an effort which, for insurmountable difficulties and hard disappointments, is comparable with the task of expeditions to reach the north pole.

To Grania in Ireland

BY ERNEST RHYS

THERE is an island in your eyes,
Lies very far from me:
It broods among its seas and skies,
Blue as the woodbells that surprise
The unfledged April tree.

There is the Isle of Apple-trees,
The ship must sink to reach:
Its fragrance, blown across the seas,
Tells of the light bright mysteries,
That bloom above the beach.

And in its light and deep delight,
Shining and dreaming on,—
Each flower finds its beam, each night
Its morning star, and exquisite
Gray pearl of dawn.

The seaman hears the waves that break,
And sees the apple-bloom:
Ah, dare he think that for his sake
The island-wave, the blossom, ache
With sorrow for his doom?

Because of sorrow, Paradise
Stepped to a nearer star:
The far-off island in your eyes,
Too lonely in its deeps and skies,
Is nearer by a tear.

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A Common Occurrence

BY NETTA SYRETT

IN the drawing-room at Marlborough Terrace there had been silence for more than the space of half an hour. Mrs. Wetherby sat at her Sheraton table, writing invitation cards, while her husband lay in his armchair with a book, which he presently dropped softly on to his knee. A sentence in the paragraph he had reached contained the words, "*so not without a lingering glance, he went back again to the beaten track and to the flesh-pots of Egypt,*" and afterwards he did not turn the page.

For some minutes he sat gazing into the fire, and then raising his head, glanced round the room. Everything that he looked upon was desirable and pleasant to the sight; his eyes rested last upon his wife, and he mentally included her in the category of effects, as not the least valuable item, for Mrs. Wetherby dressed well and had a very pleasing back.

A moment later she rose rather suddenly and took the seat opposite to him.

"What amuses you?" she asked, somewhat sharply, meeting his look.

"I was thinking that *flesh-pot* is an exceedingly ugly word for the charming things it sometimes represents," he replied, in a lazy voice, still smiling.

"I have asked Avice Seagrave for the 18th," Mrs. Wetherby continued, conversationally, her tone suggesting that the action had been commendable, and that some remark expressive of approval would not be inappropriate. "But perhaps I'd better not send the invitation. I dare say she hasn't an evening dress," she added, after a scarcely perceptible pause. There was just the least shade of annoyance in her voice.

"She was at the Crossfields' the other evening," her husband observed.

"Was she? You never told me," said Mrs. Wetherby, with interest. "How ever did she get to know the Crossfields, I wonder! What was her dress like, Philip?"

"Why shouldn't she?" he asked, referring to Miss Seagrave's acquaintance with their friends.

"Well, she hasn't a penny, you know, and she lives by herself in miserable rooms, and—well—I don't see how she gets any opportunity to know people."

"How did *you* know her?"

His wife frowned a little impatiently.

"Oh, that year I took up art; we were both students at South Kensington. We used to have lunch together. She was a ladylike little thing—and I don't think it's nice to drop people."

Her husband again missed his opportunity.

"Ladylike scarcely describes Miss Seagrave, I think," he observed, reflectively.

"Really, Philip! Why, she is perfectly refined, and her father—"

"Oh yes! But so is the country clergyman's daughter who dispenses broth and flannel petticoats."

"I don't know what you're driving at, I'm sure," said Mrs. Wetherby, patiently. "Avice's father was in the army."

"I do not doubt it, dear," returned her husband, leaning forward to stir the fire.

"Well, then, what is your objection to Avice?"

"Objection?" He raised his eyebrows a little with a half-sigh. "My dear child, did I say anything about objections?"

"No; but when you say she isn't ladylike—"

Mr. Wetherby stirred a little, and his hand grasped the arm of the easy chair with a momentary firmness.

He turned to his wife a second later with a light laugh. "That frock of yours is quite a success, Gertrude," he said, approvingly. "It's a beautiful color."

"Do you like it?" She smoothed its folds dubiously. "Alphonsine's cut is good, certainly, but she is not very careful about the little things. You didn't tell me what Avice wore."

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"My dear, you know I am only interested in one woman's dress."

"Nonsense!" observed his wife, in her most matter-of-fact tone. "I can't think how ever Avice manages to make a living," she went on, after a moment.

"How do you know she makes one?"

"Don't be so stupid, Philip. She has no money of her own. How does she live?"

"Ah!" he said, with a shrug of his shoulders. "Cherchez les femmes!—but first ask to see the *menu*."

"The *menu*? What do you mean?"

"*Monday*—breakfast, tea and toast; lunch, bread and butter and cocoa; dinner, herbs *au naturel*. *Tuesday*—But there is a sameness about the *menu*."

"How do you know?"

"My dear, I was once a poor Slade student."

"I believe you love to rake up uncomfortable things," said his wife. "For my own part, when anything is over and done with, I make a point of forgetting it. It's the only sensible thing to do. Now I come to think of it, you and Avice are very much alike in some ways."

"You flatter me. But how?"

"I didn't mean it for flattery at all, because I think Avice exceedingly foolish."

He laughed. "Go on, most literal of women. In what respect do I resemble Miss Seagrave?"

"Well, you are both so unpractical; always wanting impossible things, so—I can't explain what I mean. But now to take an instance: after a year's training in art, Avice gave it all up. She said she now knew enough to discover that she would never make an artist."

"But that was very reasonable, surely?"

"Not at all," returned Mrs. Wetherby, with decision. "She really drew rather well, and with perseverance she might have taken all her certificates and been a drawing-mistress in a school. Certificates are always useful."

"But—she didn't want to be a drawing-mistress; she wanted to be an artist, and had the sense to see that painting was not her means of expression. Poor little moth! After desiring the star, you couldn't expect her to put up with the farthing dip."

"I don't know what that means, but she could have got her living by teaching drawing."

"Even that is doubtful, though I admit she might perhaps have had potted meat for lunch instead of plain bread and butter. How does she get the bread and butter now?"

"Oh, I don't know. She does some typewriting in an office, or something of that kind. I don't know how that sort of thing pays."

"I do," said Philip.

"Well, it can't be such very bad pay, after all," she argued, "for she has managed to furnish two rooms out of it. They are quite pretty, and there's no art muslin about. All her things are good. I can't think how she affords them."

"Tea and toast for breakfast, buns and milk for lunch, no dinner," murmured her husband.

"Well, and isn't that very stupid?" rejoined Mrs. Wetherby, triumphantly. "Why not have good meals to keep up her strength?"

"For what? To write business letters all day, and to come back to the wax flowers, shiny Bibles, and chromolithographs of the cheap furnished apartment in the evening?"

"Didn't I say you were exactly like Avice?" she asked him.

"My dear, I am crushed. Nevertheless, you have not gained your point. Miss Seagrave and I may have started fair along the path that leads to imbecility and the stars. She is still star-gazing, but I only give them an occasional furtive glance, and immediately drop my eyes to the level of the dining-room lamp, beneath which is usually spread the most excellent dinner."

"This is the best cook we've had for a long while," Gertrude agreed. "I thought the soup to-night was delicious. But I was going to tell you a little plan of mine about Avice. It would be such a good thing to get her married, wouldn't it? And I was thinking the other day how well she would suit Colonel Ridley. He wants a wife, I know, and he's not very particular about money. Mrs. Ridley has been dead five or six years now, and the children are growing up. Why, Daisy must be nearly seventeen! He ought to have a wife. That house of his

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is shockingly neglected; and then Daisy needs some one to take her out, and—"

"What he appears to require is a chaperon-housekeeper, isn't it?"

"Well, if you care to express it so coarsely, I suppose it is. At any rate, hundreds of girls would jump at the chance."

"I don't think Miss Seagrave is one of them."

"Now, Philip, why ever not? You have just been explaining to me at great length that she lives on cocoa and potted meat, or something—"

"Not potted meat. She renounced that with the drawing certificates, if you remember."

"Well, tea and toast, then. No wonder she has lost her complexion! She is not so very young; she is a year older than I am—"

"And you look one-and-twenty."

"Because I can afford to dress well. Avice can't, and she looks her age. Colonel Ridley is an exceedingly kind, good fellow."

"And he thinks a shilling detective-story the finest work of art in the language."

"Well, so do a great many people. I like them myself. Besides, you don't really think any woman exists so foolish as to throw away the chance of a good home because of a difference of opinion about a novel?"

"To do them justice, not many. Still, I have known cases of impending matrimony which were averted by the discovery that one of the contracting parties preferred Frith to Titian."

"It is impossible to argue with you, Philip; you are always so frivolous." She got up and began to put away the paper and envelopes in her writing-table. "At any rate, I have invited Colonel Ridley for the 18th, and I shall make a point of introducing him to Avice. I have often talked to him about her, and praised her. Nothing may come of it, of course. In all probability nothing will, but I shall have the satisfaction of feeling that I have done all I can for the girl." She locked her writing-table. "Good night," she said, as she passed him.

"Gertrude, you are an angel," said her husband, laughing, as he opened the door for her.

Twilight was falling next day when Avice, on returning from her office, found Mrs. Wetherby's invitation card on the mantelpiece of her sitting-room.

Her thoughts went back, as they had often done through the week, to a recent conversation with Philip Wetherby at the Crossfields' party. She had been interested, unusually roused, by what he had said. And yet their talk had been of mere generalities growing out of the discussion of books, of pictures, of that curiously apprehended thing called Life.

She took up the invitation card, looked at the handwriting, and wavered as she thought of Gertrude putting it into an envelope with a murmured, "Poor Avice! I don't suppose she has a frock; but still—" And then she thought of Gertrude's husband.

"I shall go," she decided. "He is a human being, and one doesn't often meet the species."

She put the ready-filled kettle on the fire and began to lay the tea.

The cloth she spread on the little table was of cream-colored linen, fine in texture; the solitary cup was daintily flowered; the teapot, though a cheap one, was not wanting in elegance of shape. After she had made some toast, she placed two lighted candles on the table, and set a bowl of flowers between them, a certain studied precision about her movements making the ordinary process of preparing a meal suggestive of the performance of a ritual.

When she had poured out a cup of tea, she took a book from the shelf above her head and began turning the pages rather listlessly. Presently it slipped from her hand to her lap, and she sat still, looking into the fire.

Tea and toast lasted some time, but at last with a half-sigh she rose. The table was cleared, the cup and saucer and plates washed and put carefully away, the lighted candles placed on the bureau, in whose polished surface they were charmingly reflected—all with the same half-absorbed air, as of a ceremony performed in the spirit of an acolyte.

When the hearth was swept and the flowers again placed on the table, Avice fetched her evening gown from the bedroom and began to drape the folds of lace on the bodice.

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For an hour she sat quietly bending over its filmy black meshes, and then with a hasty movement she flung the dress on to a chair, rose, and began to pace the room.

Her thoughts at first were incoherent.

"Why, why, *why?*" ceaselessly, vaguely reiterated, was their burden. Then, as they took more tangible shape: "Why am I living like this?" she thought. "How is it that I don't know how to make a success of life? It is done again and again by women who haven't half my brains, half my capabilities for work. How do they manage it? They get work on papers and write rubbish, which pays; they become known; they make friends; they marry. They have luck. But what is luck? I suppose it's the sum of all the unknown causes, mental, physical, and moral, which go to make the survival of the fittest. What is wrong with me, I wonder, that I have none of it? Why am I starving on fifty pounds a year, which I make at work which any fool could do as well?"

She stopped in her restless pacing and looked slowly round the room.

The candles burned like stars above the polished wood of the bureau; the brass fender gleamed in the firelight; the folds of the blue curtain over her bedroom door were artistically as satisfying. The little room, in short, was charming—and it represented many dinners and not a few lunches of bread and butter. "But I should have *died* in an ugly place," she thought. "And what then? Would it have mattered much, after all?" was her next reflection, followed swiftly by the knowledge that it would; that hope was not dead, could not be dead in a woman still young, with capacities for happiness still unblunted, with a delight in beauty that was a passion, and with so great a longing for all the normal experiences of womanhood—love, home, children.

She leant her elbows upon the mantelpiece, and stood looking down into the fire.

"It is the loneliness that is worst of all," she thought, tears slowly gathering in her eyes. "No woman should be lonely; it is worse for her than for a man. I think I would marry *any* man who asked me now, rather than go on like this. Anything, any experience, is better than no experience—than an empty life. It is the fate I have always dreaded more than all, and it will be mine."

She took up the gown again with a half-laugh.

"In the mean time there is always dressmaking. I never need complain of lack of occupation when my gowns are in this condition."

Mrs. Wetherby received her friend with some effusion on the evening of the party.

The lofty, well-lighted rooms were full of people; there was a babel of tongues, a kaleidoscopic shifting of color, every now and then a wave of laughter.

Philip Wetherby was near the door as Avice entered. He shook hands with her, and then at a hasty word of appeal from his wife about some domestic difficulty, he turned away to arrange the matter.

Almost at the same moment Gertrude's voice at her elbow said, "Avice, I want to introduce Colonel Ridley—a very old friend of mine."

Glancing at him a little curiously as she smilingly returned his bow, Avice saw an erect, somewhat burly middle-aged man. Despite his years she recognized a certain fresh juvenility about his appearance which he would probably retain at eighty; a kind of belated boyishness which was not unpleasing. He wore a long, drooping, slightly grizzled mustache, and his eyes were bright and clear and kindly.

He began to talk at once with frank zest, and an evident desire to make himself agreeable.

"You are standing in a terrible draught, and I see a couple of very inviting seats over there. Shall we move on? . . . Yes, Mrs. Wetherby and I are very old friends, as she says. I knew her when she was a pretty, fair-haired little girl. You and she are friends too, I hear . . ."

Two men were standing in the doorway as they passed.

"Who is that girl with old Ridley?" one of them asked. "She has a good figure."

"I don't know. Don't know any one here except Wetherby, and I haven't seen *him* for years."

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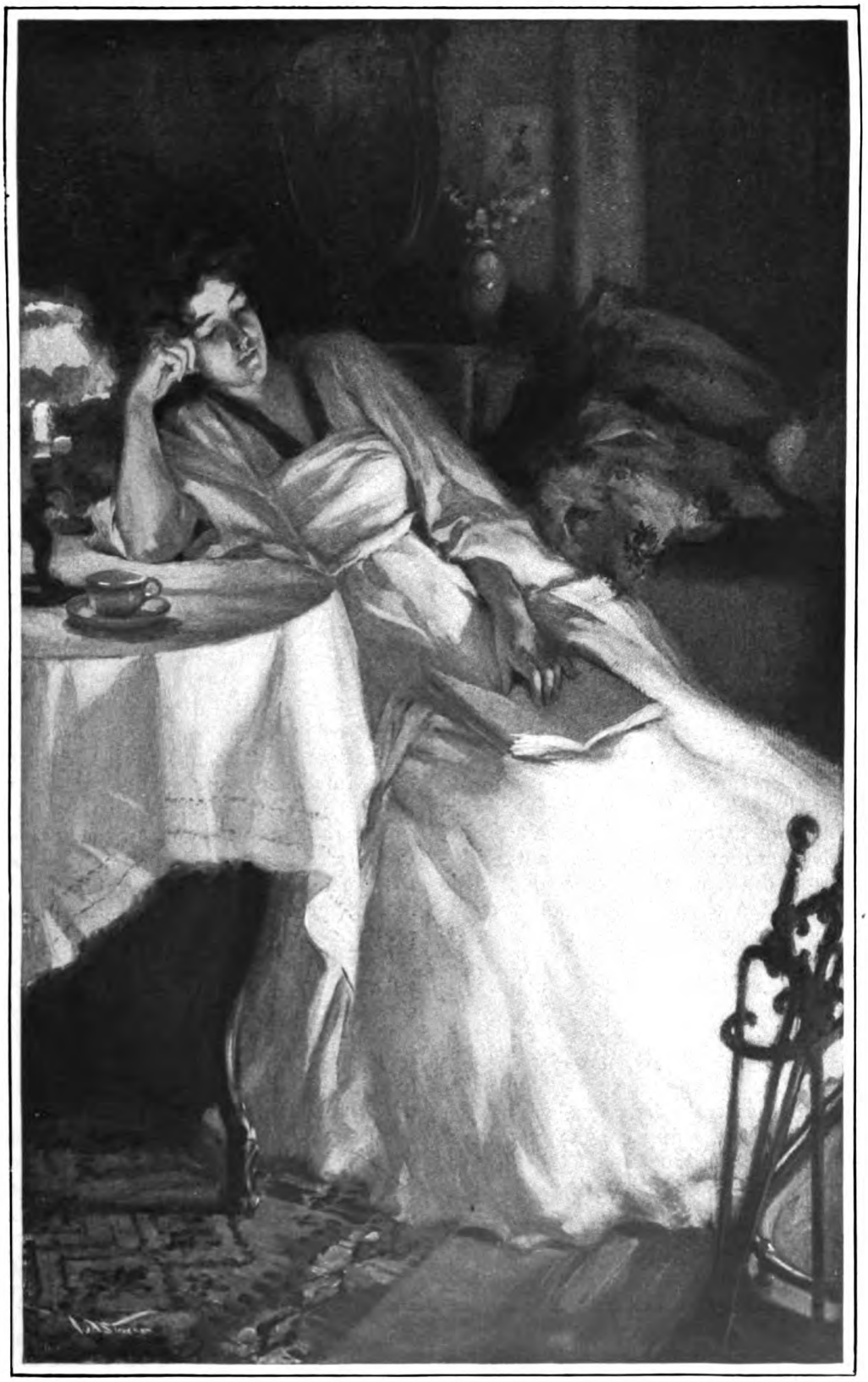

"IT IS THE LONELINESS THAT IS WORST OF ALL"

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"Not doing anything, is he? I used to think—"

"Every one thought so. He had a future. Now all that belongs to him is a past."

"Ah? Might almost be a heroine of modern fiction, in short?"

"Not at all; it's been perfectly respectable as far as I know."

"What's been the matter with it, then?"

"Too much purple and fine linen, I should think. The wife had the money, you know. She was an Australian heiress. Wetherby's work has gone all to pieces. He'll be nothing but a rather fascinating loafer for the rest of his life . . ."

In the conservatory at the end of the hall, the sound of music and the buzz of talk came softened by distance.

One or two couples had sought comparative seclusion amongst the lighted palms and tall chrysanthemums.

"How beautiful and uncanny flowers look when they are lighted up in this way!" Avice exclaimed, as she and the Colonel walked into the cool green bower. Her voice had an undercurrent of weariness, but it rose to real animation at the sight of the chrysanthemums.

"Ah yes! Very pretty. Very pretty indeed," said the Colonel, perfunctorily. "Shall we sit here? It's difficult to find a place out of the draught, but still—Do you draw, or play the piano, or do anything, in short?" he began, presently. "You young ladies are so clever nowadays."

"No," said Avice, "I do neither of those things."

"You don't write, do you?" he asked, suspiciously. "Really, nowadays one is never sure. At any moment—"

"An apparently harmless-looking woman may be making copy, you mean?" she interrupted, laughing.

"Oh, ah! that is what they call it, is it? Making copy. I'm afraid I'm very ignorant of all these things. But I'm glad you don't do any of them," he went on, in a relieved voice. "No doubt I'm old-fashioned, but I really can't see the necessity for women to be so clever."

"Nor I," said Avice. "In a properly constituted world they would have the brains of a jellyfish and the beauty of—a Gaiety chorus-girl, for instance. Then there might be a chance of happiness for them."

The Colonel glanced at her, a little puzzled.

"Well, I don't go quite so far as that," he began, laughing deprecatingly. "In fact, I'm all for women being trained to be—well—"

"Intelligent companions for their husbands," said Avice, gravely, finishing the sentence.

"Precisely," he answered, nodding approbation. "Surely the woman who is able to follow her husband's arguments on any question of politics, for instance, or any—er—engrossing topic of the day, has a better chance of keeping his—er—affection than if she had—"

"The brains of a jellyfish?" Avice observed.

"Exactly!" the Colonel exclaimed, with the triumphant inflection of the winner in an argument.

"Not that it need in any way interfere with her domestic duties," he hastened to add. "I have known women who will send up a perfect little dinner, a really *perfect* little dinner, to table, and afterwards in the drawing-room prove themselves quite capable of taking the most intelligent interest in the conversation of their husbands or brothers, as the case may be, and even contribute to it on their own account. These are the sort of women men prefer, believe me. A man soon gets tired of a merely pretty face."

"Of the same pretty face, yes," Avice agreed, bending over a great white chrysanthemum which touched her cheek.

"Er—yes. Of course husband and wife must necessarily be so constantly together—" he replied, a little vaguely, with another uneasy glance.

"I want to hear something more about your Indian campaign," Avice said, suddenly. For some minutes she had been conscious that the seats at the back of them were occupied by Philip Wetherby and a girl of seventeen or eighteen, one of his wife's cousins, whom he was teasing in a gay, bantering voice.

The girl laughed at everything he said.

"Philip, how silly you are! I'm quite *sure* I wasn't! . . . How absurd of you! You are only saying that to tease me."

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Half tone plate engraved by J. H. Grimley

BENDING OVER A GREAT WHITE CHRYSANTHEMUM

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Her little exclamations punctuated the pauses of the Colonel's discourse, and Avice found herself listening.

". . . I don't know what time it is, but I think I ought to go," she said at last, rising at a convenient pause in the campaign. "I must be up early to-morrow."

It seemed to her years since her companion had begun to talk of marches and countermarches, tribesmen and ammunition. The subject should have been interesting, but the Colonel had not the gift of the *raconteur*. His pictures were blurred,—there was no color about them; he might as well have been shooting partridges in a turnip-field as fighting fierce hill-tribes under an Eastern sky, for all the effect his words produced.

As she went out of the conservatory on the Colonel's arm, Wetherby and his gay little companion passed. He turned and smiled.

"You are not going yet, Miss Seagrave? Don't go," he said. Avice fancied that as she met his eyes their glance was quizzical.

"I think the Colonel was rather taken with Avice," said Gertrude later, when she and her husband were alone in the empty drawing-room. "I took care not to introduce any one else to her."

"Most sapient woman! They were sitting out together in the conservatory, if you want a sign," he added.

"Were they getting on?" asked his wife.

"Admirably. Old Ridley was discoursing of the perfect woman. I didn't listen, but his voice is somewhat stentorian."

"Oh!" exclaimed Gertrude, with annoyance. "I'm sorry he got on that subject. Avice was sarcastic, of course?"

"He seemed to think she agreed with him, I fancy."

"Did he? I suppose she is learning to be more sensible. It's quite time. For my part, I could never understand a woman being unable to hit it off with a man. It is so simple, after all. Men only want humoring."

Her husband laughed.

"My dear child, you are positively thrown away in an age in which women bicycle and clamor for the franchise," he declared, settling his shoulders more comfortably against the mantel-shelf. "You ought to have lived behind a lattice, in the days of good Harun-al-Rashid."

"I don't know who he was, but I'm sure I could have managed him. After all, marriage is the only profession for women."

He raised his eyebrows.

"It is the only profession in which they can ever hope to have more than twenty pounds a year to dress on," she repeated, firmly. "And in my opinion it's very stupid for a woman to spoil her chances of a comfortable home and good dinners and pretty frocks for the sake of airing her views, and all that kind of thing. Of course it's different if she has money. She can afford to do it then if she likes; but in any case, money or no money, a woman isn't a success, not what *I* call a success, unless she marries."

He was silent a moment.

"That is what you thought when you—did me the honor?" he inquired, with a somewhat forced smile.

"Yes, of course," she returned, in a surprised voice. "Why not? However well off a woman is, she can't be a social success till she is married. It is so much easier to entertain, and—oh, it makes all the difference in the world to her position. Naturally I liked you as well, of course," she added; "I always thought we should get on together, and you see we do. And, after all, as long as the money is all right, that's the main thing, isn't it? Love in a cottage is absurd, of course; there must be money on one side or the other, and I've no patience with silly girls who think it doesn't matter. I should call our marriage, now, a thoroughly sensible one. Shouldn't you?"

"A great success, my dear," he returned. He lit a cigarette. "Quite a brilliant success, in fact—as your party has been to-night."

"Yes, I think it went off very well," Mrs. Wetherby agreed, with a touch of complacency in her voice. "Richards is an exceedingly bad servant, though. I must get rid of him."

A month or two later Avice sat in the window-seat of her room one afternoon, gazing out dreamily over the green enclosure into which it looked.

It was early spring, but there had been

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a few warm days, and the garden was already beautiful. The lilac hedge by the railings was coming into bloom; upon the branches of the lime-trees a cloud of green butterfly leaves had lighted. Shafts of sunlight lay across the shaven lawn, and the sky overhead was warmly blue.

Indoors, upon the little table a dainty tea was spread. Fresh flowers filled all the vases and bowls, and the kettle simmered gently upon the hob of the old-fashioned fireplace.

A little party at her rooms had been arranged a week ago at the Wetherbys'. Gertrude had expatiated on the charm of Avice's "cottage room" to Colonel Ridley, who had begged permission to come and see it; with the result that Avice had asked him to tea with the Wetherbys.

A ring at the bell startled her as she sat thinking, and a moment later, while she was forcing extreme quiet, Colonel Ridley was announced.

He came forward to shake hands, rather eagerly.

"I am the bearer of a message very reluctantly sent by Mrs. Wetherby," he explained. "I called for her ten minutes ago, but she was out. She had left a note for me, however, to explain that only a really important engagement prevented her from coming to-day, and she begged me to apologize. Philip was out too, so I suppose he has gone with her."

Avice smiled mechanically.

"But do sit down," she urged—"unless you will come to the window first and see my beautiful Hospital garden."

Chill disappointment lay like a stone at her heart. It was ridiculously, contemptibly childish, but she could scarcely command her voice.

"Ah yes!" observed the Colonel, whose burly figure completely blocked the light of one window. "Very nice, very nice. Even a square like this is pleasant as long as it's green. They might do a lot more with it, though, mightn't they? A fountain or two, now, and some nice bright flower-beds, and a band-stand—"

Avice did not reply. She was busy pouring hot water in the teapot at the moment.

"Do you take sugar?" she asked, a little abruptly, as he turned. "This is a fairly comfortable seat. Will you try it?"

He thanked her and sat down. A desultory conversation, in which the weather, a new play which neither of them had seen, a little mild chaff from the Colonel about the "really important engagements" of ladies invariably indicating the dressmaker, lasted some little time, and then came an awkward pause.

"You have—er—quite a number of pictures," said the Colonel at last, putting down his cup. "May I look? I'm rather fond of pictures. Ah! sacred subjects mostly, I see. Very nice, very nice. You young ladies have plenty of time to think about art and all that kind of thing. The stern realities of life are quite properly left to us men."

Avice smiled faintly.

She felt physically exhausted—a circumstance probably explained by the fact that she had had no lunch. It was near the end of the week, and funds were low. There was another pause, which, while it embarrassed her, she felt incapable of breaking.

"My dear Miss Seagrave," she heard, presently, "I—this seems to me a—er—an opportunity to ask you a question to which I am very anxious to receive a favorable reply. Will you—in short, will you do me the honor to become my wife?" Avice had moved to the window-seat, and he stood before her, leaning a little awkwardly against the side of the bureau. She raised her head slowly and looked at him. He had reddened, but he met her gaze steadily.

"He is kindness itself," thought Avice, incoherently. "There would be a lunch *every* day, and probably late dinner as well. These are the stern realities of life!" A terrible desire to laugh seized her. She turned hurriedly, and with one hand pushed open the window.

The thrushes were singing in the garden below, and for a moment Avice heard nothing but their voices. They seemed to fill the little room with melody. A warm, moist breeze fluttered the tendrils of the Virginia creeper at the window, and stealing in, lifted the corner of the cloth on the tea-table, and as gently let it fall.

She rose. "You are very good," she began, speaking mechanically. . . . "I must think. Will you let me write?"

She paused. It was not at all what she

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had meant to say five minutes ago; she did not know why she had not definitely accepted his offer. The words had come of themselves, without her volition, and she was surprised, as though some one else had made an unexpected reply.

The Colonel started a little. He too appeared surprised, as well as disappointed.

"Certainly, by all means," he stammered, "if I may hope — there seems to be no reason why we should not be happy."

"You are very kind," Avice murmured again, scarcely knowing what she said. She put out her hand, which he took, and a moment later she heard him stumbling down the narrow linoleum-covered stairs.

A moment after the front door had closed upon him, there was a ring, then footsteps, and finally the door was flung open by Mrs. Jennings, who, standing aside, very conscious of a clean cap and apron, announced Mr. Wetherby.

Avice felt the color rush to her face as she sprang up in surprise.

"Gertrude isn't here, then?" he asked, as their hands met.

"No; Colonel Ridley said that you— that she was not coming."

He laughed. "I expect there's an urgent message awaiting me at home, then. I told Gertrude I should be in at three o'clock, and then we had arranged to come on together; but I met a man at the club, and we talked, and then I presently found that it was too late to go back for Gertrude, so I came on, expecting to find her here. Well! May I stay?"

She was refilling the kettle while he talked.

"Yes, — but you can't expect decent tea," she said, gayly, over her shoulder.

"How beautiful!" he exclaimed, crossing to the window. "You are lucky to overlook this. There's a delicious air of stateliness about this garden. And the old Hospital!—what a color! It looks as if it had been steeped a hundred years in red wine."

"Yes; and look at the top of the lantern against the sky!" said Avice, softly. "Isn't it like soft, faded black velvet?"

They stood a moment together at the window. The flush had not faded from Avice's cheeks; her eyes were bright, her lips a little tremulous.

He glanced at her half-averted face, and turned away from the window.

"But your room is charming!" he exclaimed. "What's this over the mantelpiece? Ah, the Gozzoli fresco. And this is a Pinturicchio, isn't it? Where did you get that Ghirlandajo? I have been looking out for it for ages. . . ."

He moved from one picture to another, admiring, criticising, with eagerness ineffectually disguised by the nonchalant manner habitual to him.

"Come and have some tea," urged Avice at last, laughing, while he protested that he was too much in love with the room and its treasures even to sit down.

The light tone which they had both instinctively adopted was continued while the pretence of tea-drinking lasted, and she started when he said, suddenly putting down his cup:

"I have been talking to Brough about you. He was rather impressed with the article you sent him. He wants you to take on the weekly letter in his paper. In fact, I don't think you'll have much difficulty in getting work through him."

Avice was silent a moment. She rose and stood leaning against the mantelpiece, nervously fingering a jar of flowers.

"That is *your* doing," she said, presently, with a grateful glance. "It is very kind of you, but"—she hesitated— "I don't think I shall want it. I am going to be married." The last words were uttered firmly.

There was a momentary pause.

"I congratulate you," he said at last, rising also.

In a flash she put out her hands, as if to ward off a blow.

"Don't, don't!" she exclaimed, in a low, agitated voice. "Say you think I'm wise, sensible—anything you like,—but don't congratulate me!"

He stood looking at her gravely, and his face grew pale, when all at once she buried her head on her arms, outstretched against the mantelpiece.

"Why?" he said, in a voice that was scarcely audible.

She raised her head; she was not crying, but she had grown very white.

"Because," she began, bitterly, "I am

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always lonely; because I daren't refuse the chance, . . . because—I am nearly always hungry. Perhaps I oughtn't to say this to you; but there are very few human beings in the world, and one is apt to forget 'womanly dignity' and that sort of thing occasionally in the temptation to tell the truth."

He was standing close to her. Instinctively his hands went out towards her, and then fell again at his sides.

He turned abruptly and began to pace the room.

"Listen," he said at last, in a voice of studied calmness. "I know what you mean. I know what you are thinking, but you deceive yourself. Life, you argue, cannot be any worse, and material comforts are not to be despised, and the smoke of the flesh-pots is alluring. But you are wrong. Life has infinite possibilities of misery, and you haven't by any means yet experienced its worst forms. Heaven forbid that I should dissuade you from a chance of happiness, but don't you see that with your nature it would be a miracle if you ever attained it under the best of circumstances? At least now you are free; free to think your own thoughts, to love what seems to you beautiful, to struggle after its right expression. You are an artist—Ah!" as Avice made a movement of impatience, "I know what you are going to say,—that you don't want to be one; that you would rather be the average happy, easy-going woman, with a good-natured husband and a growing family. And I sympathize with you in your wish. In a woman, certainly, mediocre intelligence, average capacities, make for happiness. But you are not the average woman, and you must accept the conditions. Nothing will ever make you not an artist. You might as well wish to alter the color of your eyes. Well, then, accept the fact, and then think of life with a perpetual accompaniment of boredom! Think what it means also not to be merely frankly and openly bored, but to have to conceal it, as you are in honor bound to do if, voluntarily, knowingly, you make a contract whereby you reap all the material advantages. You cannot expect to have them for nothing, and at first it seems that a smile is a small price to pay for purple and fine linen, and the privilege of faring sumptuously every day. But wait till you have smiled for years, wait till enthusiasm is cold, and ideals have vanished, and life has come to mean an opportunity for killing time, and then when you look back upon the life you are leading now, you shall tell me which you prefer."

She had stood with downcast face, listening, while he spoke in a low, rapid voice, whose very tone she scarcely recognized. If she had dimly divined the bitterness of his life, overlaid and successfully disguised as it habitually was by an air of good-humored indifference, she saw it now unveiled, and the knowledge it brought her was terrifying.

Bewildered and confused by the rare note of passion in his voice, she was afraid to raise her eyes.

He was close to her.

"Do not forge chains for yourself," he said, very gently. "To a lesser woman I should say marry this man; be as comfortable as you can; you will be happier so. But to you—*Avice!*—"

He paused. She raised her head slowly, as though impelled by some power outside herself, and their eyes met.

"Avice!" he urged; the word was almost a cry in its note of conflict. He flung out his hand towards her, and after a moment's hesitation she took it in both of hers.

"Listen," she said, gently. "You have made me very happy; don't spoil my little moment."

Tears were in her eyes, but she smiled as he held her hand for a moment.

A carriage drew up below, with a jingle of harness and clatter of hoofs.

"Here is Gertrude," said Avice, quietly. "I'm afraid the tea won't be worth drinking."

A moment later she came in, her gown rustling, the bangles on her wrists clinking a little as she threw off her cloak.

"Why, Philip!" she exclaimed, in an annoyed voice, after her greeting to Avice. "You here? Didn't you get the note I left for you? Didn't Colonel Ridley come, then?" she went on, turning to Avice.

"Oh yes; he had come and gone before Mr. Wetherby arrived," she said.

"Oh, that's all right," Gertrude answered, with such a sudden abandonment

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"GOOD-BY," SHE SAID, WITHOUT RAISING HER EYES

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of her displeased tone that Avice smiled in spite of herself. "No tea, thank you. I really only just ran in to see you,—late, on purpose." She glanced at her friend curiously. "I hoped I might perhaps congratulate you, dear," she added.

"Yes, indeed you may," Avice replied, quickly. "I am offered some work on the *Comet,* which pays very well, I'm told."

"And you have accepted it?" asked Mrs. Wetherby, a little shrilly.

"Certainly," she replied.

There was a moment's silence.

"Well, Avice!" said Mrs. Wetherby at last, in a tone of undisguised exasperation. "You really are— But there! I suppose it's your affair, after all."

"I think so," said Avice, gently, but with a certain dignity which caused her friend to change the subject somewhat abruptly.

"I wish you would persuade Philip to come to Melbourne with me next month," she said, pettishly. "I have to go over on business, as you know, and I hate going alone. I wish to goodness we could settle there altogether," she went on. "I'm always worrying him about it. I never really liked London."

"Perhaps that will also arrange itself in time," said Philip, breaking silence.

"Also?" repeated his wife.

"I've made up my mind to go with you next month, at any rate," he said, smiling.

"I never knew such a man!" Gertrude observed, turning to Avice. "He's as full of whims and fancies as a woman. Only yesterday he finally decided *not* to go."

"Leave me the luxury of a whim or two, kind lady," he urged, in a tone at which his wife laughed, and Avice winced as she turned to the window.

"Well," said Mrs. Wetherby, rising, "good-by, Avice. I may not be able to see you again before we start. I am perfectly distracted—there is so much to be done."

She kissed her coldly, while Avice uttered conventional wishes for a pleasant journey.

"Good-by," she said, giving her hand to Philip without raising her eyes.

She stood at the window and watched the carriage drive off. At the corner of the road he looked up suddenly, and she knew he saw her standing there.

The spring twilight was falling. The clock-tower in the garden showed clear against a stretch of pale-green sky. One solitary thrush was still singing; the air as Avice leant from the window was inexpressibly soft and sweet.

She was tremulously, vaguely happy, though in the background of consciousness she knew that her exalted mood was only transient; that vain longings, regrets, the ceaseless struggle with life, were all before her.

Nevertheless, as she sat motionless, watching the silent coming of the stars, she experienced the most intense delight life had yet bestowed upon her.

"Whatever happens," she thought, "I shall have had *something.*"

A Vow

BY R. DE PEYSTER TYTUS

(From the Arabic)

UNTO the end:
Through a thousand kisses
A thousand caresses a thousand pains—
Till the roses of passion
Have dropped their petals
And naught but the perfume remains.

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An Elephant Drive in Siam

BY ALAN H. BURGOYNE, F.R.G.S.

IT is no easy matter in these days to find a country or place unmarred by the mere sight-seeing globe-trotter; yet if such places do exist, Siam has a right to be included in the number. The generally entertained idea about that country, as expressed by the untravelled Briton, is "a swampy, uncivilized land, inhabited by savages, smells, and diseases"; also (and this, in his opinion, is against it) it is not in the general round of tours. My friendship with H. R. H. the Crown Prince of Siam at Oxford had, however, given me something of the truth, and when (on hearing of my projected trip to the East) he most kindly offered me letters of introduction to members of his family, should I feel inclined to go there, I readily accepted, and made arrangements accordingly.

On May 7, C. K. Hoghton (my companion on many travels) and I boarded a small German steamer at Singapore, and after a warm and uneventful passage arrived at the mouth of the Menam, and waited for high water to cross the bar. Then, slowly feeling the way, we steamed up the glorious tropical river to the muddy wharf at Bangkok. Of our reception in the Siamese capital, the friends we made, and our many doings I will not speak; it is sufficient to know that the time leading up to the subject of this story was amply filled. Our chief host was Prince Charoon, a cousin of the Crown Prince, and one of the most charming of men; he had spent thirteen of his twenty-seven years in England, and is, moreover, a B.A. of Trinity College, Cambridge. From him and his brother, Prince Sithiporn, we first heard of the hunt.

The Siamese army possesses the finest elephant corps in the world, and to keep its ranks up to the requisite number it is necessary every few years to have a "drive" in order to capture a few promising youngsters from amongst the wild herds. Such an expedient appeared necessary at this time, and as H. I. H. Prince Boris of Russia was shortly to arrive, the hunt was so arranged as to fit in excellently with our stay. We were naturally desirous of seeing what a hunt of these great beasts was like, and were promised excitement such as we had never before experienced,—nor, I think it will be admitted, were we disappointed. The country chosen for the operations is to the north of the ancient capital Ayuthia, where the dense jungle almost completely shuts in the town. For our convenience during the "hunt week" the Prime Minister, H. R. H. Prince Damrong, very kindly placed his palace at Bang-pa-In at our disposal, and, that we might do the journey to Ayuthia by river, a fine launch was also provided for us.

All arrangements being completed, we impatiently awaited Prince Boris, who at last arrived, and we were told that the hunt would take place two days later, and that, the evening before, the festivities would begin with a "Lakon," or special theatrical display, in Phya Taywate's Royal Opera House. We received invitations, and witnessed the Siamese rendering of *Beauty and the Beast*. The play was remarkable in that all the actors and actresses were members of the royal family; the programmes and words were printed on books of the purest white silk,—a memento I often look at as recalling a truly novel experience. Halfway through the play we were summoned to the door by an officer, who said our host, Charoon, desired to speak to us. We went to him (for we had wondered at his non-appearance), and he told us the sad news that his uncle, H. R. H. Phya Maha Yotha, had that evening fallen dead from heart trouble whilst making an after-dinner speech, and that

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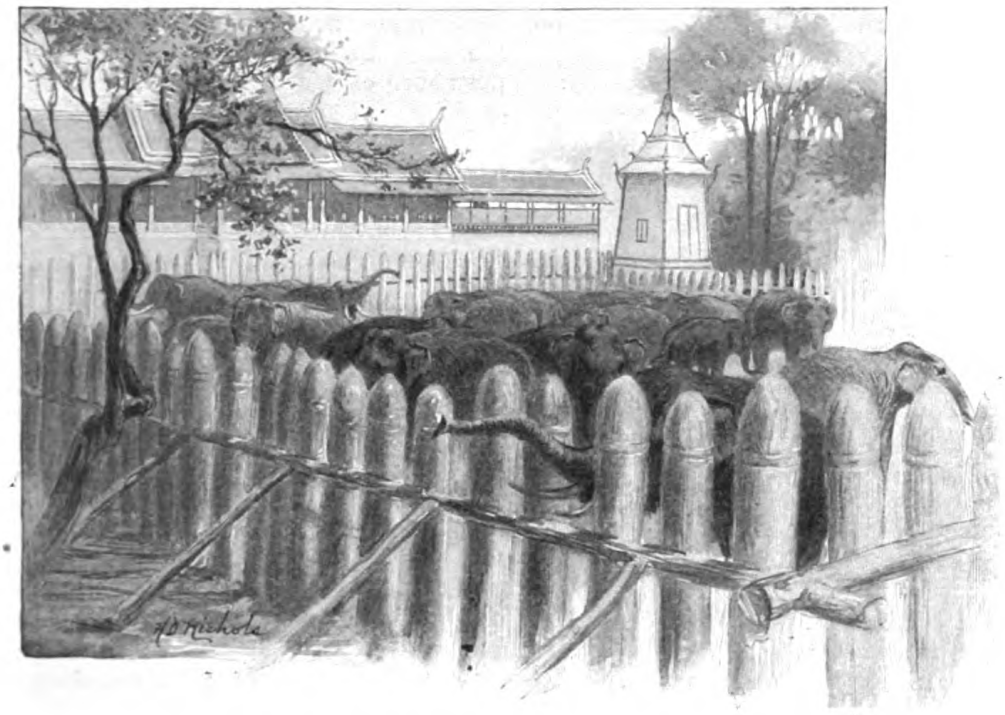

THE ROYAL BOX, LOOKING ACROSS A CORNER OF THE PANIET

he and his brother could not, therefore, come with us to Bang-pa-In on the morrow, but that he had wired to the majordomo to meet us and escort us to the palace.

Next morning we rose at 5.30, and caught the 7.40 train out — only by chance, though, for on the drive to the station the off-side rein gave at the buckle, and the little ponies pitched our gharry into a deep sewer, from falling into which we barely escaped. All's well that ends so, however, and at nine we drew into Bang-pa-In, and found a number of liveried servants awaiting us, with red baize laid to the station door. With us were Captain Hartnell of the Western Division of Police, and Lawson, who controls Bangkok—excellent fellows and good sportsmen. Behind the station a stream led to the palace, and at the bottom of the steps a richly fitted gondola, with four gorgeously apparelled oarsmen, waited to convey us to our destination. After proceeding half a mile up the picturesque backwater which ran between the grounds of Prince Damrong's and the imperial palaces, we reached the river, and there found our launch awaiting us, with some dozen men in attendance. After transshipping, and leaving our baggage on the palace steps to be arranged for us during the day, we veered round and headed up-stream towards Ayuthia, which is situated fourteen miles distant.

The Siamese elephant-hunt is not a short entertainment like tiger-shooting or shark-catching; for, in the first place, it requires three months' preparation, during which time the small, wandering herds of wild elephants, numbering anything from three or four to fifty in the herd, have to be collected and driven together from the outlying districts, and on the last day gathered into one vast mass. The number collected for this hunt constituted an absolute record, there being, we are told, close upon five hundred of the great brutes — a total never before approached.

The "hunt" itself extends over three days: on the first the elephants are merely driven into the corral, or kraal, or "paniet," as it is variously called; on the second, likely-looking calves are captured inside the paniet; and on the third the whole herd, with the exception of the

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captives, is driven out, and the hunt devolves into a series of rushes by the infuriated brutes amongst the spectators.

The paniet consists of an enormous square enclosed by a wall built of solid stone, about twenty feet high and perhaps thirty thick. At one end is the royal box, and on another side double steps lead to the seats that surround the top of the wall. It is placed in a convenient position between two branches of the river, the two openings for the use of the elephants facing the water on each side. To guide the great beasts into the narrow neck of the entrance there is a line of posts, each made of a single tree, about twelve to fifteen feet in height and two feet apart; similar posts form the inner square of the paniet, and a large space is left for the spectators on the ground between the wall and these posts. In the very centre of the paniet is a pagodalike erection for the use of the King's head elephant-man, who takes up his position inside and points out to the mahouts of the tame elephants those beasts he desires to have captured. The photographs accompanying this article, taken by Hoghton and myself, will, with the above explanations, give a fair idea of the paniet and its surroundings.

On arriving at Ayuthia we found our launch to be too deep to go up the klong (creek) abutting on the paniet ground, so we steamed through the main river, and landed on the side from which the elephants were to approach, to see if the herd was in sight. As we ascended the sloping bank we came upon a large open plain, perhaps a mile in breadth, shut in at the back by dense jungle. Hillocks and clumps of trees were dotted over it, and Hartnell pointed to a cloud of dust rising steadily behind one of these, about four hundred yards away.

"Here they come," he said, and a moment later the first elephant, a gigantic tusker, mounted the crest of the hill, and stood clearly outlined against the blue sky; he was not long alone, though, for within half a minute the main herd, squealing and snorting, rushed into view, upon which one of our party hinted that it was time to "trek." This

CHARGING FURIOUSLY TOWARDS THE SPECTATORS

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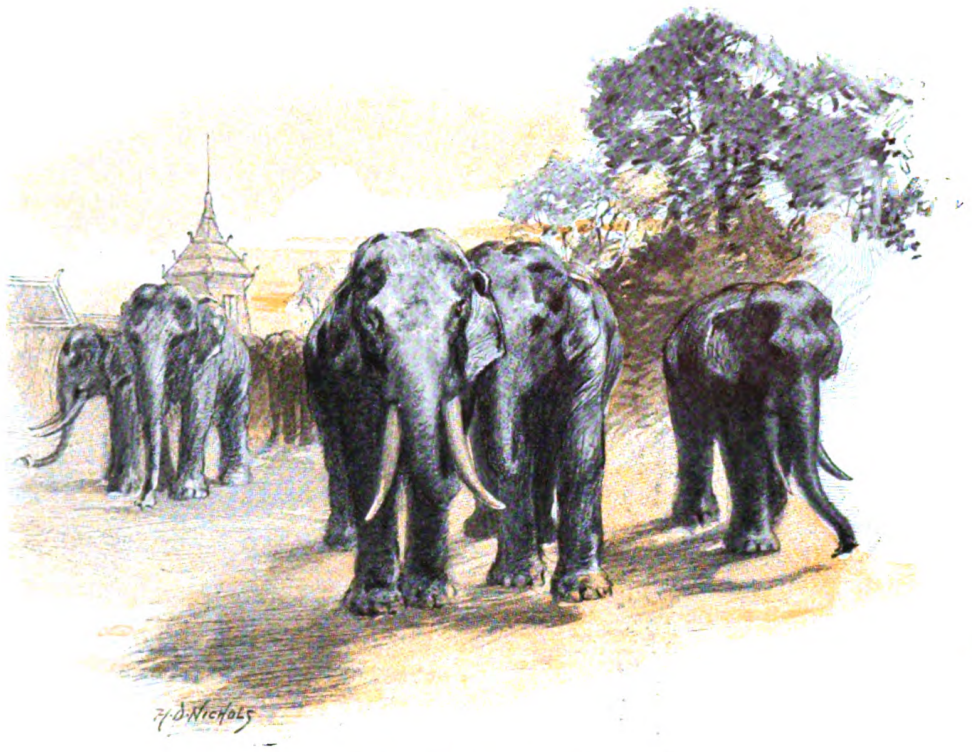

THE HERD IN THE PANIET

we did with some speed—to a sampan (native boat), the boatman of which (a Chinaman) was in mortal terror lest he should be caught by the oncoming elephants. A slight breeze brought the noise of the brutes closer, and also something of their odor. We arrived at our positions in the paniet (above the entrance, on the first day) in good time, and shortly afterwards four Siamese flags fluttered out from the top of a quartet of high trees—the signal for the "drive-in" to commence. Then, slowly moving toward us, we espied the herd coming up the river bank. There were 470 in all, and of these about 150 were young ones of ages between a few months and five years; these were hidden under the great flanks of their mothers, and consequently the herd did not appear as numerous as it really was. The air smelt of the huge beasts, the whole place resounded with their trumpeting, bellowings, and hoarse buglelike cries—in all keys, from the low, deep grunt of the aged tusker to the high treble of the newly born calf.

They were not long in reaching the mouth of the paniet; but once there, they hesitated, until a large tame male with a single glistening tusk, the hero of many battles no doubt, came forward at his mahout's bidding and led the way. As the tame elephant entered the narrow gate — made so that only one animal could pass through at a time—the leading wild ones rushed forward, followed closely by the whole herd, and in a moment a veritable bedlam was let loose as the huge beasts jammed into the funnel-shaped passage; and then ensued a scene that beggars description. Of course there was no stopping them, and they were left to fight it out as best they could. The stout teak posts creaked and groaned under the great pressure; and once, as a loud crack rang out, the multitude of natives who had gathered to watch the fun scattered in all directions, and soon every tree possessed of sufficient solidity was as thick with human fruit as it could well be packed. It was only a false alarm, however—one of the many that occurred during these exciting three days.

The way in which the cow elephants protected their calves was truly remarkable; they kept the little things under

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their bodies while in the herd, and on arriving at the entrance of the paniet, placed themselves across it, bearing the whole weight of the charging mass until the youngsters had got through in safety. Two or three got killed and trodden in the mud, however, in spite of the care bestowed on them. The mahouts of the tame elephants were all the time pressing the herd on from behind, and, goaded to fury by repeated spear-thrusts, a wild male occasionally backed a few yards and, with lowered head and curled-up trunk, the piglike tail stuck out stiffly behind, would charge the struggling mass with all his might, shrieking defiance in his rage. The poor recipients of the charge would then turn round and give battle—and such battles, too; bull-fights are mere child's play in comparison. Blood ran freely, and the thunder of the impact as two great heads came together, with the various cries and shrill calls, made fitting music to the extraordinary scene.

Once inside the paniet, the herd quieted down, and to enliven matters a young female was let loose amongst the crowd. After one or two futile charges, it made the turn of the wall and crossed the klong, rushed across the island to which our launch was moored, and stumbled into the main river between it and another boat—belonging to a friend of ours, Trotter by name—from which waved the Siamese imperial flag, a white elephant on a scarlet background. This emblem attracted the attention of the escaping brute; she seized it with her trunk, and holding it defiantly aloft, swam the river, and ambled triumphantly away into the jungle. The men in the launch were of course almost mad with fear, and were pleased to see the brute's tail disappear in the distance. This ended the first day's work—the least interesting of the three,—and we went down-stream to Bang-pa-In for dinner, finding, on arrival, a note from Charoon, saying that he and his brother were coming up the following day. After a game of billiards we turned in, and rose for breakfast at 8.30; at 9.30 we fetched our hosts from the station, and proceeded at once up to Ayuthia. On arrival we found the mahouts were already inside the paniet, noosing the elephants for taming. The method of procedure is simple: a large slip-noose is made in a stout rope, this being fastened to the end of a fifteen-foot bamboo; the mahout then follows the animal he desires to capture, until at last he manages to slip the noose under one of his hind feet; this done, at a touch his intelligent steed forces his way to the nearest post, where men are always waiting to fasten the end of the captive's rope. This operation took up the morning, and then came the driving out of the whole herd to bathe—and sadly they needed it. It required some encouragement to persuade the great beasts to again trust themselves in a narrow passage—they still remembered the squeezing at the entrance. At last one huge fellow, more courageous than the rest, darted through, and at his best speed made for the river.

In the stockade the mahouts on the tame elephants were having a lively time. One large cow, maddened possibly at the loss of its calf, became infuriated, and repeatedly charged the tame ones. These used their tusks savagely to meet the onslaughts; yet one was brought to its knees by the weight of its opponent, and for a moment it seemed that the mahouts (there are two to each elephant) must inevitably be swept off by the slashing blows aimed at them by the great trunk. Another of the tame ones shirked meeting the beast, and in self-defence the mahouts had to protect themselves with their lances till the poor brute was all over blood. Once the blood spurted several inches from its trunk. The stand in the centre was full of men with spears, and this animal attacked them also in the most savage manner. It was reported that one of the men was killed, but this happily proved incorrect. It was a relief to all when the maddened elephant was finally got out of the kraal. Several of the captured herd, however, though they would not face the tusks, charged savagely at the tame elephants when their backs were turned.

After the serious business came the comic interlude. The last of the herd left there was a tiny baby, born the day before in the paniet, and small enough to get between the fence-posts into the outside passage, where it caused no end of fun. Finally a man seized the end of its trunk and led it off, squealing like a pig.

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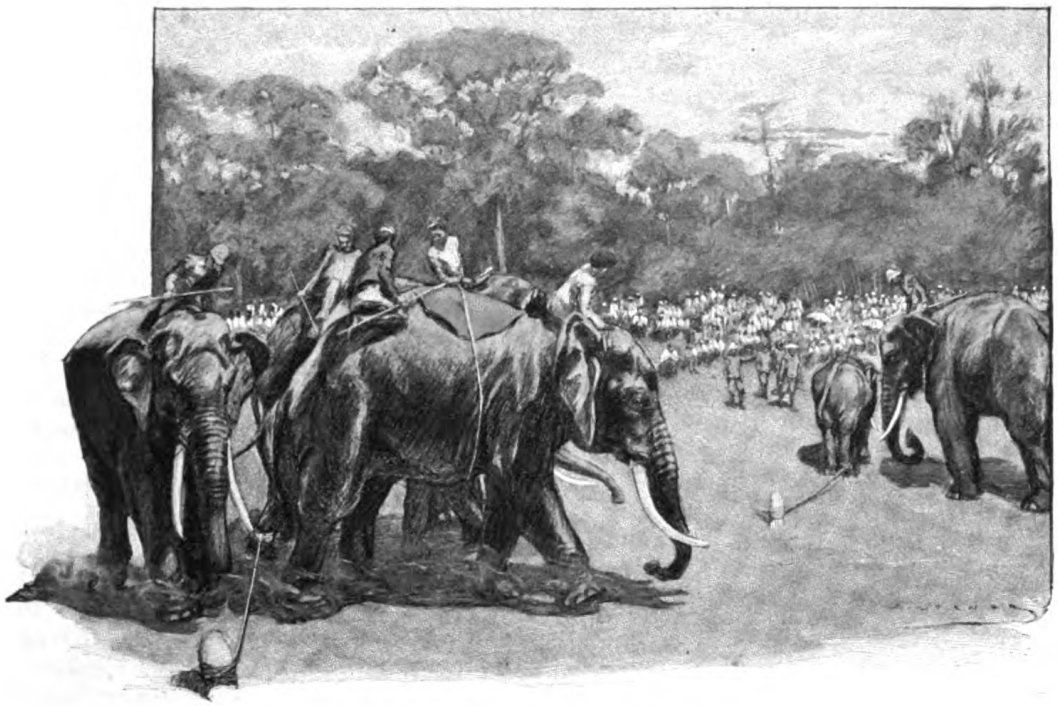

SECURING THE CAPTURED CALVES

Many times the elephants, coming in twos and threes, made rushes into the crowd of spectators, numbers of whom had hair-breadth escapes. Somehow tragedy seemed to be in the air, and we expected fearful things to happen. The Siamese are very fond of running up to an elephant as it comes out of the narrow way and making it rush at them; having got the ponderous animal at full speed, its tormentors suddenly dodge, and, carried on by its weight, the elephant lumbers by. The game of course requires a great deal of nerve, and had been going on for some time, when we heard a general yell of horror, and saw two great male elephants chasing a rather heavy middle-aged man; they were close on him, and in his fear he dared not dodge. Suddenly he stumbled, and by the merest fluke the two animals lurched past him. Just ahead of them was a white-haired old man hiding behind a tree; and catching sight of him, the leading elephant, lowering its head, snapped the obstruction like a reed. With a yell of agonized fear the old fellow turned and bolted directly towards a large crowd of several hundreds of people standing on the edge of the river, just where there happened to be a perpendicular drop of about fifteen feet; there was absolutely no escape, and the shrieks of horror which arose as the savage brutes approached sent a cold shiver down my spine. I can never forget that scene. A number of the crowd dropped over the precipitous edge and sought refuge below, but all to no purpose. In a moment the great animals were amongst them, kicking right and left, and we saw the old man, the unfortunate author of it all, hurled into the air like a feather, to fall to the ground a bloody, inanimate mass, broken in every part of his body. The yells of the spectators were fearful. But worse was still to come. Carried forward by the impetus of the rush, both the elephants, squealing with fear and rage, shot headlong over the edge; an ear-piercing shriek, the dying note of an anguished soul, rent the air—and two minutes later we learned the dreadful truth. A hapless man, sheltered, as he thought, by the bank, had been crushed to pulp by one of the falling brutes.

It was the most ghastly scene I have ever witnessed, one to which some unknown power drew the eyes—it was impossible to look away. In one short minute two human lives had been crushed

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out as by the snuffing of a candle. Of the elephants, one was drowned; the other joined the herd unharmed. This incident had scarcely closed—and it had taken away the taste for elephant-hunts from most of the Europeans there—when an equally exciting happening took place. An elephant, a young tuskless male, chanced to come out by himself, and seeing none of his kind to follow (for the elephant is very short-sighted), appeared quite at a loss as to the way he should turn. He stood for a few moments, all four legs well apart, his ears stretched out, and his trunk "feeling" the air with undulating movement, trumpeting shrilly the while. Suddenly, as though struck by an idea, he turned to the left and made off round the paniet wall, keeping close under it.

Now it chanced that Follet and Trotter (of the police) were walking from the klong landing-stage to the steps when the elephant burst round the corner, and perceiving that he must inevitably reach the steps before they could, they sought safety in flight. Turning, they, with a Chinaman who chanced to be near, fled before the charging animal, which had now scented them. Follet—wise man that he was—did not stop until he had placed the row of posts, forming the V-shaped entrance to the kraal, between himself and the enemy. Trotter and the Chinaman stopped at the turn of the corner, imagining that the elephant would certainly continue his headlong rush. To their horror, the great beast whipped round at right angles and at once gave chase. They went like the wind, with death in its most awful form to urge them on. When only thirty yards from the posts the elephant, squealing and trumpeting with pleasure at his success, came up to them; and they, seeing the huge trunk waving above their heads, branched off with a final spurt. Trotter —the fates were with him that day— happened to be in khaki, the Chinaman in spotless white. The elephant gave the matter no thought, but took the lighter figure; in a few seconds pursuer and pursued were level, and then, thud! the ponderous foot shot out sideways and flung the poor Celestial, with one last despairing shriek, against the posts. These shook with the impact, and when the hapless creature was picked up after the departure of the elephant he was quite dead, with nearly every bone in his body broken by the force of the blow. When Trotter came up to us, three minutes later, with full details of his marvellous escape, he was shaking with terror, and his lips were colorless.

After allowing the elephants three or four hours to bathe, the tame ones (of which thirty were employed) commenced driving the herd back into the corral for the night. During the operation a score or more of those newly captured managed to break away; they spread into the town, and on the island over which we had to pass to reach our launch.

The third and last day of the hunt dawned, and with our hosts we went up in our launch, and had not long to wait before the mahouts started driving the herd out into the open. One elephant, a heavy tuskless male, could not be forced out, and no efforts of the tame beasts would induce him to leave. He charged these on sight with unusual ferocity, and at last the mahouts were obliged to leave him in possession. Seeing no living foe, the huge animal butted violently at the posts and made frantic endeavors to get at the natives beyond them. At other times he would turn round and back with all his weight into the fence, at the same time letting out a double kick — and then look round for the effect.

Then he rushed for the entrance, and seizing one of the four great trees placed as a gate, flung it above his head as though it were but a straw. It was a wonderful object-lesson of the strength these brutes possess. At last, by order of the officer in charge of the ceremonies, the single-tusk tame elephant went in to give battle. With a furious trumpet of uncontrollable rage the mad beast rushed at its enemy, and so great was the onslaught that the tame one turned away and would not face the charge. With a sullen thud the ponderous head of the attacker took the single-tusker in the ribs, and over he went like a ninepin, the fore legs kicking in an unavailing effort to right himself. For a moment it was feared that the mahouts were crushed to death, but it seemed that they had both been shot far away and close to the posts

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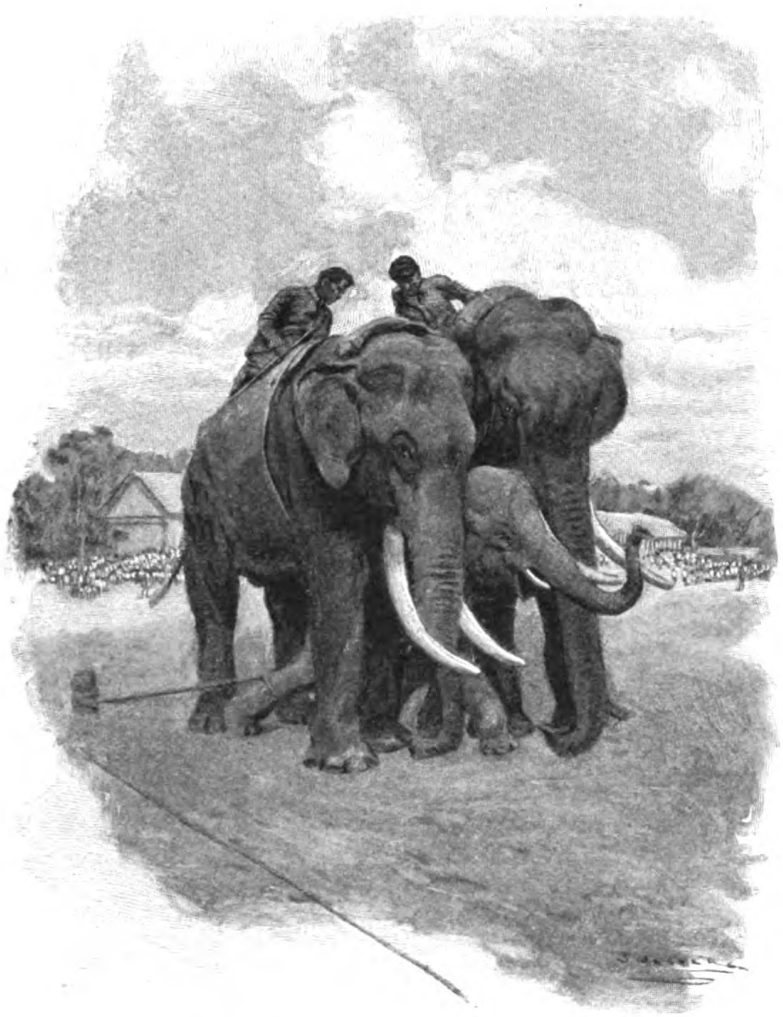

TAME ELEPHANTS SECURING A SMALL WILD TUSKER

by the shock of the blow. Another tame tusker was sent in—and indeed except for this intervention the prostrate elephant would have been battered to death by his savage foe. The new enemy distracted him, and this time he met a foe worthy of his metal. Lowering his head, the tame elephant took the charge on his forehead, and with a jerk threw his opponent to the ground. The fight was over; having met his match, it took but little persuasion to send the defeated animal out to the remainder of the herd.

Meanwhile the elephants outside had been amusing the people in another way, and we were just in time to see a most amusing sight — an elephant walking through houses for the mere fun of it. All the buildings near the river are raised on posts, and it was really laughable to watch the beast calmly charging everything within sight, the lightly built houses falling before him like packs of cards. Having cleared away the houses (they were empty, and would be replaced by the government), he went along the fences, ripping them away bar by bar. Then some foolish man attracted him, and he turned his attentions to the people who were enjoying his antics; but to avoid a repetition of the tragedy of the previous day, a bullet was put through his head.

We witnessed another incident worth relating. The mahouts had "legged" a

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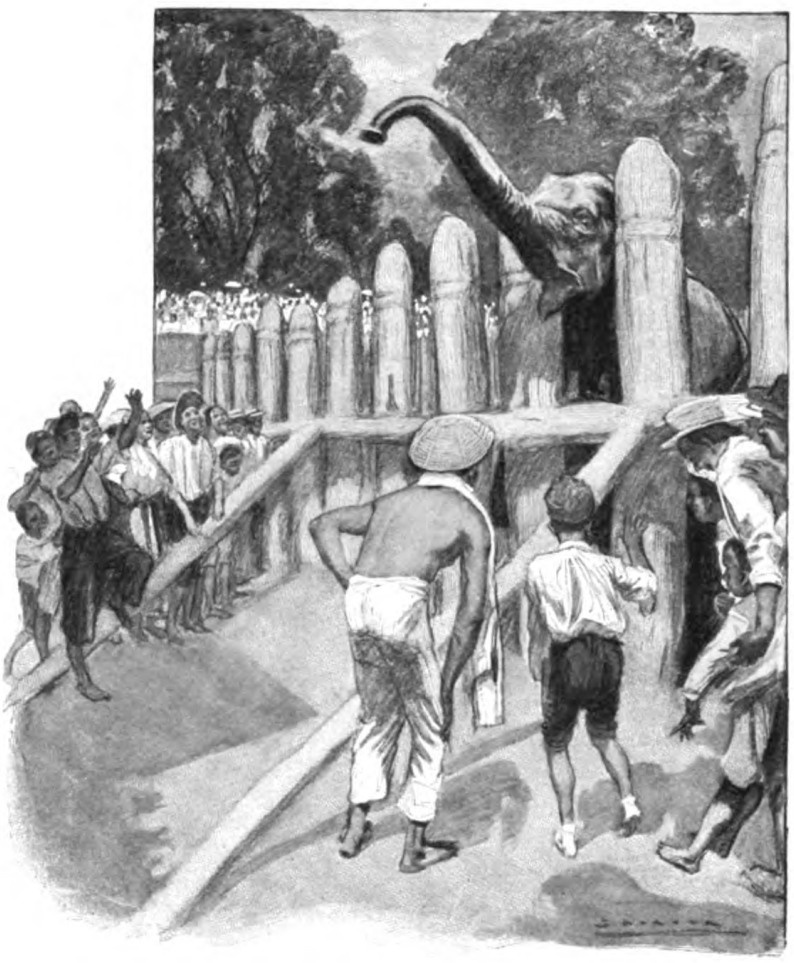

A TUSKLESS MALE CHARGING THE PANIET POSTS

little two-year-old and tied him firmly to a stump, just before driving the herd into their native jungle. As these disappeared behind the trees, the poor little beast set up a piteous squealing, and amidst cries of astonishment from the spectators two full-grown elephants, the parents evidently, broke post-haste back to their offspring, and took up positions on each side of the youngster, facing different ways, and trumpeting defiance. Then the father, seeming for the first time to notice the rope, curled his trunk around it and did his best to pull it away, the cow meanwhile pushing her calf to add to the strain; seeing this to be ineffectual, they tried running off a few yards and calling out to it to follow. Then they appeared to give up hope, and ambled slowly after the rest of the herd; but a few minutes later the little one was released and literally flew after its parents, pursued by an immense crowd, yelling with delight.

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The Sphyx

A TRAVESTY IN TWO PARTS

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

"And where these are, it is said a fountain bubbles in the Garden of Delight."—
GOYA.

I

THE letter that started me—I was going to say startled me, but only imaginative people are startled,—the letter, then, that started me from Bronx Park to the South I print without the permission of my superior, Professor Farrago. I have not obtained his permission for the somewhat exciting reason that nobody knows where he is. Publicity being now recognized as the annihilator of mysteries, a benevolent purpose alone inspires me to publish a letter so strange, so pathetically remarkable, in view of what has recently occurred.

As subcurator of the department of exploration connected with the Bronx Park Zoological Society, I had only recently returned from Java with a valuable collection of undescribed isopods—an order of edriophthalmous crustaceans with seven free thoracic somites furnished with fourteen legs,—and I beg my reader's pardon, but my reader will see the necessity for the author's absolute accuracy in insisting on detail, because the story that follows is a dangerous story for a scientist to tell, in view of the vast amount of nonsense and fiction in circulation masquerading as stories of scientific adventure.

I had, I say, just returned with my orphan isopods, and was anticipating a delightful summer's work with pen and microscope, when on April 1st I received the following extraordinary letter from Professor Farrago, chief of the Bronx Park department of exploration:

"IN CAMP, LITTLE SPRITE LAKE,
EVERGLADES, FLORIDA, *March 15, 1902.*

"MY DEAR MR. GILLAND,—On receipt of this communication you will immediately secure for me the following articles:

1 complete outfit of woman's clothing.
1 camera.
1 light steel cage, large enough for you to stand in.
1 stenographer (male sex).
1 5-lb. steel tank with siphon and hose attachment.
1 rifle and ammunition.
3 oz. rosium oxyde.
1 oz. chlorate strontium.

"You will then, within twenty-four hours, set out with the stenographer and the supplies mentioned and join me in camp on Little Sprite Lake. This order is formal and admits of no delay. You will appreciate the necessity of absolute and unquestioning obedience when I tell you that I am practically on the brink of the most astonishing discovery recorded in natural history since Monsieur Zani discovered the purple-spotted zoombok in Nyanza; and that I depend upon you and your zeal and fidelity for success.

"I dare not, lest my letter fall into unscrupulous hands, convey to you more than a hint of what lies before us in these uncharted solitudes of the Everglades.

"You must read between the lines when I say that because one can see through a sheet of glass, the glass is none the less solid and palpable. One can see *through* it—if that is also seeing it; but one can nevertheless hold it and feel it and receive from it sensations of cold or heat according to its temperature.

"Certain jellyfish are absolutely transparent when in the water, and one can only know of their presence by accidental contact, not by sight.

"*Have you ever thought that possibly there might exist larger and more highly organized creatures transparent to eyesight, yet palpable to touch?*

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"Little Sprite Lake is the jumping-off place; beyond lie the Everglades, the outskirts of which are haunted by the Seminoles, the interior of which *has never been visited by man, as far as we know.*

"As you are aware, no general survey of Florida has yet been made; there exist no maps of the Everglades south of Okeechobee; even Little Sprite Lake is but a vague blot on our maps. We know, of course, that south of the eleven thousand square miles of fresh water which is called Lake Okeechobee the Everglades form a vast deltalike projection of thousands and thousands of square miles. Darkest Africa is no longer a mystery; but the Everglades to-day remain the sombre secret of our continent. And, to-day, this unknown expanse of swamps, barrens, forests, and lagoons is greater than in the days of De Soto, because the entire region has been slowly rising.

"All this, my dear sir, you already know, and I ask your indulgence for recalling the facts to your memory. I do it for this reason: the search for *what I am seeking* may lead us to utter destruction; and therefore my formal orders to you should be modified to this extent:—do you volunteer? If you volunteer, my orders remain; if not, turn this letter over to Mr. Kingsley, who will find for me the companion I require.

"In the event of your coming, you must break your journey at False Cape and ask for an old man named Slunk. He will give you a packet; you will give him a dollar, and drive on to Cape Canaveral, and you will do what is to be done there. From there to Fort Kissimmee, to Okeechobee, traversing the lake to the Rita River, where I have marked the trail to Little Sprite.

"At Little Sprite I shall await you; beyond that point a merciful Providence alone can know what awaits us.

Yours fraternally, FARRAGO.

"P.S.—I think that you had better make your will, and suggest the same idea to the stenographer who is to accompany you. F."

And that was the letter I received while seated comfortably on the floor of my workroom, surrounded by innocent isopods, all patiently awaiting scientific investigation.

And this is what I did: Within twenty-four hours I had assembled the supplies required—the cage, the woman's clothing, tank, arms and ammunition, and the chemicals; I had secured accommodations, for that evening, on the Florida, Volusia, and Fort Lauderdale Railway as far as Citron City; and I had been interviewing stenographers all day long, the result of an innocently worded advertisement in the daily newspapers.

It was now very close to the time when I must summon a cab and drive to the ferry; and yet I was still shy one stenographer.

I had seen scores; they simply would not listen to the proposition. "Why does a gentleman in the backwoods of Florida want a stenographer?" they demanded; and as I had not the faintest idea, I could only say so. I think the majority interviewed concluded I had escaped from a State institution.

As the time for departure approached I became desperate, urging and beseeching applicants to accompany me; but neither sympathy for my instant need nor desire for salary moved them.

I waited until the last moment, hoping against hope. Then with a groan of despair I seized luggage and rain-coat, made for the door and flung it open, only to find myself face to face with an attractive young girl, apparently on the point of pressing the electric button.

"I'm sorry," I said, "but I have a train to catch."

She was noticeably attractive in her storm-coat and pretty hat, and I really was sorry—so sorry that I added,

"I have about twenty-seven seconds to place at your service before I go."

"Twenty will be sufficient," she replied, pleasantly. "I saw your advertisement for a stenographer—"

"We require a man," I interposed, hastily.

"Have you engaged him?"

"N—no."

We looked at one another in silence.

"You wouldn't accept, anyway," I began.

"How do you know?"

"You wouldn't leave town, would you?"

"Yes, if you required it."

"What? Go to Florida?"

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"Y—yes,—if I must."

"But think of the alligators! Think of the snakes—big, bitey snakes!"

"Gracious!" she exclaimed, eyes growing bigger.

"Indians too! — unreconciled, sulky Seminoles! Fevers! Mud-puddles! Spiders! And only fifty dollars a week—"

"I—I'll go," she stammered.

"Go?" I repeated, grimly; "then you've exactly two and three-quarter seconds left for preparations."

Instinctively she raised her little gloved hand and patted her hair. "I'm ready," she said, unsteadily.

"One extra second to make your will," I added, stunned by her self-possession.

"I—I have nothing to leave—nobody to leave it to," she said, faintly; "I am ready."

I took that extra second myself for a lightning course in reflection upon effects and consequences.

"It's silly, it's probably murder," I said, "but you're engaged! Now we must run for it!"

And that is how I came to engage the services of Miss Elizabeth Barrison as stenographer.

II

At noon on the second day I disembarked from the train at Citron City, with all paraphernalia—cage, chemicals, arsenal, and stenographer; an accumulation of very dusty impedimenta—all but the stenographer. By three o'clock our hotel livery-rig was speeding along the beach at False Cape toward the tall lighthouse looming above the dunes.

The abode of a gentleman named Slunk was my goal. I sat brooding in the rickety carriage, still dazed by the rapidity of my flight from New York; the stenographer sat beside me, blue eyes bright with excitement, fair hair blowing in the sea wind.

Our railway companionship had been of the slightest, also absolutely formal; for I was too absorbed in conjecturing the meaning of this journey to be more than absent-mindedly civil; and she, I fancy, had had time for repentance and perhaps for a little fright, though I could discover traces of neither.

I remember she left the train at some city or other where we were held for an hour; and out of the car window I saw her returning with a brand-new gripsack.

She must have bought clothes, for she continued to remain cool and fresh in her summer shirt-waists and short outing skirt; and she looked immaculate now, sitting there beside me, the trace of a smile curving her red mouth.

"I'm looking for a personage named Slunk," I observed.

After a moment's silent consideration of the Atlantic Ocean she said, "When do my duties begin, Mr. Gilland?"

"The Lord alone knows," I replied, grimly. "Are you repenting of your bargain?"

"I am quite happy," she said, serenely.

Remorse smote me that I had consented to engage this frail, pink-and-ivory biped for an enterprise which lay outside the suburbs of Manhattan. I glanced guiltily at my victim; she sat there, the incarnation of New York piquancy,—a translated denizen of the metropolis — a slender spirit of the back offices of sky-scrapers. Why had I lured her hither?—here where the heavy, lavender-tinted breakers thundered on a lost coast; here where above the dune-jungles vultures soared, and snowy-headed eagles, hulking along the sands, tore dead fish and yelped at us as we passed.

Strange waters, strange skies, — a strange lost land aquiver under an exotic sun; and there she sat with her wise eyes of a child, unconcerned, watching the world in perfect confidence.

"May I pay a little compliment to your pluck?" I asked, amused.

"Certainly," she said, smiling as the maid of Manhattan alone knows how to smile—shyly, inquiringly,—with a lingering hint of laughter in the curled lips' corners. Then her sensitive features fell a trifle. "Not pluck," she said, "but necessity. I had no chance to choose, no time to wait. My last dollar, Mr. Gilland, is in my purse!"

With a gay little gesture she drew it from her shirt-front, then, smiling, sat turning it over and over in her lap.

The sun fell on her hands, gilding the smooth skin with the first tint of sunburn. Under the corners of her eyes above the rounded cheeks a pink stain lay like the first ripening flush on a wild strawberry. That too was the mark

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left by the caress of wind and sun. I had had no idea she was so pretty.

"I think we'll enjoy this adventure," I said; "don't you?"

"I try to make the best of things," she said, gazing off into the horizon haze. "Look," she added; "is that a man?"

A spot far away on the beach caught my eye. At first I thought it was a pelican—and small wonder, too, for the dumpy, waddling, goose-necked individual who loomed up resembled a heavy-bottomed bird more than a human being.

"Do you suppose that could be Mr. Slunk?" asked the stenographer, as our vehicle drew nearer.

He looked as though his name ought to be Slunk; he was digging coquina clams, and he dug with a pecking motion like a water-turkey mastering a mullet too big for it.

He was Slunk; he admitted it when I accused him. Our negro driver drew rein, and I descended to the sand and gazed on Mr. Slunk.

He was, as I have said, not impressive, even with the tremendous background of sky and ocean.

"I've come something over a thousand miles to see you," I said, reluctant to admit that I had come as far to see such a specimen of human architecture.

A weather-beaten grin stretched the skin that covered his face, and he shoved a hairy paw into the pockets of his overalls, digging deeply into profound depths. First he brought to light a twist of South Carolina tobacco, which he leisurely inserted in his mouth—not, apparently, for pleasure, but merely to get rid of it.

The second object excavated from the overalls was a small packet addressed to me. This he handed to me; I gravely handed him a silver dollar; he went back to his clam-digging, and I entered the carriage and drove on. All had been carried out according to the letter of my instructions so far, and my spirits brightened.

"If you don't mind I'll read my instructions," I said, in high good humor.

"Pray do not hesitate," she said, smiling in sympathy.

So I opened the little packet and read:

"Drive to Cape Canaveral along the beach. You will find a gang of men at work on a government breakwater. The superintendent is Mr. Rowan. Show him this letter. FARRAGO."

Rather disappointed — for I had been expecting to find in the packet some key to the interesting mystery which had sent Professor Farrago into the Everglades,—I thrust the missive into my pocket and resumed a study of the immediate landscape. It had not changed as we progressed; ocean, sand, low dunes crowned with impenetrable tangles of wild bay, sparkleberry, and live-oak, with here and there a weather-twisted palmetto sprawling, and here and there the battered blades of cactus and Spanish-bayonet thrust menacingly forward. And over all, the vultures, sailing, sailing,—some mere circling motes lost in the blue above, some sheering the earth so close that their swiftly sweeping shadows slanted continually across our road.

"I detest a buzzard," I said, aloud.

"I thought they were crows," she confessed.

"Carrion-crows,—yes.

'The carrion-crows
Sing, Caw! Caw!'

—only they don't," I added, my song putting me in good humor once more. And I glanced askance at the pretty stenographer.

"It is a pleasure to be employed by agreeable people," she said, innocently.

"Oh, I can be much more agreeable than that," I said.

"Is Professor Farrago — amusing?" she asked.

"Well—oh, certainly,—but not in—in the way I am."

Suddenly it flashed upon me that my superior was a confirmed hater of unmarried women. I had clean forgotten it; and now the full import of what I had done scared me silent.

"Is anything the matter?" asked Miss Barrison.

"No—not yet," I said, ominously.

How on earth could I have overlooked that well-known fact! The hurry and anxiety—the stress of instant preparation and departure—had clean driven it from my absent-minded head.

Jogging on over the sand, I sat silent, cudgelling my brains for a solution of

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the disastrous predicament I had gotten into. I pictured the astonished rage of my superior—my probable dismissal from employment — perhaps the general overturning and smash-up of the entire expedition.

A distant dark object on the beach concentrated my distracted thoughts; it must be the breakwater at Cape Canaveral. And it was the breakwater, swarming with negro workmen, who were swinging great blocks of coquina into cemented beds, singing and whistling at their labor.

I forgot my predicament when I saw a thin white man in sun-helmet and khaki directing the work from the beach; and as our horses plodded up, I stepped out and hailed him by name.

"Yes, my name is Rowan," he said instantly, turning to meet me. His sharp clear eyes included the vehicle and the stenographer, and he lifted his helmet, then looked squarely at me.

"My name is Gilland," I said, dropping my voice and stepping nearer. "I have just come from the Bronx Park, New York."

He bowed, waiting for something more from me; so I presented my credentials.

His formal manner changed at once. "Come over here and let us talk a bit," he said, cordially,—then hesitated, glancing at Miss Barrison;—"if your wife would excuse us—"

The pretty stenographer colored, and I dryly set Mr. Rowan right, — which appeared to disturb him more than his mistake.

"Pardon me, Mr. Gilland, but you do not propose to take this young girl into the Everglades, do you?"

"That's what I had proposed to do," I said, brusquely.

Perfectly aware that I resented his inquiry, he cast a perplexed and troubled glance at her, then slowly led the way to a great block of sun-warmed coquina, where he sat down, motioning me to do the same.

"I see," he said, "that you don't know just where you are going or just what you are expected to do."

"No, I don't," I said.

"Well, I'll tell you, then. You are going into the devil's own country to look for something that I fled five hundred miles to avoid."

"Is that so?" I said, uneasily.

"That is so, Mr. Gilland."

"Oh! And what is this object that I am to look for and from which you fled five hundred miles?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know what you ran away from?"

"No, sir. Perhaps if I had known I should have run a thousand miles."

We eyed one another.

"You think, then, that I'd better send Miss Barrison back to New York?" I asked.

"I certainly do. It may be murder to take her."

"Then I'll do it!" I said, nervously. "Back she goes from the first railroad station."

In a flash the thought came to me that here was a way to avoid the wrath of Professor Farrago—and a good excuse, too. He might forgive my not bringing a man as stenographer in view of my limited time; he never would forgive my presenting him with a woman.

"She must go back," I repeated; and it rather surprised me to find myself already anticipating loneliness—something that never in all my travels had I experienced before.

"By the first train," I added, firmly, disliking Mr. Rowan without any reason except that he had suddenly deprived me of my stenographer.

"What I have to tell you," he began, lighting a cigarette, the mate to which I declined, "is this: Three years ago, before I entered this contracting business, I was in the government employ as officer in the Coast Survey. Our duties took us into Florida waters; we were months at a time working on shore."

He pulled thoughtfully at his cigarette and blew a light cloud into the air.

"I had leave for a month once; and like an ass I prepared to spend it in a hunting trip among the Everglades."

He crossed his lean legs and gazed meditatively at his cigarette.

"I believe," he went on, "that we penetrated the Everglades farther than any white man who ever lived to return. There's nothing very dismal about the Everglades — the greater part, I mean. You get high and low hammock, marshes, creeks, lakes, and all that. If you get

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lost, you're a goner. If you acquire fever, you're as well off as the seraphim—and not a whit better. There are the usual animals there,—bears—little black fellows,—lynxes, deer, panthers, alligators, and a few stray crocodiles. As for snakes, of course they're there, moccasins a-plenty, some rattlers, but, after all, not as many snakes as one finds in Alabama, or even northern Florida and Georgia.

"The Seminoles won't help you—won't even talk to you. They're a sullen pack—but not murderous, as far as I know. Beyond their inner limits lie the unknown regions."

He bit the wet end from his cigarette.

"I went there," he said; "I came out as soon as I could."

"Why?"

"Well—for one thing, my companion died of fright."

"Fright? What at?"

"Well, there's something in there."

"What?"

He fixed a penetrating gaze on me. "I don't know, Mr. Gilland."

"Did you see anything to frighten you?" I insisted.

"No, but I felt something." He dropped his cigarette and ground it into the sand viciously. "To cut it short," he said, "I am most unwillingly led to believe that there are—creatures—of some sort in the Everglades—living creatures quite as large as you or I—and that they are perfectly transparent—as transparent as a colorless jellyfish."

Instantly the veiled import of Professor Farrago's letter was made clear to me. He too believed that.

"It embarrasses me like the devil to say such a thing," continued Rowan, digging in the sand with his spurred heels. "It seems so—so like a whopping lie—it seems so childish and ridiculous—so cursed cheap! But I fled; and there you are. I might add," he said, indifferently, "that I have the ordinary portion of courage allotted to normal men."

"But what do you believe these—these animals to be?" I asked, fascinated.

"I don't know." An obstinate look came into his eyes. "I don't know, and I absolutely refuse to speculate for the benefit of anybody. I wouldn't do it for my friend Professor Farrago; and I'm not going to do it for you," he ended, laughing a rather grim laugh that somehow jarred me into realizing the amazing import of his story. For I did not doubt it, strange as it was,—fantastic, incredible though it sounded in the ears of a scientist.

What it was that carried conviction I do not know—perhaps the fact that my superior credited it; perhaps the manner of narration. Told in quiet, commonplace phrases, by an exceedingly practical and unimaginative young man who was plainly embarrassed in the telling, the story rang out like a shout in a cañon, startling because of the absolute lack of emphasis employed in the telling.

"Professor Farrago asked me to speak of this to no one except the man who should come to his assistance. He desired the first chance of clearing this—this rather perplexing matter. No doubt he didn't want exploring parties prowling about him," added Rowan, smiling. "But there's no fear of that, I fancy. I never expect to tell that story again to anybody; I shouldn't have told him, only somehow it's worried me for three years, and though I was deadly afraid of ridicule, I finally made up my mind that science ought to have a hack at it.

"When I was in New York last winter I summoned up courage and wrote Professor Farrago. He came to see me at the Holland House that same evening; I told him as much as I ever shall tell anybody. That is all, Mr. Gilland."

For a long time I sat silent, musing over the strange words. After a while I asked him whether Professor Farrago was supplied with provisions; and he said he was; that a great store of staples and tins of concentrated rations had been carried in as far as Little Sprite Lake; that Professor Farrago was now there alone, having insisted upon dismissing all those he had employed.

"There was no practical use for a guide," added Rowan, "because no cracker, no Indian, and no guide knows the region beyond the Seminole country."

I rose, thanking him and offering my hand. He took it and shook it in manly fashion, saying: "I consider Professor Farrago a very brave man; I may say the same of any man who volunteers to

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accompany him. Good-by, Mr. Gilland; I most earnestly wish for your success. Professor Farrago left this letter for you."

And that was all. I climbed back into the rickety carriage, carrying my unopened letter; the negro driver cracked his whip and whistled, and the horses trotted inland over a fine shell road which was to lead us across Verbena Junction to Citron City. Half an hour later we crossed the tracks at Verbena and turned into a broad marl road. This aroused me from my deep and speculative revery, and after a few moments I asked Miss Barrison's indulgence and read the letter from Professor Farrago which Mr. Rowan had given me:

"DEAR MR. GILLAND,—You now know all I dared not write, fearing to bring a swarm of explorers about my ears in case the letter was lost, and found by unscrupulous meddlers. If you still are willing to volunteer, knowing all that I know, join me as soon as possible. If family considerations deter you from taking what perhaps is an insane risk, I shall not expect you to join me. In that event, return to New York immediately and send Kingsley.

Yours, F."

"What the deuce is the matter with him!" I exclaimed, irritably. "I'll take any chances Kingsley does!"

Miss Barrison looked up in surprise.

"Miss Barrison," I said, plunging into the subject head first, "I'm extremely sorry, but I have news that forces me to believe the journey too dangerous for you to attempt, so I think that it would be much better—" The consternation in her pretty face checked me.

"I'm awfully sorry," I muttered, appalled by her silence.

"But—but you engaged me!"

"I know it—I should not have done it. I only—"

"But you did engage me, didn't you?"

"I believe that I did—er—oh, of course—"

"But a verbal contract is binding between honorable people, isn't it, Mr. Gilland?"

"Yes, but—"

"And ours was a verbal contract; and in consideration you paid me my first week's salary, and I bought shirt-waists and a short skirt and three changes of—and tooth-brushes and—"

"I know, I know," I groaned. "But I'll fix all that."

"You can't if you break your contract."

"Why not?"

"Because," she said, flushing up, "I should not accept."

"You don't understand—"

"Really I do. You are going into a dangerous country and you're afraid I'll be frightened."

"It's something like that."

"Tell me what are the dangers?"

"Alligators, big bitey snakes—"

"Oh, you've said all that before!"

"Seminoles—"

"And that too. What else is there? Did the young man in the sun-helmet tell you of something worse?"

"Yes — much worse! Something so dreadfully horrible that—"

"What?"

"I am not at liberty to tell you, Miss Barrison," I said, striving to appear shocked.

"It would not make any difference anyway," she observed, calmly. "I'm not afraid of anything in the world."

"Yes, you are!" I said. "Listen to me; I'd be awfully glad to have you go,—I—I really had no idea how I'd miss you—miss such pleasant companionship. But it is not possible—" The recollection of Professor Farrago's aversion suddenly returned. "No, no," I said, "it can't be done. I'm most unhappy over this mistake of mine; please don't look as though you were ready to cry!"

"Don't discharge me, Mr. Gilland," she said.

"I'm a brute to do it, but I must; I was a bigger brute to engage you, but I did. Don't—please don't look at me that way, Miss Barrison! As a matter of fact, I'm tender-hearted and I can't endure it."

"If you only knew what I had been through you wouldn't send me away," she said, in a low voice. "It took my last penny to clothe myself and pay for the last lesson at the college of stenography. I—I lived on almost nothing for

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weeks; every respectable place was filled; I walked and walked and walked, and nobody wanted me—they all required people with experience,—and how can I have experience until I begin, Mr. Gilland? I was perfectly desperate when I went to see you, knowing that you had advertised for a man—" The slightest break in her clear voice scared me.

"I'm not going to cry," she said, striving to smile. "If I must go, I will go. I—I didn't mean to say all this,—but—but I've been so—so discouraged;—and you were not very cross with me—"

Smitten with remorse, I picked up her hand and fell to patting it violently, trying to think of something to say. The exercise did not appear to stimulate my wits.

"Then—then I'm to go with you?" she asked.

"I will see," I said, weakly, "but I fear there's trouble ahead for this expedition."

"I fear there is," she agreed, in a cheerful voice. "You have a rifle and a cage in your luggage. Are you going to trap Indians and have me report their language?"

"No, I'm not going to trap Indians," I said, sharply. "They may trap us—but that's a detail. What I want to say to you is this: Professor Farrago detests unmarried women, and I forgot it when I engaged you."

"Oh, is that all?" she asked, laughing.

"Not all, but enough to cost me my position."

"How absurd! Why, there are millions of things we might do!—millions!"

"What's one of them?" I inquired.

"Why, we might pretend to be married!" Her frank and absolutely innocent delight in this suggestion was refreshing, but troubling.

"We would have to be demonstrative to make that story go," I said.

"Why? Well-bred people are not demonstrative in public," she retorted, turning a trifle pink.

"No, but in private—"

"I think there is no necessity for carrying a pleasantry into our private life," she said, in a perfectly amiable voice.

"Anyway, if Professor Farrago's feelings are to be spared, no sacrifice on the part of a mere girl could be too great," she added, gayly; "I will wear men's clothes if you wish."

"You may have to anyhow in the jungle," I said; "and as it's not an uncommon thing these days, nobody would ever take you for anything except what you are,—a very wilful and plucky and persistent and—"

"And what, Mr. Gilland?"

"And attractive," I muttered.

"Thank you, Mr. Gilland."

"You're welcome," I snapped. The near whistle of a locomotive warned us, and I rose in the carriage, looking out across the sand-hills.

"That is probably our train," observed the pretty stenographer.

"*Our* train!"

"Yes; isn't it?"

"Then you insist—"

"Ah, no, Mr. Gilland; I only trust implicitly in my employer."

"We'll wait till we get to Citron City," I said, weakly; "then it will be time enough to discuss the situation, won't it?"

"Yes, indeed," she said, smiling; but she knew, and I already feared, that the situation no longer admitted of discussion. In a few moments more we emerged, without warning, from the scrub-crested sand-hills into the single white street of Citron City, where China-trees hung heavy with bloom, and magnolias, already set with perfumed candelabra, spread soft checkered shadows over the marl.

The train lay at the station, oceans of heavy black smoke lazily flowing from the locomotive; negroes were hoisting empty fruit-crates aboard the baggage-car, through the door of which I caught a glimpse of my steel cage and remaining paraphernalia, all securely crated.

"Telegram hyah foh Mistuh Gilland," remarked the operator, lounging at his window as we descended from our dusty vehicle. He had not addressed himself to anybody in particular, but I said that I was Mr. Gilland, and he produced the envelope. "Toted in from Okeechobee?" he inquired, listlessly.

"Probably; it's signed *Farrago*, isn't it?"

"It's foh yoh, suh, I reckon," said the operator, handing it out with a yawn. Then he removed his hat and fanned his head, which was perfectly bald.

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SHE STARTED TOWARD THE DOOR

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I opened the yellow envelope. "Get me a good dog with points," was the laconic message; and it irritated me to receive such idiotic instructions at such a time and in such a place. A good dog? Where the mischief could I find a dog in a town consisting of ten houses and a water-tank? I said as much to the bald-headed operator, who smiled wearily and replaced his hat: "Dawg? They's moh houn'-dawgs in Citron City than they's wood-ticks to keep them busy. I reckon a dollah 'l do a heap foh you, suh."

"Could you get me a dog for a dollar?" I asked;—"one with points?"

"Points? I sholy can, suh;—plenty of points. What kind of dawg do yoh requiah, suh?—live dawg? daid dawg? houn'-dawg? raid-dawg? hawg-dawg? coon-dawg—"

The locomotive emitted a long, lazy, softly modulated, and thoroughly Southern toot. I handed the operator a silver dollar, and he presently emerged from his office and slouched off up the street, while I walked with Miss Barrison to the station platform, where I resumed the discussion of her future movements.

"You are very young to take such a risk," I said, gravely. "Had I not better buy your ticket back to New York? The north-bound train meets this one. I suppose we are waiting for it now—" I stopped, conscious of her impatience.

Her face flushed brightly: "Yes; I think it best. I have embarrassed you too long already—"

"Don't say that!" I muttered. "I—I—shall be deadly bored without you."

"I am not an entertainer, only a stenographer," she said, curtly. "Please get me my ticket, Mr. Gilland."

She gazed at me from the car platform; the locomotive tooted two drawling toots.

"It is only for your sake," I said, avoiding her gaze as the far-off whistle of the north-bound express came floating out of the blue distance.

She did not answer; I fished out my watch, regarding it in silence, listening to the hum of the approaching train, which ought presently to bear her away into the North, where nothing could menace her except the brilliant pitfalls of a Christian civilization. But I stood there, temporizing, unable to utter a word as her train shot by us with a rush, slower, slower, and finally stopped, with a long-drawn sigh from the air-brakes.

At that instant the telegraph-operator appeared, carrying a dog by the scruff of the neck—a sad-eyed, ewe-necked dog, from the four corners of which dangled enormous cushionlike paws. He yelped when he beheld me. Miss Barrison leaned down from the car platform and took the animal into her arms, uttering a suppressed exclamation of pity as she lifted him.

"You have your hands full," she said to me; "I'll take him into the car for you."

She mounted the steps; I followed with the valises, striving to get a good view of my acquisition over her shoulder.

"That isn't the kind of dog I wanted!" I repeated again and again, inspecting the animal as it sprawled on the floor of the car at the edge of Miss Barrison's skirt. "That dog is all voice and feet and emotion! What makes it stick up its paws like that? I don't want that dog and I'm not going to identify myself with it! Where's the operator—"

I turned toward the car window; the operator's bald head was visible on a line with the sill, and I made motions at him. He bowed with courtly grace, as though I were thanking him.

"I'm not!" I cried, shaking my head. "I wanted a dog with points,—not the kind of points that stick up all over this dog. Take him away!"

The operator's head appeared to be gliding out of my range of vision; then the windows of the north-bound train slid past, faster and faster. A melancholy grace-note from the dog, a jolt, and I turned around, appalled.

"This train is going," I stammered, "and you are on it!"

Miss Barrison sprang up and started toward the door, and I sped after her.

"I can jump," she said, breathlessly, springing out to the platform; "please let me! There is time yet—if you only wouldn't hold me—so tight—"

A few moments later we walked slowly back together through the car and took seats facing one another.

Between us sat the hound-dog, a prey to melancholy unutterable.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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The Trick of Education

BY ALICE MEYNELL

THE pages following are concerned with differences of speech, but not with great differences; not with the error of the many, but with divergence and distinctions amongst the few. It is a tenable opinion, advanced here, that of two educated ways of pronouncing a word or shaping a phrase, one is a little the more educated. The two manners are not equal; but they are nearly equal, hence all the interest and energy of the contention. A student of emotional drama has discovered that the true tragedy lies not in the opposition of good to evil, but in the fatal strife of good with good. And a light version of this truth may be detected in the comedy of our daily language. Yet how to judge between two slender consonants, two hasty vowels, two turns of phrase to be heard in the same room or from the same well-accredited platform? How to judge without gratuitous dogmatism? It seems hardly possible, and yet it is easy. The close law is the unwritten; and the certain thing is the barely perceptible, because upon it we fasten a finer attention.

Mr. Wells would have all English speakers to speak alike. The fulfilment of that wish is, of course, beyond reach. That which is within the scope of a reasonable wish is that all persons of good education should use that way of speaking which is a very little better than another way. While there is water to draw and wood to hew, there must needs be men and women who have not time for perfect education; and from them we have no despicable equivalent—the provincial phrase, the local accent, the vowel that baffles mimicry, a word lurking in a corner of England or America, rediscovered there and gladly readopted by Literature herself. This brief article, then, is not to be concerned with provincialisms, but with differences at the centre. It is enough to say that if provincialisms should be destroyed we should lose the *er* of Somersetshire, Hampshire, Cornwall, and California, the sound that is given to "earth," "infer," and "world" in those several provinces, a sound that does not exist in French, Italian, Spanish, German, Portuguese, Danish, Norwegian, Swedish, Russian, or, as far as I can ascertain, in any of the Slav languages—nay, the Oriental. To the ears of New York and London it may be unwelcome, but the tongue of mankind is not to be deprived of a sound for that reason. Nay, I have heard the syllable praised, on its own merits, as "rich." Not only rich, but rank, I thought; but I would not have it abolished. It would be ill-judged, too, to put an end to that French *u* which comes now and then to town out of Devonshire. While most English people can hardly master the French *u*, and Stratford-atte-Bowe is obliged to be content to hear its pupils, after years of "tuition," say Brooges for Bruges, here are perfectly uneducated country people from Devon who put the *u* of Paris itself into their English. If Mr. Wells had his wish, moreover, we should even lose the Scottish inflection, with its gentle endings as it were away from the key-note. And a sensible loss would befall amongst the non-provincial also, and those who speak in the "received" manner, if my own wish were granted. For we should thenceforth want one of the best topics of prattle. It was in a remote country house, in a foreign land, that chance made house-companions of two strangers with "nothing in common" except their language, but ready to take, and especially to show, an interest in each other for the sake of the courtesies of a young acquaintance. "And what did you talk about with your host?" was asked afterwards of the lady. "After a few days we began to quarrel about pronunciations. We made great friends; we had not half finished when the others came."

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The question is virtually one only: Which way of speaking a word has the touch of education? We may put aside the plea of prettiness; and that of scholarship is effectual or ineffectual in an arbitrary fashion, now carefully weighed and now ignored; to mere fashion little importance is attached; it has even a suspicion of absurdity, and of a little vulgarity, something too alert for dignity, and too eager after the show of the mode. In a word, there is nothing for which the pronouncer tries, nothing upon which he values himself, except the true sign of education in speech—not euphony, not the vogue, not the best precedent. There is no doubt that in the alternative of pronunciation in every questionable word he who practises one way has the superiority, *le haut du pavé;* and the man of the other habit has to take a lower place, or mend his accent, his quantity, or his vowel. He who says *girl* to rhyme with *pearl* has less the trick of education, for instance, than he who says *girl* with the vowel of *care*. The quite modern poets have not been able to deny themselves a rhyme to *girl,* and they have matched her appropriately to *earl,* and prettily to *curl;* and to *churl* when she married some one else. Tennyson more than once has a rhyme implying this inferior manner of pronouncing, and Mr. Meredith does not reject the same rhyme; Wordsworth uses the word often, but within the line; there seems no evidence of the manner of vowel which the old poets spoke; before Herrick they generally said *maid* or *lass,* with abundant rhymes for either. If the trick of education in regard to *girl* is to endure, the poets must be resigned to rhyme the word much amiss or not at all. It is one of the very few monosyllables in English that have no right rhyme whatever.

The trick of education seems indeed to be fond of this vowel—the vowel of *care* and *girl*. It is decidedly better to say *their* and *were* with that sound than to rhyme them with *her,* as you hear one do now and again in the south of England, oftener in the north, and sometimes in America. The vowel in *again* we all acknowledge to have the trick of education when it is pronounced *agen,* but few, comparatively, know how pleasing the trick of culture sounds in *against* pronounced in like manner, shortly and narrowly. He also has the advantage who says *class* with a closed *a;* even when the broad *a* is used in other words, it should not in this. Americans are sure of that advantage, hardly having an open *a;* the national peculiarity, in our ears, is that they make the closed *a* long, as no Englishman does. The opposite of the American was Lord Tennyson, who when he was reading his own poems eschewed the close *a* altogether. In such a word as *black* he sounded the *a* of *father,* or *peu s'en fallait.* "The Passing of Arthur" had, in his version, an enormous sound, but not the sound of English.

Between *courteous* and *curteous* there is the difference of education. To pronounce the first syllable like *court* sounds less well trained. The less phonetic manner has the better usage,—and it is the same with Romney's name, and Cromwell's; the cabman says Cromwell with the sound of the *o,* but the man of training gives it the sound of the *u,* as he did a generation ago in the case of *sovereign.* Perhaps the words are growing fewer in which this little convention is practised. Then, too, the people who say *Lewis* with the first syllable like *few* seem to take a higher path than those who speak the same syllable like *grew.* If a difference arose upon this point during a honeymoon, the pronouncer of the word in the first manner would clearly have the best right to ask for conformity. There is reason to suppose that many a honeymoon is occupied by reciprocal discoveries in pronouncing. Would not a spouse who found herself or himself pledged to a companion saying *loot* for *lute* do well to require a reform without losing time?

But it is oftener in quantity or stress than in vowel sounds that the trick of education is manifest. It is a more serious matter, too, for the man who takes the second-class place, saying indis*sol*uble, inex*plic*able, inac*cept*able, and other words which the trick disapproves. When there is a legitimate doubt, it is more interesting, more well-braced, and more educated to throw the stress back. Strangely enough, this is so well recognized in words where there is really a lit-

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tle difficulty in making the rapid syllables distinct, that there are no two ways permitted. You must say *lab*oratory and *vet*erinary or hold your peace; whereas about the other words, which are easy, there is, we have recently heard, a rash difference of opinion. Mr. Wells would no doubt get the right rule made, and in*acc*eptable, in*dis*soluble, and in*ex*plicable would be the universal lesson, but meanwhile the trick of education will probably carry the matter. There is nothing more effectual than a consciousness of higher manners gained thus easily by the daily demeanor of the tongue.

Between man and man, argument is out of the question; the sanction is arbitrary, and the decision forcibly capricious. There is no reason for anything, and to plead analogies is to waste breath. There are no analogies, or they exist by mere accident. Every word in dispute is judged quite separately, arbitrarily, and apart. This makes the learning of English not only a great but a multitudinous effort to the poor stranger. But it also prevents recriminations among the English. They cannot reproach each other logically, which is a great piece of good fortune; they are able to contend case by case. Except for the subtle advantages already noted, which are finely free of reason and need not be accounted for, the combatants are as equal as they are free, and the field of their encounters is virtually infinite.

Where, nevertheless, a written law would be beneficent (if indeed a written law recognizing no precedents could ever be passed were there ever so august an Academy) is in the guidance of teachers. It is at school, in our present unsettled ways, that children are apt to acquire a pronunciation strange and unwelcome in their fathers' ears. This is, perhaps, more often true in girls' schools. The little schoolgirl comes home for the holidays with strange reports of what she thinks the elocution-mistress bade her say. Or perhaps the elocution-mistress really has strong feelings on the most unexpected points. Apart from explicit teaching, the school makes a rule for the child, not always easy to break. There is always a fashion there, and the child follows it, keeping to the customs of contemporaries, for fear of pedantry in older counsels.

Between man and man the discussion of the better way is friendly enough, by reason of the pleasure of telling their own minor customs, of which many men and women are sensible, and which they may enjoy whenever they find one willing to listen, and he is willing to listen who is permitted to return a like description of his own preferences. But between nations—that is, between the only two nations that have a common language and a mutual question—there is too much impatience, and even indignation, and far too much burlesque. Certain things have gone astray in the language between one shore and another. After the parting of the ways, this word was altered, refined, or corrupted on our side, that word on the side of our kinsmen; and now that we have ceased to caricature each other—or almost—we might find something to mend or to restore. And an English writer must, for the sake of grace, begin with a confession of English faults. *Different to* was a national disgrace for which America rebuked us. So general was that blunder in England some years ago that few readers remarked how inappropriately Thackeray committed the solecism in *Esmond;* the split infinitive itself is hardly more distinctively modern than *different to,* and yet Thackeray has the phrase in *the* Queen's—Queen Anne's—English. Americans told us — without insults, such as have sometimes accompanied our own remonstrances — of this bad habit, an American found it in *Esmond,* and the result is that it is hardly to be seen today, at least in print. Our thanks. In return we may ask why the United States have given up the use of the word *branch?* Scripture and all the poets and all English literature have made the word as familiar there as it is here. Why, then, are we always teased, in print and in speech alike, with *limb* in place of it? If America will promise to take *branch* back into use, and if she will give up the unhandsome word *dirt* in place of *earth* as a gardening term, England on her part should do something to please her. It is true that *dirt* and *earth* are virtually one word by their origin, and that therefore there is a trace of history

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in this indifferent use of them. But a clean generation has need for a separate unclean word, and *dirt*, being necessary in speech, for an ignoble use, must give up all former dignities.

Perhaps it may be said that the American who takes care of his pronunciation takes more care than the careful Englishman. He—perhaps "she" would be more exact—has more consciousness of education; but consciousness of education is not the trick of education. He thinks the English speaker is slovenly in dropping the *h* in *white*, and pronounces it carefully, transposing it so that it begins the word. Most Englishmen treat it as a mute, but not through negligence. And the American sounds the *h* in *hotel*, which to us seems ill done, because the word is French, and in French its *h* is mute. Un-English, too, is the phrase *Write me* (without the accusative *a letter*). It must be owned that this sounds ill to us (albeit I am told it has become usual here also in letters of affairs); but it seems to be the invariable form on the other side of the ocean. There is assuredly nothing wrong with it except novelty. We make no difficulty of *Write me a letter*, and yet *Write me by return of post* we cannot abide. Why not? *Me* in our monotonous language is as good a dative as it is an accusative, so that grammar is not outraged; and this obviously we acknowledge by our *Write me a letter, Give me a book*, and *Sing me a song*. American ears are aware of the universal English manner of pronouncing *stupid*, if one may judge by the fact that the most vigilant of writers, Mr. Howells, mimics the speech of an English woman by printing *styoupid*. But few English ears seem to detect that Americans generally call their city *Noo* York. Not that they make the double *o* long or conspicuous. The word is spoken quickly, and the two words make something like an iambic foot, whereas the Englishman generally speaks it as a spondee. Again, a letter needs no postmark when it bears this sign of its origin, *I should like to have you come*. It is a phrase no one uses in England, yet it is a phrase that one small word would change into pure English of a good time. *To have you come* is more modern than we can endure; yet *I would have you to come* seems to be somewhat more ancient than we have courage for. Why do we fear it? The phrase has a healthy sound, is homely, and yet may be made ceremonious with all ornamental measures of address by means of the context. But *I should like to have you come*, with all its faults, is surely better than the most uncouth of phrases which is current English use, as that is current American—*I should like you to come*. While we refuse the Americanism, can we ask the Americans to take into use our Anglicism? It is something to their credit that they never either speak or write it, for it is singularly inelegant; only less so than *I want you to come*, which we all say, though we may not write it. How strangely the caricaturists have blundered astray nothing can show us more effectually than the comic paper, unless the best exemplar of ready-made and inconscientious burlesque should be found on the stage. But neither comic paper nor play could deal with anything more delicate than the opposition of gross vulgarity to rank refinement. The trick of education would always escape; nor would the public — the reader of the comic paper, or the theatre audience — take that implicit reference to the past which every one makes who speaks to the purpose about his own language. Mr. Wells would find it hard to resolve that all should be modern —and how modern we should be. If there is to be little liberty for us, part of the charm of our former English lies in the liberty that our fathers had—little private interpretations of contracted syllables, for instance, as in the case of Mrs. Thrale's *a thousand o' year*, always used by her amid the precisions of the eighteenth century. More liberty they had farther back in history, probably more than we guess, who can gather little from literature, except by accident, in a rhyme or a pun. Those signs of pronunciation are few, and the probable defects of rhyme or pun make the evidence insecure. We may be sure that with free spelling there was liberty of speech; but the trick of education was less important in the little town than in the large; the farther we are from the soil, the more is the trick of education significant.

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The Matriculation of Courtney

BY MARGARET SUTTON BRISCOE

A letter from Hon. George Worden to the Hon. John Wilson Wells:

DEAR SIR,—I understand that Mr. Ai, as chief heir to the Varden estate, will practically own the Consolidated Mill Company. The Swampside Mill has held its own against the Consolidated, solely because Mr. Varden in his life allowed it to do so. On my election to office I presented the shares of Consolidated stock owned by me to the Children's Hospital of your city. Do you happen to know any persuasive young lawyer who can, for the present, represent this stock owned by the hospital, and perhaps protect the Swampside Mill? He must be a man who understands human nature, and who may possibly reach that rather complex organism which, for lack of a better term, we may call Mr. Ai's bowels of compassion. It is rather a large contract, yet you may have such a paragon up your sleeve. You know my sentiment concerning the old mill, and that two old friends of mine are largely dependent upon the income derived from its earnings. If you can aid me here, it will place me under great obligations.

Yours faithfully, GEORGE WORDEN.

Judge Wells leaned back in his office chair, thoughtfully nodding his head, acquiescing yet dubious, as he conned over the points of this letter.

"In a word," he said, aloud, "Wanted —a second George Worden. Well, your Excellency, these do not grow by the wayside.—Come in!" This at a knock on the outer door.

"Mr. Courtney? Come in, sir. Ah me! If I had your youth, sir, your breadth and height, I too might see the joke so early in the morning."

Joe Courtney checked the high, crowing, contagious chuckle he allowed himself with his intimates. His boyish ways always seemed to Judge Wells humorously out of keeping with his great height and broad shoulders. His wide-awake, clever face, with its clean-cut, thoughtful features, a slight mustache that curled up rather frivolously towards a pair of very boyish, very gay, very blue eyes, taken with a manner as pleasantly irresponsible at one moment as it was desperately in earnest the next, made— In a word, Joe Courtney was good to look at and delightful to talk to—especially if one felt a trifle old, as the Judge did feel now and then so early in the morning. He frankly rejoiced in Courtney's society, and, old mental epicure that he was, sought it deliberately for its fresh tonic quality.

"What have you there?" he asked. He took the newspaper clipping Courtney handed over to him and read portions of the extract aloud:

"'Charity can find in most public men something to admire and praise. In Mr. Ai's career it can discover little of this kind. . . . The most unblushing demagogue yet produced in a city unusually prolific in that sort of weeds. . . . He openly defies public opinion and laughs at public sentiment.'"

"Describes him to a hair, doesn't it?" chuckled Courtney, rubbing his hands. "I cut that from the morning's paper. George! how I do hate that man!"

Judge Wells looked up over his glasses at his favorite, not quite with approval.

"Describes him as you know him, perhaps. But you want to remember that laughing at public sentiment proves nothing as to Mr. Ai's private sentiments. His 'Per K' dines with you to-night, you said, I think. It may be harder to tear her from him than you imagine. Her name is—Miss Ireland?"

"Yes—Catherine Ireland."

"Katharine with a K, of course."

"No; with a C."

"Where, then, does 'Per K' come in? But perhaps Mr. Ai calls her 'Kitty'—"

"Oh Lord! no! She wouldn't stand

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that. She's a good little thing. I don't know where they got the 'Per K,' but 'Per K' she is. Her aunt confessed to me she was, in so many words. Her aunt and her aunt's children are all of them more or less dependent on 'Per K's' exertions. You know how I happened on them, by an accident, and how they came to be my tenants, in the rear of my apartment. All that's ancient history. But Ai's office is no safe place for any woman—a self-respecting woman. And when she is young, and refined, and sensitive, and— I can't call her pretty, but she's nice-looking."

"There is no question as to all that," interrupted the Judge. "And her brother was perfectly right in urging her to leave Mr. Ai's employ. Nothing that she may gain for him through staying on there is worth the possible experience and doubtful prestige of being in such an office as Ai's. But her brother's letter was written some time ago, was it not? It doesn't seem to have moved 'Per K.' You wanted me to look at his letter, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir. I have it here. Now to run over the case again as it stands: Miss Ireland—otherwise 'Per K'—dusts my study—or I think she does; I know none of the others of the family would keep it so orderly. One day I find this letter on my floor. The handwriting is peculiar. I recalled it at once as the writing of a client of mine—one of my first. The letter, you see, has no address and no signature, and I supposed it had dropped out from some of my own files. But so soon as I read the letter I remembered that Miss Ireland's aunt had told me of an incorrigible brother of Miss Ireland's who would run away from home, and who finally disappeared, they never knew where, some five years ago—just the date of my client's conviction. The address given is the prison my client was committed to. I never believed that the man gave us his true name; evidently he did not. In the body of this letter the writer calls his correspondent 'sister.' Here—where he forbids her to go on with her efforts for his pardon. You see he warns her that she must not place herself under any such obligations to her employer. The man he refers to is certainly Ai. He describes him—and well—as a 'dangerous, good-natured blackguard'! I've brought with me several of my client's old letters, written to me at the time of his trial, for you to compare with this one. But I feel sure it is the same man. I fancy that Miss Ireland has somehow tracked her brother to his prison, and kept the fact to herself that she is communicating with him. I know if her aunt knew it she would tell me all about it, for she can't help telling all she knows."

Judge Wells, with his customary exact care, spread out the letters on his desk, carefully comparing them.

"Curious, isn't it?" he said at last. "It's a small world we live in. You have built up quite a pretty little case here. I think you may safely act on the certainty that your client wrote this letter, and also that he is 'Per K's' brother. You understand that while I can by no means be sure of influencing Governor Worden to grant a pardon, your client's case, as you have presented it to me, seems to me most worthy of consideration, and I will exert myself to the utmost in his behalf. It is the kind of story that would move George Worden. I feel sure—well, at least I can promise you to bring as strong a pressure upon the Governor as Mr. Ai may command. No, no, Mr. Courtney! We don't know anything about it. Mr. Ai may have a very positive pull with the Governor, for aught we know to the contrary. That's where, in my opinion, this little case of yours is weak. You are working on the theory, first, that Mr. Ai has no power whatever with Governor Worden—I wouldn't be too cocksure of that,—and, secondly, that Ai, in order to exclusively hold 'Per K's' services, is falsely assuring her that he has this personal influence. Makes Ai out pretty black, doesn't it?"

"Well, isn't he? I don't believe the Governor would touch the man with a pair of tongs!"

"Um-m-m," murmured the Judge. He pushed aside the open letter he had been reading when Courtney entered. "Worden's a statesman *and a politician*. Perfectly upright—but a cautious man."

Courtney's features were not given him to conceal his emotions. The Judge laughed as he looked at him.

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"I beg your pardon, Mr. Courtney. I forgot for a moment your sentiment regarding our Governor."

"That's all right, Judge. You ought to know him better than I do. I confess I wouldn't like to think of his dickering with a thing like Ai."

"George Worden," said the Judge, placidly, "has always had a curious faculty for getting on with every kind of man. He ferrets out the best in a man—the virtue of his vice, if nothing else—and works along with that. For years Mr. Varden, unscrupulous as he was, ran that Consolidated Mill Company to suit George Worden, and for no better reason than that Worden wished it so."

Judge Wells paused a moment, looking up at Courtney thoughtfully.

"Have you ever met Mr. Ai personally?" he asked, abruptly.

"No, thank God! I've seen him on the platform. That's near enough!"

Judge Wells stretched out his hand and folded Governor Worden's letter, laying it carefully to one side.

"To go back to 'Per K,'" he said. "You certainly have been indefatigable in this matter, gratifying a fanciful old man's whim. I hardly know how to express my appreciation."

"I only trust all may go well to-night, sir, and that 'Per K' will be at work here for you before the month is out. Good day, sir. I'll drop in in the morning with the result."

Judge Wells sat looking thoughtfully at the closed door after Courtney had passed out. His gay spirit, his abundant life, seemed to the old man as if still present, fading away slowly.

"Fascinating boy!" he said, indulgently. "Charming lad! If he were just a little older. Understands human nature now, including his own, about as much as—that pen-wiper!"

He took up Governor Worden's letter once more, glancing over it and shaking his head.

"No," he said, decidedly. "He couldn't do it—not yet. Pity, too! He needs the opening. Well, it's no use." And he filed the letter in one of his desk pigeonholes.

"What? You don't like Chianti? You do! Here, Prince Bismarck—"

"Please, Mr. Courtney!"

"But I know you do like it. Can you tell me you haven't seen the carte '75 cents with Vin Ordinaire. One dollar with Chianti'? I knew it! Now really—this is my party. All this fuss about one dollar! What's a dollar? Prince Bismarck—"

"No, Mr. Courtney!"

"Oh, very well. I give in. Now, Mr. Prince, if you don't hustle a bit— Yes, vin ordinaire. Here, take away that jar of fragments, if you please. Get me whole bread-sticks, long ones — so long. Ah, that's something like! Now where are your olives? At last we are off. That man's a wonder! I can't speak a word of his jargon, or he of mine, and he always understands. Look at this! I bragged too soon, didn't I? Here's his Whiskers with Chianti, after all! Now you heard me, didn't you, Miss Ireland? No, no! Now it's here, we'll keep it. Maybe my finger slipped on the carte. Your aunt says I smoke too much. Pretty little bottle Chianti comes in. It's half the fun. Do you know, I always feel as if I sat under a nonsense-tree, with these bread-sticks spreading out over my head. You raise your hand, break off a bit of the stick, drop it in your soup—try it! Not table manners, exactly, but then— It's good, isn't it?"

A little awkward himself, Courtney was rattling on, trying by every means in his power to put his guest at ease. They were seated at a little table in the inner room of a small Italian restaurant which Courtney had selected as being a simple, informal place, patronized chiefly by foreigners. Here they could talk as freely as if alone. Under Courtney's boyishness there lurked a certain shrewd caution, and it had been his deliberate intention to keep his relations with his tenants on the most formal basis possible. They paid him rent and cared for the rooms he retained for his own use—and this was connection sufficient. It was, therefore, a sharp departure when, meeting Miss Ireland in the common hallway of the apartment, he had asked her to go out to dine with him, and he saw plainly that she accepted with astonishment and some anxiety, as if she appreciated that a motive must underlie the invitation. It occurred to Courtney, as he now sat op-

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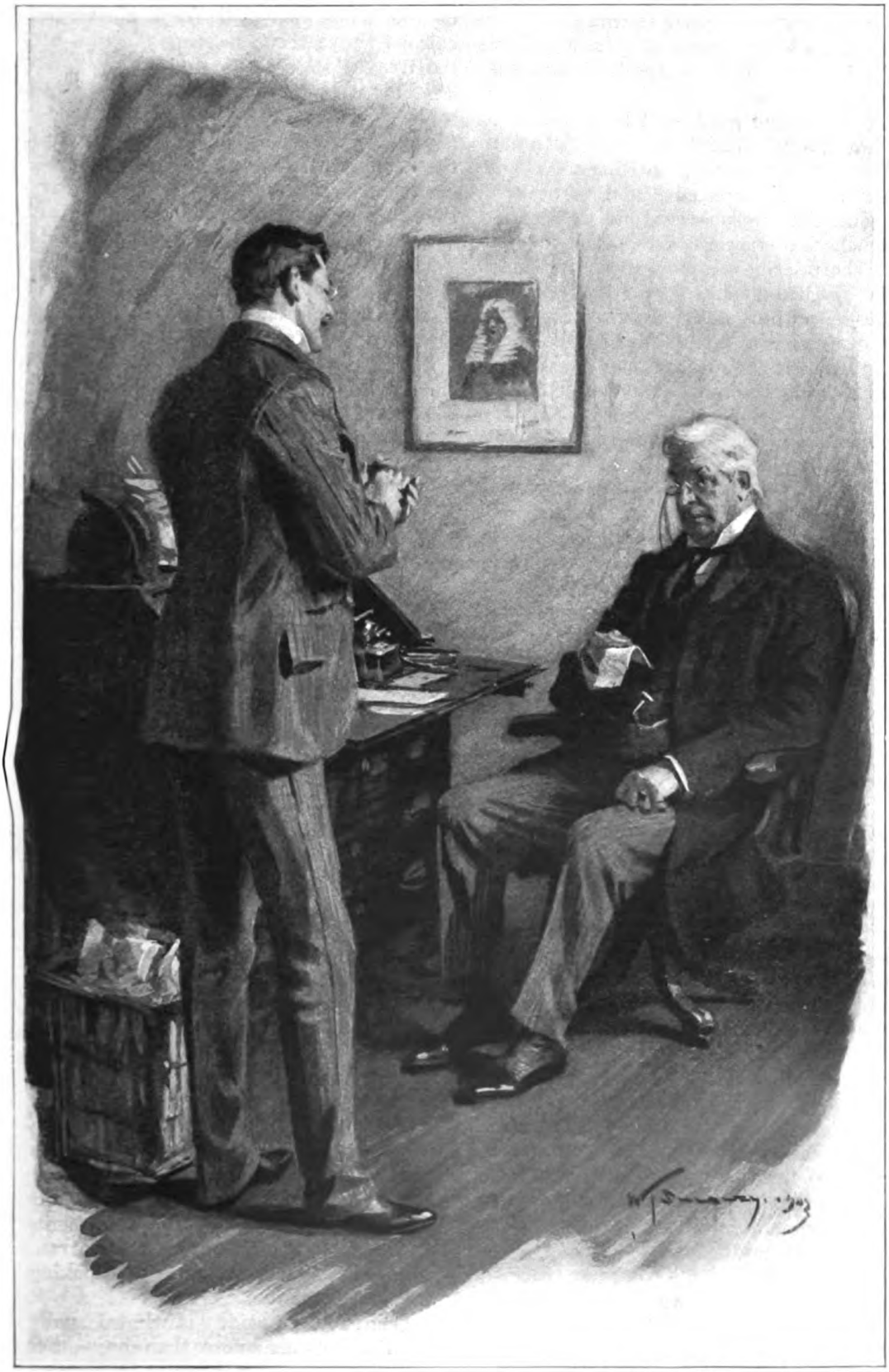

Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

"DESCRIBES HIM TO A HAIR, DOESN'T IT?"

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posite her, that perhaps the formality which he had believed was due to his attitude might be due as well to intention on the other side.

She was not pretty—at least Courtney, whose taste in beauty was a little redundant, had never considered her so. There was too much purpose and earnestness and anxiety in her face, and the lines of her cheek and chin and throat were much too sharp. She was too thin for prettiness. But she had good eyes—pretty, clear, gray eyes,—and fine, pretty, fair hair, and she was a graceful little thing. She broke the bread-stick into her soup as he bade her, tasting it daintily and soberly.

"It is delicious," she agreed. "Do you come here often, Mr. Courtney? What a nice little place it is!"

She glanced up at him diffidently, with an effort to respond to his manner, but an anxious restraint was still in her face, and Courtney felt it kinder and wiser to meet her fears frankly.

"I come here," he said, "when I want to talk. The food's just right for that. Not bad enough to irritate you, and not quite good enough to absorb you. There is a little business matter—nothing to worry you at all—that I wanted to talk over with you, and so I asked you here for the purpose."

She breathed an unconscious, relieved sigh, and leaned back more easily in her chair.

"Then—" She waited inquiringly, and Courtney laughed.

"I thought you were a business woman. That's not the way we do business over a table! That's the way it's done in an office. Really there is no hurry or worry. Don't you want to do this regularly? The programme should be to eat a bit, and drink a bit, and chat a bit. Skirmish around the subject with the fish course, and get down to solid business about with the game. And you haven't admired this room yet. Don't you think that trellis of paper roses between us and the outer *salon* is quaint and gay? They have such pretty, childish tastes—these Italians. And don't you like this little arbor? Those are real rubber-trees, and these hanging things above us are real vines."

He pointed to the row of potted rubber-plants that hemmed in their table, and to the vines that fell from a narrow balcony above them, meeting the tops of the trees.

"This used to be a private house," he said. "Then it was a studio, which accounts for the balcony and skylight up there, and now they've poked out a kitchen at the back here somewhere. I know that because I've seen some queer things carried through here—in the raw—and worse carried out! There seems to be no back way."

Miss Ireland looked up with sudden interest.

"What is the number of the house?" She looked at the carte. "Why, yes! it's the same. I've made out the rent bills often, and once—" She checked herself, flushing. "I didn't mean to talk shop."

"Go on. And once—"

"I came here to collect the rent—it was overdue. The proprietor was so angry he frightened me."

"But you got the rent?"

"Oh yes."

Courtney looked at her with interest.

"You never stop because you are afraid, do you?" he asked. "That's what I call courage."

She flushed again and laughed aloud.

"Do you? I thought it was courage not to be afraid."

Courtney had never seen her laugh outright before, and he noted with surprise how the change from her usual gravity became her. Her lips when curved were sweet, full, expressive, and there was a possible and poignant charm in her face, which was, as was now evident to him, framed for humor and enjoyment—not for gravity. With happiness and ease surrounding her she might, she would be, almost beautiful. Looking at her through half-closed lashes blurred the too sharp outlines, and— Courtney caught himself up. He had brought Miss Ireland here for a business talk, which might better be opened now, and it seemed to him that he saw his opening. He glanced down at the table appointments about his plate, arranging and rearranging them as he talked, and not looking up at his companion.

"Courage," he said, "is what I really believe affects me more than any other quality. And I think the most courageous man I ever met— Would you like me to

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tell you about him? He was one of my first clients. I don't know whether that kind of story interests you. But I think I'll tell it to you. He was held on a serious charge, and it really seemed as if everything was against him—except that he had evidently fallen from something very different, and he was very young. The court assigned me to defend him. He had no money. He made a perfectly clean breast to me—looked me full in the eye, and told me his whole story—except his true name and the names of his partners. But I could not make him do the only thing that would have helped him — plead guilty. The consequence was he got a heavy sentence—fifteen years. He had irritated the court by his stubbornness. I think it appalled him when it came, and on his way from the court-room he escaped, right out of the hands of the officers. He jerked free and plunged down the well of a stairway—the most amazing leap I ever saw taken. Nothing in the world saved his life but sheer courage. If he'd swerved a hair's breadth, if he'd shrunk at all, it would have been the end of him. We stood gaping down the well and watched him pick himself up and run away. And now for his moral courage. The next morning he walked into the court-room and gave himself up! There was no occasion for it. None of us ever understood it. He had escaped and was well hidden somewhere. He seemed to have thought it over and changed his mind, and he walked back into the court-room just as resolutely and stubbornly and pluckily as he had leaped out—to serve fifteen years! I have often thought of that man as the most consistently courageous human being I ever met. He wasn't a good man, but with courage like that a man might make anything of himself. I haven't lost sight of him. He is shortening his term by good conduct. That's a good story, I think; not that I keep it to tell as such—somehow I liked, and in a way I respected, the man too much for that. Whatever else he had done, he was brave, which covers a multitude of sins—for me."

Courtney was still arranging and rearranging the knives and forks on the table, illustrating with them, and seemingly absorbed in their manipulation and in his narrative, but he knew that Miss Ireland had dropped all pretence of occupation, and was sitting with her intent gray eyes fastened on his face.

Prince Bismarck of the whiskers came hovering about the table, but seeing his approach undesired, quietly withdrew. The outer *salon* was filling rapidly, and those who would wait were welcome to that choice. Courtney went on, still not looking up directly:

"And now that I have the floor, Miss Ireland, I suppose I may as well go on and tell you of that bit of business I wanted to speak to you about. You know Judge Wells, don't you?"

For the first time he lifted his eyes fully to her face.

"Yes, I know Judge Wells," said Miss Ireland.

Her voice was as firm and quiet as were the clear gray eyes that met Courtney's steadily. In neither face nor voice was there the slightest sign of self-betrayal.

"That is, I know him by reputation. But what can he have to do with me, Mr. Courtney?" She paused, then went on, not urgently, but with decision: "It would be easier for me if you would speak plainly. What is it you are trying to say to me?"

"I will be plain," he answered, earnestly. "I never meant to be otherwise in the end. One day not long ago Judge Wells called me to his desk and showed me a package of letters. He said they were all from Mr. Ai and written by the same amanuensis. They were all signed 'Per K.' It was remarkable typewriting, clear, steady, and yet delicate—distinctly the best work of the kind I ever saw. Judge Wells had been so impressed with it that he asked Mr. Ai, when next he saw him, who was 'Per K,' and if he used all of his or her time; and Mr. Ai replied: 'I've been dictating to her for some months, Judge, and now she's dictating to me. I guess I use about all her time.'"

"I am 'Per K,' Mr. Courtney. I never meant to make any mystery of it. Mr. Ai does not like his private affairs talked of—naturally. I never speak of being his confidential stenographer; not because I am in the least ashamed of it—"

Courtney looked up, his blue eyes laughing.

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"I was just waiting for that! Will you look at this, please? and don't reply until you have read it carefully."

He drew a paper from his pocket and laid it unfolded on the table before her.

"You have only to sign this—here," he said, "to arrange it all. You haven't any fixed contract with Mr. Ai?"

"No," she answered, briefly, and glancing down at the paper.

Courtney opened his fountain-pen and held it towards her.

"Then you can accept this offer from Judge Wells. It is a purely business proposition. He has taken a fancy to your work, and is willing to pay for his whim. Not that your work isn't worth it. I wouldn't have offered you less than he states here. The contract is for a year, you see, and the Judge is a prince to serve. Only, he wouldn't allow you to work for any one else. You see that's stipulated."

"His terms are princely," she said, slowly.

She sat looking down at the contract, wistfully, as Courtney thought, then pushed it from her, with a motion as if she were about to rise.

"You have been very kind," she said; "both of you have been very kind. Won't you tell Judge Wells for me how much I thank him? I know exactly what you and what a man like Judge Wells must think of Mr. Ai. But you don't either of you know him! You don't understand him or me. We don't belong in your world — your class. I am a working-woman now—whatever I may have been. And I know perfectly how to take care of myself, and just what risks I may run. A woman differently brought up, your sister perhaps, couldn't safely do what I can. As for Mr. Ai— But there is no use in my trying to explain him to you. I know his faults, but I am as safe in his office, working for him, as I would be with my own father. Nothing could persuade me to leave him. He has done for me— Oh, you don't know! I owe him everything, in kindness, in good faith. And I trust him. You don't know anything about it!"

Courtney bent forward towards her, his voice lowered.

"I know all about it! He has led you to believe he has influence with Governor Worden, and that he can help you in your efforts to gain your brother's pardon. See this—this is what told me the whole story. You dropped it on the floor of my study — your brother's letter. I was his lawyer. It was his story I told you to-night—you recognized it. Judge Wells and I have talked it all over. He knows the Governor — intimately. He will undertake to bring up the case before him. His mere taking it up means much. He is not the man to present a case he is not fairly sure of succeeding with. All depends, of course, on the impression the Governor receives. Can't you see you would only hurt your brother's cause by such an advocate as Mr. Ai? Governor Worden would never yield—he could not—to pressure from such a quarter.—No, my boy. No, I don't want a paper. Not to-night."

But the next moment Courtney was detaining the little newsboy who had ventured to touch the arm of his accustomed patron, offering his wares. He counted out the pennies into the child's hand, asking him laughing questions of his sales, his savings—anything to turn away for the moment. She had asked him to speak plainly, had listened quietly, had seemed steady to bear anything, and then suddenly — the woman in her had conquered! She sat with her face hidden by the hand that supported her drooping head, perfectly motionless except for a breathing like suppressed sobs. Her very self-control alarmed Courtney. What it might lead to he did not know. He was out of his depth—shocked at what he had done, helpless. He dared not speak to her, hardly dared look at her. He dismissed the child and mechanically opened the newspaper he had bought, spreading it out on the table. As he did so one of the headings caught his eye. He looked again — again! then read down the column. The fine lines seemed to rise at him from the page, magnified by his amazement: "A pardon granted to-day by the Governor. . . . No reasons given, save the prisoner's good conduct." Then a brief summary of the case and the prisoner's name. His client's!

Courtney looked up. Bad news he knew she would meet bravely. How might she receive this, for which she had so long struggled and waited? She was

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still sitting with her face half hidden, but he could see the line of her thin cheek, the sensitive, trembling lips, the slender, graceful hand. She was so slight, so young, so alone save for those who depended on her, so burdened, so defenceless, and—yes—beautiful; with the subtle beauty of grace, of sensitive refinement, that doubly unfitted her for the life she led. Ai had not deceived her; he had fulfilled his promise. He had gained the pardon! But how had he done this? And for what reason? The color rushed suddenly to Courtney's face. His blood ran hot, protesting, in his veins. A quick fear of the man and of his unsuspected powers sickened him. He half rose from his chair. What he meant to do, to say, he hardly knew. Of one thing only he was sure — into this trap she should not walk unwarned.

"Miss Ireland—"

Her hand dropped at his voice, and she looked up at him—then swiftly past him, over his shoulder. He saw her start, saw her eyes set, then widen as with a sudden terror.

"Look!" she cried, sharply. "Oh, Mr. Courtney, look!"

And before Courtney could turn, from the room behind came that sharp cry which bears its own strange message of human fear and excitement in the very sound of the word—*fire*. Courtney had once seen a fire-stampede of frightened Italian laborers, and with that undying remembrance flashing through his brain he sprang to his feet. The corner where they sat was sheltered from the crowded room by the rubber-trees and hanging vines—a frail screen! He thrust back the table close against the wall and caught Miss Ireland's arm, forcing her to her feet. Before the crash of falling chairs, of wild outcries, broke the momentary hush of terror, he had leaped upon the table, dragging Miss Ireland to his side. He held her fast, hiding her face against his shoulder.

"Don't look!" he cried. "Don't look!"

Then he turned, facing the room.

"Let him alone. I've been all over him. He's all right. He took an ugly crack on the head when that table turned over, and I guess those swine walked on him some. I pulled him out from under some ten dagoes. Just keep on swabbing his head there, Kitty. That's right. I tell you we had a narrow squeak! Fire department poked its nozzle in just in time! One minute there I thought we were all going to pot. Mighty little harm done, after all. Cause? Oh, anything might have caused it. The place was just fixed for a fire—all that grease and paper. We slipped in nicely up here, and we'll get off the same way. Would make a good story, wouldn't it? Rescued his little typewriter! Hey, Miss Ireland? But I guess the quieter I keep the better—this time. That fire was my fault; at least the panic was. I own that property. There ought to have been a back way out long ago. Will be now! I was there tonight seeing my tenant about it. What's that, Kitty? Coming to? So he is. Lie still there, youngster! You're in the hands of your friends. Lie still! Keep your eyes shut!"

Courtney obeyed, ceasing to struggle physically. Mentally the sharp, exhausting effort to rouse himself, to be alive again, would go on, conquered now and then by waves of weakness that swept him back into dim places where all was confusion, and where only this deep, penetrating, heavy voice, curiously familiar, reached his consciousness—rousing, quieting, controlling him. In a way he felt himself clinging to it, listening for it. And finally he remembered. The whole scene rose before him. They were standing on the table; he was holding Miss Ireland in his arms, her face hidden on his shoulder—the only outlet to the room a blazing mass of tissue-paper roses, of flimsy lace curtains, of fine dry woodwork. And then—the voice! Hoarse, magnetic, powerful, a voice to follow, to obey; it bellowed above the uproar, exhorting, cursing, compelling. Only his charge kept Courtney from the leader's side. His blood was tingling with inaction. He stood peering through the heavy smoke, shielding her from sights and sounds, from the stifling air. The higher air under the balcony was suffocating, but, while she could breathe at all, less dangerous than the crowded floor below.

The voice was at his knee, close by him, strained, choked, whispering.

"A door out—to the roof—up—on the

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balcony. Make her climb—on your shoulders—up! I've got the table. Good! Ah! You cattle! Stand back, there! The women first— You won't? Take that! Take that! Look out! the table's over!"

Then darkness. And now again—the voice: "Keep him still. I'll go for a carriage. We'll slip off quietly by a back street. What were you doing out to-night, anyhow, Kitty? I've been at your rooms looking for you. Haven't you seen the evening paper?"

Courtney sat suddenly upright and opened his eyes on a large bare room—an upper storeroom evidently. Miss Ireland's face, white and anxious, was bending over him, and back of her, looking down interestedly over her shoulder—No! Yes! Yes, there was not a shadow of doubt. Huge, coarse, powerful of frame, thick-lipped, with heavy, beetled brows over full, crafty eyes—Ai. He leaned nearer to lay a heavy hand like kindly iron on Courtney's shoulder.

"We-e-ell," he said, throatily, maternally. "Feel better, son?"

And with the tone, the words, the touch, Courtney stepped into his valley of humiliation. Something within him rose to meet the contact. He liked it!

"Good morning, Mr. Courtney. Have you seen the morning paper?"

"I saw it in the evening paper, sir. I suppose we mean the same thing — my client's pardon. I came in to tell you that I dined with Miss Ireland last night, as I told you I would, and I read the news at the table. There is no hope, sir, not the least, of engaging Miss Ireland's services for you. She will stay on with Mr. Ai—for the present certainly."

Judge Wells made no further reply than by settling his glasses on his nose and looking through them at Courtney with an expression of mild amazement, which Courtney answered in words, his manner constrained, awkward, ill at ease.

"No, sir, it's not a question of gratitude. I suppose that's what you mean. She stays on working for Mr. Ai purely because she is not willing to leave him. There has been a rather curious coincidence. Mr. Ai had nothing to do with the pardon for Miss Ireland's brother. He had not yet spoken to the Governor concerning him. He has been waiting for a fair chance to bring the matter up, but he says the Governor is not very accessible to him."

Judge Wells drew the morning's paper towards him, glancing over it.

"Oh yes! I remember now. 'No reasons given, save the prisoner's good conduct.' Well— Um-um—"

"No, sir. You are wrong. Mr. Ai had nothing to do with it."

Judge Wells bowed his grave acquiescence, and Courtney flushed under the implied sarcasm. He moved to the window looking out into the street, his back to the room, where Judge Wells's laughing voice followed him:

"Mr. Courtney, I ask your pardon. The Court may have allowed itself to be a little too humorously reminded of 'though he slay me, yet will I believe in him.' Knowing your sentiment concerning our Governor, the Court should have restrained itself. On the face of things it does look a little— Well, you must admit it wouldn't have appeared so well in print, would it? The reform Governor personally obliging Mr. Ai?"

"It's not a question of the Governor this time, sir. Mr. Ai is my informant. He thinks it was, as the papers state, a simple question of the prisoner's good conduct."

This time the Judge laughed outright—irresistibly. Courtney turned sharply, his face crimson.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Courtney," entreated the Judge again.

"I don't blame you, sir," interrupted Courtney. "It sounds ridiculous—from me. And there's worse to come. I—the fact is, sir,—I hardly know how to tell you." With an effort he walked up to the desk and stood facing the Judge, who looked up at him in surprise, seeing then for the first time the dark lines under his favorite's blue eyes, the drawn look on his features, as one who had been under some heavy strain. The Judge's face grew serious. He waited gravely.

"The fact is, sir,—I've met Mr. Ai, and —I like him. I can't explain it all to you; there are reasons why I can't. I don't believe in him—not in all of him—any more than I did yesterday, and I wouldn't trust him with a dime of yours or mine outside of that door, and I

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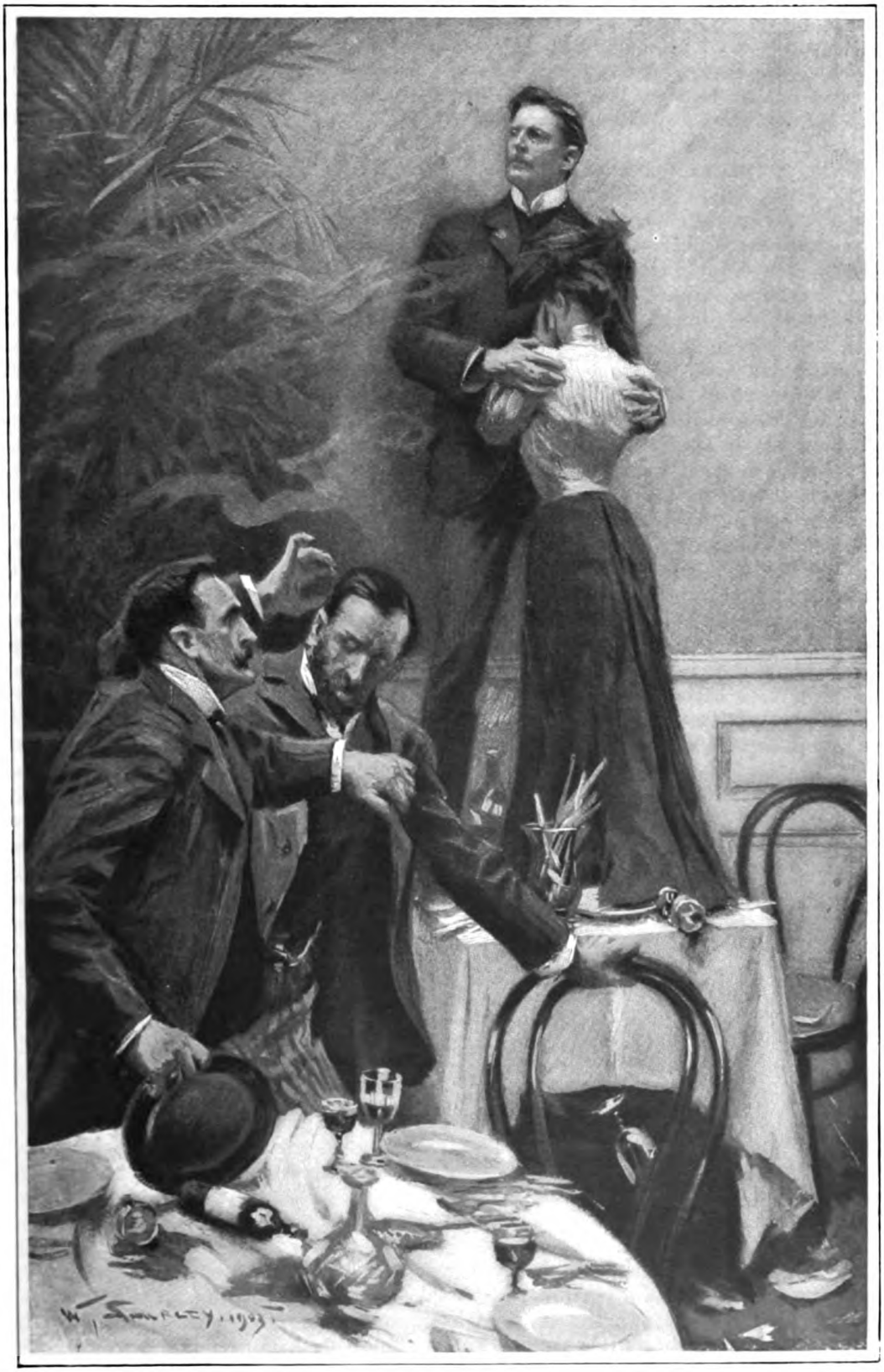

"DON'T LOOK!" HE CRIED. "DON'T LOOK!"

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wouldn't believe a word he said to either of us. He'd lie to you or to me in a moment, or to anybody like us. It's up to him to do that—as he'd view it. But he wouldn't lie to Miss Ireland, not for any consideration. When he told her, in my presence, that he had nothing to do with her brother's pardon, he had not. I'd stake my life on it. She didn't know her brother was free until he told her. I should have tried to break it to her gently. He didn't break it to her. He told her at once and outright; but he understood her perfectly. He knew just how to do it. He was *beautiful* with her —I can't use any other word. He does call her 'Kitty'—but it's all right. He's a coarse brute, a dangerous man in lots of ways, but so far as she is concerned, so far as a number of other things about him are concerned, I was all wrong. Miss Ireland ought not to stay on in his office, for the name of it, but, as a matter of fact, she is as safe with him as she could be in your own office. I don't know what you will say to all this, sir. I don't quite know what I think of it myself. I only know I'm right—that's all."

Judge Wells had sat listening silently, looking up into Courtney's face, his keen eyes at their keenest, his shrewd old face concentrating as it would on the bench when he was following a complicated case to its unravelling. He leaned forward deliberately as Courtney ended, and plucked out Governor Worden's letter from the pigeonhole of his desk.

"Yesterday morning, Mr. Courtney," he said, slowly, "I had almost decided that the man Governor Worden is asking me for in this letter was not yet born into my small horizon. I was about to write accordingly to the Governor. To-day—" he paused, looking up again at the tired blue eyes, the older, sharpened features of the young man in whose gay, light-hearted fascination he had delighted. In his unwithered old heart he found a lingering question, a sensitive regret. And yet—the shrewd old brain asserted itself —the boy must become the man, the man must know men, he must play the game, and, playing, take his risk. He held out the Governor's letter to Courtney.

"I wish you would read this over, Mr. Courtney. The opportunity is one I should have welcomed at your age. There is no money in it, but I have never observed that obliging an Executive was an ultimate loss. I believe you are competent to handle this matter, and exactly as the Governor would wish it handled. It is your job if you care to take it, and I advise you to do so."

Fragment

BY MARGARET HORTON POTTER

THE melancholy morn is here again.
I see her, bending ghostlike over me,
For in her arms she bears my waking woe. . . .
There stands she—with the light of cruel day
Glittering in her eyes. There waits she, till,
In sullen agony I lift myself
And stoop, and let her fasten the great load
Back in the old, bruised place.
Ah!—It is there!—"Now straighten up, thou dog,
And smile, and hurry forth to praise great God
And greet the day!—Nor dare to let the misery
Swelling within thee break its bonds and leap
Up from thy tortured heart and find thy lips,
In deep-relieving moan.
Nay, bear it all in silence, smiling,—save
As thou canst praise thy God."

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Sir Mortimer

BY MARY JOHNSTON

CHAPTER VII

THEY who saw the full promise of the night in one instant of time dashed from their lips and lost in desert sands struggled fiercely with their fate. Baldry's great figure at their head, Baldry's great voice shouting encouragement, they strove to pass the trench, to rush upon and overwhelm the masked batteries, the hidden marksmen. An effectual *chevaux-de-frise,* the pointed stakes withstood them, tore them, and threw them back. Effort upon effort, a wild crossing over the interlaced bodies of the fallen, a forward rush upon the guns, a loud "'Ware the vines!" from Baldry—another and a wider ditch, irregular and shallow, but lined with thorns like stilettos, and strung from side to side with lianas strong as ropes to entangle, to bring prone upon the thorns, the desperate men who strove in the snare. A small band won to the farther side, but the shot was as a blast of winter among sere leaves, and terribly thinned their ranks. All was vain, all hopeless,—to advance, destruction; to tarry in that arena amidst the deadly thunder of the guns, no less a thing.

"Back, back!" shouted Baldry. "Back through the tunal—back to the Admiral at the main battery. Here all's lost!"

Above the din rose his voice. Back to the one door of safety surged the English, but the way was narrow from that pit into which they had been betrayed. The guns yet spoke; men dropped with an answering groan, or with a wild cry to their comrades not to leave them behind in that fatal trench, upon Death's harvest-field. How in the murk and rain of death could the whole gather the maimed, know the living from the dead? Barely might the uninjured save themselves, give support perhaps to some hurt and staggering comrade. Happy were the dead; for the fallen whose wounds were not mortal, perhaps the fate of the men of the *Minion!* Of the company which had come with Robert Baldry through the tunal, to take by surprise the fortress of Nueva Cordoba, hardly a third found again its shelter, turned drawn faces to the sea, rushed from that death-trap, through the bitter and fatal wood, toward hillside and plain, and the Admiral's attack upon that fortification which with all their force they had twice endeavored to storm and found impregnable.

Baldry himself? Surely he was among them!—in that shadowy pass was not this his great form—or this—or this?

"Baldry! Robert Baldry!" cried Sedley, and there came no answer. High and shrill as a woman's wail rang again the young man's voice: "Captain Robert Baldry!"

"He's not here, sir," said a Devon man, softly. "God rest his soul!"

Sedley raised his white face to the stars,—then: "On, men, on! We've to help Sir John, you know!" Tone of voice, raised arm, and waving hand, subtle and elusive likeness to the leader whom he worshipped, upon whom he had moulded himself—for the moment it was as though Sir Mortimer Ferne had cried encouragement to their sunken hearts, was beckoning them on to ultimate victory plucked from present defeat. A cheer, wavering, broken, touched with hysteria, broke from throats that were dry with the horror of past moments. On with Henry Sedley, their leader now, they struggled, making what mad haste they might through the tunal.

In wrath and grief, set of face, hot of heart, they burst at last from the tunal into the open, with sky and sea, the plain, the town and the river before them—the river where the ships lay in safety, the *Cygnet* and the *Phœnix* close inshore, the *Mere Honour* and the *Marigold* in midstream. The ships in safety!—then what meant those distant cries, that thrice-repeated booming of a signal-gun,

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that glare upon the river, those two boats filled with rowers making mad haste up the stream, that volley from the *Mere Honour's* stern-guns, beneath which sank one of the hurrying craft?

Turned to stone, they upon the hillside watched disaster at her work. The *Cygnet* was the treasure-ship, coequal in size and strength with the *Mere Honour,* well beloved and well defended. Now for one instant of time a great leap of flame from her decks lit all the scene and showed her in her might; it was followed by a frightful explosion, and the great ship, torn from her anchorage, wrecked forever, a flaming hulk, a torch, a pyre, a portent of irremediable ruin, bore down the swift current and struck the *Phœnix.* . . . Once more the *Mere Honour's* cannon thundered loud appeal and warning. In the red light cast by her destroyer the galleon began to sink, and that so rapidly that her seamen threw themselves overboard. Yet burning, the *Cygnet* kept on her way. Borne by the tide, she passed from the narrow to the wider waters; tonight a waning star, the morn might find her a blackened derelict, if indeed there was sign of her at all upon the surface of the sea.

Around the base of the hill swept the Admiral and his force. Vain had been the attack upon the fortress, heavy the loss of the English, but it was not the Spanish guns that had caused that retreat. Where were Robert Baldry and his men? What strange failure, unlooked-for disaster, portended that heavy firing at the rear of the fortress? . . . The signal-gun! The ships!

John Nevil and his company left attacking, forever, the fortress of Nueva Cordoba, and rushed down the hillside toward plain and river. Forth from the town burst Ambrose Wynch with the guard which had been left in the square—but where were Robert Baldry and his men? Were these they—this dwindled band staggering, leaping down from the heights, led by Henry Sedley, gray, exhausted, speaking in whispers or in strained, high voices? No time was there for explanation, bewildered conjecture, tragic apprehension. Scarcely had the three parties joined, when hard upon their heels came De Guardiola and all his men-at-arms. Nevil wheeled, fought them back, set face again to the river, but his adversaries, now his equal in numbers, chose not to have it so.

They achieved their purpose, for he gave them battle on the plain, at his back the red light from the river, before him that bitter, triumphant fortress. Hard and long did they fight in a death struggle, fierce and implacable, where quarter was neither asked nor given. Nevil himself bore a charmed life, but many a gentleman adventurer, many a simple soldier or mariner, gasped his last upon Spanish pike or sword. Not fifty paces from the river bank Henry Sedley received his quietus. He had fought as one inspired, all his being tempered to a fine agony of endeavor too high for suffering or for thought. So now when Arden caught him, falling, it was with an unruffled brow and a smile remote and sweet that he looked up at the other's haggard, twisted features.

"My knighthood's yet to seek," he said. "It matters not. Tell my Captain that as I fought for him here, so I wait for him in Christ His court. Tell my sister Damaris—" He was gone, and Arden, rising, slew the swordsman to whom his death was due.

Still fighting, the English reached the brim of the river and the boats that were hidden there. The *Mere Honour* and the *Marigold* were now their cities of refuge. Lost was the town, lost any hope of the fortress and what it contained, lost the *Cygnet* and the *Phœnix,* lost Henry Sedley and Robert Baldry and many a gallant man besides, lost Sir Mortimer Ferne. Gall and vinegar and Dead Sea fruit and frustrated promise this night held for them who had been conquerors and confident.

They saw the *Cygnet,* yet burning, upon her way to the open sea; for the galleon *San José,* it was gone to join the caravels. Wreckage strewed the river's bosom; and for those who had manned the two ships, destroyer and destroyed, where were they? Down with the *allegartos* and the river slime—yet voyaging with the *Cygnet*—rushing, a pale accusing troop, toward God's justice bar? . . . The night was waxing old; the dawn was coming. Upon the *Mere Honour* Baptist Manwood, a brave and honest soul who did his duty, steered his

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ship, encouraged his men, fought the Spaniard and made no more ado, trained his guns upon the landing, and with their menace kept back the enemy while, boat-load after boat-load, the English left the bank and reached in safety the two ships that were left them.

The day was breaking in red, intolerable splendor, a terrible glory illuminating the *Mere Honour* and the *Marigold,* the river and the sandy shore where gathered the flamingoes and the herons and the egrets, as the Admiral, standing on the poop of the *Mere Honour,* pressed the hands of those his officers that were spared to him, and spoke simply and manfully, as had spoken Francis Drake, to the gentlemen adventurers who had risked life and goods in this enterprise, and to the soldiers and mariners gathered in the waist; then listened in silence to the story of disaster. Nor Robert Baldry nor Henry Sedley was there to make report, but a grizzled man-at-arms told of the trap beyond the tunal into which Baldry had been betrayed. "How did the Dons come to know, Sir John? We'll take our oath that the trench was newly dug, and sure no such devil's battery as opened on us was planted there before this night! 'Twas a traitor or a spy that wrought us deadly harm!" He ended with a fearful imprecation, and an echo of his oath came from his fellows in defeat.

Michael Thynne, Master of the *Cygnet,* a dazed and bleeding figure, snatched from the water by one of the *Marigold's* boats, spoke for his ship. "Came to us that were nearest the shore a boat out of the shadow—and we saw but four or maybe five rowers. 'Who goes there?' calls I, standing by the big culverin. 'The word, or we fire!' One in the boat stands up. '*Dione,*' says he, and on comes the boat under our stern." He put up an uncertain hand to a ghastly wound in his forehead. . . . "Well, your Honor, as I was saying, they were Spaniards, after all, and a many of them, for they were hidden in the bottom of the boat. '*Dione,*' says they, and I lean over the rail to see if 'twere black Humphrey clambering up and to know what was wanted. . . . After that I don't remember—but one had a pistolet, I think. . . . There was another boat that came after them—and we were but twenty men in all. They swarmed over the side and they cut us down. They must ha' found the magazine, for they fired the ship—they fired the *Cygnet,* Sir John, and it bore down with the tide and struck the *Phœnix.*" His voice failing, one caught and drew him aside to the chirurgeon's care.

The Admiral turned to Ambrose Wynch, who burst forth with: "Sir John Nevil, as I have hope of heaven, I swear I did guard that man as you bade me do! The room was safe, the window high and barred, the door locked—"

"I doubt not that you did your duty, Ambrose Wynch," spoke the Admiral. "But the man escaped—"

"At the nooning he was safe enough," pursued the other, with agitation. "I, going the rounds, looked in and saw him sitting on his bed, smiling at me like a woman—Satan take his soul! I left Ralph Walter in the hall below, and you know him for a stanch man. . . . When we heard the *Mere Honour's* guns, and the town rose against us who were left within it, and I and my handful were cutting our way out to join you, Walter got to my side for a moment. 'He's gone!' says he. 'When I heard the alarum I went to fetch him forth to the square with me — and he was not there! When he went and how, except the devil aided him, I know no more than you!'"

"Where is Ralph Walter?" said the Admiral.

"Dead on the plain yonder!" groaned his lieutenant, and sitting down, covered his face with his hands.

From the main-deck arose a long, shrill cry. Arden drew a shuddering breath.

"It's that boy Robin! Had they not bound him he would have thrown himself overboard. I doubt you'll have to flog his senses back to him."

Robin-a-dale's voice again, this time from the break of the poop;—Robin-a-dale himself upon them, his bonds broken, his eyeballs starting, a wild blue-jerkined Ariel filled with tidings. In this moment a scant respecter of persons, he threw himself upon Nevil, pointing and stammering, inarticulate with the wealth of his discovery. The eyes of the

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two men followed his lean, brown finger. . . . Above the quay where boats made landing a sand-spit ran out from the tamarind-shadowed bank, and now in the red dawning the mist that clung to it lifted. A man who for an hour had lain heavily in the heavy shadow where he had been left by De Guardiola's picked men had arisen, and with feeble and uncertain steps was treading the sand-spit in the direction of the ships. Even as Nevil and Arden looked where Robin's shaking forefinger bade them look, he raised and waved his hand. It was the shadow of an old familiar gesture. . . .

Before the cockboat reached the point he had fallen, first to his knee, then prone upon the sand. It was in that deep swoon that he was brought aboard the *Mere Honour* and laid in the Admiral's cabin, whence Arden, leaving the chirurgeon and Robin-a-dale with the yet unconscious man, presently came forth to the Admiral and to Ambrose Wynch and asked for aqua vitæ, then drew his hand across his brow and wiped away the cold sweat; finally found voice with which to load with curses Luiz de Guardiola and his ministers. The Admiral, listening, kept his still look upon the fortress. When Arden had ended his imprecations he spoke with a quiet voice:

"I love a knightly foe," he said. "For that churl and satyr yonder, may God keep him in safety until we come again!"

"Till we come again!" Arden cried, in the fierceness of his unwonted passion. "Are we not here? Why is the boatswain calling? Why do we make sail, and that so hastily?"

"Look!" said Ambrose Wynch, gruffly, and pointed to the west. "The plate-fleet!"

Those white flecks upon the horizon grew larger, swelled to apparent sails. Forth from the river's mouth, out to the sparkling sea, put the *Mere Honour* and the *Marigold,* for they might not tarry to meet that squadron. None that looked upon Nevil's face doubted that though now he went, he would come again. But he must gather other ships, replace his dead, renew his strength by the touch of his mother earth. Home therefore to England, to the friends and foes of a man's own house! To the eastward turned the prows of the English ships; the sails filled, the shores slipped past. In the town the bells were ringing, on the plain were figures moving; from the fortress boomed a gun, and the sound was like a taunt, was like a blow upon the cheek. Swift answer made the cannon of both ships, and the sullen, defiant roar awoke the echoes. Taunt might they give for taunt. Three ships had the English taken, three towns had they sacked; in sea-fights and in land-fights they had been victors! Where were the caravels, where the ruined battery at the river's mouth, where the great magazine of Nueva Cordoba? Where was Antonio de Castro?—and the galleon *San José* was lost to friend as well as foe—and Spaniard no more than Englishman might gather again the sunken treasure. English ships had sailed the seas the Spanish called their own, and English ships would sail them yet again! Thus spake the guns, but the hearts of the men behind were wrung for the living and the dead. The shores slipped by, the fortress hill of Nueva Cordoba lessened to a silver speck against the mountains; swift-sailing ships, they feared no chase by those galleons of Spain. Cubagua and Coche were passed, behind them fell the mountains of Maccanoa, before them spread the waste of waters. Beyond the waste there was home, where friend and foe awaited tidings of the expedition which had gone forth big with promise.

In the *Mere Honour's* state-cabin upon the evening of that decisive day were gathered a number of the adventurers who had staked life and goods in this enterprise. Not all were there who had sailed from England to the Spanish seas. Then as now England paid tithes of her younger sons to violent death. Many men were missing whose voices the air seemed yet to hold; they had outstripped their comrades, they had gone before: what bustling highways or what lonely paths they were treading, what fare they were tasting, for what mark they were making, and upon what long, long adventure bound—these were hidden things to the travellers left behind in this murky segment of life. But to the strained senses of the men upon whom had not yet fallen the upas languor of accepted defeat, before whose eyes, whether shut or open, yet passed insistent visions of

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last night's events, like an echo, like a shade, old presences made themselves felt. Swinging lanterns dimly lit the cabin of the *Mere Honour,* and in ranks the shadows rose and fell along its swaying walls. From without, the sound of the sea came like an inarticulate murmur of far-away voices. There were vacant places at the table, and upon the long benches that ran beneath the stern windows; yet, indefinably, there seemed no less a company than in the days before the taking of the galleon *San José* and the town of Nueva Cordoba. One arose restlessly and looked out upon the star-rimmed sea, then in haste turned back to the lit cabin and passed his hand before his eyes. "I thought I saw the *Phœnix,*" he said, "huge and tall, with Robert Baldry leaning over the side." Another groaned, "I had rather see the *Cygnet,* that was the best-loved ship!" At the mention of the *Cygnet* they looked towards a door. "How long his stupor holds!" quoth Ambrose Wynch. "Well, God knows 'tis better dreaming than awaking!" The door opened and Sir Mortimer Ferne stood before them.

From the Admiral to the last ne'er-do-weel of a noble house all sprang to their feet. "God!" said one, under his breath, and another's tankard fell clattering from his shaking hand. Nevil, all the calm accustomed state, the iron quiet of his nature broken, advanced with agitation. "Mortimer, Mortimer!" he cried, and would have put his arms about his friend, but Ferne stayed him with a gesture and a look that none might understand. Behind him came Robin-a-dale, slipped beneath his outstretched arm, then with head thrown back and defiant eyes faced the throng of adventurers. "He's mad," he shrilled. "My master's mad! He says strange things—but don't you mind them, gentles. . . . Oh! Sir John Nevil, don't you mind them—"

"Robin!" said Ferne, and the boy was silent.

Arden pushed forward the huge and heavy chair from the head of the board. "Stand not there before us like the shade of him who was Mortimer Ferne," he cried, his dark face working. "Sit here among us who dearly love you, truest friend and noblest gentleman! — Pour wine for him, one of you!"

Ferne made no motion of acquiescence. He stood against the door which had shut behind him and looked from man to man. "Humphrey Carewe—and you, Gilbert—and you, Giles Arden—why are you here upon the *Mere Honour*? The *Cygnet* is your ship." None answering him, his eyes travelled to others of the company. "You, Darrell, and you, Black Will Cotesworth, were of the *Phœnix.* What do you here? . . . The water rushes by and the timbers creak and strain. Whither do we go under press of sail?"

Before the intensity of his regard the men shrank back appalled. A moment passed then. "My friend, my friend!" cried Nevil, hoarsely, "you have suffered. . . . Rest until to-morrow."

The other looked steadfastly upon him. "Why, 'tis so that I have been through the fires of hell. Certain things were told me there—but I have thought that perhaps they were not true. Tell me the truth."

The silence seemed long before with recovered calmness the Admiral spoke. "Take the truth, then, from my lips, and bear it highly. . . . As we had plotted so we did, but that vile toad, that engrained traitor, learning, we know not how, each jot and tittle of our plan and escaping by some secret way, sold us to disaster such as has not been since Fayal in the Azores! For on land we fought to no avail, and by treachery the Spaniards seized the *Cygnet,* slew the men upon her, and fired her powder-room. Aflame from stem to stern, she bore down upon, struck, and sunk the *Phœnix.* . . . Now we are the *Mere Honour* and the *Marigold,* and we go under press of sail because behind us, whitening the waters that we have left, is the plate-fleet from Cartagena."

"Where is Robert Baldry?" asked Ferne.

"In the hands of Don Luiz de Guardiola—dead or living we know not. He and a hundred men came not forth from the tunal—stayed behind with death and ruin in the snare the Spaniard had set for them."

"Where is Henry Sedley?"

"He died in my arms, Mortimer, thrust through by a pike in that bitter fight upon the plain!" Arden made re-

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ply. "I was to tell you that he waited for you in Christ His court."

"Then will he wait for aye," said the man who leaned so heavily against the door. "Or till Christ beckons in Iscariot."

They looked at him, thinking his mind distraught, not wondering that it should be so. He read their thought and smiled, but his eyes, that smiled not, met Arden's. "Great God!" cried the latter, shrank back against the table and put out a shaking hand.

Slowly Ferne left the support of the wood and straightened his racked frame until he stood erect, a figure yet graceful, yet stately, but pathetic and terrible, bearing as it did deep marks of Spanish hatred. The face was ghastly in its gleaming pallor, in its effect of a beautiful mask fitted to tragedy too utter for aught but stillness. He wore no doublet, and his shirt was torn and stained with blood, but in last and subtlest mockery De Guardiola had restored to him his sword. He drew it now, held the blade across his knee, and with one effort of all his strength broke the steel in twain, then threw the pieces from him, and turned his sunken eyes upon the Admiral. "I beg the shortest shrift that you may give," he said. "It was I who, when they tormented me, told them all. Hang me now, John Nevil, in the starlight."

The Admiral's lips moved, but there came from them no sound, nor was there sound in the cabin of the *Mere Honour*. Not the *Cygnet* nor the *Phœnix* was more quiet far away, far below, on the gray levels of the sea. At last a voice —Ambrose Wynch's—broke the silence that had grown too great to bear. "It was Francis Sark," he said, and again, monotonously, "It was Francis Sark—it was Francis Sark." Another swore with a great oath, "'Tis as the boy says—they've crazed him with their torments!" Humphrey Carewe, a silent and a dogged man, who wore not his heart upon his sleeve, broke into a passionate cry: "Sir Mortimer Ferne! Sir Mortimer Ferne!"

To them all it seemed that the name broke the spell that was upon them. The name stood for very much. Carewe's outcry called up a cloud of witnesses—the deeds of a man's lifetime—and marshalled them against this monstrous accusation of a sick and whirling hour. "You know not what you say!" spoke Nevil, harshly. "Good and evil are blent in you as in all men, but God used no traitorous stuff in your making! Rest now,—speak to us to-morrow!"

Again he would have advanced, but the man at the door waved him back, smiled once more with his lips alone. "Ah, you all are dear to me! But do you know I prefer your hatred to your love. Give me your hatred and let me go. I am not mad nor do I lie to you. . . . Before the sunset, when I had borne torment through the day, I bore it no longer. They loosed me and dashed water in my face, and Luiz de Guardiola said over to me the words that I had spoken. Then he went forth and laid his snares. . . . And so Robert Baldry is lost, he and a hundred men besides? And Spaniards coming down the river took the *Cygnet* because they knew the word of the night?" A spasm distorted the masklike features, but in a moment it was gone. "I should be a madman," he said, "for once I walked before you with a high head and a proud heart. It seems that I knew not myself. . . . Now, John Nevil, enact Drake and send me to join Thomas Doughty!"

The Admiral answered not where he stood, covering his eyes with his hand.

"But Francis Sark—" began Wynch, in a shaking voice.

"I know naught of Francis Sark," Ferne replied. "As I have said so I did. I ask no other court than this, no farther mercy than my present death. . . . John Nevil, for the sake of all that's dead and gone forever, I pray you to keep me here no longer!"

He staggered as he spoke and put his hand to his head. "Mortimer, Mortimer, Mortimer!" cried the Admiral. "Oh, my God, let this dream pass!"

"Why, the matter needs not God," said Ferne, and laughed. "I am a traitor, am I not? Then do to me what was done to Thomas Doughty. Only hasten, for dead men wait to clutch me, and your looks do sear my very brain."

Again he reeled. With a cry Robin-a-dale sprang toward him. Arden, too, was there in time to support the sinking figure and guide it to the seat he had

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pushed forward. Some one held wine to the lips. . . . Slow moments passed, then Sir Mortimer's eyes unclosed. The boy hung over him, and he smiled upon him, —smiled with eye and lip. "Ay, ay, ay, Robin," he said, "we'll to the court! And sweep away these rhymes, for the queen of all my songs dwells there, and I shall look into her eyes—and that's better than singing, lad! Ay, I'll wear the violet, and we'll ride beneath the blossoms of the spring. . . . But there's a will-o'-the-wisp on the marsh out yonder, and here they call it a lost soul—the soul of the traitor Aguirre!"

"Master, master!" cried the boy.

Ferne laughed, touching the young cheek with long, supple fingers. "Fame is a bubble, lad—let me tell thee that! But then it is rainbow-hued and mirrors the sky,—so we'll ride for the bubble, lad! and we'll stoop from the saddle and gather up Love! And when the bubble has vanished and Love is dead there's Honor left!" He leaned forward, seeing and hearing where was neither sound nor sight. There was gayety in his face. To the men who stared upon him it was a fearful thing that he who had lost his battle should wear once more the look which they had seen a thousand times. He raised his hand.

"Do you not hear the drums beat and the trumpets blow—far away, far away? Let me whisper—there's one that comes home in triumph. . . . Ay, your Grace, 'twas I that took Santo Domingo in Hispaniola, and on the mainland the very rich cities of Puerto Cabello, Santa Marta, La Guayra, Cartagena, Nombre de Dios and Panama. Manoa I reserve, —'tis a secret city, and all who know a secret must keep it, else . . . Robin! Robin, rid me of these babblers. She's coming!—all in white—like blown spray —but she bears no roses. Lilies, lilies! —white samite like her robe—but her eyes are turned away. Let her pass, ye fools! She's the word of the night. Ha! Ha!" He staggered to his feet, swaying forward, clutching at the empty air as at a man's throat, and again his laugh rang through the cabin. "So you twisted it from me, Spanish dog!—so I raved out my heart as to a woman? Then, Don Sathanas, we'll go home together and all the soldiery of hell shall not unlock our embrace!" He grappled with an invisible foe—bent him backward farther and farther over the brink of the world—went down with him into unplumbed darkness. . . .

They judged not the Captain of the *Cygnet* for a craven and a traitor, for, day after day and day after day, he lay in the Admiral's cabin, so ill a man that the coasts of Death seemed nearer than those of England, and man's condemnation an idle thing, seeing that so soon he must face another Justiciar. So near at times to that ultimate shore did he drift that those who watched him saw the shadow on his face. When the shadow was deep they waited with held breath; when it somewhat lifted they sorrowed that the tide had brought him back. He was of those changelings from a fortunate land to whom Love clings when Faith has covered her head and turned away. They that in heaviness of heart loved him still grieved that he might not touch the dark shore. Better, far better, to lay hold of it so, to go quietly in the not unhappy fever-dream, wandering of old days, recking naught of the new. So the matter might be adjudged elsewhere, but in this world glozed and softened.

The days went on and still Fate played with him, drew him forward, plucked him back. What fancies he had; what wild excursions he made into dizzy, black, and horror-haunted regions; what æons he lived beneath the seas that stifled; by what winds he was whirled, through space, past burning orbs that neither warmed nor lighted the all-surrounding night; in what Titanic maze he was lost, lost forever, he and Pain that was his brother, from whom he might not part;—the sick brain made a hell and languished in the world it had created! At other times, when the dark coasts were near and the current very swift, pale paradises opened to him, where he lay for centuries, nor hot nor cold, neither waking nor sleeping, not in joy and not in sorrow. Then the stopped pendulum swung again, and the dreams came fast and faster. At times his brain turned from its mad clash with gigantic, formless, elemental things to rest in the beaten ways. They that listened heard the adventurer speak, heard the courtier and the poet and the

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lover, but never once the traitor. Of the fortress of Nueva Cordoba and of what had happened therein, of a Spaniard noble but in name, of an English knight and leader who had not endured, who, where many a simple soul had stood fast to the end, had redeemed his body with his honor, the man who raved of all things else made no mention. Now with the sugared and fantastic protestation demanded by court fashion and the deep, chivalric loyalty of his type he spoke to the Queen of England, and now he was with Sidney at Penshurst, Platonist, poet, Arcadian. Now he lived over old adventures, old voyages, past battles, wrongs done and wrongs received, unremembered loves and hatreds, and now he walked with Damaris Sedley in the garden of his ancient house of Ferne.

Then at last he came to a land where he lay and watched always a small round of azure wave and sky, lay idly with no need of thought or memory, until, after a lifetime of the sapphire round, it occurred to him to put forth a wasted hand, touch a sun-embrowned one, and whisper, "Robin!" It was a day later, the ships nearing the Grand Canary, and land birds flying past his circlet of sky and ocean, when, after lying in silence for an hour with a faint frown upon his brow, he at last remembered, and turned his face to the wall.

CHAPTER VIII

IN a small withdrawing-room at Whitehall an agreeable young gentleman pensioner, in love with his own voice, which was in truth mellifluous, read aloud to a knot of the Queen's ladies. The room looked upon the park, and the pale autumn sunshine flooding it made the most of rich court raiment, purple hangings, green rushes on the floor, lengths of crimson velvet designed for a notable piece of arras, and kindled into flame the jewels upon white and flying fingers embroidering upon the velvet the history of King David and the wife of Uriah.

"'It is not the color that commendeth a good painter,'" read the gentleman pensioner, "'but the good countenance; nor the cutting that valueth the diamond, but the virtue; nor the gloze of the tongue that tryeth a friend, but the faith.'"

Mistress Damaris Sedley put the needle somewhat slowly through the velvet, her fancy busy with other embroidery, not so much listening to the spoken words as pursuing in her mind a sweet and passionate rhetoric of her own.

"'Of a stranger I can bear much,'" went on the Lydian tones, "'for I know not his manners; of an enemy more, for that all proceedeth of malice; all things of a friend if it be but to try me, nothing if it be to betray me. I am of Scipio's mind, who had rather that Hannibal should eat his heart with salt than that Lælius should grieve it with unkindness; and of the like with Lælius, who chose rather to be slain with the Spaniards than suspected of Scipio.'"

Damaris quite left her work upon Bathsheba's long gold tresses and sat with idle hands, her level gaze upon nothing short of the great highway of the sea and certain ships thereon. Where now was the ship?—off what green island, what strange, rich shore?

On went the gentleman pensioner: "'I can better take a blister of a nettle than a prick of a rose; more willing that a raven should peck out my eyes than a dove. To die of the meat one liketh not is better than to surfeit of that he loveth; and I had rather an enemy should bury me quick than a friend belie me when I am dead.'"

The reader made pause and received his due of soft plaudits. But Damaris dreamed on, the gold thread loose between her fingers. She was the fairest there, and the gentleman was piqued because she looked not at him, but at some fine Arachne web of her own weaving.

"Sweet Mistress Damaris—" he began; and again, "Fair Mistress Damaris—"; but Damaris was counting days and heard him not. A lesser beauty left her work upon King David's crown to laugh aloud, with some malice and some envy in her mirth. "Prithee, let her alone! She will dream thus even in the presence. But I have a spell will make her awaken." She leaned forward and called "*Dione!*" then with renewed laughter sank back into her seat. "Lo! you now—"

The maid of honor, who at her own name stirred not, at the name of a poet's giving had started from her dream with widened eyes and an exquisite blush.

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"I BEG THE SHORTEST SHRIFT THAT YOU MAY GIVE"

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The startled face which for one moment she showed her laughing mates was of a beauty so intelligent and divine that, was it so she looked, a many King Davids had found excuse for loving one Bathsheba. Then the inner light which had so informed every feature sought again its shrine, and Mistress Damaris Sedley, who was of a nature admirably poised and a wit most ready, lifted with the latest French shrug the jest from her own shoulders to those of another: "Oh, madam! was it you who spoke? Surely I thought it was your dead starling that you taught to call you by that name—but whose neck you wrung when it called it once too often!"

Having shot her forked shaft and come off victor, she smiled so sweetly upon the gentleman pensioner that for such ample thanks he had been reading still had she not risen, laid her work aside, and with a deep and graceful courtesy to the merry group left the room. When she was gone one sighed, and another laughed, and a third breathed, "O the heavens! to love and be loved like that!"

Damaris threaded the palace ways until she reached the chamber which she shared with a laughter-loving girl from her own countryside. Closed and darkened was the little room, but the maid of honor, moving to the window, drew the hangings and let the sunshine in. From a cabinet she took a book in manuscript, then with it in her hands kneeled upon the window-seat and looked out upon the Thames. She did not read what was written upon the leaves; those canzones and sonnets that were her love-letters were known to her by heart, but she liked to feel them in her hands while her gaze went down the river that had borne his ship out to sea. Where was now the ship? Like a white sea-bird her fancy followed it by day and by night, now here, now there, through storm and sunshine. It was of the dignity of her nature that she could look steadfastly upon the vision of it in storm or in battle. There were times when she was sure that it was in danger, when her every breath was a prayer, and there were times, as on this soft autumnal day, when her spirit drowsed in a languor of content, a sweet assurance of all love, all life to come. His words lay beneath her hand and in her heart; she pressed her brow against the glass, and as from a watch-tower looked out upon the earth, a fenced garden, and the sea a sure path and Time a strong ally speeding her lover's approach. For a long time she knelt thus, lapped in happy dreams; then the door opened and in came her chamber fellow. "Damaris!" she said, and again, "Oh, Damaris, Damaris!"

Damaris arose from the window-seat and laid her love-letters away. "In trouble again, Cecily?" she asked, and her voice was like a caress, for the girl was younger than herself. "I know thy 'Oh, Damaris, Damaris!'" She closed the cabinet, then turning, put her arm around her fellow maid. "What is't, sweeting?"

Cecily slipped to her knees, hiding her face in the other's shimmering skirts. "Thou'rt so dear, so good, and so proud. . . . As soon as I might I ran hither, for every moment I feared to see thee enter! Thou wouldst have died hadst thou heard it there in the great antechamber, where they crowd and whisper and talk aloud—and some, I know, are glad. . . . The ships, Damaris — yesternight two of the ships came home."

She spoke incoherently, with sobbing breath, but gradually the form to which she clung had grown rigid. "Two of the ships have come home," repeated Damaris. "Which came not home?"

"The *Cygnet* and the *Star*."

The maid of honor, unclasping the girl's hands, glided from her reach. "Let me go, good Cis!—Why, how stifling is the day!" She put her hand to her ruff, as though to loosen it, but the hand dropped again to her side. The silken coverlet upon the bed was awry; she went to it and laid it smooth with unhurried touch. From a bowl of late flowers crimson petals had fallen upon the table; she gathered them up, and going to the casement, gave them, one by one, to the winds outside.

"Damaris, Damaris, Damaris!" cried the frightened girl.

"Ay, I have heard him call me that," answered the other. "Sometimes Damaris, sometimes Dione. When did he die?"

"Oh, I bring no news of his death!" exclaimed Cecily. "Sir Mortimer Ferne is here—in London."

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Damaris, swaying forward, caught at a heavy settle, sank to her knee, and laid her brow against the wood. Cecily, gazing down upon her, saw her cheek glow pure carnation, saw the quivering of the long eyelashes and the happy trembling of the lip. Presently the wave of color fled; she unclosed her eyes, raised her head. "But there was something, was there not, to be borne? . . . God forgive me, I had forgot that I have a brother!"

Cecily, whose courage was ebbing, began to deal in evasions. "Indeed I know not as to thy brother. I am not sure —mayhap I did not hear him named. . . . They said so many things—all might not be true."

Damaris arose from the settle. "I will have thy meaning, Cis. 'They said so many things.'—Who are 'they'?"

Cecily bit her lip and dashed away fast-starting tears. "Oh, Damaris, all who have heard—all the court—his friends and thine and his foes. The matter's all abroad. The Queen hath letters from Sir John Nevil—he hath been sent for to the Privy Council—"

"Sir John Nevil hath been sent for?—Why not Sir Mortimer Ferne? . . . Is he ill? Is he wounded?"

Cecily wrung her hands. "Now I must tell thee . . . It is his honor that doth suffer. There is a thing that he did.—He hath confessed, or surely there were no believing. . . . Damaris, they call him traitor. . . . Ah!"

"Ay, and I'll strike thee again an thou say that again!" cried Damaris.

The younger woman shrank before the angry eyes, the disdain of the smiling lips. Abruptly Damaris moved from the frightened girl. Upon the wall, above a dressing-table, hung a Venetian mirror. The maid of honor looked at her image in the glass, then with flying fingers undid and laid aside her ruff, substituting for it a structure of cobweb lace, between whose filmy walls were displayed her white throat and bosom. Around her throat she clasped three rows of pearls, and also wound with pearls her dark-brown hair. Her eyes were very bright, but there was no color in her face. Skilfully she remedied this, until with shining eyes and that false bloom upon her cheeks one would have sworn she was as joyous as she was fair.

Cecily, watching her with a beating heart, at last broke silence: "Oh, Damaris, whither are you going?"

Damaris looked over her shoulder. "After a while I will be sorry that I struck thee, Cis. . . . I am going to talk with men." She clasped a gold chain about her slender waist, dashed scented water upon her hands, glanced at her full and sweeping skirts of green silk shot with silver. "I have broken my fan," she said; "wilt lend me thy great plumed one?" Cecily brought the splendid toy. The maid of honor took it from her; then, with a last glance at the mirror, swept towards the door, but on the threshold turned and came back for one moment to her chamber fellow. "Forgive me, Cis," she said, and kissed the girl's wet cheek.

The great anteroom had its usual throng of courtiers, those of a day and those whose ghosts might come to haunt the floors that their mortal feet so oft had trodden. Men of note and worth were there, and men of no other significance than that wrought by rich apparel. Here men brought their dearest hopes and fears, and here they came to flaunt a feather or to tell a traveller's tale. It was the place of deferred hopes and the place of poisoned tongues, and the place in which to suck the last sweet drop in an enemy's cup of trembling. It was the haunt of laughter and of fevered wit and of rivalry in all things, and here the heaviest of heart was not unlike to be the lightest of wit. The spirit of party never left its walls, and Ambition was its chamberlain. The envied and the envious walked there, and there hung the sword of Damocles and the invisible balances. Here, in one corner, might lord it one on whom Fortune broadly smiled, while around him buzzed the gilded parasites, and here, ten feet away, his rival felt the knife turn in his heart. To-morrow —to-morrow's old trick of legerdemain! there the knife, here the smiling face, and for the cloud of sycophants mere change of venue. It was a land of air-castles and rainbow gold, a fool's paradise and the garden where grew most thickly the apples of Sodom. In it were caged all greed, all extravagance, all jealousies; hopes, fears, passions that may be born of and destroy the soul of man; and with-

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"DAMARIS, THEY CALL HIM TRAITOR"

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in it also flamed splendid folly and fealty to some fixed star, and courage past disputing, and clear love of God and country. Yonder glass of fashion and mould of form had stood knee-deep in an Irish bog keeping through a winter's night a pack of savages at bay; this jester at a noble's elbow knew when to speak in earnest; and this, a suitor with no present in his hand, so lightly esteemed as scarce to seem an actor in the pageant, might to-night take his pen and give to after-time a priceless gift. Soldiers, idle gallants, gentlemen and officers of the court; men of law and men of affairs; churchmen, poets, foreigners, spendthrifts, gulls, satellites, and kinsmen of great lords; the wise, the foolish, the noble and the base—up and down moved the restless, brilliant throng. Some excitement was toward, for the great room buzzed with talk. The courtiers drew together in groups, and it seemed that a man's name was being bandied to and fro, dark shuttlecock to this painted throng. Damaris Sedley, entering the antechamber, swam into the ken of a number of eager players gathered around a gentleman of flushed countenance, who with swiftness and dexterity was wreaking old grudges upon the shuttlecock.

One of the audience trod upon the player's toe; each courtier bowed until his sword stood out a straight line of steel; the maid of honor curtsied, waved her fan, let her handkerchief fall to the floor. To seize the piece of lawn all entered the lists, for the lady was very beautiful, and of a seductive, fine, and subtle charm; a favorite also of the Queen, who, Narcissus-like, saw only her own beauty, and believed that Sir Mortimer Ferne's veiled divinity was rather to be found on Olympus than upon the plains beneath. In sheer loveliness, with lips like a pomegranate flower, mobile face of clear pallor, and, beneath level brows, eyes whose color it was hard to guess at and whose depths were past all sounding, Mistress Damaris Sedley held her small head high and went her graceful way, moving as one enchanted over the thorny floor of the court. She had great charm. Once it had been said beneath a royal commissioner's breath that here in this portionless girl was a twin sorceress to the Queen who dwelt at Tutbury.

Sorceress enough, at least, was she to draw to herself speech and thought of this particular group; to make those who were ignorant of her relation to the shuttlecock think less of the treasure of Spain than of the treasure which their eyes beheld, and those who had been his friends, who guessed at whom had been levelled those fair arrows of song, to start full cry (when they had noted that she was merry) upon other matters than lost ships and men. It was not long that she would have it so. "As I entered, sir, I heard you name the *Star*. That was one of Sir John Nevil's ships. Is there news of his adventure?"

The man to whom she spoke, some mere Hedon of the court, fluttered in the frank sunshine of her look. "Fair gentlewoman," he began, pomander-ball in hand, "had you a venture in that ship? Then the less beauteous Amphitrite hath played highwayman to your wealth. Now if I might, drawing from the storehouse of your smiles inveterate Courage, dub myself your Valor, and so to the rescue—"

"Oh, sir, at once I dismiss you to Amphitrite's council!" cried the lady. "Master Darrell," — to a dark-browed, saturnine personage,—"tell me less of Amphitrite and more of the truth. The *Star*—"

He whom she addressed loved not the shuttlecock, thought one woman but falser than another, and made parade of blunt speech. Now a shrug of the shoulder accompanied his answer. "The *Star* went down months ago, off the Grand Canary, in a storm by night."

"Alack the day!" cried Damaris. "But God, not man, sendeth the storm! Was none saved?"

"All were saved," went on her grim informant; "but well for them had they died with their ship, in the salt sea—Captain Robert Baldry and his men—"

A murmur ran through the group, which now numbered more than one who could have shrewdly guessed to whom this lady had given her love. Some would have stayed Black Darrell, but not the Queen herself could have bidden him on with more imperious gesture than did Damaris. "Saved from the sea—but better they had drowned! You speak in riddles, Master Darrell. Where are Captain Robert Baldry and his men?"

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A young man hurriedly approached them from another quarter of the room. Men bowed low as he passed, and the circle about the maid of honor received him with a deference it scarce had shown to Beauty's self.

"Ha, Mistress Damaris!" he cried, with somewhat of a forced gayety, "my sister sends messages to you from Wilton! The day is fair—wilt walk with me in the garden and hear her letter?"

The maid of honor gave him no answer; stood smiling, the plumed fan waving, her eyes fixed upon Black Darrell, who scorned to budge an inch for any court favorite and friend of the shuttlecock's. Damaris repeated her question, and he answered it with relish.

"Betrayed to the Spaniard, madam,—they and many a goodly gentleman and tall fellow beside! If they died, they died with curses on their lips, and if they live, they bide with the Holy Office or in the galleys of Spain."

He who had joined the group interrupted him sternly. "This, sir, is no speech for gentle ears. Madam, beseech you, come with me into the long walk."

The courage of a fighting race looked from the maid of honor's darkening eyes. The small head and slender, aching throat were held with pride, and the hand scarce trembled with which she waved Cecily's plumed fan. "I have a venture in this voyage," she said. "Certes, the value of a pearl necklace, and I will know if I am beggared of it! Moreover, dear Sir Philip, English courage and English tragedy do move me more than all the tangled woes of Arcadia. . . . Master Darrell, I have hopes of thy being no courtier, thou dost speak so to the point. Again, again,—there were three ships, the *Mere Honour,* the *Marigold,* and the *Cygnet*—"

"They took a great galleon of Spain," said Black Darrell, "very rich,—enough so to have paid your venture a hundred times over, lady, and they stormed a town, and might have taken a great castle, for they landed all their forces, of which Sir John Nevil made admirable disposition. But there was an Achan in the camp, a betrayer high in place, who laid his body and his life in the balance against his honor. The Spanish guns mowed down the English; they fell into pits upon pointed stakes; Spanish horsemen rode them under. Meanwhile the *Cygnet,* traitorous as its Captain—"

"Traitorous as its Captain?" flamed the maid of honor. "But on, sir, on! Afterwards there will be accounting for so vile a falsehood!"

Another movement and murmur ran through the group, checked by Damaris's raised hand and burning eyes. "On, sir, on!"

Darrell shrugged. "Oh, madam, the *loyal Cygnet* would have it that that fair cockatrice the galleon was her own! So in flame and thunder they kissed; but now, quiet enough, they lie upon the sea-floor, they and the spilled treasure."

Damaris moistened her lips. "Where are the brave and gallant gentlemen who led this venture? Where is Sir John Nevil? Where is Sir Mortimer Ferne?"

Darrell would have answered blithe enough, but the man who had interfered before now pushed the other aside, came close to the maid of honor, and spoke with decision. "Gentlemen, this lady had a brother of much promise who sailed upon the *Cygnet.* . . . Ah! you perceive that such converse in her presence is not gentle nor seemly." He took Damaris's hand; it was quite cold. "Sweet lady," he said, in a low voice, "come with me from out this gallimaufry." He bent nearer, so that none but she could hear. "I will tell you all. It fits not with the dignity of your sorrow that you should remain here."

Damaris's bosom rose and fell in a long shuddering sigh. The room that was so large and bright swam before her, appeared to grow narrow, dark, and stifling. A hateful and terrible presence overshadowed her; it was as though she had but to put forth her hand to touch a coffin-lid. She no longer saw the forms about her, scarce felt the pressure of Sidney's hand, knew not, so brave a lady was she, so fixed her habit of the court, that she smiled upon the group she was leaving and swept them a formal curtsy. She found herself in the deserted outer gallery with Sidney,—they were in the recess of a window, and he was speaking. She put her hand to her brow. "Is Henry Sedley dead?" she asked.

He answered her as simply: "Yes, lady, bravely dead—a good knight who

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rode steadfastly to that noblest Court of which all earthly courts are but flawed copies."

As he spoke, he regarded her anxiously, fearing a swoon or a cry, but instead she smiled, looking at him with dazed eyes, and her white hand yet at her forehead. "I am his only sister," she said, "and we have no father nor mother nor brother. We have been much together—all our lives—and we are tender of each other. . . . Death! I never thought that death could touch him; no, not upon this voyage.—There was one who swore to guard him."

Her companion made no answer, and she stood for a few moments without further word or motion, slowly remembering Darrell's words. Then a slight lifting of her head, a gradual stiffening of her frame; her hand fell, and the expression of her face changed — no speech, but parted lips, and eyes that at once appealed and commanded. She might have been some dark queen of a statelier world awaiting tidings that would make or mar. He was the most chivalric, the best-loved spirit of his time, and his heart ached that, like his own Amphialus, he must deal so sweet a soul so deadly a blow. Seeing that it must be so, he told quietly and with proper circumstance, not the wild exaggeration and tales of aforethought treason which rumor had caught up and flung into the court, but the story as Sir John Nevil had delivered it to the Privy Council. Even so, it was, inevitably, to this man and this woman, the story of one who had spoken where he should have bitten out his tongue; who, all unwillingly it might be, had yet betrayed his comrades, who had set a slur and a stain upon his order.

"He himself accuseth himself," ended the speaker, with a groan. "Avoweth that, wrung by their hellish torments, he made his honor of no account; prayeth for death."

Damaris stood upright against the mullioned window.

"Where is he?" she asked, and there was that in her voice which a man might not understand. He paused a moment as for consideration, then drew from his doublet a folded paper, gave it to her, and turned aside. The maid of honor, opening it, read:

To Sir Philip Sidney, Greeting:

Doubtless thou hast heard by now of how all mischance and disaster befell the adventure. For myself, who was thy friend, I will show thee in lines of thy own making what men hereafter (and justly) will say of me who am thy friend no longer:

"His death-bed peacock's folly,
His winding-sheet is shame.
His will, false seeming wholly.
His sole executor blame."

Lo! I have given space enough to a coward's epitaph. Of our friendship of old I will speak no farther than to cry to its fleeing shadow for one last favor—then all's past.

I wish to have speech, alone, with Mistress Damaris Sedley. It must be quickly, for I know not what the Queen's disposition of me may be. For God's sake, Philip Sidney, get me this! I am not yet under arrest—I am hard by the Palace, at the Bell Inn.—You may effect it if you will. God knows you have a silver tongue and she a heart of gold! I trust her to give me speech with her as I trust you to find the way.

Time was, thy friend; time is, thy suppliant only. MORTIMER FERNE.

O Sidney, Sidney! I am not altogether base!

The maid of honor folded the letter, keeping it, however, in her hand. Her companion, turning toward her, chanced to see her face of sombre horror, of wide, tearless eyes, and would look no more. To themselves the two were modern of the moderns, ranked in the forefront of the present; courtier, statesman, and poet of the day, exquisite maid of honor whose every hour convention governed,—yet the face upon which in one revealing moment he had gazed seemed not less old than the face of Helen—of Medea—of Ariadne; not less old and not less imperishably beautiful. Neither spoke of her idyl turned to a crowder's song. Knowing that there were no words which she could bear, he waited, his mind filled with deep pity, hers with God knows what complexity, what singleness of feeling, until at last a low sound—no intelligible word—came from her throat. The plumed fan dropped the length of its silken cord, and

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her hands went out for help that should yet be voiceless, assuming everything, expressing nothing. He met her call as three years later he met, at Zutphen, the agony of envy, the appeal against intolerable thirst, in the eyes of a common soldier.

"No command concerning him has yet been given," he said, gently. "I sent him mask and cloak—he came by yonder way,—met me here. . . . There were few words. . . . His humor is that of glancing steel."

"That is as it should be," answered the maid of honor.

Her companion parted the hangings which separated the two from the gallery. "He awaits behind yonder door where stands the boy." Ceremoniously he took her hand and led her to an entrance beside which leaned a slender lad in a ragged blue jerkin and hose. "Robin, you will watch yonder at the great doors. Sweet lady, I stand here, and none shall enter. But remember that the time is short—at any moment the gallery may fill."

"There is no long time needed," said Damaris. In her voice there was no anger nor shame nor poignant grief, but she spoke as in a dream, and her face when she turned it toward him was strange once more, like the face of Fatal Love rising clear from the crash of its universe. She had drunk the half of a bitter cup, and the remainder she must drink; but when all was said, she was going, after weary months, to see the face of the man she loved. Philip Sidney lifted the latch of the door, saw her enter, and let it fall behind her.

The room in which she found herself was ruddy with firelight, the flames coloring the marble chimney-piece and causing faint shadows to chase one another across an arras embroidered with a hunting scene. Upon a heavy table were thrown a cloak and mask.

The man who had worn them turned from the window, came forward a few paces, and stood still. Damaris put forth her hand and leaned for strength against the carved chimney-piece — a beautiful woman in the heart of the glow from the fire. At first she said no word, for she was thinking dully. "If he comes no nearer, it must be true. If he crosses not the shadow on the floor between us, it must be true." At last she asked, in a low voice,

"Is it true?"

In the profound silence that followed she made a step forward out of the red glow toward the bar of shadow. Ferne stayed her with a gesture of his hand.

"Yes, it is true," he said. "It is true, unless, indeed, there be no answer to Pilate's 'What is truth?' For myself, I walk in a whirling world and a darkness shot with fire. Did I do this thing? Yea, verily, I did! Then, seeing that I dwell not in Edmund Spenser's faerie-land, nor believe that an enchanter's wand may make white seem black and black seem white, I now see myself nakedly as I am, —a man who knew not himself; a sword, jewel-hilted, with a blade of lath; a gay masker whom, his vizard torn away, the servants thrust forth into the cold! I am my own assassin, forger, abhorred fool!"

He paused, and the embers fell, growing gray in the silence. At last he spoke again, in a changed voice. "Thy brother, lady. . . . There will not lack those to tell thee that I tripped him with my foot, that I slew him with my dagger. It is not true, and yet I count myself his murderer. . . . See the shadow at thy feet, the heavy shadow that lies between you and me! . . . How may I say that I would have given my life for him who was thy brother and my charge, whom for his own sake I loved, when I gave not my life, when I bought my life with his and many another's? . . . Thou dost well to say no word, but I wouldst that thou didst not press thy hands against thy heart, nor look at me with those eyes. A little longer and I will let thee go, and Sidney's sister will comfort thee and be kind to thee."

"What else?" said Damaris, beneath her breath. "What else? O God! to be a woman and have no tears!"

Ferne drew from his doublet a knot of soiled ribbon. Again he was speaking, but not with the voice he had used before. "Thy favor. . . . I have brought it back to thee—but not stainless, not worn in triumph. . . . There is a fortress and a town that I see sometimes in a dream, and the governor of them both is a nobleman of Spain—Don Luiz de Guardiola, Governor of Nueva Cordoba.

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He filched from me my honor, but left me life that I might taste death in life. He set me on the river sands that I might call to the ships I had not sunken and to the comrades I had not slain. He gave me back my sword that in the cabin of the *Mere Honour,* in my leader's presence, I might break the blade in twain. He restored me *this* when he had ground it beneath his heel!—No, no, I will not have you speak! But was he not a subtle gentleman? . . . Now, by your leave, I shall burn the ribbon."

He crossed to the great fireplace and threw the length of velvet ribbon into a glowing hollow. It caught and blazed and illuminated his face. Damaris moved also, groping with her hands for the chair beside the table. Finding it, she sank down, outstretched her arms upon the board, and bowed her head upon them. Through the faintness and the leaden horror that weighed her down she heard Ferne's voice, at first yet monotonous and low, at the last an irrepressible cry of passion:

"Now there is no longer troth between us, and all thy days, by summer and by winter, thou mayst listen unabashed to tales of such as I. If I am named to thee, thou needst not blush, for now I have seared away that eve above the river, that morn at Penshurst. And there will be no more singing, and men will soon forget, as thou too—as thou too must forget! I loved; I love; but to thy lips and thy dark, dark eyes, and thy whole sweet self I say farewell. . . . Farewell!"

She was aware of his step beside her; knew that he had lifted the cloak and mask from the table; thought that but for this all-enfolding heaviness she would speak. . . . The door opened, and Sidney's voice reached her in a low, peremptory "At once!" A pause that seemed filled with laboring breath, then footsteps passed her; the door closed. . . . Alone, she rose to her feet, stood for a moment with her hands at her temples, then moved with an uncertain step to the fire, where she sank down upon the rushes and tried to warm herself. Something among the ashes drew her attention. In went her hand, and out came a charred end of velvet ribbon.

She sat before the fire for some time, dully conscious of sound and movement in the gallery without, but caring nothing. When at last she arose and left the room all was quiet enough, and she reached her own chamber unmolested. Toward evening Cecily, fluttering in after long hours of attendance, found her in her night-rail, half kneeling beside the bed, half fallen upon the floor. . . . The Countess of Pembroke was not at court, and there was none besides whom Cecily cared or dared to call; so, terrified, she watched out the night beside a Damaris she had never known.

Philip Sidney's low voice had been urgent, and the man who owed to him a perilous assignation made no tarrying. With his cloak drawn about his face, and his hand busy with the small black mask, he passed swiftly along the gallery toward the door through which he had obtained entrance and where Sidney now waited with an anxious brow. It was too late. Suddenly before him, at the head of a short flight of stairs, the massive leaves of the great doors swung open and halberdiers appeared—beyond them a confused yet stately approach of sound and color and indistinguishable forms. The halberdiers advanced, a double line forming an aisle for the passage of some brilliant throng, and cutting off the door of escape. Ferne looked over his shoulder. From doors now opened at the farther end of the gallery people were entering, were ranging themselves along the walls. There was a glimpse of a crowd without; beyond them, the palace stairs and the silver Thames. A trumpet blew, and the crowd shouted, *God save the Queen!*

The tide of color rolled through the great inner doors, down to the level of the gallery, and so on toward the river and the waiting barges. It caught upon its crest Philip Sidney, who, striving in vain to make his way back to where Ferne was standing, had received from the latter a most passionate and vehement gesture of dissuasion. On came the bright wave, with menace of discomfiture and shame, toward the man who, surrounded though he was by petty courtiers, citizens, and country knights, could hardly fail of recognition. Impossible now was his disguise, where every hat was off, where a velvet cloak swung from a shoulder

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was one thing, and a mantle of frieze quite another. He dropped the latter at his feet, crushed the light mask in his hand, and waited.

It was not for long. Down upon him swept the cortège—the heart of the court of a virgin Queen. At once keenly and as in a dream he viewed it. Not less withdrawn was it now than a fairy pageant clear cut against rosy skies and watched by him from the stony bases of inaccessible cliffs—and yet it was familiar, goodly, his old accustomed company. This face—and that—and that! how he startled from it laughter or indifference or vagrant thought. There were low exclamations, a woman's slight scream, pause, confusion, and from the rear an authoritative voice demanding reason for the delay. Past him, staring and murmuring, swept the peacock-tinted vanguard; then, Burleigh on one hand, Leicester on the other, encompassed and followed by the greatest names and the fairest faces of England, herself erect, ablaze with jewels, conscious of her power and at all times ready to wield it, came the daughter of Henry the Eighth.

A noble presence moving in the full lustre of sovereignty, a princess who, despite all womanish faults, was a wise king unto her people, a maiden ruler to whom in that aftermath of chivalry men gave a personal regard, rose-colored and fanciful; the woman not above coquetry, vanity, and double-dealing, the monarch whose hand was heavy upon the council board, whose will perverted law, whose prime wish was the welfare of her people—she drew near to the man to whom she had shown fair promise of settled favor, but to whose story, told by his Admiral and commented upon by those about her, she had that day listened between bursts of her great oaths and with an ominous flashing of jewels upon her hands.

Now her quick glance singled him out from the lesser folk with whom he stood. She colored sharply, took two or three impetuous steps, then, indignant, stayed with her lifted hand the progress of her train. Ferne knelt. In the sudden silence Elizabeth's voice, shaken with anger, made itself heard through half the length of the gallery.

"What make you here? Who has dared to do this — to place this man here?"

"Myself alone, madam," answered quickly the man at her feet. With a motion of his hand he indicated the long cloak beside him. "I had but made entrance into the gallery — I was taken unawares—"

"Hast a knife beneath your cloak?" burst forth the Queen. "I hear that right royally you gave my subjects' lives to the Spaniard. There's a death that would more greatly please those that mastered you! . . . Answer me!"

"I have no words," said Ferne, in a low voice. As he spoke he raised his head and looked Majesty in the face.

Again Elizabeth colored, and her jewels shook and sparkled. "If not that, what then?" she cried. "God's death! Is't the Spanish fashion to wear disgrace as a favor? Again, sir, what do you here?"

"I came as a ghost might come," answered Ferne. "Thinks not your Grace that the spirits of disgraced and banished men, or men whose fault, mayhap, brought forfeiture of their lives, may strain to make return to that spot where they felt no guilt, where they were greatly happy? As such an one might come and no man see him, hurt or to be hurt of him, so came I, restless, a thing of naught, a shade drawn to look once more upon old ways, old walls, the place where once I freely walked. None brought me; none stayed me, for am I not a ghost? I only grieve that your Grace's clear eyes should have marked this shade of what I was, for most unwittingly I, uncommanded, find myself in your Grace's presence." He bent lower, touched the hem of her magnificent robe, and his voice, which had been quite even and passionless, changed in tone. "For the rest—whether I am yet to hold myself at your Grace's pleasure, or whether you give me sentence now—God save your Majesty and prevent your enemies at home and abroad—God bring downfall and confusion upon the Spaniard and all traitors who abet him. God save Queen Elizabeth!"

There followed a pause, during which could be heard the murmur of the waiting throng and the autumnal rustle of the trees without the gallery. At last:

"Yours was ever an eloquent tongue, Sir Mortimer Ferne," said the Queen,

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slowly. "Hadst thou known where to hold it, much might have been different. . . . Thy father served us well, and once we slept at his ancient house of Ferne, rich only in the valor and loyal deeds of its masters, from old times until our own. . . . What is lost is lost, and other and greater matters clamor for our attention. Go! hold thyself a prisoner, at our pleasure, in thy house of Ferne! If thou art but a shade with other shadows, then seek the company of thy dead father and of other loyal and gallant gentlemen of thy name. Perchance, one and all, they would have blenched had the pinch but been severe enough. I have heard of common men—ay, of thieves and murderers—whose lips the rack could not unlock! It seems that our English knights grow less resolved. . . . My lords, the sun is declining. If we would take the water to-day, we must make no farther tarrying. Your arm, my Lord of Leicester."

Once more her train put itself into motion. Lords and ladies, lips that smiled and hearts all busy with the next link in Ambition's golden chain, on they swept into the pleasant outer air. The one man of the motley throng of suitors to whom Elizabeth had spoken rose from his knee, picked up his frieze coat, and turned a face that might have gone unrecognized of friend or foe toward the door by which he had entered the gallery.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Little Sister

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

I

THE sighing trees—they all stood round,—
Their friendly arms around me cast;
The brook with mingled shadow-sound
Of laughter and of sobbing passed;
The bank whereon I lay, was spread
With small soft mosses, thick and deep;
The faint breeze stooped above my bed . . .
These spake with one accord, and said,
"Our Little Sister,—let her weep,—
Hush, let her weep!"

II

Their voices all afar withdrew
What time the tears ran free and fain . . .
Those tears the mosses drank as dew,
Those tears the brook received as rain;
For tears the trees their balsam shed,
Then took my heart, my grief, to keep,
And gave their griefless calm instead.
And once again all spake, and said,
"Our Little Sister—let her sleep,—
Hush, let her sleep!"

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Italian Fantasies

PART III

BY ISRAEL ZANGWILL

WHEN I betake me to a zoological garden, equipped with a pennyworth of pop-corn, a food strangely popular even among the carnivora, I am touched by a prescience of all the pleasure and dumb gratitude to be evoked by those red and white grains. And in truth how many eager caged creatures are destined to have a joyous thrill of sniffing suspense, followed by the due titillation of the palate! My proffering fingers shall meet the gentle nose of the deer, the sensitive arching trunk of the elephant, the kindly peck of parrots, the mischievous hands of monkeys, the soft snouts of strange beasts. Not otherwise is it when, faring forth to Italy, I provision myself with a bag of coin. Into what innumerable itching tentacles these gilded or cuprous grains are to drop: white-cuffed hands of waiters, horny digits of *vetturini* and *facchini,* gnarled fins of gondoliers and hookers, grimy paws of beggars, shrivelled stumps of cripples, dexterous toes of armless ancients, spluttering mouths of divers, rosy fingers of flower-throwing children, persuasive plates of serenading musicians, deceptive ticket-holes of dishonest railway-clerks, plethoric pockets of hotel-keepers, greedy tills of bargaining shopkeepers, pious palms of monks and sacristans, charity-boxes of cathedrals, long-handled fishing-nets of little churches, musty laps of squatting mumbling crones, greasy caps of guides, official pyxes of curators and janitors, clutching claws of unbidden cicerones. All these—and how many more!—photographers and painters and copyists and forgers, modellers and restorers and lecturers on ruins, landlords and cooks and critics—live by Italy's beauty and glory. Great Cæsar dead and turned to—Show.

When the Goths besieged Rome, Belisarius hurled down upon them the statues of the mausoleum of St. Angelo, and the tomb was turned to a citadel. To-day the Goths are invited up to see the statues—for a fee—and every citadel of reality is turned to a mausoleum-museum. St. Angelo, that has stood the storms of eighteen centuries, is the perquisite of a facetious warder who gabbles automatically of Beatrice Cenci, *la più bella ragazza d'Italia,* as he points out her pitiful if dubious dungeon. In the stone cell of the Florentine monastery on whose cold flags Savonarola fasting wore his knees in prayer, a guide holds up a reflector to concentrate the light on the frescos with which Fra Angelico glorified the rude walls. Where St. Clara walked—in the footsteps of St. Francis,—leaving the marks of her miraculous feet, a buxom native of Siena expects her obolus. Outside the pyramid-shadowed cemetery where Keats lies under his heart-broken epitaph, a Roman urchin turns supplicatory somersaults. "Nutritive chains" the biologists name the interrelated organisms whose existence depends upon one another, and of a truth quaint links concatenate Cæsar and the showman.

The beauty of Italy is mere elemental spoil for the autochthones; yet how strange the existence of the Neapolitan swimmer whose métier is to dive for coppers when the steamer sails for the witching cliffs of Sorrento, and to cry in enticing gurglingness, "Money in the water!" the spluttering syllables flowing into one another as in the soft patois of Venice. Precisely when the Bay of Naples is a violet dancing flame, and Vesuvius majestically couchant sends her white incense to the blue, and you are tranced with beauty and sunshine, comes this monetary merman to drag you down to the depths.

Part of the same "nutritive chain"

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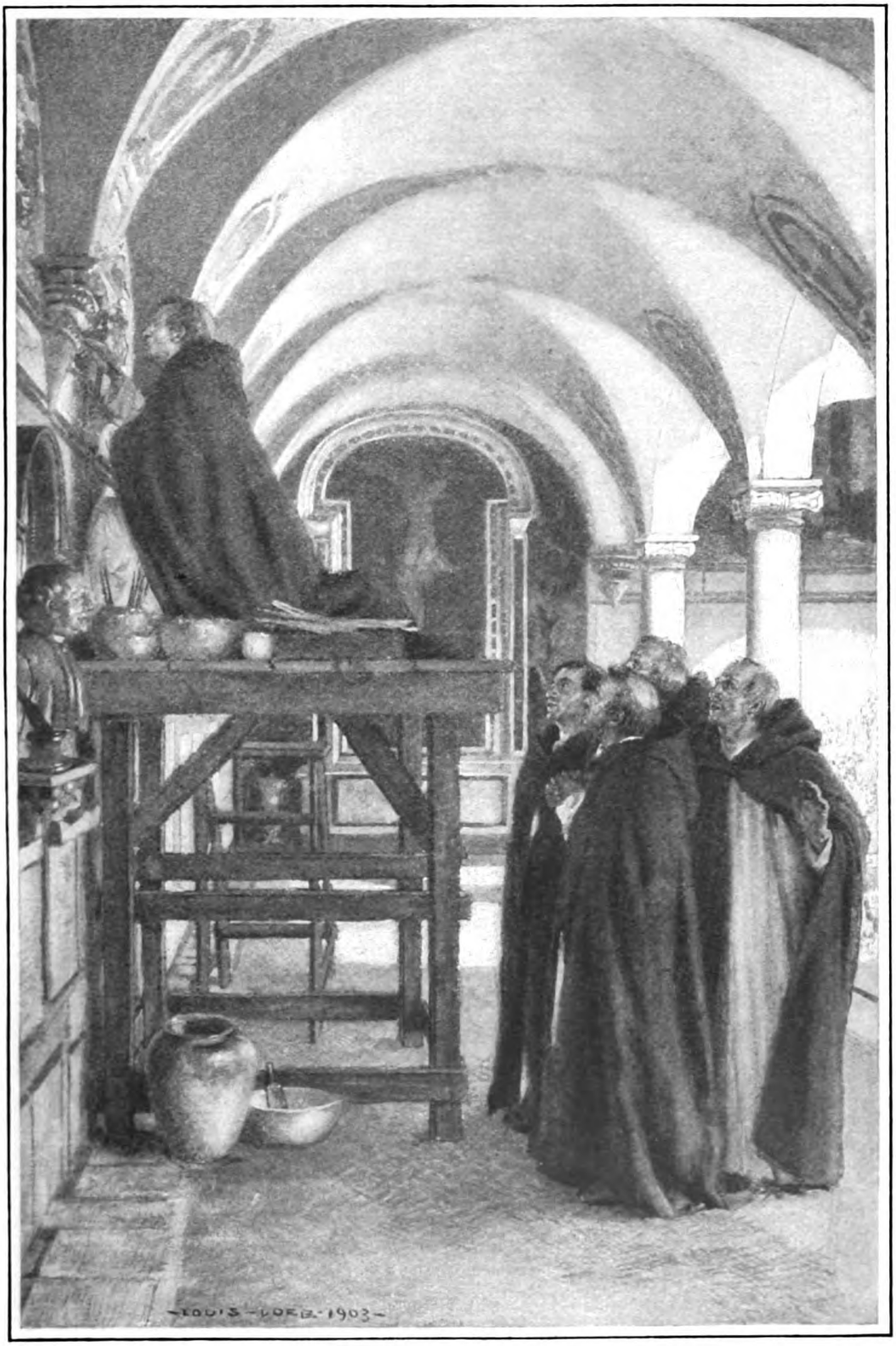

FRA ANGELICO GLORIFIED THE WALLS

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you shall count the boatmen waiting to show you the blue grotto of Capri. Their skiffs dart upon you like creatures whose prey comes only at a fixed hour: like creatures, moreover, shaped in the struggle for existence to the only function by which they can survive, for they are fittest to pass under the low arch of the cerulean grotto (the occupant consenting to crouch like an antenna drawn in). That ardent water in the Capri cave—that lovely flame of light blue on a bluer burning spirit—sustains likewise the naked diver who stands poised on a rock, ready to show its chromatic effects upon flesh, the culminating moment of whose day—the feeding-time, as it were—comes when the tourists glide in! Apt symbol indeed of the tourist,—that shallow skiff skimming over beauty with which the native is in deep elemental contact, from which indeed he wrests his living.

It is one of Schopenhauer's most suggestive conceptions that the realm of art is a world without will. We perceive, we have emotions, but they are switched off from action. We live in a play-world, a dream-world uplifted above the intercatenation of the real. 'Tis only the novice in the pit who itches to rush on the stage to rescue the heroine from the advancing assassin. But the travel-world, too, is a species of art-world; the landscape we see from the train window is mere representation to us, however real to the peasants working in the fields. And when we wander through streets that our ancestors did not build, when we sit in alien apartments and gaze upon unhomely hills, we are still spectators, not actors. We are not rooted in this soil, nor feel the deep intimacies that are the truest truth about it. I may partake in the annual *festa* of an Italian mountain-village, hear the mass, bear banner and taper in the procession, salute the saintly image, dance upon the plateau-piazza with a snooded peasant girl, but how shall I feel the holiness and joy of this day of days—I whose infant breath was not drawn amid these precipitous fastnesses, who have not lived in these human caves cut in the rock, who have not played in these steep stone streets, who know nothing of the dear narrowness, the vivid intensity that is born of cramped consciousness? There is in the very attitude of spectator something that stands between him and the object in its truth. For truth is of three dimensions—product of the three factors of intellect, will, and emotion; thought alone does not make a world. Ideas are for moving through as water for cutting through, if we are to arrive at reality.

But in the art-world there are only two dimensions. Nobody wishes to arrive anywhere. Inactive beauty is its own end—"Art for Art's sake."

Yet, in face of this familiar formula, let us beware the frequent confusion between art as enjoyed and art as created. Granted that the spectator absorbs his art as enjoyment with no deeper relation to his spiritual life—and this is a vast assumption,—it remains questionable if any maker of art has ever escaped a desire to act—massively or diffusively—upon the life of his age. In vain he hides himself in the Past, or flies to No-man's-land: he vibrates throughout to the Present, touches living interests with their myriad relations to action, to the third dimension. Every art-product holds, however subtly, something of that topical quality which makes the portrait of a contemporary celebrity, wet from the painter's brush, very different from the peaceful remoteness of an Old Master.

That peaceful remoteness itself was topical in its day; the Old Masters were young once. Often, indeed, these pictures had a more burning actuality than was artistically admissible, inasmuch as the Magnificent Ones figured in them in the guise of saints and patriarchs, Bethlehem shepherds and Magian Kings and what not. Renaissance Art was a fancy-dress ball of its patrons. Its apparent aloofness is due to the modern spectator's ignorance of the personages complimented; oblivious Time has mellowed them to impersonality. But if this elimination of the topical elements is of value in reducing the pictures to pure art—the inactive beauty that is its own end—we still miss the total reality of the art-phenomenon as it fell from the artist's hand into Time and Space. Andrea Orcagna worked ten years at the marble Gothic Tabernacle that stands in the fuscous Or San Michele of Florence, and men of other races and other faiths gaze per-

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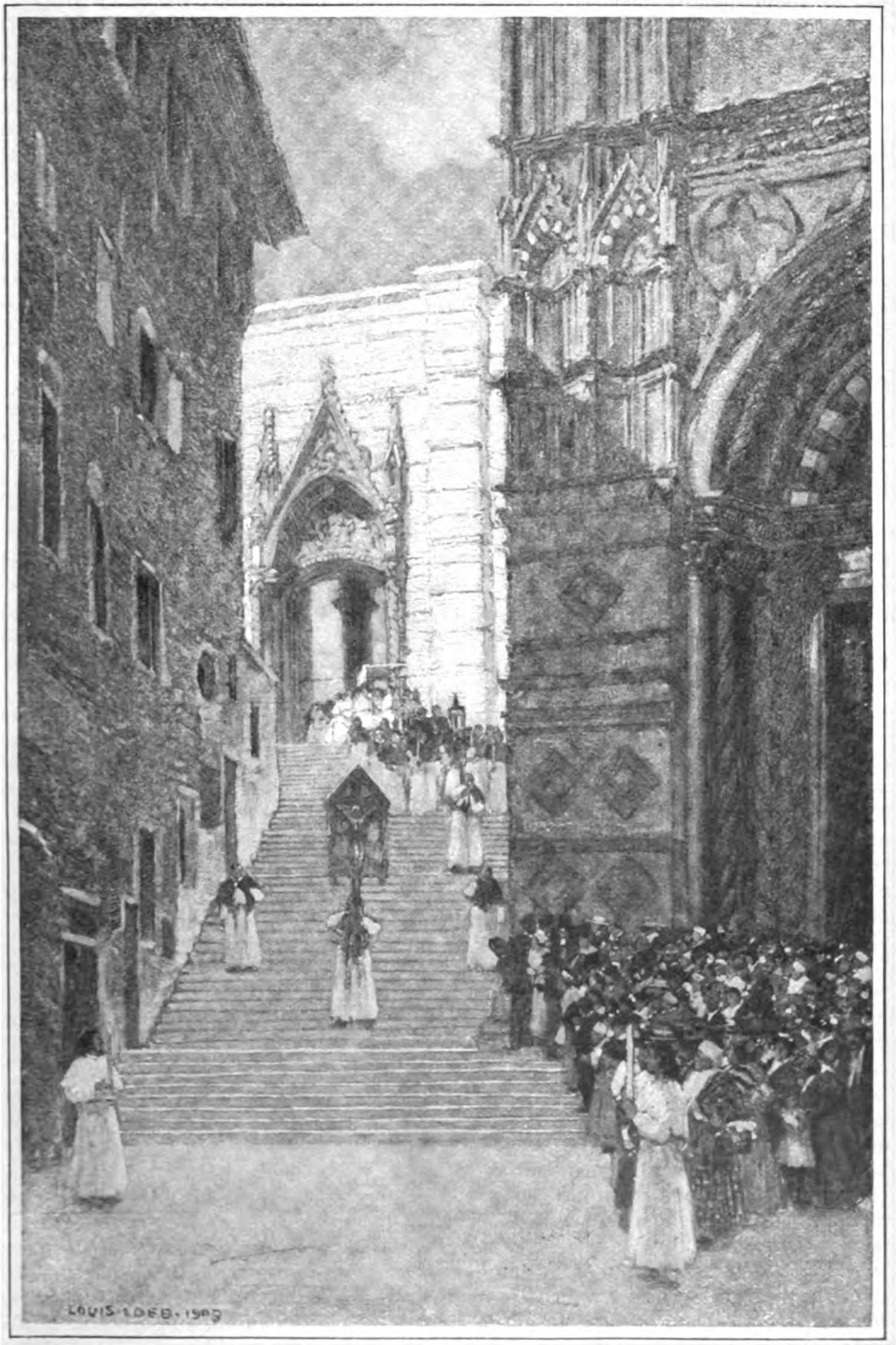

THE ANNUAL FESTA, SIENA

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functorily upon its decorative jewelled marvels, its pictorial reliefs, wrought after the plague of 1348 from the pious legacies of the dead or the thank-offerings of the survivors. The marble gleams in the immortal inactive beauty that is its own end—but where are the hope and the faith, the mourning and the anguish upon which it was launched? Ebbed to the eternal silence, like that great wave of popular rejoicing on which Cimabue's Madonna was carried to S. Maria Novella, or a picture of Duccio's to its due church in Siena. Can it be that Art, launched always upon a sea of emotion, is only its true self when stranded high and dry upon the beach?

Cimabue's Madonna, which caused the Florentine quarter to be rechristened Allegro Borgo, now takes its place coldly in the history of painting as the link between the Byzantine and the Tuscan, and the art-critic analyzes its types and composition. But the citizen of the Joyous Quarter had the true flavor of the thing.

If one were to regard the naïveté and forget the sweet simplicity, there is much in the mediæval world that one would relegate to the merely absurd. The masterpieces of Art have been sufficiently described. What a book remains to be written upon its grotesques.

The word is said to derive from the arabesques found in grottos; those fantastic combinations of the vegetable and animal worlds by which the art of Islam avoided the representation of the real. But by the art of Christendom the grotesque was achieved with no such conscientious search after the unreal. Nor have I in mind its first fumblings, its crudities of the catacombs, its naïvetés of the missal and the music-book, its Byzantine paintings with their wooden figures and gold embroidery. I am not even thinking of those early masters, whose defects of draughtsmanship were balanced by a delicious primitive poetry, which makes a Sienese Madonna almost preferable to a Raphael. The early mosaics of St. Mark's are more desirable than the sixteenth-century work that has replaced them. The grotesque lies deeper than unscientific drawing; it mingles even with the work of the most scholarly Masters, and springs from the absence of a sense of history or a sense of humor. That the gospel incidents should be depicted in Italian landscape and with Italian costumes was perhaps not unnatural, since every nation remakes the Christ in its own image,—psychologically when not physically; but how is it possible to tolerate proud Venetian Senators at "The Ascension of Christ"? It is true, sacred subjects had become a mere background for lay portraits, but what absence of perspective!

It would be an interesting excursion to trace the steps by which the objective conception of a picture—true to its own time and place—was reached, or the evolution by which singleness of subject was substituted for exuberance of episodes and ideas.

There is a kind of symbolism which may be called the shorthand of primitive art, and which may be studied in the archaic mosaics of St. Mark's. Egypt dwindles to a gate (as though it and not Turkey were the Porte), Alexandria is expressed by its Pharos. Trees stand for the Mount of Olives. There is much of the rebus in these primitive representations. The Byzantine symbolism of St. Mark's reaches its most curious climax in the representation of the four rivers that watered the Biblical Garden of Eden by classical River Gods. The palm-branch as the shorthand for martyrdom is a more congruous convention. In a Venetian painting ascribed to Carpaccio, Bethlehem is spelt by palm-trees and a queer beast tied to one—probably meant for a camel.

The advent of the camel, indeed, marks the faint beginnings of an historic and geographic sense, and stands for all the fantastic wonder-world of the East. Strange that the Crusades should not have earlier awakened the comparative consciousness. But the East, with its quaintness and its barbaric color, broke very slowly upon the culture of Europe —Victor Hugo had to rediscover it even for modern France. The camel of Italian art represents the first strivings for local color, and a fearsome monster it is. But suggestion, not draughtsmanship, was the painter's aim, and a people without circuses was not keenly aware of the anatomical details of this exotic beast, grotesque enough at his truest. The

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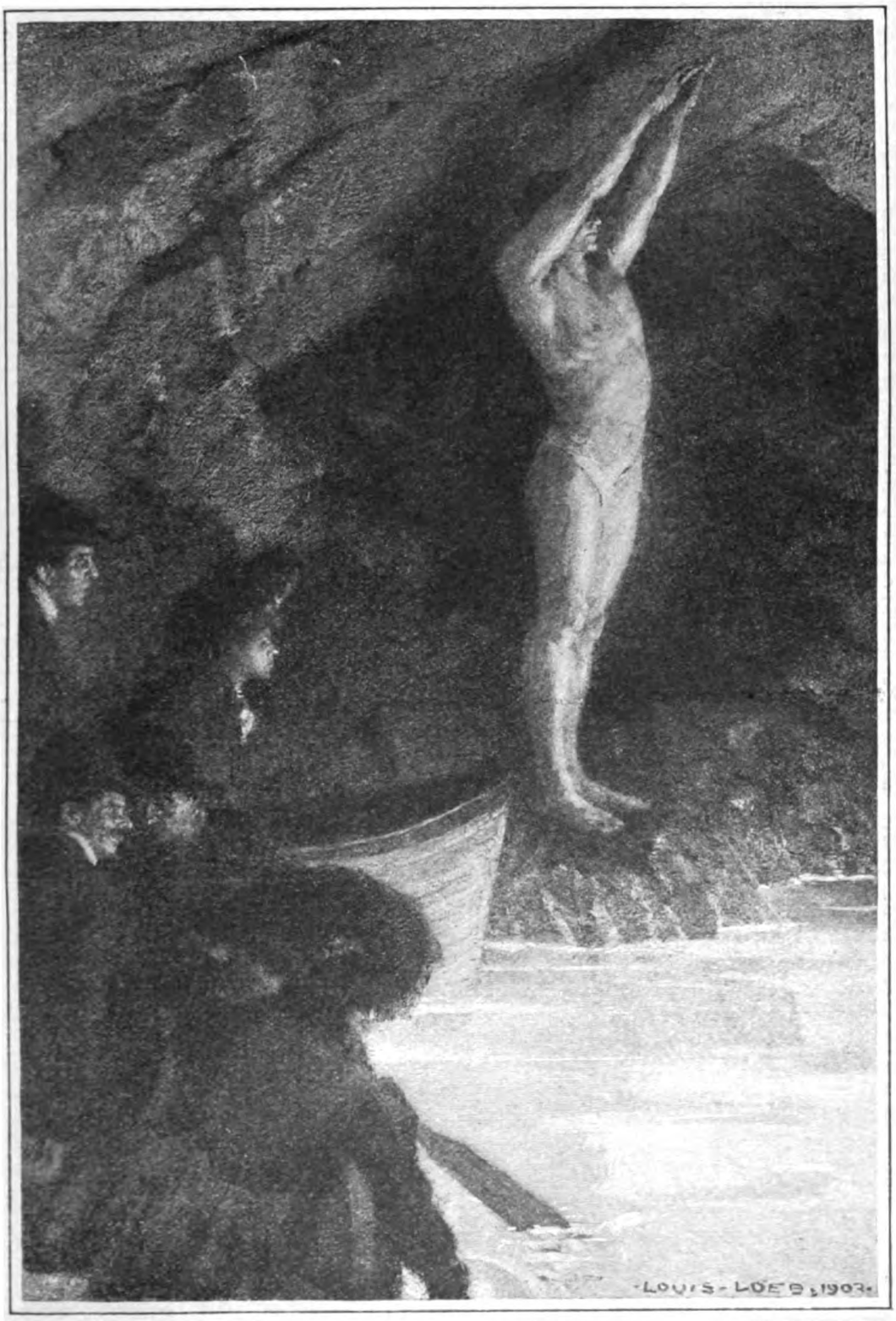

THE DIVER IN THE BLUE GROTTO OF CAPRI

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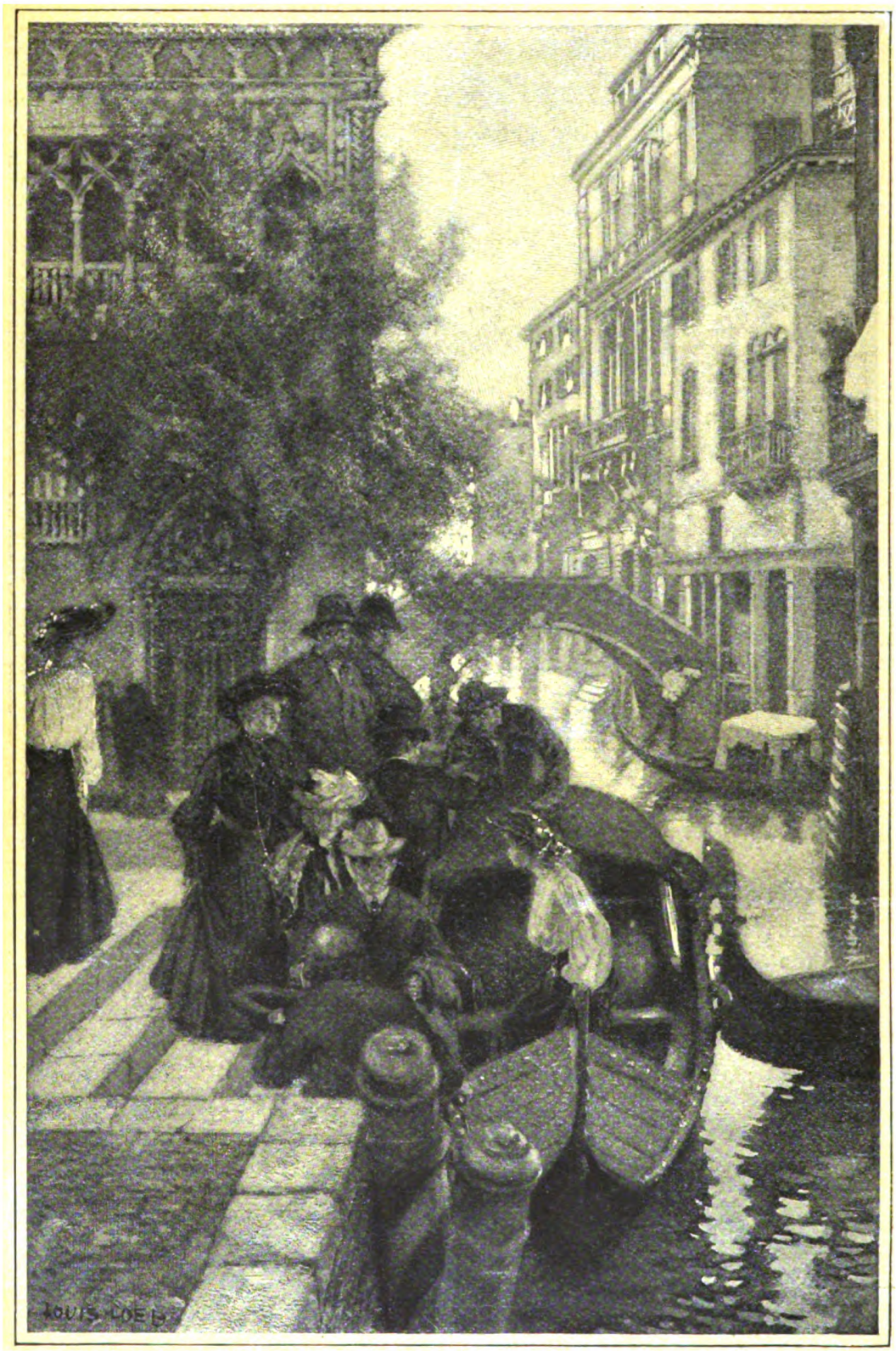

GONDOLIERS OF VENICE

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whole temper of these early painters seems to me summed up in a picture by Lorenzetti Pietro, who lived about 1350: "Gli Anacoreti nella Tebaide." A green water borders a white curving shore, and land and sea are a chaos of trees, houses, steeples, people, skiffs, sailing-boats, all of the same size and brightness. A like absence of perspective—geometrical, spiritual, or humorous—is seen in Giotto's fresco in Santa Croce, depicting the Apocalypse of St. John. Patmos is a vague turtle-shaped island, and the saint squats in the middle of it, while above hover the celestial figures.

Temporal perspective is as confounded as spatial. Hence all those anachronisms which give us pause. Cimabue's Madonna consorts with the Doctors of the Church, Fra Angelico's with Dominicans, Alvise Vivarini's with Franciscans. As Dante explains, the imagination can ignore Time, just as —though his dubious comparison weakens his explanation — it can conceive two obtuse angles in one triangle. A truer simile may perhaps be drawn from the Baptistery of Pisa, where the janitor —humble link in the "nutritive chain" —chants a note to show the wonderful echo, and after its long reverberation has been sufficiently demonstrated, he sounds the notes of a simple chord, one after another, so that the earlier notes remain alive and enter into harmony with the new ones, and one hears an enchanting quartet. Sometimes he will set a highly complex chord in vibration, and all the air is full of delicious harmony. Even so the mediæval thinkers conceived of the dead, and the quick, the pioneers, and the successors, all living in unison, vibrating simultaneously though they had started in sequence, all harmoniously at one in the echoing halls of Fame. And so things disparate could be pictured united—anachronism was merely man putting together what blind Time had put asunder. Everything happened in the timeless realm of ideas. And often the strictly chronological aspect of things is indeed irrelevant. Space and Time are shifting illusions that the spirit disregards. Those who are in harmony are of the same hour and of the same place.

Nor do I know where to look for a better map of the world, as it figured itself in the mediæval mind—for your atlas with its assumption that man inhabits mere mounds of earth fantastically patterned is as absurd as your school chronology — than that naïve *Mappamondo* which Pietro di Puccio frescoed on the walls of the Campo Santo of this same white town. The Universe is held in the literal hands of God, whose haloed head appears dominatingly above, not without a suggestion of a clerical band. In the centre of the cosmos—note the geocentric glorification—stands the earth, mapped out into continents by a couple of single straight lines. (If Asia lies north of Europe, that is a mere turn to express its hyperborean barbarism; in Fra Mauro's map in the Doge's Palace the South has got to the top, perhaps because Venice was there.) America of course is not. And yet there are compensations, even for America. For this old world is circumscribed by circle on circle. On the rim of the third are perched the mere figures of the Zodiac, but the spaces between the remoter extraterrestrial circles are aswarm with cherubs (all heads and wings), and floating robed saints, and endless haloed heads of the beatified. The dim spaces below the cosmos are garrisoned by bishop with crozier and monk with breviary, and the predella is full of suggestions of beauty and sanctity. Thus the whole world lies serenely in the palms of God, and saints and angels girdle it with circles of holiness.

This is indeed the true way to make a map—for the actual shape of the world is only one of the factors of our habitation, just as the actual features of a beloved face do not constitute its total reality for us. 'Tis not eyes or nose one sees, so much as those mental circles due to loving habit in which the face swims for us—the dear haloing circles of tender experience. Rivers and mountains have indeed an influence on life, just as the real eyes and nose, but the world we live in is always more mental than geographical, and the same rivers and mountains serve the life of successive races. The Red Man's America is not different from the White Man's on the atlas,—save by the black dots which mark the ephemeral tumuli called cities,—yet the America of the Trust and the America of the Tomahawk are two different continents. The

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same thin curve marks the Thames up which the pirate Vikings sailed and the Thames of Sunday picnics.

And so to-day, too, a true map would circumscribe our globe—not with the equally non-existent circles of the spatial latitude and longitude, but with those of the spiritual latitude and longitude in which we float.

A companion fresco devotes itself to "The Last Judgment." To the sound of angel-trumpets the dead rise from their coffins to be marched right or left by stern sworded archangels, as the great arbiter—in a surmounting oval—may determine. Haloed saints occupy a safe platform on high and watch the suppliant panic-stricken sinners in the dock. Hell in many compartments takes half the picture, Satan throned at centre, a grisly Colossus, horned and fanged, and each compartment a chamber of unspeakable horror.

Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment," despite its Dantesque additions, preserves the general features of the Pisan.

The after-world was rendered not only in painting, but in other art-media. In his famous pulpit in the Baptistery of Pisa, Niccolo Pisano carved it in relief, imaginatively rendering the faces of the damned almost animal with sin. Byzantine art treated it in mosaic and enamel, while on the rich-jewelled Pala d'Oro of St. Mark's, "Christ in Hades" has called forth the craft of the goldsmith. An exhaustive study of eschatological æsthetics would include also the innumerable apotheoses and receptions in Heaven, would involve a comparison with Teutonic and other pictorial conceptions, and would range from the pious sincerities of the primitives to the decorative compositions of the decadents.

I do not know if any scholar has yet thus treated the genesis and evolution of these pictorial images. They certainly did not derive from Dante, for Dante's poem itself contains an allusion to a Florentine calamity, which we know to have been the collapse in 1304 of a wooden bridge over the Arno, holding spectators of a popular representation of the horrors of the Inferno.

Read as a poem of earth, the "Divine" Comedy has for us a value quite other than Dante — in his political and prophetic passion—designed. What we see in it is the complete *Mappamondo* of the Mediæval, a complete vision of the world with its ethics, its philosophy, and its science, as it reflected itself in the shining, if storm-tossed, soul of the Poet, whose epic was alike the climax and the conclusion of the Middle Ages. No wonder the Italian quotes it with the finality of a gospel text. For this epic is less of a people than of humanity. Though the Florentine background is of the pettiest — including even Dante's apologia for breaking a font in the church of St. John,—it is really world-history with which the poem is concerned; not world-history as the modern conceives it, for Dante's *Mappamondo* had neither America nor China, neither Russia nor Japan, but that selected conceptual world in which the cultured of his day lived and had their being: a world in which classic and chivalric legend had their equal part—as they have in the poetry of Milton.

And the fine temper of the man is shown in the gratitude towards the great Teachers of antiquity perambulating their limbo "with slow majestic port," acquiring from their continuous earthly reputation grace which holds them thus far advanced, and which, it seems reasonable to hope, will ultimately land them in Paradise. A society nourished on the Classics could not throw over Plato and Aristotle, Empedocles and Euclid, Orpheus and Averroes.

Such are the nebulous rings hovering round Dante's *Mappamondo Infernale*. But the circles of his *Mappamondo Terrestre* are clear and resplendent. 'Twas within the illumination of these circles that the Middle Ages and even Ages later built their sublime Cathedrals, painted their lovely Madonnas, and wrote their great Poems. For though doubtless much sacred art is merely splendid sensuous decoration, and some even of that which is indubitably spiritual may have been the work of free-thinking and free-living artists, it remains true that the Dark Ages had a light which electricity cannot replace.

But is our modern Mappamondo as scientific as we think it? Can we girdle it with no circles amid which to sail securely again through the infinities?

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"WE HAVE LIVED SO QUIETLY"

Ellen

BY ROY ROLFE GILSON

THERE is no plot to it, no story at all, we have lived so quietly—Ellen and I and our two boys. It is not worth telling you, but it is your living, I suppose, to know how things come about in real life, and then to tinker with them—blow upon the coals of them and make very pretty flames. It seems to me like making toys, this making stories. When a man earns his bread by the sweat of his brow, as I've done these thirty years, it seems boy's play somehow—scribbling, smudging your white fingers and running them through your hair.

Ellen says I am wrong. I have seen her crying over stories; and the queerest part of it all is that the ones she musses, as I tell her, with her tears, are those about the commonest, ordinary things—women losing their babies or their husbands, and girls getting married or not getting married—just every-day happenings touched up a bit by some of you writer chaps. I can't understand why people should care to read about things they can see any day with their own eyes, when there are so many fine books written with heroes in them. I'm reading one now, about a fellow who gets to be something like a king, in the last chapter. Now that's what I call a *story*—where a man *does* something, instead of just puttering along through life like me. No, Ellen and I aren't story-folks. Ellen takes after them sometimes in little ways—when she's dressed up for church, or tends the sick, or stands between her two boys with their arms around her. Times like that there is something story-like in her face.

Even when I first set eyes upon her, Ellen was an ordinary girl, helping her mother with the housework and teaching in Sunday-school—just a nice, good-looking girl she was, about as tall as my shoulder here, and slender, and always smiling, and glad to see folks when they came around; so they came often.

She has worked hard all her life, Ellen has, and somehow managed it without it getting on her nerves—which, I take it, is rather wonderful in Ellen. I know other women it has clean played out, women always "quite poorly," and some intended for higher things. You can see in their faces how all along they've been martyrs to matrimony, and how it has given them the headache.

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Ellen's the plain kind, and hums while she's making jell. Perhaps if the other women hummed more — well, anyhow, there'd be more jell.

Luke Warren says, or *did*—Luke used to call on Ellen the same time I did, but got out of the habit somehow, after a while—Luke said that Ellen ought to have been born in a place called Cranford. There is a Cranford, I hear, down in New Jersey, and I've often thought I'd like to go there just to see what sort of place it is Ellen ought to have been born in. I told Luke there wasn't a spot in the whole universe that she *ought'n't* to have been born in, as far as she was concerned, and that it would have been a blessed good thing (oh, I got quite excited about it)—a blessed good thing for any place where she happened to be born in that she—er—*was* born in! You catch my meaning? You see, I didn't like Luke's way of putting it, though *he* said it was a compliment to Ellen. *I* said it was a compliment to his dummed little Cranford. Trouble with Luke was he wore spectacles, and had a way of talking high up in the air that I didn't like. Ellen, she didn't seem to care much for it either — so, as I say, by and by Luke stopped coming, which was just as well, for as long as Ellen had me around, —why Luke?

"Here endeth the gospel," I said, "according to—" but Ellen put her hand on my mouth—said I could make fun with other books, not that one. That was Ellen all over. Now that I come to think of it—for when you talk this way the thoughts drift in, all unexpected—now that I come to think back over thirty years, it strikes me that Ellen has always believed in things. She has believed in God, and the Bible, and me, and her friends—and never would joke about any one of us. I've seen married folks, folks who loved each other too, pretend they didn't, and joke and banter and laugh at love and marriage—but not Ellen. Not that she was ever foolish or gushing, but she wasn't ashamed. She used to kiss me before folks in the railroad station, when she was going away or coming home again, but she didn't scream my name for the crowd to hear—she just whispered it as our lips met.

Well, that was Ellen—not cold or solemn, not frivolous, but warm and lovely to have around, and always interested, and as near laughing as she was to crying, according to what was in the wind.

When I told her — the first time, I mean—she cried, and said she couldn't say Yes till I knew the truth: that she was only an adopted daughter, and never knew who her father and mother were. It did seem sad that they would never see what a blessed creature they had given to the world—but I told Ellen there wasn't any other reason for crying that I could think of, and, well — she said it then.

I'm not going to puzzle you as I've been puzzled why it was she took me—me instead of a scholar like Luke, or others I might mention. I've managed to get on, of course, though I've never set any rivers afire that anybody knows of; but I suppose she took me because when fellows are young and strong, and smile a good deal, they seem to start pretty even, and there are a good many possibilities in their make-up then that somehow fail to materialize. Some of the boys she didn't take live in the biggest houses of our town now. She might have been riding in her own carriage. She might have had a girl in a white apron tending the front door. She might have had a good many nice, comfortable little things she can never have, because she married me. But do you know, all these thirty years we've lived together she has never let on that she knows what she might have had, or that she cares, or that she would choose differently if she could choose again. But she's a woman, and I've always noticed that if a woman *is* a woman, she rather likes nice little things about her, such as other women have. It seems to help her, somehow, to show the—graces in her soul, and it's a lot easier for her to say and do pretty things when she knows her gown is so. I've noticed that. Now a man—a man that *is* a man—is just the other way. He likes his old togs best.

But Ellen has managed very well. She has made over dresses till you'd think they were new ones, and patched and darned and scrimped for my sake, and I can't see but that she has looked as well as the next one.

"Just like a man," she says, and

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"THE OLD WAY OF BEING KIND OVER THE FENCE"

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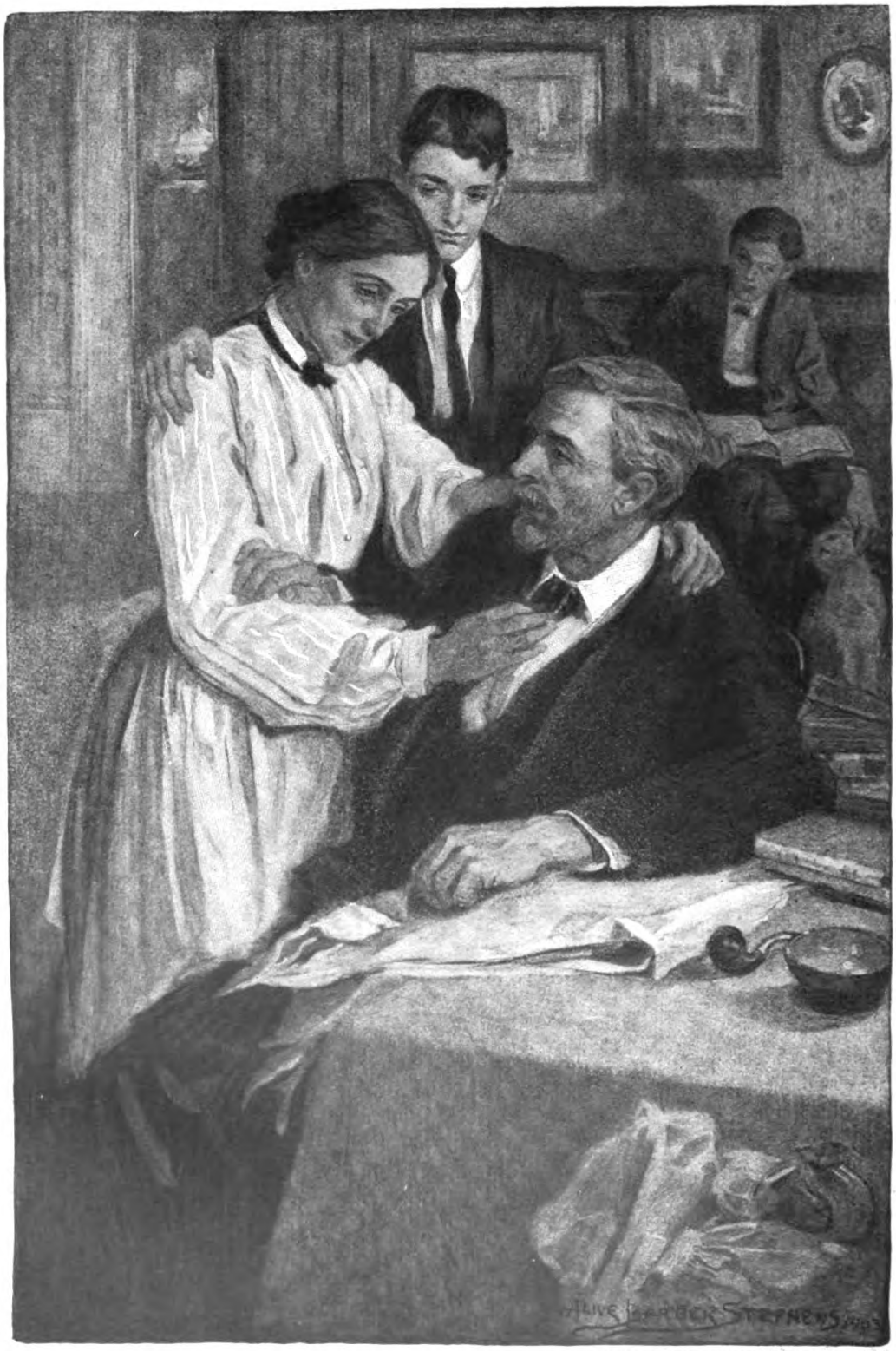

Half-tone plate engraved by **Frank E. Pettit**

"I'D CHOOSE TO SEE HER FACE WHEN I PLEASED HER"

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laughs. I suppose she means I'm not over-critical. Maybe so. Yet I wonder sometimes what she might have been if she had lived in a big house instead of a little one. A grander dame, I dare say, but would she have been happier? She hums now in her kitchen—over her flowers—in the street where children play. And the women in carriages, I notice, don't smile at muddy little boys.

If I were poorer than I am, and sick, and another woman's husband, I'd rather see Ellen Graem coming through the doorway with a bowl of soup in her hands, or a glass of jell, or a chicken wing, than a Poor Commission with a whole basketful. Poor Commissions are all right, doubtless, in their way, but they take the responsibility off the shoulders of a lot of angels who used to go about carrying visions and provisions to poor men's beds.

Look at Ellen. In her eyes is all the pity of a thousand little, homely, gentle deeds, and I tell you I believe it is doing those very things that has kept her happy in her lot. She's been of use in the world, and it kind of comforts her, and when I go home at night and see her eyes shining, I know she's been up to something that wasn't down in the calendar. And being kind, and loving us, her three boys—big and little— But pshaw! What's the use of praising kindness? Praising kindness is what you literary fellows call—what is it?—plagiarism? Kindness is such an old-fangled sort of thing.

When I hear girls laughing at old-fashioned things I say to myself: "Well, if it's the wax flowers you're a-laughing at, and the hoop-skirts, and the shut-up parlors with the haircloth chairs, well and good, my dears, say I, and laugh too. But if it's the old way of being poor and not being ashamed of it, the old way of putting up jell with your own hands and sharing it with your neighbors—the old way of working and loving, I mean, and being kind over the fence—if that's your little game, I can't laugh with you or at you, my dears. When you get old and the wrinkles come, as they've come to Ellen, what will there be to make *you* lovely in a husband's eyes unless it's some of the common things that make my Ellen beautiful to me?"

You'll think I am queer, I guess, and maybe a little—sentimental about Ellen. I am. You see, Ellen's not very well, not overly strong just now, and the doctor . . . Is that columbine growing over there? No, can't be columbine this time of year. Well, just the bare idea of not having Ellen around makes other things seem mighty small to me.

Lord! I wouldn't have people *gloomy*, you know. I'm not that kind at all. But there are some things to laugh at and some things not to laugh at in this world—and we Americans are such cusses for seeing the funny side of things.

Dear old lovely girl, if I could have but one single blessed memory of her, I should be put to it to know which one to choose. It's no one day I look back to, but years of days. It's no one thing, but many things. Still, if I had to, I think I'd choose to see her face as it has been turned to me, shining, when I pleased her.

Nights when Rob, our eldest boy, was just a little chap, in the sitting-room after supper Ellen would be mending and Rob would be on my knee. He was just learning to talk then, and had a way of saying over the words he knew in a little singsong string:

"Mamma—Papa—Teacher—Annie—"

But I noticed that he always began with Mamma, and if you started him with any other name he couldn't remember the string at all.

Well, *my* string begins with Ellen; and then come the boys; and then my work, I guess; and then my newspaper and my pipe; and when Ellen goes, I'll be like Robbie—and find it hard—remembering.

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The Mariner's Compass

BY SIMON NEWCOMB, LL.D.

AMONG those provisions of Nature which seem to us as especially designed for the use of man, none is more striking than the seeming magnetism of the earth. What would our civilization have been if the mariner's compass had never been known? That Columbus could never have crossed the Atlantic is certain; in what generation since his time our continent would have been discovered is doubtful. Did the reader ever reflect what a problem the captain of the finest ocean liner of our day would face if he had to cross the ocean without this little instrument? With the aid of a pilot he gets his ship outside of Sandy Hook without much difficulty. Even later, so long as the sun is visible and the air is clear, he will have some apparatus for sailing by the direction of the sun. But after a few hours clouds cover the sky. From that moment he has not the slightest idea of east, west, north, or south, except so far as he may infer it from the direction in which he notices the wind to blow. For a few hours he may be guided by the wind, provided he is sure he is not going ashore on Long Island. Thus, in time, he feels his way out into the open sea. By day he has some idea of direction with the aid of the sun; by night, when the sky is clear he can steer by the Great Bear, or "Cynosure," the compass of his ancient predecessors on the Mediterranean. But when it is cloudy, if he persists in steaming ahead, he may be running toward the Azores or toward Greenland, or he may be making his way back to New York without knowing it. So, keeping up steam only when sun or star is visible, he at length finds that he is approaching the coast of Ireland. Then he has to grope along much like a blind man with his staff, feeling his way along the edge of a precipice. He can determine the latitude at noon if the sky is clear, and his longitude in the morning or evening in the same conditions. In this way he will get a general idea of his whereabouts. But if he ventures to make headway in a fog, he may find himself on the rocks at any moment. He reaches his haven only after many spells of patient waiting for favoring skies.

The fact that the earth acts like a magnet, that the needle points to the north, has been generally known to navigators for nearly a thousand years, and is said to have been known to the Chinese at a yet earlier period. And yet, to-day, if any professor of physical science is asked to explain the magnetic property of the earth, he will acknowledge his inability to do so to his own satisfaction. Happily this does not hinder us from finding out by what law these forces act, and how they enable us to navigate the ocean. I therefore hope the reader will be interested in a short exposition of the very curious and interesting laws on which the science of magnetism is based, and which are applied in the use of the compass.

The force known as magnetic, on which the compass depends, is different from all other natural forces with which we are familiar. It is very remarkable that iron is the only substance which can become magnetic in any considerable degree. Nickel and one or two other metals have the same property, but in a very slight degree. It is also remarkable that, however powerfully a bar of steel may be magnetized, not the slightest effect of the magnetism can be seen by its action on other than magnetic substances. It is no heavier than before. Its magnetism does not produce the slightest influence upon the human body. No one would know that it was magnetic until something containing iron was brought into its immediate neighborhood; then the attraction is set up.

The most important principle of magnetic science is that there are two op-

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posite kinds of magnetism, which are, in a certain sense, contrary in their manifestations. The difference is seen in the behavior of the magnet itself. One particular end points north, and the other end south. What is it that distinguishes these two ends? The answer is that one end has what we call north magnetism, while the other has south magnetism. Every magnetic bar has two poles, one near one end, one near the other. The north pole is drawn toward the north pole of the earth, the south pole toward the south pole, and thus it is that the direction of the magnet is determined.

Now, when we bring two magnets near each other we find another curious phenomenon. If the two like poles are brought together, they do not attract but repel each other. But the two opposite poles attract each other. The attraction and repulsion are exactly equal under the same conditions. There is no more attraction than repulsion. If we seal one magnet up in a paper or a box, and then suspend another over the box, the north pole of the one outside will tend to the south pole of the one in the box, and *vice versa.*

Our next discovery is, that whenever a magnet attracts a piece of iron it makes that iron into a magnet, at least for the time being. In the case of ordinary soft or untempered iron the magnetism disappears instantly when the magnet is removed. But if the magnet be made to attract a piece of hardened steel, the latter will retain the magnetism produced in it and become itself a permanent magnet.

This fact must have been known from the time that the compass came into use. To make this instrument it was necessary to magnetize a small bar or needle by passing a natural magnet over it.

In our times the magnetization is effected by an electric current. The latter has curious magnetic properties; a magnetic needle brought alongside of it will be found placing itself at right angles to the wire bearing the current. On this principle is made the galvanometer for measuring the intensity of a current. Moreover, if a piece of wire is coiled round a bar of steel, and a powerful electric current pass through the coil, the bar will become a magnet.

Another curious property of magnetism is that we cannot develop north magnetism in a bar without developing south magnetism at the same time. If it were otherwise, important consequences would result. A separate north pole of a magnet would, if attached to a floating object and thrown into the ocean, start on a journey to the north pole all by itself. A possible method of bringing this result about may suggest itself. Let us take an ordinary bar magnet, with a pole at each end, and break it in the middle; then would not the north end be all ready to start on its voyage north, and the south end to make its way south? But, alas! when this experiment is tried it is found that a south pole instantly develops itself on one side of the break, and a north pole on the other side, so that the two pieces will simply form two magnets, each with its north and south pole. There is no way of making a magnet with only one pole.

It was formerly supposed that the central portions of the earth consisted of an immense magnet directed north and south. Although this view is found, for reasons which need not be set forth in detail, to be untenable, it gives us a good general idea of the nature of terrestrial magnetism. One result that follows from the law of poles already mentioned is that the magnetism which seems to belong to the north pole of the earth is what we call south on the magnet, and *vice versa.*

Careful experiment shows us that the region around every magnet is filled with magnetic force, strongest near the poles of the magnet, but diminishing as the inverse square of the distance from the pole. This force, at each point, acts along a certain line, called a line of force. These lines are very prettily shown by the familiar experiment of placing a sheet of paper over a magnet, and then scattering iron filings on the surface of the paper. It will be noticed that the filings arrange themselves along a series of curved lines, diverging in every direction from each pole, but always passing from one pole to the other. It is a universal law that whenever a magnet is brought into a region where this force acts, it is attracted into such a position that it shall have the same direction as

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the lines of force. Its north pole will take the direction of the curve leading to the south pole of the other magnet, and its south pole the opposite one.

The fact of terrestrial magnetism may be expressed by saying that the space within and around the whole earth is filled by lines of magnetic force, which we know nothing about until we suspend a magnet so perfectly balanced that it may point in any direction whatever. Then it turns and points in the direction of the lines of force, which may thus be mapped out for all points of the earth.

We commonly say that the pole of the needle points toward the north. The poets tell us how the needle is true to the pole. Every reader, however, is now familiar with the general fact of a variation of the compass. On our eastern seaboard, and all the way across the Atlantic, the north pointing of the compass varies so far to the west that a ship going to Europe and making no allowance for this deviation would find herself making more nearly for the North Cape than for her destination. The "declination," as it is termed in scientific language, varies from one region of the earth to another. In some places it is toward the west, in others toward the east.

The pointing of the needle in various regions of the world is shown by means of magnetic maps. Such maps are published by the United States Coast Survey, whose experts make a careful study of the magnetic force all over the country. It is found that there is a line running nearly north and south through the Middle States along which there is no variation of the compass. To the east of it the variation is west; to the west of it, east. The most rapid changes in the pointing of the needle are toward the northeast and northwest regions. When we travel to the northeastern boundary of Maine the westerly variation has risen to 20°. Toward the northwest the easterly variation continually increases, until, in the northern part of the State of Washington, it amounts to 23°.

When we cross the Atlantic into Europe we find the west variation diminishing until we reach a certain line passing through Central Russia and Western Asia. This is again a line of no variation. Crossing it, the variation is once more toward the east. This direction continues over most of the continent of Asia, but varies in a somewhat irregular manner from one part of the continent to another.

As a general rule the lines of the earth's magnetic force are not horizontal, and therefore one end or the other of a perfectly suspended magnet will dip below the horizontal position. This is called the "dip of the needle." It is observed by means of a brass circle, of which the circumference is marked off in degrees. A magnet is attached to this circle so as to form a diameter, and suspended on a horizontal axis passing through the centre of gravity, so that the magnet shall be free to point in the direction indicated by the earth's lines of magnetic force. Armed with this apparatus, scientific travellers and navigators have visited various points of the earth in order to determine the dip. It is thus found that there is a belt passing around the earth near the equator, but sometimes deviating several degrees from it, in which there is no dip; that is to say, the lines of magnetic force are horizontal. Taking any point on this belt and going north, it will be found that the north pole of the magnet gradually tends downward, the dip constantly increasing as we go farther north. In the southern part of the United States the dip is about 60°, and the direction of the needle is nearly perpendicular to the earth's axis. In the northern part of the country, including the region of the Great Lakes, the dip increases to 75°. Noticing that a dip of 90° would mean that the north end of the magnet points straight downward, it follows that it would be more nearly correct to say that, throughout the United States, the magnetic needle points up and down than that it points north and south.

Going yet farther north, we find the dip still increasing, until at a certain point in the arctic regions the north pole of the needle points downward. In this region the compass is of no use to the traveller or the navigator. The point is called the Magnetic Pole. Its position has been located several times by scientific observers. The best determinations made during the last eighty years agree fairly well in placing it near 70° north latitude and 97° longitude west

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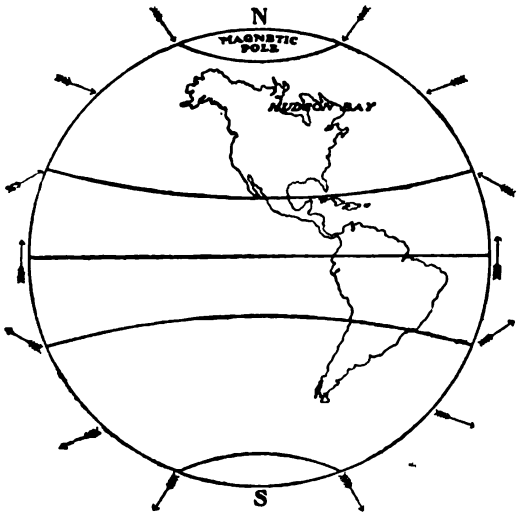
from Greenwich. This point is situated on the west shore of the Boothian Peninsula, which is bounded on the south end by McClintock Channel. It is about 500 miles north of the northwest part of Hudson Bay. There is a corresponding magnetic pole in the Antarctic Ocean, or rather on Victoria Land, nearly south of Australia. Its position has not been so exactly located as in the north, but it



DIP OF THE MAGNETIC NEEDLE IN VARIOUS LATITUDES

The arrow points show the direction of the north end of the magnetic needle, which dips downward in north latitudes, while the south end dips in south latitudes.

is supposed to be at about 74° of south latitude and 147° of east longitude from Greenwich.

The magnetic poles used to be looked upon as the points toward which the respective ends of the needle were attracted. And, as a matter of fact, the magnetic force is stronger near the poles than elsewhere. When located in this way by strength of force, it is found that there is a second north pole in Northern Siberia. Its location has not, however, been so well determined as in the case of the American pole, and it is not yet satisfactorily shown that there is any one point in Siberia where the direction of the force is exactly downward.

The declination and dip, taken together, show the exact direction of the magnetic force at any place. But in order to complete the statement of the force, one more element must be given,—its amount. The intensity of the magnetic force is determined by suspending a magnet in a horizontal position, and then allowing it to oscillate back and forth around the suspension. The stronger the force, the less the time it will take to oscillate. Thus, by carrying the magnet to various parts of the world, the magnetic force can be determined at every point where a proper support for the magnet is obtainable. The intensity thus found is called the horizontal force. This is not really the total force, because the latter depends upon the dip; the greater the dip, the less will be the horizontal force which corresponds to a certain total force. But a very simple computation enables the one to be determined when the value of the other is known. In this way it is found that, as a general rule, the magnetic force is least in the earth's equatorial regions, and increases as we approach either of the magnetic poles.

When the most exact observations on the direction of the needle are made, it is found that it never remains at rest. Beginning with the changes of shortest duration, we have a change which takes place every day, and is therefore called diurnal. In our northern latitudes it is found that during the six hours from nine o'clock at night until three in the morning the direction of the magnet remains nearly the same. But between three and four o'clock A.M. it begins to deviate toward the east, going farther and farther east until about 8 A.M. Then, rather suddenly, it begins to swing toward the west with a much more rapid movement, which comes to an end between one and two o'clock in the afternoon. Then, more slowly, it returns in an easterly direction until about nine at night, when it becomes once more nearly quiescent. Happily, the amount of this change is so small that the navigator need not trouble himself with it. The entire range of movement rarely amounts to one-quarter of a degree.

It is a curious fact that the amount of the change is twice as great in June as it is in December. This indicates that it is caused by the sun's radiation. But how or why this cause should produce such an effect no one has yet discovered.

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Another curious feature is that in the southern hemisphere the direction of the motion is reversed, although its general character remains the same. The pointing deviates toward the west in the morning, then rapidly moves toward the east until about two o'clock, after which it slowly returns to its original direction.

The dip of the needle goes through a similar cycle of daily changes. In northern latitudes it is found that at about six in the morning the dip begins to increase, and continues to do so until noon, after which it diminishes until seven or eight o'clock in the evening, when it becomes nearly constant for the rest of the night. In the southern hemisphere the direction of the movement is reversed.

When the pointing of the needle is compared with the direction of the moon, it is found that there is a similar change. But, instead of following the moon in its course, it goes through two periods in a day, like the tides. When the moon is on the meridian, whether above or below us, the effect is in one direction, while when it is rising or setting it is in the opposite direction. In other words, there is a complete swinging backward and forward twice in a lunar day. It might be supposed that such an effect would be due to the moon, like the earth, being a magnet. But were this the case there would be only one swing back and forth during the passage of the moon from the meridian until it came back to the meridian again. The effect would be opposite at the rising and setting of the moon, which we have seen is not the case. To make the explanation yet more difficult, it is found that, as in the case of the sun, the change is opposite in the northern and southern hemispheres and very small at the equator, where, by virtue of any action that we can conceive of, it ought to be greatest. The pointing is also found to change with the age of the moon and with the season of the year. But these motions are too small to be set forth in the present article.

There is yet another class of changes much wider than these. The observations recorded since the time of Columbus show that, in the course of centuries, the variation of the compass, at any one point, changes very widely. It is well known that in 1490 the needle pointed east of north in the Mediterranean, as well as in those portions of the Atlantic which were then navigated. Columbus was therefore much astonished when, on his first voyage, in mid-ocean, he found that the deviation was reversed, and was now toward the west. It follows that a line of no variation then passed through the Atlantic Ocean. But this line has since been moving toward the east. About 1662 it passed the meridian of Paris. During the 240 years which have since elapsed, it has passed over Central Europe, and now, as we have already said, passes through European Russia.

The existence of natural magnets composed of iron ore, and their property of attracting iron and making it magnetic, have been known from the remotest antiquity. But the question as to who first discovered the fact that a magnetized needle points north and south, and applied this discovery to navigation, has given rise to much discussion. That the property was known to the Chinese about the beginning of our era seems to be fairly well established, the statements to that effect being of a kind that could not well have been invented. Historical evidence of the use of the magnetic needle in navigation dates from the twelfth century. The earliest compass consisted simply of a splinter of wood or a piece of straw to which the magnetized needle was attached, and which was floated in water. A curious obstacle is said to have interfered with the first uses of this instrument. Jack is a superstitious fellow, and we may be sure that he was not less so in former times than he is to-day. From his point of view there was something uncanny in so very simple a contrivance as a floating straw persistently showing him the direction in which he must sail. It made him very uncomfortable to go to sea under the guidance of an invisible power. But with him, as with the rest of us, familiarity breeds contempt, and it did not take more than a generation to show that much good and no harm came to those who used the magic pointer.

The modern compass, as made in the most approved form for naval and other large ships, is the liquid one. This does not mean that the card bearing the needle

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floats on the liquid, but only that a part of the force is taken off from the pivot on which it turns, so as to make the friction as small as possible, and to prevent the oscillation back and forth which would continually go on if the card were perfectly free to turn. The compass-card is marked not only with the thirty-two familiar points of the compass, but is also divided into degrees. In the most accurate navigation it is probable that very little use of the points is made, the ship being directed according to the degrees.

A single needle is not relied upon to secure the direction of the card, the latter being attached to a system of four or even more magnets, all pointing in the same direction. The compass must have no iron in its construction or support, because the attraction of that substance on the needle would be fatal to its performance.

Here the use of iron ships introduced a difficulty which it was feared would prove very serious. The thousands of tons of iron in a ship must exert a strong attraction on the magnetic needle. Another complication is introduced by the fact that the iron of the ship will always be more or less magnetic, and when the ship is built of steel, as modern ones are, this magnetism will be more or less permanent.

We have already said that a magnet has the property of making steel or iron in its neighborhood into another magnet, with its poles pointing in the opposite direction. The consequence is that the magnetism of the earth itself will make iron or steel more or less magnetic. As a ship is built she thus becomes a great repository of magnetism, the direction of the force of which will depend upon the position in which she lay while building. If erected on the bank of an east and west stream, the north end of the ship will become the north pole of a magnet and the south end the south pole. Accordingly, when she is launched and proceeds to sea, the compass points not only according to the magnetism of the earth, but to that of the ship also.

The methods of obviating this difficulty have exercised the ingenuity of the ablest physicists from the beginning of iron ship building. One method is to place in the neighborhood of the compass, but not too near it, a steel bar magnetized in the opposite direction from that of the ship, so that the action of the latter shall be neutralized. But a perfect neutralization cannot be thus effected. It is all the more difficult to effect it because the magnetism of a ship is liable to change.

The practical method therefore adopted is called "swinging the ship," an operation which passengers on ocean liners may have frequently noticed when approaching land. The ship is swung around so that her bow shall point in various directions. At each pointing the direction of the ship is noticed by sighting on the sun, and also the direction of the compass itself. In this way the error of the pointing of the compass as the ship swings around is found for every direction in which she may be sailing. A table can then be made showing what the pointing, according to the compass, should be in order that the ship may sail in any given direction.

This, however, does not wholly avoid the danger. The tables thus made are good when the ship is on a level keel. If, from any cause whatever, she heels over to one side, the action will be different. Thus there is a "heeling error" which must be allowed for. It is supposed to have been from this source of error not having been sufficiently determined or appreciated that the lamentable wreck of the United States ship *Huron* off the coast of Hatteras occurred some twenty years ago.

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The Witchcraft of Chuma

BY UNA L. SILBERRAD

AT one time the plague had come to the Island; from whence no one knew, but it was very grievous, and many died. In those days it was not easy to go from the Town to the place, although with a fair tide it was but a half-hour's ferry—there was no one willing to play ferryman; moreover, the mayor and corporation had laid down many regulations. However, on a certain evening there were three who would cross over.

It was after sunset, and certain of the ferrymen stood together on the river shore, idle, and in the depression that the long drought had worked in men's minds. They looked out to where the Island lay low in the waters and spoke of the sickness, each telling a wilder tale than his fellow, and even saying there was not now a house untouched on the Island.

"No wonder," cried an old man, graybearded in folly, "they have the disease incarnate in their midst."

At that Ferryman Joe nodded his head. "That is so," he said.

And from that they got to talking of the foolish tale of Chuma. This Chuma is said to be a spirit in the shape of a fair woman, who goes from house to house in the twilight, carrying disease in her mantle, and to whom she speaks and at what house she stays there come disease and death. This is but a legend, both foolish and irreligious, nevertheless in those days the tale was more than half believed, for the folk were ignorant, and beside themselves with fear. And at that time on the Island there was a fair woman but lately come, and within a month of her coming had the plague come also. She could not have brought it; it was a visitation of the Lord; but none knew who she was nor why nor whence she came. So it came about that, having the foolish tale in mind and being in deadly fear, the folk on the Island came to say she was Chuma, and even those in the Town came to know of her.

The riverside men spoke of it now, each telling a wilder tale, and saying that this and that must be done before things would mend.

"It is time they mended," the graybeard said, "for certainly if it does not rain soon we shall all be dead of thirst, even if the sickness does not come this way."

It was just then that Tobiah the Dissenter came striding down the river bank. "The Lord be with you, friends," said he. "Have you a boat ready?"

"For what?" asked Joe. "To cross to the Island? I am not the man."

"Nor I," said the graybeard.

"Fools!" cried Tobiah. "Are you afraid?"

"If you like to call it so."

"Of what?" Tobiah asked. "This pestilence is the work of the Lord; it is not by avoiding this one or that that you will escape, but by mending your lives and walking in the paths of righteousness."

But they did not believe him, and before he could say more another came down the path from the Town.

"Ferryman," he said, "I would cross to the Island, and that soon."

They looked round and saw him — a tall man dressed in black and stranger to all. "There is a pestilence there," Joe said, and turned away.

But the stranger answered, "I know it; be quick; time presses."

They began to move uneasily, as if they would begone. Seeing this, Tobiah said, "I tell you, sirs, that I mean to cross."

"And I," said the other.

"And I," spoke a third voice behind, and another, a man of some quality, to judge by his dress, also joined himself to them.

"Come!" cried Tobiah. "There are three of us now; it were strange indeed if we could not cross."

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"Passing strange," the newcomer answered, grimly. "Ferryman, it were better for you this strange thing does not happen. Be quick; I have no time to lose." And he drove them to the boat.

Soon they were out on the water, still and dark as slime, with never a breath or ripple anywhere. Tobiah looked from one to another; the man in black sat silent, as one apart, wrapped in his thoughts. The last comer, too, was silent, except when he gave some order to Joe; he sat looking earnestly forward, as if he burned to get to the death-haunted land. Though Tobiah had no superstitious fear and judged no man, he still thought in his heart that it were well for the safety of the boat that his errand was of a right and profitable order. With hardly a word spoken they crossed, and in time came to the shore. They landed where the narrow pathway of stones threads the treacherous mud which is bared by the falling tide. It was now almost dark, so Tobiah, as the one who had been that way before, went first, finding the damp stones carefully. The other two followed more slowly, sometimes stepping over the edge into the ooze. When they came to the foot of the sea bank they parted, each to go about his errand. Of the three, the man who had joined the party last was the quickest ashore. He started up the lane swiftly—up the lane and out on to the main road like one who has no time to lose.

His way took him to an inn—a plaster-built place, poorly thatched, and with no better sign than a shrivelled bush tied above the door. Arrived there, he knocked loudly.

In a little, Juniper, who had kept the inn, opened to him.

"What can I do for you?" he asked, standing on the threshold.

"I want two words with you," the other answered.

"Who is it that asks?" Juniper demanded, looking keenly at him.

The man was clearly impatient of delay. "Some call me Mansergh," he said, shortly.

Juniper nodded as if he remembered something of the name. "Well?" said he.

"It is not much that I want to know," the other answered — "only where one is to be found."

"It is a bad time for finding folk; there is the sickness here; it has killed some and driven some away—"

"The one I seek would not go,—and she cannot be dead! It is the Lady Placidia; tell me where she is to be found."

"The Lady Placidia?" It was not a name that Juniper had expected to hear. "I'm not sure there is such a one here," he said. "There is a woman called Placidia; she came with her old father at the beginning of the summer, none knew from where. But as for the 'Lady,' she is poor as a church mouse—"

"What is she like?" Mansergh asked.

Juniper began to tell him, but before he had half done the other interrupted.

"Where does she live?" he demanded. "Tell me the way, man, and tell me truly."

Juniper gave the direction; it was no matter to him what was wanted with this woman. So he told, and afterwards he gave a last piece of information. "The old man, her father, is dying of the plague," he said,—"if he is not already dead. Folks say she has brought the sickness — I know nothing, but there are strange tales; some say that she is a witch, some that she is Chuma, a spirit of death. But I know nothing; I know nothing; please yourself; let all please themselves."

It seemed Mansergh would do that, for before the man had done he had started down the road, going straight as he might to a green ride and a solitary cottage that the Marshmen had not dared approach of late.

It was dark by this time, but, though moonless, not a black night; when Mansergh came to the cottage he could see plainly that the windows were unshuttered and the door fast closed. He approached and rapped softly. There was no sound within. He knocked again, loudly, but still there was no answer. He listened awhile, then went to the window and looked in, but he could make out nothing. He went round to the back of the house and knocked at that door, and still getting no answer, he lifted the latch and walked in.

Inside was the same stillness, the same darkness; he stood a second listening, then called, "Is any one within?"

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There was no answer; his voice lingered, then died away in silence. He called again, "Placidia! Placidia!" but still there was no reply. He felt his way to the mantel-shelf and kindled a candle that he found there. By its light he looked in the kitchen, in the keeping-room, in all the poor house; but there was no one—no one at all. He extinguished the light and came out, shutting the door after him. Then he went back into the lane, heading for what might be the direction of the inn.

Now it chanced that fate brought another to the cottage that night, and that one Tobiah the Dissenter. Tobiah's business on the Island was nothing less than to preach to the people there. He saw plainly that he was called to minister to these people, both as to their souls and bodies, their parson being dead of the plague and they being in great straits. So that evening as soon as he came ashore he started at once for the nearest dwelling-house. On his way there he passed the well where some men stood talking together. As was his custom, he gave them the time of day. They answered but shortly, and he, nothing affronted, asked how the sickness went.

"Ill enough," they answered; "we are all dead men, or like to be; there's a witch in the business."

"A witch?" Tobiah cried. "Explain, friends, explain."

This they did, telling him of Chuma and of their misfortunes and fears.

Tobiah listened and wagged his head, and at last he gave judgment.

"Friends," said he, "I see plainly that you are beside yourselves with fear (which the Lord turn and apply to your salvation). Of a truth, it is impossible and contrary to the mind of God that such a thing as this should be. This Chuma is a pagan fable, as Puck and Jack-with-the-lantern; nevertheless, I can see some sort of reason in what you say; the woman doubtless is bent on doing evil, and able perhaps to do it. Therefore it were well to apprehend her and have her in safe-keeping."

"Ay, but who'll do it?" came the question. But the answer was ready, as any one who knew Tobiah might have guessed.

"Why, I, of course," said he; and so soon as they had fetched lanterns and some more of their fellows in misfortune, he led them to the cottage.

The Marshmen did not come all the way with Tobiah, but halted at the bend of the ride, while he went on alone without a light, for fear of giving the alarm to those within the house. However, as has been shown, this precaution was needless; there was no one in the house—Mansergh had been gone some time; the place was shut and empty as he had left it. Tobiah effected an entrance after knocking only once, and soon discovered that the bird had flown. He searched the house thoroughly, and even looked about in the little garden, seeking—and there finding—some indications of the way and manner of the flight.

He went back to the men who waited in the lane. "She has flown," he said, "and the old man with her. They have gone by the way that goes at the back, down to the meadow; I almost think they must have taken some barrow or truck, but their household stuff remains, so it is not that which they have carried off."

The men stared in fear and astonishment. "The old man is dead!" they told one another. "She has taken his body for some unhallowed rite."

"We must follow her, then," Tobiah said, "and discover what she does, and if need be stop her."

They took the path that he believed those from the cottage had taken; it led them towards a small stream that, much shrunken, still trickled through the meadows to the shore. When it seemed that this was the bourne toward which the woman had gone, a halt was called for consultation. It was soon agreed that Tobiah should go in advance to see if she had truly taken that way; he said it were better so, and no one gainsaid him.

The stream for the most part trickled down the field unprotected, but in one spot some trees in part hid it. When Tobiah came to the trees he stepped cautiously, listening. It was very still and quite airless; there was nothing to be heard. A bank separated the meadows; he found his way to it, and lying upon his face, gradually drew himself up till he could see over the top.

On the other side the shrunken stream ran—*ran for a distance and then stopped.* Away on the left he saw the narrow

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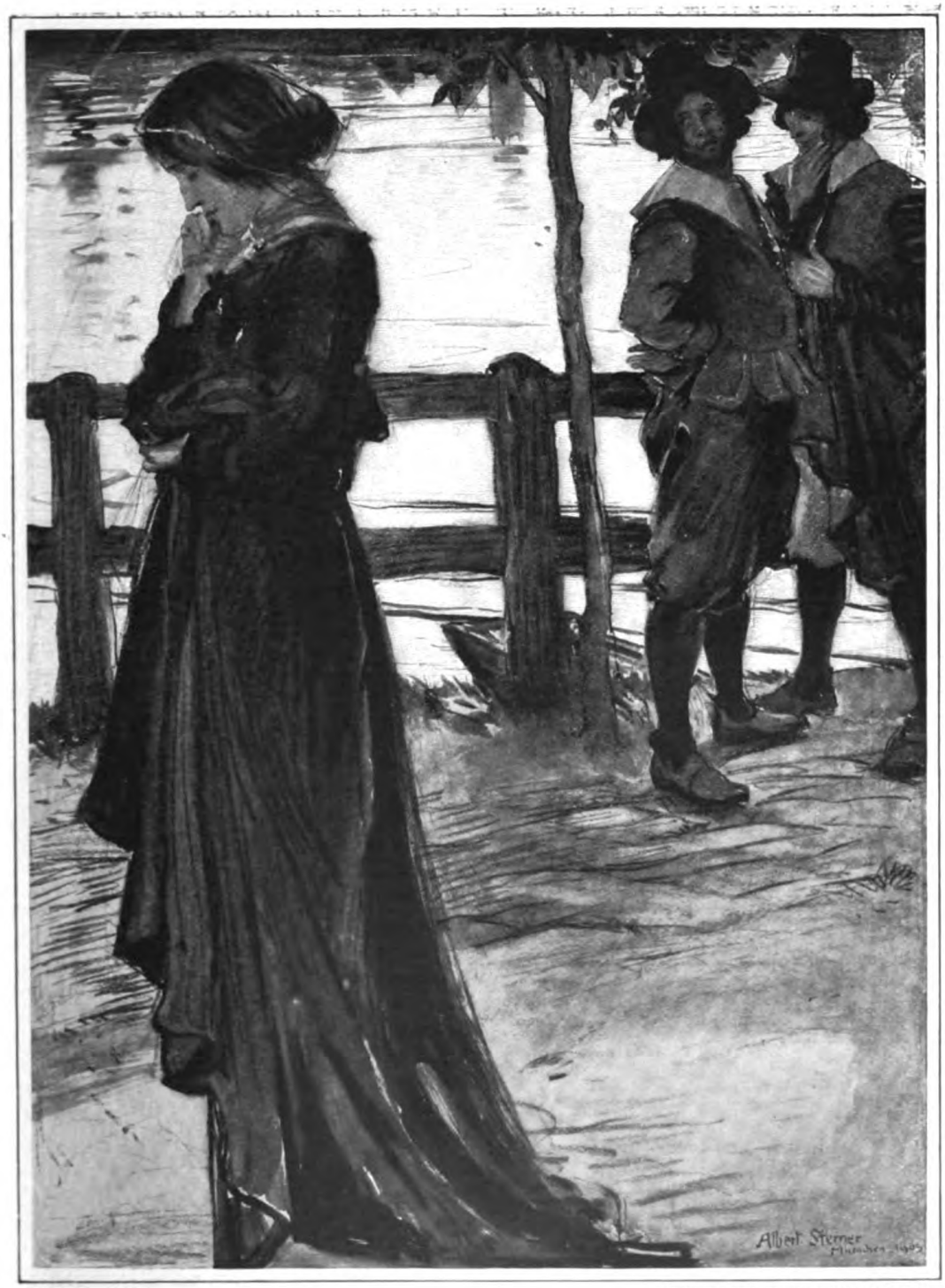

Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

THERE WAS A FAIR WOMAN BUT LATELY COME

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thread run, then stop and spread out into a little pool, the waters cut off so that the lower bed was left bare. Tobiah saw this awesome thing, and drawing in his breath, searched to see what witchcraft had caused it.

Just below him, where the bed was bare, two people stood with something that yawned between them. Nearest was a woman—none other than she whom the Island named Chuma. Opposite, across the new-made grave, was another figure, tall and thin and black, standing motionless and grim. In silence they stood; then slow and solemn a voice rose:

"De profundis clamavi—"

For a second, Tobiah held his breath, for he knew the black figure below, and knew that he who spoke in the tongue of priests and witchcraft was the silent man who had crossed from the river stairs that night.

For a second only he paused; then, "What do you here?" he demanded, sternly. "What impious rite is this?"

The two below started; the woman shrank back with a little cry, but the man answered:

"We do no harm, friend; whoever you may be, I pray you leave us."

But this Tobiah was not like to do. "Who are you that dare to pollute the stream with your witchcraft?" he asked.

By this time the woman had recovered herself; she came right up to the bank, so close that Tobiah could see her face. "I am Chuma," she said, soft and low,—"Chuma, who gives the touch of death," and she smiled a strange, still smile.

"Poof!" said Tobiah, and stalked over the bank, the better to see what was done.

"You are not afraid?" she said, and laid a hand on his arm.

"I fear the Lord," Tobiah retorted, stoutly, "and none other. What does yonder black crow with the still tongue? He crossed with me this night; even then I doubted his errand."

"His errand is good enough," she answered; "he has come to help a woman in the hour of her need."

Tobiah sniffed somewhat. "Women," he said, "think often they need what is ill. What do you here together?"

She hesitated; then divining it were wiser to tell,—"We bury my father," she said, and straightway told him that the old man was indeed dead of the plague, and she, fearing the Marshmen would take the body from her, was bent on putting it where it would be safe from their dishonoring. "They fear," said she, "that I would work some evil spell with his beloved corpse! So, since I know they would take it from me if they could, I am fain to bury it in the stream bed, where, when the waters flow back again, as they shall before dawn, none can tell the spot."

Tobiah listened in some perplexity. "So far the thing is not ill," he muttered; "it is filial piety. Yet, mistress, there are tales about you, and, for the peace of the Island and for your own safety, I set out this evening to apprehend you."

"Will you not suffer me first to bury my father?" she pleaded. "You are not of these parts; you are too wise to fear me, and will not betray me."

Tobiah was still in doubt. "Who is yon man?" he asked.

"I am a priest of the old faith," the other answered for himself.

Tobiah started, and not without reason, for in those days the old faith hardly dared to lift its head. But it was revealed to the good man what he was called upon to do. It was clearly impossible that any poor body should be committed to the earth with no more Christian burial than these outworn prayers. He said as much, warmly.

Placidia was surprised. "You will help us to bury my father if you are suffered to pray?" she asked.

"Most certainly," Tobiah answered. "Nay, I shall do it whether I am suffered to or not; I judge it to be no less than my duty; the presence of this priest will not hold me back."

But the priest, it seemed, had no wish. "I will not hold you," he said; "the prayer of an honest man, of whatever creed, hurts none. Pray, certainly, and also lend us your hand."

Tobiah would have knelt down there and then, but the others said it were wiser to fill the grave first. Accordingly they fell to work and soon had it roughly filled in. Not completely finished. Tobiah recognized the wisdom of not being too nice if he wished to get any prayers said. At last it was done well enough, and he flung aside his shovel, and still

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HE LOOKED THROUGH ALL THE HOUSE

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sweating from the work and the sultry night, knelt down to pray. When he had finished he moved away, and the priest came to take his place.

But the hand of the Lord was clearly in the matter, for the papist rites had no more than begun when there came a noise among the trees on the other side of the bank. Placidia was first to hear it.

"Are these men of the Island that come?" she asked Tobiah; and the worthy Dissenter, guessing that they were, answered, "I will go and see."

But she said, "No; stay and undo the dam so that the stream flows back; I can hold them."

The Marshmen, with sticks and lanterns, were pressing through the wood, almost brave in each other's company, until suddenly she loomed up before them, rising gray out of the shadow of the bank.

"The witch!" they cried, and horror held them still.

"Aye, Chuma," she answered, and even in the darkness, it seemed, they saw her smile.

"The Lord deliver us!" breathed one; and another moaned, feeling the sweat of death already on his brow.

"What do you here?" ventured one with a light.

She raised her hands and spread them, and they shrank from her as if she scattered death. "Nothing," she said; "no harm," and she strained her ears to listen to the breathing of Tobiah and the priest as they moved the turf and driftwood that kept the stream.

But among the Marshmen was one who had lost wife and child by the sickness, and he, desperate with his losses, was reckless of danger.

"I have no desire to live," he cried, pushing his way to the front. "Foul witch, give me the kiss of death an you will. I'll end this matter here and now;" and he sprang up the slope.

But she stepped to the right, so that, instead of coming upon her, he came down upon the other side.

"She has bewitched the stream," he said. "It flows no more as it used. Two black men, her familiars—"

But he got no further, for Tobiah clapped a turf over his mouth.

"Chew that," said he, "and digest it well; it is the familiar's remedy for an addled pate!"

Those on the other side heard Tobiah's voice, though they did not catch what he said, and heartened by hearing it, and also by the example of the fellow who had already come over, they sprang up the bank.

"Come on!" they cried. "We'll take her yet! She is here; Tobiah is here too!"

Tobiah flung down his tool, and left the dam to the priest and Placidia, who had gone to help him now she saw she was powerless to keep the Marshmen back.

"Tobiah *is* here," the worthy man shouted, walking out a little way so that he might the better be seen. "He is here, good friends, and also he lends his countenance to this business; so know it is righteous—"

"Righteous!" they howled, and, "A witch! She is a witch!" "Drown her! Swim her!" "Cast her into the sea!"

"Fools!" roared Tobiah, so that his voice mastered theirs. "She is no witch, neither is she doing wrong! I myself have offered prayer over the work she has in hand!"

But they would not listen. "She has bewitched Tobiah!" they cried, and against that fool's argument Tobiah saw plainly he could use nothing but force.

He seized the pick he had so lately put down and dashed back to the bank. "Ho, brother of the black gown!" he said, "you must leave your water-works for the time being, it seems!"

The priest plucked a sword from under his robe of peace and drew up beside Tobiah, so that they stood shoulder to shoulder, having Placidia behind.

"Bewitched, am I?" cried Tobiah. "It is you who are bewitched—bewitched with your own folly and hag-ridden with your own fears! Cowards that you are, thinking to save yourselves by seizing a helpless woman and casting her into the sea!"

The Marshmen were clearly puzzled. "It is Tobiah?" said one, while another cried, "Some devil has taken his shape!" And another, "Tobiah has betrayed us!" Then all together, "Tobiah is bewitched; she has bewitched him!" Then with confusion and shouting they flung themselves upon the three. For a moment they swayed and well-nigh parted; the priest's blade gleamed out, and Tobiah's

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pick swung and fell; then the rabble drew back a pace, and they were left standing as before, with Placidia behind.

"Let me go!" she entreated; "I am not afraid to die; I have nothing for which to live."

"That may be," answered Tobiah, "but you cannot die this way; 'twould be the worst thing for those fools, and do away with the lesson of the Lord's chastisement."

The Marshmen parleyed a moment; but while the leaders spoke one threw a clod of earth. It struck Tobiah on the mouth, but only served to loose his tongue.

"Think you," said he, "to so quiet me? It is time, full time, that one declared to you the signs of the times and the meaning of matters! This plague has come upon you for the iniquity of your lives and the filthiness of your bodies. It is the Angel of the Lord that has smitten you, not this woman. Pray with tears; thus and thus only shall you be—" another clod flew towards him, but he spoke his last word, "saved," as he caught it; then he flung it back with violence.

And then the struggle began in earnest; stones and earth flew, sticks rose and fell, and ever and again came the swish of the sword and the thud of the pick well wielded. Now one cried out, and now one blasphemed; one called upon the name of the Lord, and one howled in pain, till the breathless night was full of sounds more evil than the close-brooding silence that held earth and air before.

Now it befell that this angry and unholy noise came at last to the ears of one who was straining sight and hearing for some sign or token. Mansergh had been back to the inn, and having got from Juniper the loan of a gray horse, set out to search the Island. Long he rode, looking among dark copses and lonely barns, wandering in long lanes and dry water-meadows; till at last, when the night was far spent, he drew rein on rising ground. It was then that he first heard sounds of the affair by the stream. Louder these grew, and quicker he went, until he came to the shelter of the trees, when its meaning burst upon him, and with an oath he put spurs to his horse's flanks. Crashing through the undergrowth he rode, ducking for the low branches, galloping as if more than life depended on it. On, till he came to where the bank was clear and could be taken at a bound. On and over, into the midst of the struggle. Straight through the Marshmen he went, striking down those on either hand, treading down those not quick enough to flee before him; plunging through the angry crowd without halt or stop. Almost before they knew he was there he had galloped through them, and reached the bank where Tobiah and the priest still stood.

"Where is she?" he said, in a voice that was terrible to hear. "What have you done with her?"

Then catching sight of a woman's dress between the two black figures, he rode at them. They stood their ground, and he charged them, not letting the horse swerve aside. One could not tell what befell among the plunging hoofs; the rider gave no heed, only stooped from the saddle, and lifting Placidia clear from her feet, swung her up before him.

A cry, almost a groan, went up from the Marshmen, and right and left they fled away in fear. To them Satan, riding upon the pale horse of Death, had come for his own and riven her from their clutches.

But Tobiah was of another sort; he caught at Placidia's skirts and then at the rein, abusing the horseman heartily the while. The man tried to shake him off.

"Let go, black carrion!" he said, bringing his fist down on Tobiah's hand.

But Tobiah was not to be shaken off. "Man of wrath!" he cried, "do you dare strike me!"

But the horse, frightened by the attack and urged on by the rider's spurs, plunged forward, dragging the Dissenter with him; and Placidia, instead of trying to win her freedom, clung tightly to the man who had borne her off.

"It is Randolph!" she cried, and even Tobiah noted the rapture of her voice. "It is Randolph! Your blessing, father! Your blessing, before we go!"

The priest took hold of Tobiah. "Leave go!" he said. "We have no more to do."

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"THE WITCH!" THEY CRIED

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Placidia turned in the saddle. "Your blessing, father!" she cried again.

The priest raised his hand. "Go in peace," he said, and the horse galloped away into the mist.

For a moment they saw him, then the mist swallowed him up, and the hoof-beats sounding out of the dimness came as it were from another world. Tobiah turned about sharply; the dawn mist was creeping up from the water; white and chilly it lay on everything — trodden grass and scattered stones and the sticks and lanterns that had been cast down. These things were all around, but there was not a soul in sight; the Marshmen had fled; even those that were hurt had dragged themselves away; Tobiah and the priest were alone.

Tobiah turned sharply to the priest. "Who was yon masterful man?" he asked. "He carried off the woman as if she were his by right."

"She is his by right," the priest said; "he loves her."

"Loves her!" Tobiah retorted. "If he loves her, he should marry her decently, and see that she comes to no harm."

"He will now," the priest said; "before, he could not."

Tobiah snorted contemptuously. "It seems you know a deal of this business," he observed; "you did not know so much when we had his bad company in the boat."

"I did not know his face," the priest answered; "it was not till the Lady Placidia cried his name that I recognized who he was; then all was clear to me."

"It is not that to me," Tobiah said.

"They are both of the old faith," the priest explained; "thus it happens that I know their tale. For those of the old faith there is little peace in England now. It exiled him to fight for a foreign king; it stripped her of all she possessed, and drove her forth in poverty with her father. But in the end it, aided by you, has saved her for him."

"For which service," Tobiah retorted, "I have been paid with blows for thanks."

The priest did not gainsay it. "You have helped us kindly," he said, "and at risk and loss; it would please me if you would take something, even though it is from one who to you must be a heretic," and he searched in his pocket.

Tobiah put his hands behind his back. "Sir," said he, proudly, "I take nothing from a man with whom I have stood shoulder to shoulder in fight—whether with powers of this world or the next. What reward have you for helping this woman? None but the fact that you have aided the cause of righteousness. I have that likeness, and I want no better." And he clapped his hand upon that of the priest.

Soon after that they set to finish the work they had been obliged to leave undone. The air grew colder as they toiled, and as the light increased there came a hushed feeling of change in the air. At last, just before it was fully light, the work was done, and the stream flowed again in its old bed.

"I do not return to the Town," Tobiah said. "I have work here on the Island; the Lord has given me a commission to the fools here. You must go back alone, and you would do well not to leave it too late before you start; there is nothing to be gained by meeting the men of the Island; moreover, there is rain coming."

The priest looked towards the sky. "I will bear your warning in mind," he said, "but I cannot go yet. You finished your prayer beside the grave, but you may remember that I did not finish mine."

Tobiah remembered, and though he knew that such prayers were worse than useless, still he felt respect for a man who would offer them in the face of some risk. "I will wait for you," he said, "and put you on your road."

Saying this, he took himself over the bank to wait, out of sight of the other. When he was on the far side he knelt down and offered earnest prayer both for the conversion of the living and the salvation of the dead. The while, on his side, the priest knelt too, and prayed long and silently for the dead and for the living, for blessing on the woman who had gone, and help, perhaps, for his own soul.

So they each prayed, with the bank between, till the rain came and fell like a benediction on both and on the parched land beside.

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MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE UNIVERSITY OF ATHENS

The University of Athens

BY CHARLES F. THWING, LL.D.

President of Western Reserve University and Adelbert College

THE University of Athens: what meaning does the phrase bear to the reader? I can easily believe that to one it is simply a historic symbol. It represents that small group of philosophers, poets, and historians who in and near the age of Pericles were the teachers of the Athenian youth, and who have become, not by their conscious purpose, but by the dignity of their character and the weight of their message, the teachers of the youth of every progressive nation. To one who thus interprets the phrase it stands for Raphael's "The School of Athens." But to another the phrase may represent not a historic symbol, but a modern force or condition. It is simply an agency which is concerned with a few general academic functions. Like the term "the University of the State of New York," which has no local habitation, which confers directly no degrees, which prepares no academic budget, and which has no faculty, yet which supervises the educational interests of the Empire State, the term "the University of Athens" may easily be understood to refer to the headship of the whole educational system of Greece.

But the University of Athens is neither a historic symbol nor a chief administrative force. It is a university, as local and of as definite functions as Columbia in New York or as Harvard in Cambridge. It has buildings, placed in the midst of the modern city of one hundred and fifty thousand people, more beautiful than those of any American college, with possibly two or three exceptions. It has a body of some twelve hundred students in its four departments of Arts and Sciences, Law, Medicine, and Theology. It enrolls a faculty of one hundred members. It has a library of two hundred and fifty thousand volumes, housed in a noble marble building which may be compared, even if its location be less impressive, with the library building at Columbia. It has also laboratories of the sciences, placed in buildings which show the advantages and disadvantages of the construction of twenty years ago. The University of Athens is a definite, local, modern institution of the higher learning and teaching.

Yet I hasten to say that the present University of Athens more adequately embodies the Greek life and influence of

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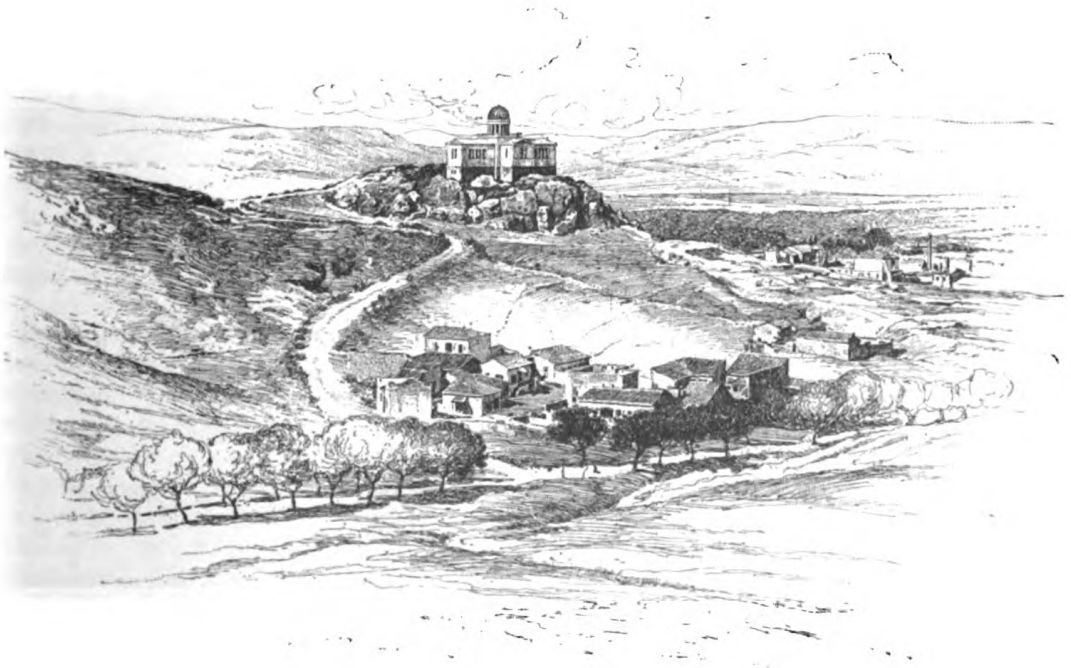
twenty-four hundred years ago than any other institution. If the influence of ancient Greece is borne into the modern world through literature, sculpture, and architecture, the *life* of ancient Greece is continued in the personality and services of the teachers of her chief university. The University of Athens, like the worthy university of every metropolis, stands for the ripest culture and the highest attainment of its best people. Its buildings bear the same relation to its teachers and students which the plane-trees of Plato's Academy bore to his associates. Its professors are simply teachers, constituted by authority and in orderliness, as were Socrates and Plato. It is, therefore, in the marble halls of the University of Athens that one feels himself quite as near to the greatest of the greatest nations of antiquity as among the broken columns of the Parthenon. Justinian closed the schools of Athens in 529. After an existence of nine hundred years the Academy of Plato ceased. The modern university was founded in 1837. After a lapse of thirteen centuries Plato's Academy was reopened.

The University of Athens is one of the results of the War of Liberation. If that war arose, in part at least, from a more enlightened spirit, an effect of the war was still further to liberalize and to quicken this spirit. The Greek mind sought to give itself those advantages and opportunities which three and a half centuries of Turkish rule and misrule and a longer period of Byzantine control had denied. Its establishment sprung out of those same human and humanistic impulses which, under conditions broad and rich, or narrow and bare, have contributed to the foundation of hundreds of universities in the Old World and the New. Its foundation, too, was a part of a general movement for education. The schools of Greece which we call primary, secondary, academic, took on a more formal system. During these almost threescore years and ten the university has flourished with the flourishing of the other elements and parts of the educational system. Founded in that fourth decade of the last century which is made illustrious in the history of the higher education in the United States by the foundation of great institutions, the University of Athens soon numbered three hundred students—a number large for a kingdom small and poor. Its



THE OBSERVATORY

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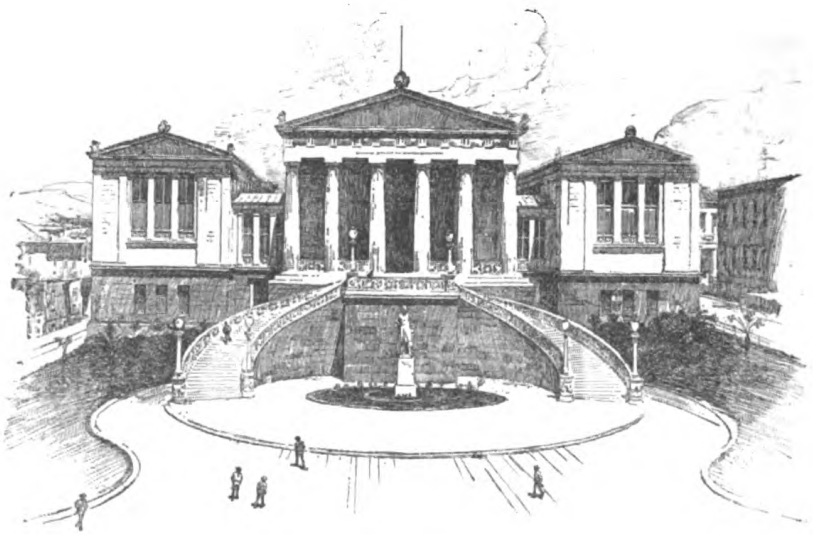
progress throughout the century has been steady. It has grown and strengthened with the growth and strengthening of Greece.

It is, therefore, not too much to say that the University of Athens is the most important institution of a nation which has made richest contributions to education and to literature. Such a recognition of its place and functions is common among the Greeks. A democratic nation of a good degree of civilization is most friendly to its institutions of the higher education. The Greeks are essentially democrats. Of their university they are nobly and humbly proud. Of it, in their wide dispersion, they think as the Jews during their exiles thought of their holy city; and to it they come as students not only from Greece, but also from the seven millions scattered in Turkey, Epirus, Thessaly, and wherever favoring or ill fortune has carried them.

The University of Athens is called a national university. The name is wisely chosen: it is national,—but it is not governmental. The German universities are national, and they are sometimes also more governmental than national. Not such is the University of Athens: it belongs to the people. The government, through the Minister of Education, performs certain formal functions, in the making of appointments, but the support is derived from the people more than from the exchequer. The buildings were built by the offerings of the nation. The buildings, too, which have association more or less intimate with the university, represent the beneficence of individuals. The library building is the gift of the Villianos brothers; the neighboring school for girls, the Arsakion, was founded and endowed by Mr. Arsákis; the Academy of Science was built by Baron Sina of Vienna, as was the Observatory; the Polytechnic Institute represents the benevolence of a few Greeks; and the magnificent Stadium is the result of a gift of one million dollars made by a lover of Athens. The American habit of beneficence to institutions of education is also Greek.

For the higher education is peculiarly dear to the heart of the modern Greek. Regard for it is stronger and more widely spread among all classes than obtains among any other European people. Many a Greek home of small resources, and even of poverty, gladly sacrifices precious interests that a son may be educated. This son, too, coming to the university, is not unlike the American youth who earns his way through college. In most Continental universities self-support, in part or wholly, is far less usual than in American colleges. But in Greece the American custom seems to prevail. Any work



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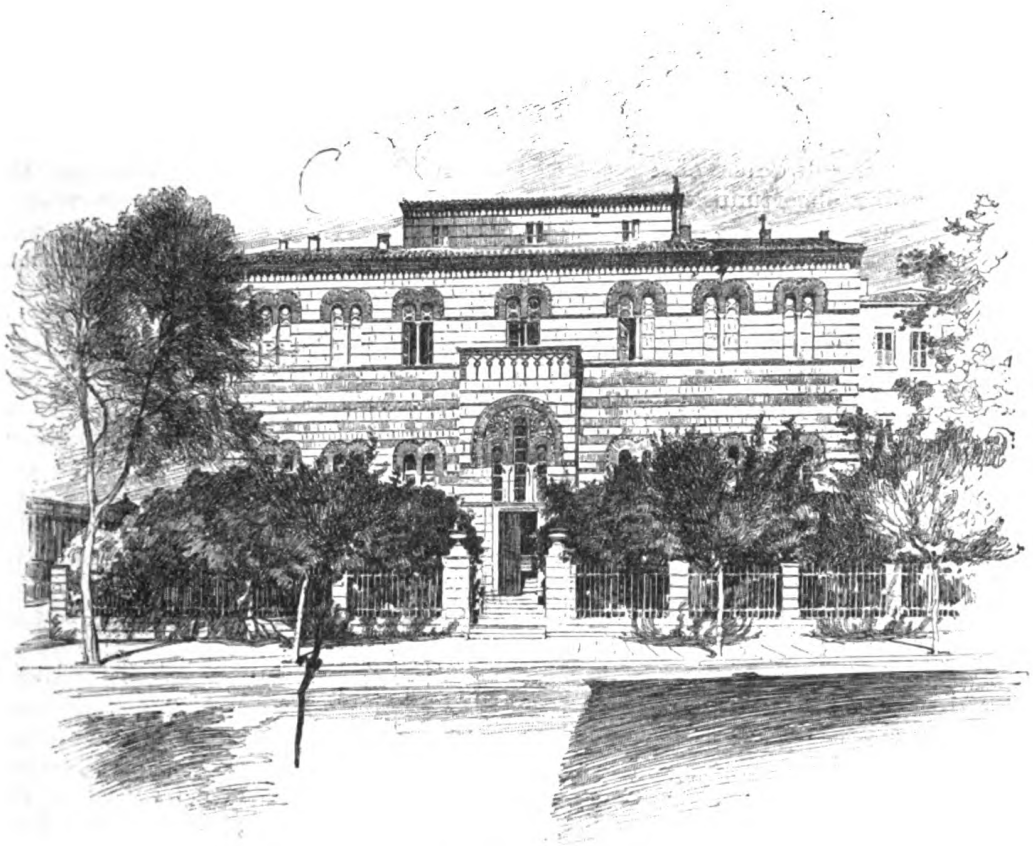

A HOSPITAL

which a student can do in a city like Athens is done by scores of these men. Serving as janitors, as waiters, selling newspapers, doing chores of all sorts, represent this work. The tales, too, of the self-denial of students, practised in order to get an education, in the city of Socrates are akin to the stories which every American college president gladly and sadly hears.

It is hard to get a full college life without a dormitory. Propinquity promotes fellowship. Doing away with the halls of residence at Oxford or Yale or Princeton would be doing away with what not a few regard as the most important conditions of these ancient foundations. But Athens, in common with Continental universities, has no dormitories. Yet, despite this most serious lack, a mighty spirit of loyalty to each other and to their university prevails among the students. They have, on what they regard as most serious occasions, stood together against the government. There is not, too, quite the same feeling of distinction prevailing among the professional students and what we should call the undergraduates in the European as in the American colleges. Medical student, law student, theological student, as well as philosophical student, stand together against the philistine world. In one of the courts of the University of Athens is a simple monument to the students who lost their lives in an endeavor to oppose what they and their fellows regarded as governmental usurpation. Yet be it said that these men are usually more quiet and orderly than the "town" in most countries finds the "gown."

One of the most picturesque forms of student life is seen in the gymnasiums. The modern gymnasium of Athens is quite as unlike the ancient as the gymnasium of an American college is unlike what the German means by a gymnasium. The modern gymnasium of

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Athenian students—more a private club than a university institution—is both like and unlike the American. The Athenian institution is a combination of a gymnasium building and an athletic field. It is a gymnasium out-of-doors, fitted up with all kinds of apparatus, and containing opportunities and facilities for track athletics of all sorts. Each field, also, has a building, usually small, containing bath and dressing rooms. Few things make more vivid and impressive the ancient life than seeing these young fellows, vigorous and happy, speeding away on the race-track, doing the long jump, or swinging on the bars. The fascination of the old and the new Olympic games is upon these men as it cannot be on our American college man, although the American college man bore off more prizes at the last great contest than the Greek. That magnificent modern and ancient stadium, too, is near in distance and feeling. Be it said, however, that the general physical *build* of the Greek man is not so athletic as is the constitution of the better-trained American student. The very rigors of the American climate, which prevent our having a gymnasium without a roof and without a floor, may aid in developing a stronger set of men than the semitropical skies of Greece permit.

The most important of the four schools which constitute the University of Athens is the School of Law. Such an importance I like to interpret as rather a development of the Greek mind than as having special relation to politics or to governmental service as a career. For the Greek mind is pre-eminently interpretive, reflective, rationalizing. But it should also at once be said that service for and through the government represents an inviting opportunity for not a few men in the democracy of Greece, as in the democracy of most nations. The Greek mind, too, is giving a good account of itself in the science of medicine. Those conditions which one finds in the best medical schools of the United States and Germany one finds in the laboratories at Athens. The clinics, too, and hospital advantages are good for a city of a hundred and fifty thousand people and for a neighboring country thinly settled.

But it is only fair to say that the tendency to enter the legal or medical profession is altogether too strong. I do not presume that Greece, any more than America, has too many first-rate doctors or lawyers; but that the number of lawyers and doctors is far in excess of the demands of the community is evident in each country. Greece needs more engineers, more intelligent farmers, more capable administrators in industry, commerce, finance. Farming in Greece is poor and small. It should be made remunerative. Railroads in Greece are few and short. Even if the country be small, a proper system should be inaugurated. The steamships which come into her ports are usually British, Austrian, Italian, or French. She should establish her own lines. The country would vastly profit by an effective system of irrigation. However capable the Greek may be, the land of Greece is yet to receive its agricultural and industrial development. For this purpose the technical development in education, in which Germany and the United States are leading, should be at once inaugurated. The beginnings already made, as intimated in the Polytechnic School situated near the university and near the National Museum, should be immediately and greatly extended. A nation can live too much in its past, even if that past contains a history which bears such names as Greek history bears,—even if that past is associated with a geography which includes Salamis and Marathon.

A university in its service for the people of its own nation is not only to render service of that kind which the nation peculiarly needs, it is also to render a service to all men of that sort which by its history or location or constitution it is specially fitted to render. There is one form of service which the University of Athens is peculiarly fitted to give to man; it is represented in archæology. The records of the past of Greece she is the one force in all the world best situated to read and to interpret. That this duty she has not done, and is not doing, in significant ways is evident. But for not taking up this task she is not to be altogether blamed. The Greek Archæological Society is rendering the service which on many grounds be-

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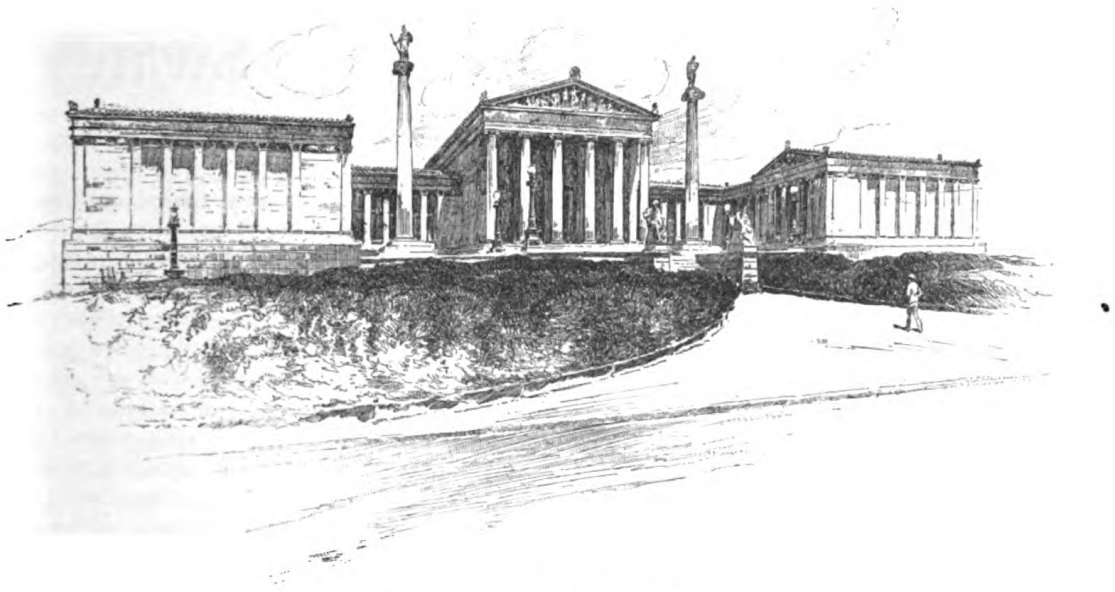

THE ACADEMY OF SCIENCE

longs to the university, and in personal relations the association of this society with the university is intimate. Other nations and universities, too, have in part at least relieved Greece and her chief institution from bearing archæological burdens. Under different names and with diverse origins at least four nations are investigating Greek history. The French school, the German school, the British school, and the American school of classical studies represent forces which have done much and are to do more to interpret the life of ancient Greece to their respective peoples and to the world. Each of these schools has a building of its own—two of them, the French and the German, being near the university; each of them is a centre and source of scholastic and archæological interest, and each of them enrolls from time to time great scholars on its teaching staff. They in a sense represent an offering of the scholastic world to Greece and to its university. Such an offering, given and accepted in graciousness, represents a high type of co-operative beneficence. For the field of research and of excavation is large, the expense is great, and the risk of securing no result is nothing less than immense. And the results, when secured, belong not to Greece alone, but to that whole world which is a debtor to Greece.

The official head of the university is Professor N. Kazazis. I have never heard a college president in America or Europe commended with greater regard and respect than are contained in the words spoken regarding him. He is among the first citizens of the city and of the nation. If Greece were to become a republic — a result not impossible in the shifting political conditions and in the *made* character of the present throne, —Kazazis would be called upon to be a candidate for the Presidency.

The public respect paid to the president of the university is itself evidence of the degree to which the ideals and atmosphere of culture and the higher education have come to pervade Greek society. A sense of proportion and of justice, self-restraint, dignity, delicacy, idealism,—these are qualities for which the Greek character in its higher relations has stood for twenty-five centuries. Under conditions, racial and personal, most trying and difficult, these qualities have persisted. Their development is to-day most fittingly promoted by the university of the city of Pallas Athena.

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The Yarn of the "Sink or Swim"

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

IT was "all the wind she wanted" with the little *Mischief,* laboring on the port tack, deep laden, as she was—all the wind and all the tumble, with a breath and a slap too much. A soggy nor'east gale was whipping up the white-horses on Ship's Run, and the night was fast turning the gray mist black. We had scattered oil-casks and herring-barrels from Indian Cove to Right-in-the-Way; the seas, which from time to time boiled over the quarter and ran the length of the deck, snatching what they could, had worn away the deck-load to the lumber. When the third great wave smothered the schooner to her foremast and swept her, stem to stern, planks and beams went over the side in a rush of frothy water. Then came the squall—a long, swirling gust, which heeled her till her canvas spilled it. It was, "Let go them fo's'l-halyards!" in a rasping scream. Then a full-lunged roar to the helmsman, who had thrown her too far into the wind: "Keep her full! She'll be took aback! Does you want t' rip the sticks out of her? Keep her full!" There followed, when the flapping sails had filled again and the foresail came down with a rattle and crash: "Hard up with that wheel! Ease the main-sheet!" and, the voice once more rising to a scream: "Let her off! Take the kink out o' that main-sheet! Let her off! Ah-h-h-h!" as the ship rounded and slipped away before the wind, "*that's* me beauty! Take it easy, now, old girl, an' we'll hang you down at Muddy Hole 'til you can carry the wind that blows." And so, when the night fell black, we dropped anchor in the lee of the hill at Muddy Hole; and while the wind went whirling through the night on the open sea, we lay in a quiet place—in the shelter o' harbor!

"'Tis wonderful damp out there," said the skipper, as he shook the rain-drops from his long beard.

"An' 'tis time," the cook declared, giving a last pat to the furled mainsail, "that we had a cup o' tea."

We had it in the forecastle, after a shift to dry clothing—a cup of steaming, fragrant tea, with a bit of hard biscuit: after which we lit our pipes and fell silent, each lazily sensible of an escape from rain and a bitter wind to the warmth and comfort of this place, and all occupied with old dreams. The ship rocked to a gentle swell; the little fire glowed and crackled; the lamp, burning low and yellow, cast swaying shadows over the table and bunks and beams and pots and pans; the rage of wind and sea, from which we had fled, touched us not at all, save only, in its far-off muttering and complaint, to focus our consciousness of security, as when the skipper said, "'Tis blowin' great guns, lads," and the cook added, "They can say what they likes about Muddy Hole, but 'tis a fine harbor in a nor'east gale." Then, at last, the cook slipped a dilapidated accordion into the skipper's hands; and the skipper, after many a "Hut!" and "Pshaw!" gave us "Money Musk" and "Pop Goes the Weasel" in a fashion so spirited that our feet and our fingers tapped and drummed a merry dance.

"Skipper, sir," the cook begged, "pipe up!" And the skipper began:

"Oh, *have* you seed the skipper o' the schooner *Sink or Swim?*
We'll use a rope what's long an' strong when we cotches him.
He've a case o' smallpox for'ard;
An' we'll hang un, by the Lord!
For he've traded every fishin' port from Conch t' Harbor Rim.

"T' save the folk that dreads it,
We'll hang the man that spreads it.
They's lakes o' fire in hell t' sail for sich as Skipper Jim!"

The skipper wrung a wheezy flourish from the accordion. "Chorus, lads!" he roared.

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Out rang the chorus, in a deep, discordant roar, springing from vast lungs and hoarse throats. But of a sudden I was less interested in the manner and meaning of that grim old song than in the ashy face of Docks, the clerk. We were a trader, outbound to trade the ports of the Straits and the Labrador; and Docks had joined us in a rush at Poor Luck Harbor, shipped unknown upon the recommendation of our backers at St. Johns—a quiet, furtive sort of fellow, with a temper all too even; somewhat aged, who had for years "been foreign" to Brazil and the West Indies; agreeable enough at his best, but yet suspicious and nervously guarded, little given to talk and much to searching our words for ulterior meaning. While Skipper Tom, in that rasping, quavering voice of his, sang his song, charging threat and vow with the worst of the rage of those old days when the *Sink or Swim* was in flight,—I was a lad in St. Johns then, and knew the dread and flurry into which the misdoing of the smallpox-ship had thrown the colony,—I chanced to observe Docks from the shadow of my bunk; and I heard the hiss of his breath as he caught it, saw him start and grip the table, saw his eyes widen and quiver, his face turn gray. He fell away from the circle of light, and there sat rigid, like a man in hiding.

"T' save the folk that dreads it,
We'll *hang* the man that spreads it!
They's lakes o' fire in hell t' sail for sich
as Skipper Jim!"

"Skipper Tom, sir," said Docks, hoarsely, leaning into the light, "does you say *hang*? Was they goin' t' *hang* Skipper Jim if they cotched him?"

"Tight an' high, sir," the skipper snapped.

"My God! they was goin' t' *hang* the skipper!" Docks whispered, staring deep into Skipper Tom's eyes.

What was the meaning of the whisper and the stare? So there was not so much as the drawing of a breath to be heard in the forecastle. Only the wind, and the water lapping the prow, broke the silence.

"Skipper Tom, sir," said Docks, his voice breaking to a whimper, "was they goin' t' hang the crew? They wasn't, was they? Not goin' t' *hang* un?"

"Skipper t' cook, sir," Skipper Tom answered, the words prompt and sure. "Hang un by the neck, sir, 'til they was dead."

"My God!" Docks whined. "They was goin' t' hang the crew!"

"But we didn't cotch un," said the skipper.

"No, sir,—no," said Docks, vacantly. "I knows you didn't."

The skipper hitched close to the table. "Mister Docks, sir," said he, leaning over until his face was close to the face of Docks, "was *you* aboard the *Sink or Swim*?"

The accordion slipped off the skipper's knee and rolled noisily to the foot of the forecastle ladder.

"Ay, sir," said Docks at last, brushing his hair from his brow. "I was clerk aboard the *Sink or Swim* in them days. 'Twas a long time ago," he added, slowly, "wasn't it?"

"A terrible sight o' years since then," was the skipper's reply, quietly spoken. "'Twas long ago."

"Ay, sir," said Docks, "'twas the schooner *Sink or Swim*—you got the name all right, Skipper Tom—eighty-three tons, tradin' the French shore an' Straits; an' she was wonderful slim an' swift. 'Twas Skipper Jim that owned her an' all she had aboard. He built her Green Bay way, I'm thinkin'. 'Tis like she was built on contract for Morris o' Twin Islands, with so much off the fish by the year 'til she was paid for; but I'm not so sure o' that. Whatever, he fished the Labrador with her for six year, makin' a v'y'ge of it every time; an' then he set up for a trader, with a bit of a room at Chain Harbor. I've sailed in many a schooner, b'y, on this coast an' others; but of all the craft I've sailed in, they was none so clever as—"

"Wonderful lean for'ard," the skipper observed.

"Then you've seed her!" cried Docks.

"In a bit of a blow," said the skipper, dryly, "when I wanted t' get nearer, but couldn't."

"H-m-m!" Docks coughed; and then, "An' did you ever set eyes on Skipper Jim?" he asked. "Well, now, believe *me*, sir, he was a wonderful hard man. They says the devil was abroad the night of his bornin'; an' though I sets no more

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store by the goin's on o' the devil than you does, sir, I takes that yarn for true. I *sailed* along o' Skipper Jim, sir. Believe *me,* sir, I *knowed* him. He was a lank old man, with a beard that used t' put me in mind of a dead shrub on a cliff. Old, an' tall, an' skinny he was; an' the flesh of his face was sort o' wet an' whitish, as if it had no feelin'. They wasn't a thing in the way o' wind or sea that Skipper Jim was afeard of. I like a brave man so well as anybody does, but I haven't no love for a fool; an' I've seed *him* beat out o' safe harbor, with all canvas set, when other schooners was reefed down an' runnin' for shelter. Many a time I've took my trick at the wheel when the most I hoped for was three minutes t' say my prayers.

"'Skipper, sir,' we used t' say, when 'twas lookin' black an' nasty t' win'ard an' we was wantin' t' run for the handiest harbor, ''tis like you'll be holdin' on for Rocky Cove. Sure, you've no call t' run for harbor from *this here* blow!'

"'Stand by that main-sheet there!' he'd yell. 'Let her off out o' the wind. We'll be makin' for Harbor Round for shelter. Holdin' on, did you say? My dear man, they's a whirlwind brewin'!'

"An' that was all right. But if 'twas blowin' hard—a nor'east snorter, with the gale raisin' a wind-lop on the swell, an' the night comin' down — if 'twas blowin' barb'rous hard, sometimes we'd get scared.

"'Skipper,' we couldn't help sayin', ''tis time t' get out o' this. Leave us run for shelter, man, for our lives!'

"'Steady, there, at the wheel!' he'd sing out. 'Keep her on her course. 'Tis no more than a clever sailin' breeze.'

"Believe *me,* sir," Docks sighed, "they wasn't a port Skipper Jim wouldn't make, whatever the weather, if he could trade a dress or a Bible or a what-not for a quintal o' fish. So it wasn't pleasant sailin' along o' him in the fall o' the year, when the wind was all in the nor'east, an' the shore was a lee shore every night o' the week. No, sir! 'twasn't pleasant sailin' along o' Skipper Jim in the old *Sink or Swim.* On no account, 'twasn't pleasant! Believe *me,* sir, when I lets my eyes look back through the fog o' years—when I lets my heart feel again the fears o' them old days—I haven't no love left for Jim. No, sir! doin' what he done at the last, I haven't no love left for Jim.

"'It's fish I wants, b'y,' says he t' me, 'an' they's no one 'll keep un from me.'

"'Dear man!' says I, pointin' t' the scales, 'haven't you got no conscience?'

"'Conscience!' says he. 'What's that?'

"Well, sir, as you knows, the time the Frenchman took the smallpox t' the Labrador there was a wonderful cotch o' fish down there. An' Skipper Jim he up an' cusses the smallpox, an' says he'll make a v'y'ge of it, no matter what. I'm thinkin' 'twas all the fault o' the cook, the skipper bein' the contrary man he was; for the cook he says he've signed t' cook the grub, an' he'll cook 'til he drops in his tracks, but he *haven't* signed t' take the smallpox, an' he'll be jiggered for a squid afore he'll sail t' the Labrador. 'Smallpox!' says the skipper. 'Who says 'tis the smallpox? *I* says 'tis the chicken-pox.' So the cook—the skipper havin' the eyes he had—says he'll sail t' the Labrador all right, but he'll see himself hanged for a mutineer afore he'll enter the port o' St. Mark. 'St. Mark, is it?' says the skipper. 'An' is that where they've the — the — smallpox?' says he. 'We'll lay a course for St. Mark the morrow. I'll prove 'tis the chicken-pox or eat the man that has it.' So the cook—the skipper havin' the eyes he had—says *he* ain't afraid o' no smallpox, but he knows what 'll come of it if the crew gets ashore.

"'Ho, ho! cook,' says the skipper. '*You'll* go ashore along o' *me,* me boy.'

"The next day we laid a course for St. Mark, with a fair wind; an' we dropped anchor in the cove that night. In the mornin', sure enough, the skipper took the cook an' the first hand ashore t' show un a man with the chicken-pox; but I was kep' aboard takin' in fish, for such was the evil name the place had along o' the smallpox that we was the only trader in the harbor, an' had all the fish we could handle.

"'Skipper,' says I, when they come aboard, '*is* it the smallpox?'

"'Docks, b'y,' says he, lookin' me square in the eye, 'you never yet heard me take back my words. But I tells you what, b'y, I ain't hankerin' after a bite o' what I seed!'

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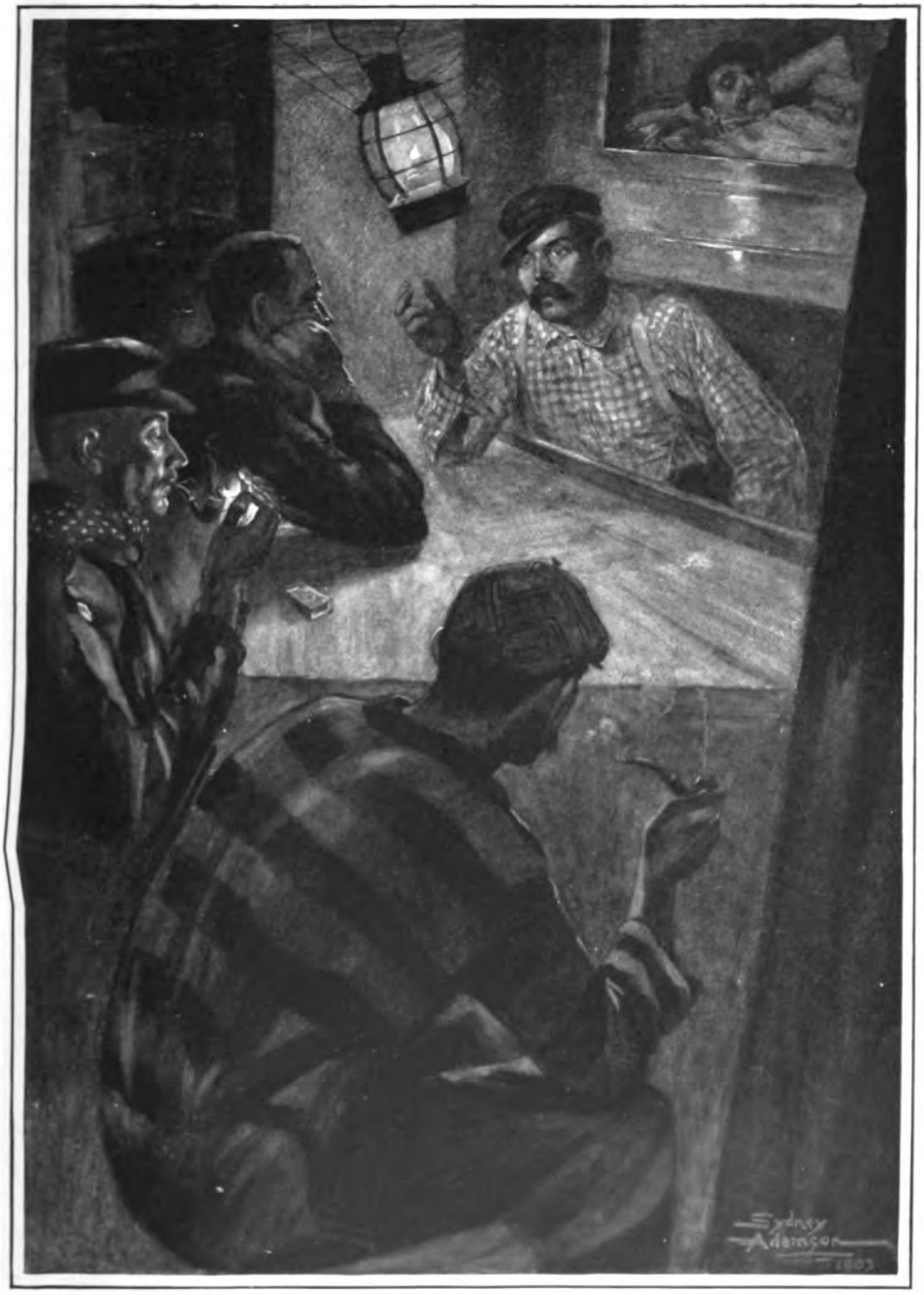

"THE NEXT DAY WE LAID A COURSE FOR ST. MARK"

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"'We'll be liftin' anchor an' gettin' t' sea, then,' says I; for it made me shiver t' hear the skipper talk that way.

"'Docks, b'y,' says he, 'we'll be liftin' anchor when we gets all the fish they is. When the last one's weighed an' stowed, we'll lift anchor an' out; but not afore.'

"We was three days out from St. Mark, tradin' Kiddle Harbor, when Tommy Mib, the first hand, took a suddent chill. 'Tommy, b'y,' says the cook, 'you cotched cold stowin' the jib in the squall day afore yesterday. I'll be givin' *you* a dose o' pain-killer an' pepper.' So the cook give Tommy a wonderful dose o' pain-killer an' pepper an' put un t' bed. But 'twas not long afore Tommy had a pain in the back an' a burnin' headache. 'Tommy, b'y,' says the cook, 'you'll be gettin' the inflammation, I'm thinkin'. I'll have t' put a plaster o' mustard an' red pepper on *your* chest.' So the cook put a wonderful large plaster o' mustard an' red pepper on poor Tommy's chest, an' told un t' lie quiet. Then Tommy got wonderful sick—believe *me*, sir, wonderful sick! An' the cook could do no more, good cook though he was.

"'Twas about that time that we up with the anchor an' run t' Hollow Cove, where we heard they was a grand cotch o' fish, all dry an' waitin' for the first trader t' pick it up. They'd the smallpox there, sir, accordin' t' rumor; but we wasn't afeard o' cotchin' it—thinkin' we'd not cotched it at St. Mark—an' sailed right in t' do the tradin'. We had the last quintal aboard at noon o' the next day; an' we shook out the canvas an' laid a course across the Straits, with a fair, light wind. We was well out from shore when the skipper an' me went down t' the forecastle t' have a cup o' tea with the cook; an' we was hard at it when Tommy Mib hung his head out of his bunk.

"'Skipper,' says he, in a sick sort o' whisper, 'I'm took.'

"'What's took you?' says the skipper.

"'Skipper,' says he, 'I—I'm—took.'

"'What's took you, man?' says the skipper.

"Poor Tommy fell back in his bunk. 'Skipper,' he whines, 'I've cotched it!'

"''Tis the smallpox, sir,' says I. 'I seed the spots.'

"'No such nonsense!' says the skipper. ''Tis the measles. That's what *he've* got.'

"But when we put into Harbor Grand, our first port on the Labrador, we knowed it wasn't no measles. When we dropped anchor there, sir, *we knowed what 'twas.* Believe *me*, sir, we *knowed* what 'twas. The cook he up an' says he ain't afraid o' no smallpox, but he'll be sunk for a coward afore he'll go down the forecastle ladder agin. An' the second hand he says he likes a bunk in the forecastle when he can have one comfortable, but he've no objection t' the hold *at times.* 'Then, lads,' says the skipper, 'you'll not be meanin' t' look that way agin,' says he, with a snaky little glitter in his eye. 'An' if you do, you'll find a fist about the heft o' *that*,' says he, shakin' his tarry hand, 't' kiss you at the foot o' the ladder.' After that the cook an' the second hand slep' in the hold, an' them an' me had a snack o' grub at odd times in the cabin, where I had a hammock slung, though the place was wonderful crowded with goods. 'Twas the skipper that looked after Tommy Mib. 'Twas the skipper that sailed the ship, too,—drove her like he'd always done: all the time eatin' an' sleepin' in the forecastle, where poor Tommy Mib lay sick o' the smallpox. But we o' the crew kep' our distance when the ol' man was on deck; an' they was no rush for'ard t' tend the jib an' stays'l when it was 'Hard a-lee!' in a beat t' win'ard—no rush at all. Believe *me*, sir, they was no rush for'ard—with Tommy Mib below.

"Skipper Tom, sir," said Docks, breaking off the narrative and fixing the impassive skipper of the *Mischief* with an anxious eye, "did they have the smallpox at Tops'l Cove? Come now; did they?"

"Ay, sir," Skipper Tom replied; "they had the smallpox at Tops'l Cove."

"Dear man!" Docks repeated, "they had the smallpox at Tops'l Cove! We was three days at Tops'l Cove, with folk aboard every day, tradin' fish. An' Tommy Mib below! We touched Smith's Arm next, sir. Come now, speak fair; did they have it there?"

"Ay, b'y."

"Smith's Arm too!" Docks groaned.

"An' Harbor Rim," said the skipper.

"Noon t' noon at Harbor Rim," said Docks.

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"An' Highwater Cove."

"Twenty quintal come aboard at Highwater Cove. I mind it well."

"They was dyin' like flies at Seldom Cove."

"Like flies!" Docks repeated, in a hoarse whisper. "Skipper Tom, sir, who —who died—like that?"

Skipper Tom drew his hand over his mouth. "One was a kid," he said, tugging at his mustache.

"My God!" Docks muttered. "One was a kid."

In the pause—in the silence into which the far-off, wailing chorus of wind and sea crept unnoticed—Skipper Tom and Docks stared into each other's eyes.

"An' a kid died, too," said Skipper Tom.

"Skipper Tom, sir," said Docks, his voice on the verge of breaking into sobs, "I wasn't much more than a lad in them days. I didn't know no better. Believe *me*, sir," he pleaded, "I didn't. But I knows now. See them pits, sir?" he went on, putting his forefinger to his face here and there. "I took it foreign—Cadiz, sir. An' now I knows. I didn't know 'twas so cotchin' then. I hadn't been no place in them days, an' I didn't know. But I knows now; an' I'm sorry. God! sir, but I'm sorry!"

Again the low, wailing chorus of wind and sea, creeping into the silence. I saw the light in Skipper Tom's eyes sink from a flare to a glow; and I was glad of that.

"'Twas a cold, wet day, with the wind blowin' in from the sea, when we dropped anchor at Little Harbor Deep," Docks continued. "We always kep' the forecastle closed tight an' set a watch when we was in port; an' the forecastle was tight enough that day, but the second hand, whose watch it was, had t' help with the fish, for 'tis a poor harbor there, an' we was in haste t' get out. The folk was loafin' about the deck, fore an' aft, waitin' turns t' weigh fish or be served in the cabin. Does you know what happened?" Docks asked, tensely. "Can't you see how 'twas? Believe *me*, sir, 'twas a cold, wet day, a bitter day; an' 'tis no wonder that one o' they folk went below t' warm hisself at the forecastle stove—went below, where poor Tommy Mib was lyin' sick. Skipper, sir," said Docks, with wide eyes, leaning over the table and letting his voice drop, "I seed that man come up—come tumblin' up like mad, sir, his face so white as paint. He'd seed Tommy Mib! An' he yelled, sir; an' Skipper Jim whirled about when he heard that word, an' I seed his lips draw away from his teeth.

"'Over the side, every man o' you!' sings he.

"'Twas not the skipper's order, 'twas that man's horrid cry that sent un over the side. They tumbled into the punts an' pushed off. It made me shiver, sir, t' see the fright they was in.

"'Stand by t' get out o' this!' says the skipper.

"'Twas haul on this an' haul on that, an' 'twas heave away with the anchor, 'til we was under weigh with all canvas spread. We beat out, takin' wonderful chances in the tickle, an' stood off t' the sou'east. That night, when we was well off, the cook says t' me that he *thinks* he've nerve enough t' be boiled in his own pot in a good cause, but he've no mind t' make a Fox's martyr of hisself for the likes o' Skipper Jim.

"'Cook,' says I, 'we'll leave this here ship at the next port.'

"'Docks,' says he, ''tis a clever thought.'

"'Twas Skipper Jim's trick at the wheel, an' I loafed aft t' have a word with un—keepin' well t' win'ard all the time; for he'd just come up from the forecastle.

"'Skipper Jim,' says I, 'we're found out.'

"'What's found out?' says he.

"'The case o' smallpox for'ard,' says I. 'What you goin' t' do about it?'

"'Do!' says he. 'What 'll I do! Is it you, Docks, that's askin' me that? Well,' says he, starin' straight ahead, 'they's three ports above Conch, an' I'm goin' t' trade un all. 'Twill be a v'y'ge by that time. Then I'm goin' t' run the *Sink or Swim* back o' the islands in Seal Run. Which done, I'll wait for Tommy Mib t' make up his mind, one way or t'other. If he casts loose, I'll wait, decent as you like, 'til he's well under weigh, when I'll ballast un well an' heave un over. If he's goin' t' bide a spell longer in this world, I'll wait 'til he's steady on his pins. But, whatever, go or stay, I'll fit the schooner with a

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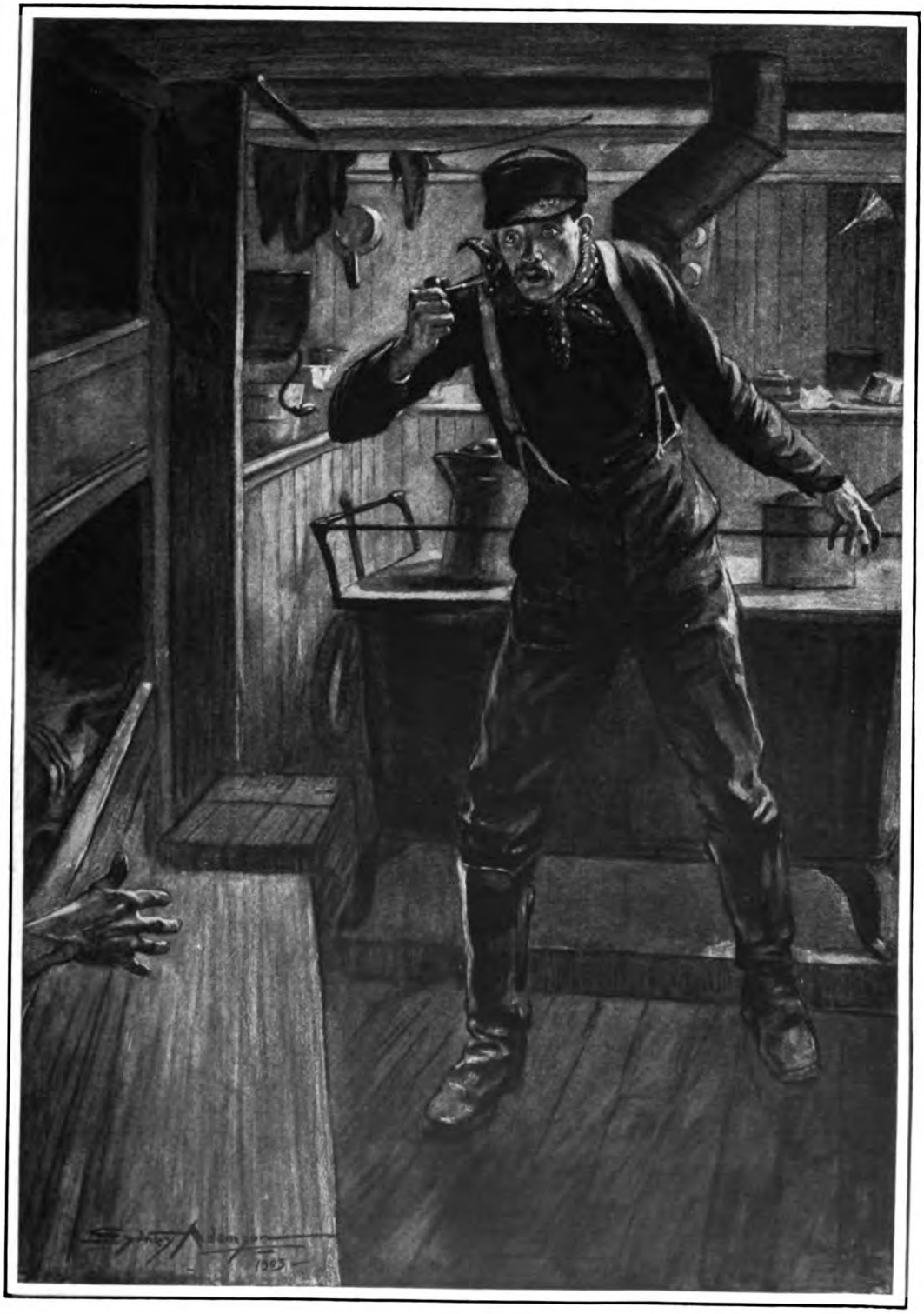

"HE'D SEED TOMMY MIB!"

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foretopmast, bark her canvas, paint her black, call her the *Prodigal Son,* an' lay a course for St. Johns. They's not a man on the docks will take the *Prodigal Son,* black hull, with topmasts fore an' aft an' barked sails, inbound from the West Coast with a cargo o' fish,—not a man, sir, will take the *Prodigal Son* for the white, single-topmast schooner *Sink or Swim,* up from the French Shore, reported with a case o' smallpox for'ard. For, look you, b'y,' says he, 'nobody knows *me* t' St. Johns.'

"'Skipper Jim,' says I, 'sure you isn't goin' t' put this fish—'

"'Hut!' says he. 'I'm worryin' about the price o' fish already.'

"We beat about offshore for three days, with the skipper laid up in the forecastle. Now what do you make o' that? The skipper laid up in the forecastle along o' Tommy Mib—an' Tommy took the way he was! Come, now, what do you make o' that?" We shook our heads, one and all; it was plain that the skipper, too, had been stricken. "Well, sir," Docks went on, "when Skipper Jim come up t' give the word for Rocky Harbor, he looked like a man risin' from the dead. 'Take her there,' says he, 'an' sing out t' me when you're runnin' in.' Then down he went agin; but, whatever, me an' the cook an' the second hand was willin' enough t' sail her t' Rocky Harbor without un, for 'twas in our minds t' cut an' run in the punt when the anchor was down. 'A scurvy trick,' says you, 't' leave old Skipper Jim an' Tommy Mib in the forecastle, all alone—an' Tommy took that way?' A scurvy trick!" cried Docks, his voice aquiver. "Ay, maybe! But you ain't been aboard no smallpox-ship. You ain't never knowed what 'tis t' lie in your bunk in the dark o' long nights shiverin' for fear you'll be took afore mornin'. An' maybe you hasn't seed a man took the way Tommy Mib was took —not took *quite* that way."

"Yes, I has, b'y," said Skipper Tom, quietly. "'Twas a kid that I seed."

"Was it, now?" Docks whispered, vacantly.

"A kid o' ten years," Skipper Tom replied.

"H-m-m!" Docks coughed. "Well, whatever," he went on, hurriedly, "the old man come on deck when we was slippin' up the narrows t' the basin at Rocky Harbor.

"'Tis the last port I'll trade,' says he, 'for I'm sick, an' wantin' t' get home.

"We was well up, with the canvas half off her, sailin' easy, on the lookout for a berth, when a punt put out from a stage up alongshore, an' come down with the water curlin' from her bows.

"'What's the meanin' o' that, Docks?' sings the skipper, pointin' t' the punt. 'They're goin' out o' the course t' keep t' win'ard.'

"'Skipper Jim,' says I, 'they knows us.'

"'Sink us,' says he, 'they does! They knows what we is an' what we got for'ard. Bring her to!' he sings out t' the man at the wheel.

"When we had the schooner up in the wind, the punt was bobbin' in the lop off the quarter.

"'What ship's that?' says the man in the bow.

"'*Sink or Swim,*' says the skipper.

"'You get out o' here, damn you!' says the man. 'We don't want you here. They's news o' you in every port o' the coast.'

"'I'll bide here 'til I'm ready t' go, sink you!' says the skipper.

"'I've a gun or two that says you'll be t' sea agin in half an hour if the wind holds,' says the man.

"So when we was well out t' sea agin, the cook he says t' me that he've a wonderful fondness for a run ashore in a friendly port, but he've no mind t' be shot for a mad dog. 'An' we better bide aboard,' says the second hand; 'for 'tis like we'll be took for mad dogs wherever we tries t' land.' Down went the skipper, staggerin' sick; an' they wasn't a man among us would put a head in the forecastle t' ask for orders. So we beat about for a day or two in a foolish way; for, look you! havin' in mind them Rocky Harbor rifles, we didn't well know what t' do. Then it blew up black an' frothy—a nor'east switcher, with a rippin' wind an' a sea o' mountains. 'Twas no place for a short-handed schooner. Believe *me,* sir, 'twas no place at all! 'Twas time t' run for harbor, come what might; so we asked the cook t' take charge. The cook says t' me

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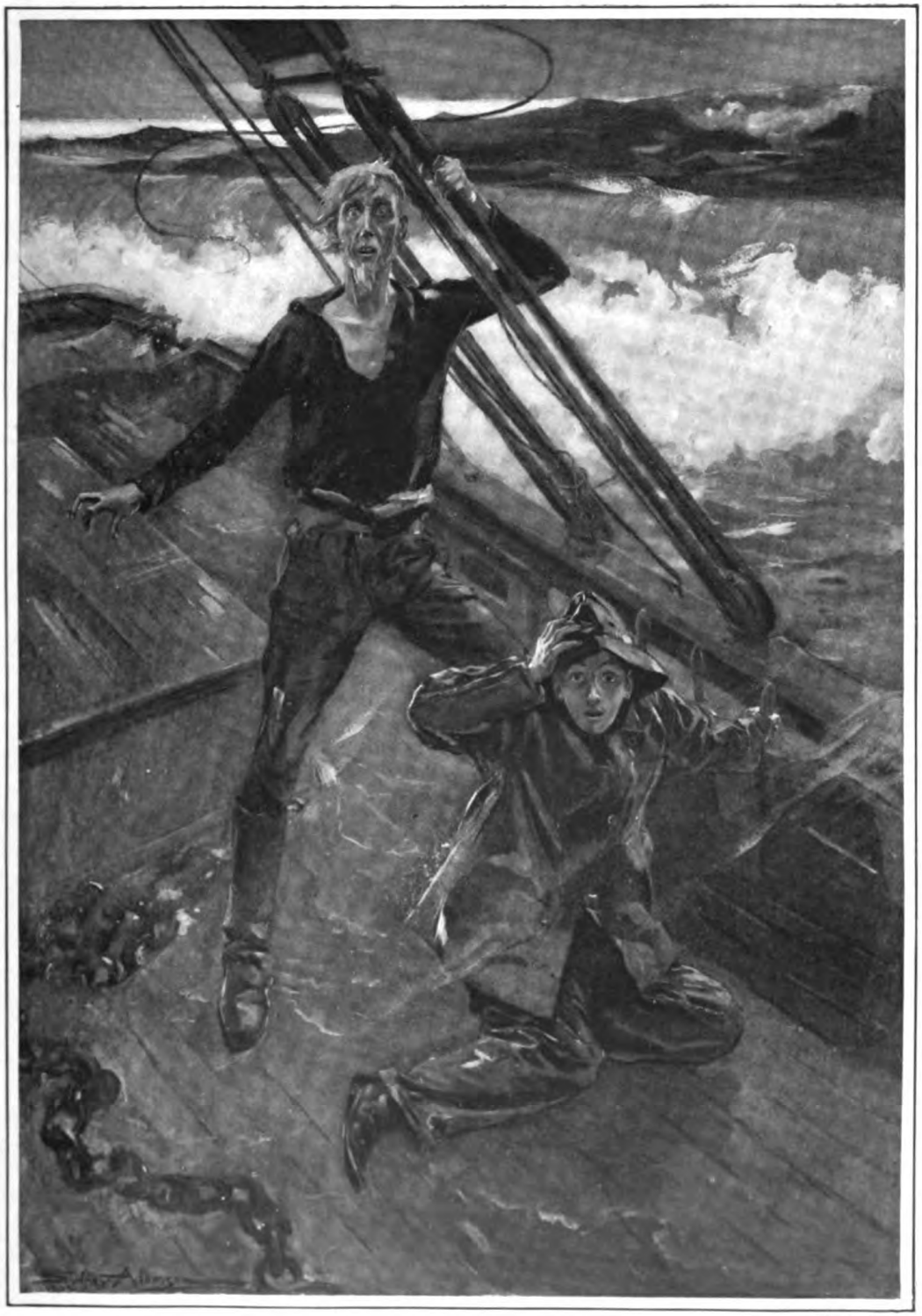

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"WE'LL SHOW UN THAT WE'RE MEN"

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that he'd rather be a cook than a skipper, an' a skipper than a ship's undertaker, but he've no objection t' turn his hand t' anything t' 'blige a party o' friends: which he'll do, says he, by takin' the schooner t' Broad Cove, which is a bad harbor in a nor'east gale, says he, but the best he can manage.

"So we up an' laid a course for Broad Cove; an' they was three schooners harbored there when we run in. We anchored well outside o' them; an', sure, we thought the schooner was safe, for we knowed she'd ride out what was blowin', if it took so much as a week t' blow out. But it blowed harder — harder yet: a thick wind, squally, too, blowin' dead on shore, where the breakers was leapin' half-way up the cliff. By midnight the seas was smotherin' her, fore an' aft, an' she was tuggin' at her bow anchor chain like a fish at the line. Lord! many a time I thought she'd rip her nose off when a hill o' suddy water come atop of her with a thud an' a hiss.

"'She'll go ashore on them boilin' rocks,' says the cook.

"We was sittin' in the cabin — the cook an' the second hand an' me.

"''Tis wonderful cold,' says the second hand.

"'I'm chillin' meself,' says the cook.

"'Chillin'!' thinks I, havin' in mind the way poor Tommy Mib was took. 'Has you a pain in your back?' says I.

"They was shiverin' a wonderful lot, an' the cook was holdin' his head in his hands, just like Tommy Mib used t' do.

"'Ay, b'y,' says he.

"'Ay, b'y,' says the second hand.

"'Been drilled too hard o' late,' says the cook. 'We're all wore out along o' work an' worry.'

"I didn't wait for no more. 'H-m-m!' says I, 'I thinks I'll take a look outside.'

"It was dawn then. Lord! what a sulky dawn it was! All gray, an' drivin' like mad. The seas was rollin' in, with a frothy wind-lop atop o' them. They'd lift us, smother us, drop us, toss the schooners ridin' in our lee, an' go t' smash on the big, black rocks ashore. Lord! how they pulled at the old *Sink or Swim!* 'Twas like as if they wanted her bad for what she done. Seems t' me the Lord God A'mighty must 'a' knowed what He was about. Seems to me the Lord God A'mighty said t' Hisself: 'Skipper Jim,' says He, 'I'm through usin' *you*. I've done all the damage I want done along o' you. I've sent some o' the wicked t' beds they chose t' lie on; an' the good folk—all the good folk an' little kids I couldn't wait no longer for, I loved un so—I've took up here. Ay, Jim,' says the Lord God A'mighty, 'I'm through usin' you; an' I got t' get rid o' the old *Sink or Swim*. I'm sorry for the cook an' the second hand an' poor Tommy Mib,' says He, 'wonderful sorry; but I can't run my world no other way. An' when you comes t' think it over,' says He, 'you'll find 'tis the best thing that could happen t' they, for they're took most wonderful bad.' Oh ay," said Docks, with a gentle smile, "the Lord God A'mighty knowed what He was about.

"I went for'ard t' have a look at the chain. Skipper Jim hisself was there, watchin' it close.

"'She's draggin',' says he; but I wouldn't 'a' knowed that voice for Skipper Jim's—'twas so hollow and breathless. 'She's draggin',' says he. 'Let her drag. They's a better anchorage in there a bit. She'll take the bottom agin afore she strikes them craft.'

"We was draggin' fast — bearin' straight down on the craft inside. They was a trader an' two Labrador fishin'-craft. The handiest was a fishin'-boat, bound home with the summer's catch, an' crowded with men, women, an' kids. We took the bottom an' held fast within thirty fathom of her bow. I could see the folk on deck—see un plain as I sees you—hands an' lips an' eyes. They was swarmin' fore an' aft like a lot o' scared seal — wavin' their arms, shakin' their fists, jabberin', leapin' about in the wash o' the seas that broke over the bows.

"'Docks,' says the skipper, 'what's the matter with they folk, anyhow? We isn't draggin', is we?' says he, half cryin'. 'We isn't hurtin' *they*, is we?'

"An old man—'tis like he was skipper o' the craft—come runnin' for'ard, with half a dozen young fellows in his wake. 'Sheer off!' sings the old one. He jabbered a bit more, all the while wavin' us off, but a squall o' wind carried it all away. 'We'll shoot you like dogs an you don't!' says one o' the young

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ones; an' at that I felt wonderful mean an' wicked an' sorry. Back aft they went. There they talked, talked, talked; an' as they talked they pointed—pointed t' the breakers that was boilin' over the black rocks; pointed t' the spumy sea an' t' the low, ragged clouds drivin' across it; pointed t' the old *Sink or Swim.* Then the skipper took the wheel, an' the crew run for'ard t' the windlass an' jib-sheets.

"'Skipper, sir,' says I, 'they're goin' t' slip anchor an' run!'

"'Ay,' says Skipper Jim, 'they knows us, b'y! They knows the *Sink or Swim.* We lies t' win'ard, an' they're afeard o' the smallpox. They'll risk that craft—women an' kids an' all—t' get away. They isn't a craft afloat can beat t' sea in this here gale. They'll founder, lad, or they'll drive on the rocks an' loss themselves, all hands. 'Tis an evil day for my poor old schooner, Docks,' says he, with a sob, 'that men 'll risk the lives o' kids an' women t' get away from her; an' 'tis an evil day for my crew.' With that he climbed on the rail, cotched the foremast shrouds with one hand, put the other to his mouth, an' sung out: 'Ahoy, you! Bide where you is! Bide where you is!' Then he jumped down; an' he says t' me, 'tween gasps, for the shout an' the leap had taken all the strength out of un, 'Docks,' says he, 'they's only one thing for a man t' do in a case like this. Get the jib up, b'y. I'm goin' aft t' the wheel. Let the anchor chain run out when you sees me wave my hand. See, lad,' says he, pointin' t' leeward, 'they're waitin', aboard that fishin'-craft, t' see what we'll do. We'll show un that we're men! Call the hands,' says he; 'but leave Tommy Mib lie quiet in his bunk,' says he, 'for he's dead.'

"'Skipper Jim,' says I, lookin' in his blood-red eyes, an' then t' the breakers, 'what you goin' t' do?'

"'Beach her!' says he. 'Call the hands,' says he, 'an' we'll wreck her like men!'"

Docks covered his eyes with his hands. Place was once more given to the noises of the gale. He looked up—broken, listless; possessed again by the mood of that wild time.

"An' what did *you* say, lad?" Skipper Tom whispered.

"I hadn't no objection," sighed Docks.

The answer was sufficient.

"So I called the hands," the clerk went on. "An' when the second hand cotched sight o' the rocks we was bound for, he went mad, an' tumbled over the taffrail; an' the cook was so weak that a lurch o' the ship flung him after the second hand afore we reached the breakers. I never seed Skipper Jim no more; nor the cook, nor the second hand, nor poor Tommy Mib. But I'm glad the Lord God A'mighty give Jim the chance t' die right, though he'd lived wrong. Oh ay! I'm fair glad the good Lord done that. The Labradormen give us a cheer when the chain went rattlin' over an' the *Sink or Swim* gathered way—a cheer, sir, that beat its way agin' the wind—God bless them!—an' made me feel that in the end I was a man agin. She went t' pieces when she struck," he added, as if in afterthought; "but I'm something of a hand at swimmin', an' I got ashore on a bit o' spar." After a pause, he said, hoarsely, to Skipper Tom: "They had the smallpox at Tops'l Cove, says you? Smith's Arm was next, sir, an' they had it there? At Harbor Rim an' Highwater Cove they died? How did they die at Seldom Cove? Like flies, says you? An' one was a kid?"

"*My* kid," said Skipper Tom, quietly still.

"My God!" cried Docks. "*His* kid! How does that song go? What about they lakes o' fire? Wasn't it,

> 'They's lakes o' fire in hell t' sail for sich as Skipper Jim!'

you sung? Lord! sir, I'm thinkin' I'll have t' ship along o' Skipper Jim once more!"

"No, no, lad!" said Skipper Tom, speaking from the heart. "It—it—*happened so long ago* the good Lord's sure forgot His anger!"

Docks's face brightened.

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Tailoring Animals

BY HENRY C. McCOOK, D.D., Sc.D., LL.D.

CARLYLE in his *Sartor Resartus* reduced the philosophy of human civilization to a question of clothes. One must admit that the art of putting together various fabrics to protect the person is a chief concern of life. Even architecture owes somewhat of its development to the tailoring habit, using the phrase in its larger sense. For primitive man sheltered himself and his household, as is still the wont with ruder peoples, in shacks of wattled limbs thatched with leaves or grass. In a higher stage of civilization he dwelt in tents, which are tailor-made houses. The nomadic man, the soldier, the pioneer, the man of science, the camp-meeting devotee, still make large demands upon thread and needle for shelter.

This is a development of the instinctive gift which led the original man to clothe himself with aprons of fig-leaves. But this art is not the exclusive possession of man. At the outset of his career some of the lower orders shared it with him. Man has advanced; the animals remain stationary at the fig-leaf period. This difference is of immeasurable value, and marks an impassable gulf between the two. Yet, a glance backward at "the rock whence we were hewn" should stir within us a kindlier interest in and sympathy with those lowly brothers who with us possess the earth.

If the dexterous use of natural threads of various sorts in the construction of homes be a test of tailoring, many birds may be grouped with tailoring animals. The long stockinglike nest of the Philippine Weaver-bird is a fine example of the use of dried grass by a process which closely resembles the familiar "darning" of domestic life. The Vireo gleans the silken tissue of the spider's web, and drawing it out and twisting it into strings, weaves and felts it into her nest. Our Baltimore Oriole has the same ingenious habit, and with its bill for a needle and grasses for threads will put together its pretty pensile nest. But it has learned the superiority of artificial fibres; for strings, wrapping-cord, and silk and cotton threads are freely appropriated, and wrought into the bag wherein her household treasures are kept.

The most striking achievement of birds in the sartorial line is perhaps that of the Tailor-bird, a small Asiatic species. When Tailor-birds are house-hunting they choose a plant with large leaves, say the size of a man's hand, which they proceed to make into a bag wherein to establish their nursery. They are said to pluck the boll of the cotton-plant and actually to spin it into thread with their bills and feet, and therewith literally sew together the edges of the chosen leaf. This sack is filled with down and feathers, and therein the female lays her eggs and rears her young.

This bit of avian tailoring, with its helpless birdlings tucked therein, can hardly fail to suggest the needlework cradle that the Indian mother makes for her infant, which she is wont, like the bird, to hang upon a tree, perhaps for the same reason. For all practical uses, at least, the tailor-bird and the tailor-woman have wrought to the same end by similar methods.

The tents of many spiders are fair examples of the tailoring art. Like the tailor-bird, the children of Arachne find their material close at hand, ready made in the loom of nature. The manner in which they manipulate the leaves of bushes and trees, blades of grass and stems of divers plants, is highly creditable to their skill. One of our most expert araneid tent-makers is the handsome orb-weaver known as the Trifoil spider

NOTE.—The original photographic studies of bird-figures were made through the courtesy of Professor Witmer Stone, of the Academy of Natural Sciences, of Philadelphia.

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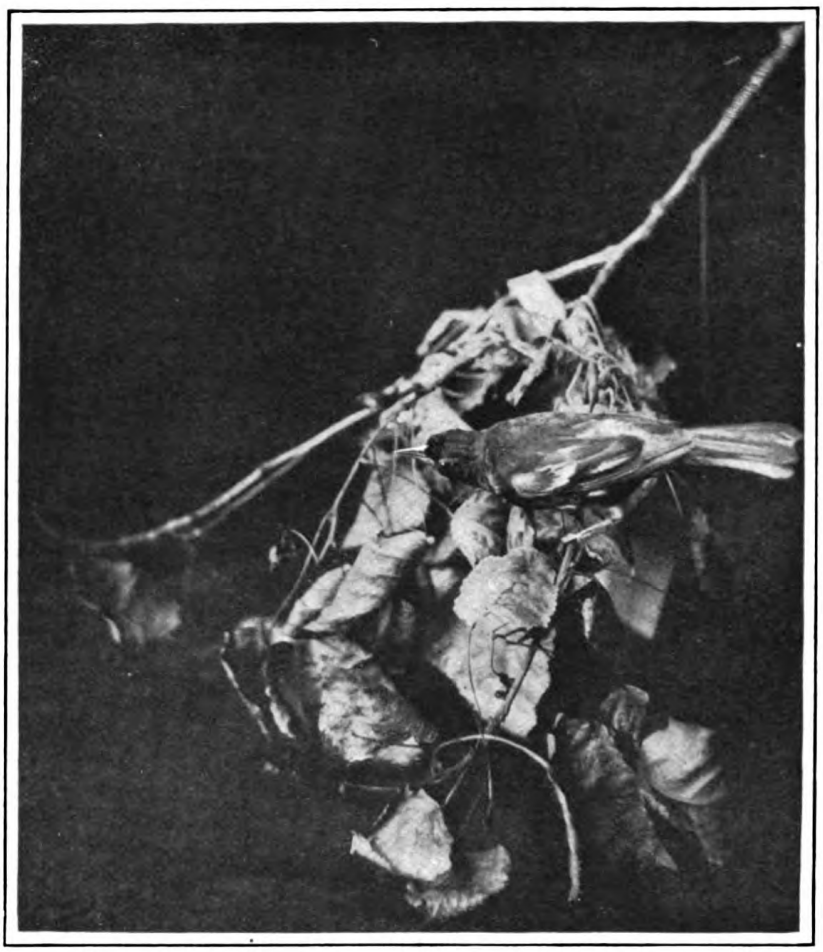

A Baltimore Oriole

(Epeira trifolium). Let us note the method of a worker of this species.

Here is a large oak-leaf swinging just above and to one side of the site chosen for a snare. Our Epeira has eight hands to work with; indeed we may say ten, for the palps, one on each side of the face, are serviceable in grasping, turning, and holding. Thus she seems to have the advantage over a human seamstress, who has only four hands, although the upper pair have the incomparable endowment of ten fingers, and the lower pair, since the era of sewing-machines, are almost as effective as the upper. However, our spider's hands—or feet, in common parlance—are not without admirable adaptations for her work. She can deftly seize and hold her material as between thumb and finger. Beginning at the stem, where the stride is easy, she grasps with her claws an under edge of the leaf, and reaching out her fore feet, draws the two selvages toward one another. Now from the spinnerets, one of nature's most wonderful and beautiful mechanical arrangements, is forced a liquid silken jet. It adheres to the leaf, and hardens at once into a tiny white disk, which is the "knot" upon the thread. Swinging the abdomen around, Epeira reverses her position, grasps the leaf's opposite side with her hind feet, and fastens her thread thereon. Thus the first "basting"-line is made, and the slightly curved form of the leaf is fixed. Back and forth, with alternate movements of hands and spinnerets toward the free end of the leaf, the industrious creature goes, crossing and recrossing, shortening and drawing taut her threads, until the edges of the leaf are approximated and overlaid and a pretty bell-shaped tent is formed. Into this the spider

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crawls, and by a process which our lady friends might call "satin-stitching" or "blind embroidery," spreads a soft white silken lining. Then, with face turned toward the front of her miniature wigwam, and fore legs outreached, she clasps the strong trap-line, that unites her to the centre of her orb-web and gives her control of its delicate machinery, almost as responsive to touch as nerve-tissue.

Often the tent is to be made up of several leaves, or of a cluster of grass tips, or a bunch of ferns. The manner of work is then more complex, but the essential method is the same. The several bits of material to be wrought into shape are gradually approximated by a series of successive trial threads until all are drawn together. This basting process is applied to the inner side of the leaves as well as to the outer. It is not all done at once. The tent is a development, being improved, enlarged, strengthened, as the creature grows or as circumstances require, quite after the fashion of human habitations. Always the aranead will adapt herself to the situation. Whether one leaf or two leaves or a tuft of wild flowers, grasses, or ferns be the chosen material from which to fashion her tent, she joins the parts together with her silken threads with a rude but effective skill.

If we may include, within that wider conception of tailoring which this meditation assumes, such combinations of fibre and fabric as netted-work, the spider has further claim to a place within the guild. The hunting-nets of ancient Egypt were of such fineness that one might pass through a finger-ring a net that would enclose a field. Arachne's silken toils, were they capable of like manipulation, would be found of even greater fineness. Certainly no lace-maker's art excels in beauty and delicacy some of the snares that our common field and garden spiders spin daily in summer fields and groves, and in such numbers that the face of nature, when moistened with mist or besprinkled with dew, seems draped with a dotted veil of white silk.

The spider mother makes a yet nearer approach to her human sister. Mother-love and care are the threads that bind into one garment the various pieces of natural life. There is no sweeter thing within the compass of human actions than a mother clothing her infants in the garments her own hand has made. The happiness, the hope, the eager fondness, that play over her face and find expression in smiles, and gentle cooings, and kisses placed upon face and body and pink fingers and toes, and like outbreaks of rapturous love, have no likeness and seemingly no analogue in the mechanical actions of the spider mother. Yet, in the deftness of her art, in the beauty of her work, in the patience of her spirit, in her self-abnegation even unto death, the aranead does not show to disadvantage.

In the natural handicraftmanship of living things there is nothing of higher artistic merit than the silken baby-clothes which a spider mother provides for her offspring. Her eggs are swathed in softest silken floss, covered with silken sheets and blankets, and these again wrapped about with a weather-proof encasement. These are not only the cradle furnishings of the eggs, but flossy swaddling-bands for the young in the tender and callow period following their hatching. The spider mother even indulges in the bright colors with which maternal love in our race is wont to find

A WORK OF THREADS AND FIBRES
Construction of Baltimore Oriole's Nest

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expression. The vaselike cocoon of our splendid Orange Argiope *(Argiope aurantia)* contains three hues of silk—white, brown, and yellow. Other species use silks of delicate green; but white and yellow are the prevailing colors.

It seems a long step from the spider with her silk-sewn tent, and satin-stitched enswathements for her young, to the larvæ of moths and other insects. But the step is a natural one from the standpoints of both structure and habit. A spider is an insect larva in a lower stage of advancement; or one should say, perhaps, in a different stage of transformation. The aranead original has been transformed into the spider, dropping many characteristics, but carrying with it the spinning function among others retained. This has been highly developed and made permanent. It may be due to the latter quality that the thread-making and manipulating organs have been transferred from the head, as is common with insect larvæ, to the lower and terminal end of the abdomen. There is another distinction. With spiders the tailoring instinct is largely applied to preserve the young. It is altruistic as well as personal. With the silkworm and its order it is used exclusively for self-protection.

One of the most ingenious of the tailoring insects is the bagworm. Even those whose foliage plants suffer from its depredations must allow that its endowments, if provoking, are interesting. Indeed, it seems to be a rule that nature's mischievous children have the most interesting habits; and thereto our own race is no exception, especially in the period of life that corresponds with the bagworm's in activity. The bagworm is the caterpillar of a small moth that bears the formidable name of *Thyridopteryx ephemeræformis!*

A TAILOR-BIRD

On the leafless branches of small trees, in winter or early spring, one will sometimes see curious conical pendants, no bigger than an almond, hanging from the tips like the ornaments of a Christmas tree. They are lashed to twigs by silken loops, and are composed of tough silk. Attached to the outside are tags of leaves and stems, withered and brown, but when first put on, green like the summer foliage. These are the bagworm's cocoons, with their odd ornaments like the dangles, loops, bows, pendants, rosettes, and other like devices with which ladies trim their gowns, and military and diplomatic gentlemen decorate their dress suits. The bagworm begins life as a small, soft-bodied, hairless larva, whose one manifest destiny is to eat its way to the top or tip of the bush on which it lodges. It is not confined to any one food-plant, but ranges miscellaneously among the trees. Thus nature has greatly eased the insect's struggle for life. The young worm's first act is to weave around itself a silken caselike frock, which is gradually enlarged and widened at the middle as the creature grows. When the inmate wishes to feed, it loops its smock to a leafy twig and begins to eat the foliage. Its table postures are often odd enough, sometimes reminding one of a squirrel eating a nut; sometimes of a child with a napkin under its chin eating a stick of asparagus. It is perfect master of the situation. It can turn at will within its bag, stretch forth its head to take surrounding leaves, or if need be cut itself loose and march away a-foraging, with its bag and all its dangles on its back. One sees how naturally the fragments of leaf and twigs are put on when once the method is observed. When the larva seizes its food it bastes it to the mouth of her bag by the liquid silk exuded From time to time uneaten particles are rejected, and being fastened to the rim of the case, simply drop along the side. As the larva eats and grows, the rim

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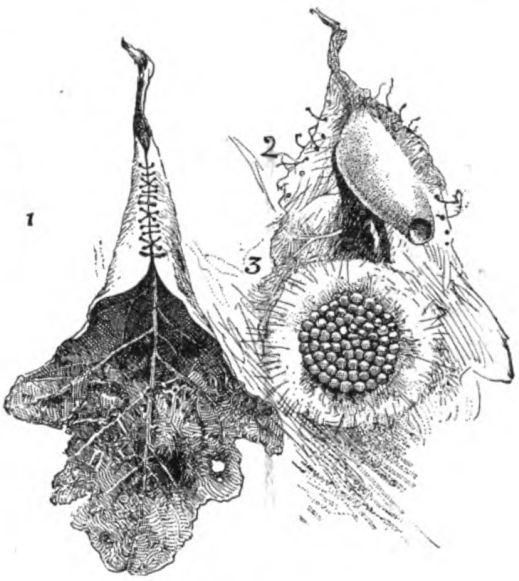
rises higher, and each succeeding increment gets its girdle of dangles. When the bagworm is full grown it loops itself to a branch, shuts up the mouth of its sack, passes into the pupa state, and in due time transforms.

In tailoring establishments the cutting department represents the highest trained skill. To plan a garment and then cut its various parts from the stuff is distinctly the work of a finer intelligence than to put the parts together. It may be forcing analogies too far, but at least it is a fancy that lies close to fact that the highest order of insects, the Hymenoptera, perhaps contain species that cut from the leaves of plants a covering for their young, which pieces they unite upon a fixed and traditional but apparently premeditated plan. The cutting or parasol ants may be grouped with these species, and the leaf-cutting bee has even a better claim to the first honors in the cutters' association of their guild. Her brooding-nest is a tapestried tube made in soft wood, in the pith of an elder-stock, the hollow of a tree, an opening in an old wall, the shelter of a cornice, or a hole in the ground. Having chosen and arranged her quarters, she proceeds to get material to drape its walls. You may see her then, squat upon a rose-leaf, revolving upon her feet while she uses her jaws as scissors, thus clipping out a circular patch, which she carries to her quarters. The piece is thrust into the tube, with the serrated edge, it is alleged, habitually placed upon the outside. The elasticity of the cutting causes it to cling to the walls, and when a dozen pieces, more or less, are laid in and overlapped, a small thimble-shaped cell is formed. Into this the mother drops an egg, and puts a bit of bee-bread, and seals up the cell with a cutting or two. Like cells are added until they are lengthened out into a chamber two or three inches long. Other chambers follow, the mother placing half a dozen cells in every one, until her maternal zeal is satisfied, which, at times, is not until several separate rooms are tapestried. This feat, in the number of pieces cut and placed, rivals that of our grandams' patchwork quilts. For the bee may cut and carry and drape a thousand pieces ere her task is done.

These are some examples of work wrought in nature by what have been called — by courtesy, if the reader so please—the tailoring animals. All have



A BABY SPIDER'S SILKEN CLOTHES

1. — Silk-sewn leaf nest of Spider. 2. — Interior of same. 3.—Cluster of eggs whose silken enswathement is thrown back.

methods that suggest, at least, the human tailor's cult. If sewing be defined as the art of joining together separate pieces of pliable material by means of threads, then the tailor-bird and the spider may be said to "sew." If again we define tailoring as the art of clothing the body with various fabrics, the silkworm, the bagworm, and many other insect larvæ are natural tailors. It is true that the leaf-cutter bee produces her tapestry effects without the aid of threads. But so does the human garment-cutter, the ranking member of the tailor's guild. On the whole, it is possible to believe that an affinity has herein been shown between sovereign man and his animal inferiors.

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Special Delivery

BY VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN

A MONOLOGUE

SCENE.—*A room in the Albany, a bachelor apartment-house. Several knocks are heard at door opening into the corridor. Finally the door opens and* Miss Penelope Page *presents herself. She stands hesitating upon the threshold.*

THERE'S no card on the door, but this must be it. This way, Aunt Emily.—Careful of the rug.

[*She assists her imaginary companion to enter.*

No one in! That's odd! Just stand here a moment, Aunt Emily.

[*She steps back and again inspects the number painted on the door.*

Number 21—of course! I remember the figures perfectly now. A one and a two—that makes twenty-one, doesn't it?

[*She takes a step or two.*

It's all right, Aunt Emily, but we'll have to wait a little while. Here's a nice big chair; let me make you comfortable.

[*She pulls out a big chair, and apparently helps to settle her companion in it.*

Is that right, dear? Yes; something for your feet. I'll get a hassock. [*She brings a hassock and puts it in place before the chair.*] Will you have a rest for your head?

[*Looking up after a moment.* Oh! gone to sleep, as usual.

[*She rises and looks down at the imaginary person.*

A most admirable chaperon! Deaf, dumb, blind, and always falls fast asleep the instant she sits down anywhere. No wonder the girls perfectly adore Aunt Emily; she is always in great request. Dear Aunt Emily!

[*She goes to the door.*

Oh, Manon, I forgot to tell Hardy what time I wanted the carriage. You might telephone from the office down-stairs, and then you can wait for me there. If I want you, I will ring. Yes; at twelve o'clock.

[*She closes the door and then returns.*

It is really most unbusinesslike in Mr. Archer Kingsland. [*She consults her watch.*] Eight minutes past the hour, and the appointment was for eleven o'clock, precisely. My first sitting, too; it is really most provoking! The very fact that I am late myself is all the more reason

HESITATING ON THE THRESHOLD

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for Mr. Kingsland's being punctual. But isn't that just like an artist!

[*Looking again at her watch.*

Nine minutes past. [*She walks nervously about the room.*] It doesn't look in the least like a portrait-painter's studio. I don't see any easel,—not even the tip of a maulstick. Not a vestige of the admired confusion supposed to be characteristic of the artistic *ménage*. I wonder how he dares to charge such prices? A closed door! How tantalizing to the feminine mind!

[*She approaches it slowly.*

It reminds me of one of my childhood's friends, *M'sieu Barbebleue*. Dear *Sister Anne*, are you keeping watch upon the tower?

[*Stopping short.*

How absurd of me! Of course it leads to the studio proper, the actual workshop of the master. I wonder if he is there now! Perhaps if I coughed loudly. [*She does so.*] Or upset a chair. But no. I will knock.

[*She knocks timidly and then more boldly.*

Not a sound from the tomb. [*Consulting her watch.*] And a quarter after the hour. Mr. Archer Kingsland, this is unpardonable! [*She sits at writing-table with her watch in hand.*] He shall have exactly five minutes longer.

[*She looks critically about the apartment.*

A man's room, without doubt. The draperies all look as though they had been nailed into place; the arrangement of the books and pictures has the unstudied appearance of a pile of bricks suddenly displaced from an Irishman's hod.

[*Jumping up.*

I simply cannot stand the impossible angles of those sofa cushions.

[*She crosses over and rearranges them. Consulting her watch.*

Twenty minutes after—time's up!

[*She replaces the watch in her belt and walks to centre-table to pick up her muff.*

Everything has gone wrong to-day, one annoyance after another. By way of a climax, my hat is probably on crooked.

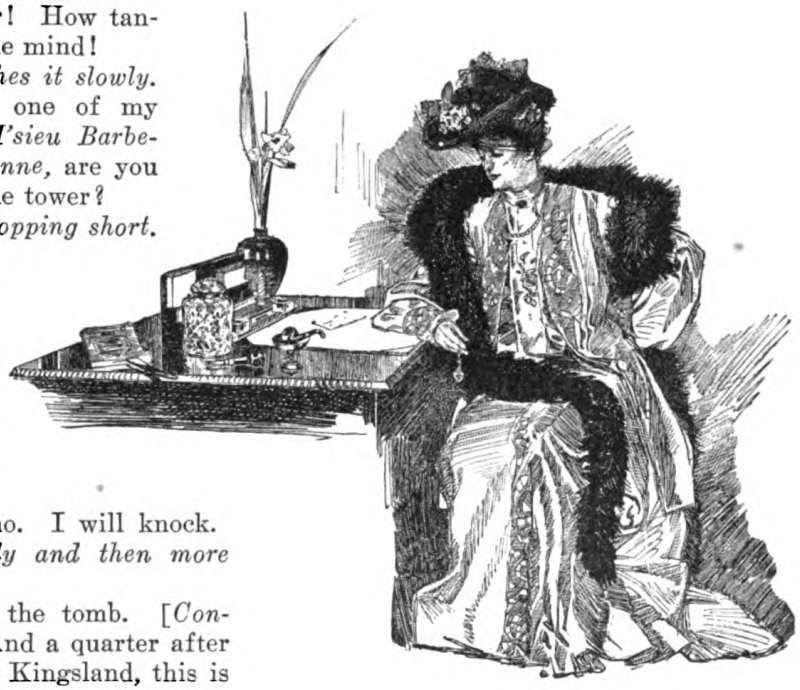
[*She picks up a hand-mirror from the centre-table and inspects herself.*

It is!

[*She goes over to writing-table, places the mirror on it, and sits down. She starts.*

Why, how extraordinary!

[*She picks up a piece of blotting-paper from the table and examines it attentively.*



A MAN'S ROOM, WITHOUT DOUBT

I can't make a thing out of it. Just a lot of scratchy marks that don't mean anything.

[*She turns the paper in every possible direction.*

I'm sure that I saw it—my own name as plain as print: "Miss Penelope Page, 10 Richmond Square, North—" Oh!—

[*She snatches the mirror from the writing-table and holds the piece of blotting-paper before it.*

Of course when the writing was blotted it left the words all turned inside out on the blotting-paper. And now the reflection in the mirror brings them right again. It's like being with Alice behind the Looking-glass.

[*She studies the paper carefully.*

There can't be but one Penelope Page

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BY WAY OF A CLIMAX, MY HAT IS PROBABLY ON CROOKED

dozen times—tried to write—and as often destroyed—my dearest Pen—that I love—I love you—" Well, of all things!

[*She replaces the mirror on the table, and stands slowly twisting up the blotting-paper between her fingers.*

Archer Kingsland — the very last man — sixty years old, and he dyes his hair. It is simply too ridiculous!

[*She sinks into a chair and tosses the crumpled piece of blotting-paper on the floor.*

A secret devotion — concealment like a worm in the bud preying upon his damask cheek — no, enamelled; I'm sure he paints — comes out newly furnished and redecorated every fortnight. Archer Kingsland, of all men in the wide, wide world!

at No. 10 Richmond Square, North. It must have been an envelope, a letter. But why should Mr. Kingsland be writing to me? And if he did, why didn't I get the letter? Mystery of mysteries!

[*She examines the writing again.*

I never saw Mr. Kingsland's handwriting that I know of, but it seems curiously familiar. It reminds me—well, then, of Dick Manning; he always makes such a funny-looking R.

[*She remains silent for a moment.*

I can't understand it, unless—unless Mr. Kingsland had written to postpone my appointment this morning. It looks like it. But why didn't I get the note at the house?

[*She turns the paper over and looks at it critically.*

There are some more scratchy marks on this side. Perhaps part of the letter.

[*She holds the paper to the mirror.*

I can only make out three or four words here and there: "A

WELL, OF ALL THINGS!

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[*The situation overpowers her for a moment, and then she suddenly recovers her gravity and is remorseful.*

I ought to be ashamed of myself, surprising the secret of his pathetic little romance. For it is pathetic. Think of all those avowals so carefully written, only to be destroyed, one after the other! I wonder what he did do with them?

[*She rises and walks over to the fireplace.*

There they are in the fireplace—bits of half-charred paper and a piece of the envelope. I might fit them together like a dissected map puzzle, but it wouldn't be fair; I should feel exactly as though I were reading somebody else's letter.

[*She walks over to the centre-table and picks up her muff. As she does so, she displaces a small box. It falls to the floor and its contents are scattered.*

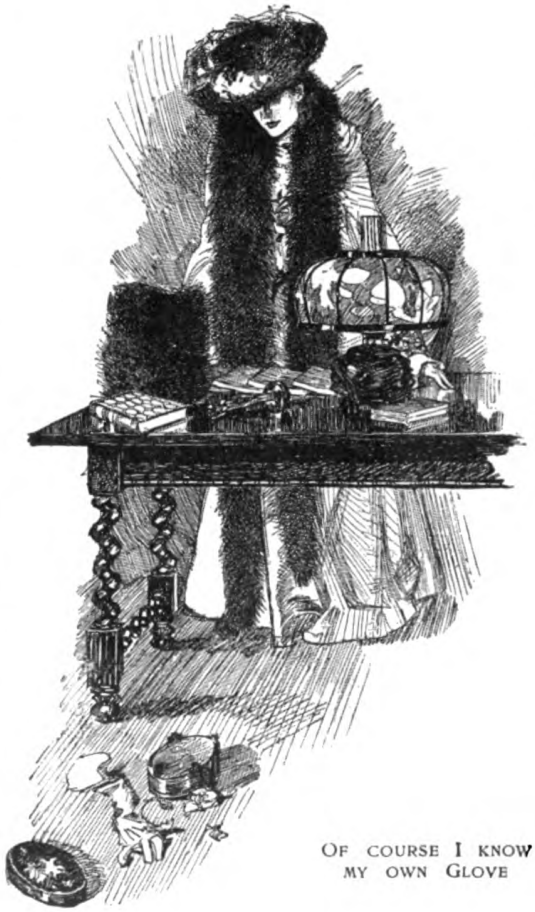
Corroborative evidence; for of course I know my own glove. [*She picks it up.*] And a withered rose.

[*She replaces the glove and flower in the box, and puts it back on the table.*

I can't imagine where he ever got them. A long white glove, too! [*A little pause.*

I remember about a glove, a long white one. But that was ages ago, and—and it was some one else who carried it off. I don't understand; the mystery only deepens the more I puzzle over it.

[*She remains silent for a moment, and then starts violently.*



OF COURSE I KNOW MY OWN GLOVE

What am I thinking of! He may come in at any moment, and of course I cannot see him now.

[*She goes towards the door and stops.*

It would be just as bad any other day; I shall have to give up having my portrait done. I can leave a note—a change of mind, a privilege always accorded to a woman.

[*She sits at the writing-table and writes rapidly.*

"My dear Mr. Kingsland, — So sorry that circumstances — entirely unexpected—" um, um— There!

[*As she finishes sealing and directing the letter there comes a knock at the door.*

Oh, goodness me!

[*She jumps up and runs behind the shelter of a screen.*

The letter!

[*She dashes out and recovers it. The knocking continues, and she runs again behind the screen. The knocking continues for a moment longer and then stops.*

What a goose I am! As though he would be knocking at his own door. The situation must be getting on my nerves. I had better— What was that?

[*She starts violently at the sound of a whistle.*

The speaking-tube—!

[*She runs towards the door, and then stops.*

It would be safer, perhaps.

[*She goes to the speaking-tube and answers tremulously.*

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Ye-es.

[*She listens.*

Mister who? Mr. Manning! Mr. Richard Manning! Oh no, no! He's not in—not expected for hours—g-g-gone to the Transvaal, I believe. Yes; Mr. Jones—how do you spell it? Oh yes—J-o-n-e-s— I'll tell him you called. Good-by, good-by.

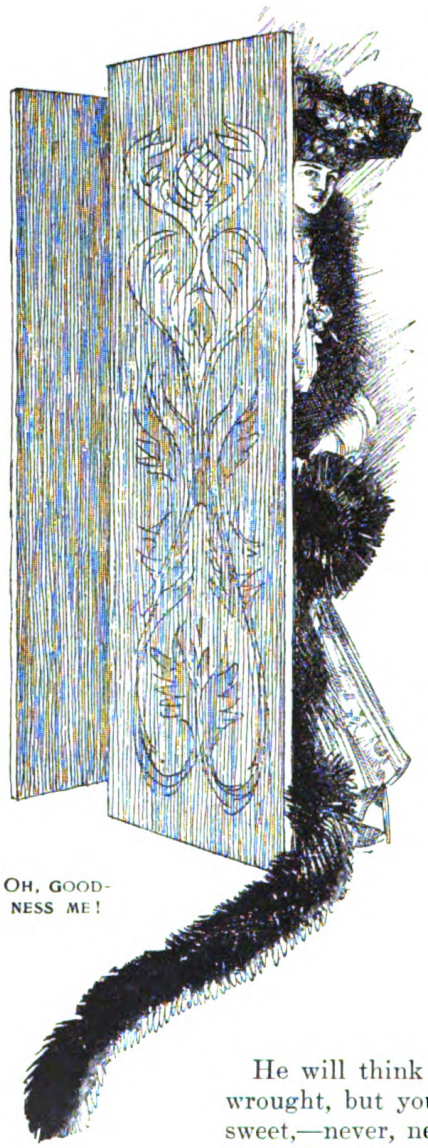
[*She drops the speaking-tube and comes forward.*

I did remember the figures perfectly—a one and a two. But they make twelve as well as twenty-one, and this is Mr. Manning's room, and it is Mr. Archer Kingsland who has been waiting for *me* at *numéro douze*. How absurd! Yes. Aunt Emily, do wake up; it is horribly late and we must hurry, and some one may happen in at any moment. Do, please.

[*She assists her imaginary companion to rise.*

Yes; you have your gloves and your card-case and your bag and your purse and everything—everything! Do, please, hurry! This way. Now take my arm—careful of the rug— Oh, one moment!

[*She goes out through the door, returning almost immediately.*



OH, GOODNESS ME!

I couldn't go without my letter.

[*She hurriedly picks up the crumpled piece of blotting-paper, and smooths it out tenderly.*

So that is why Dick hasn't been near me for weeks and months. I had half guessed it before, but I could not be sure. Now I know—dear foolish Dick! What a brilliant idea! to put his love-letters in the fireplace. And what a lucky chance that brought me a "special delivery"! [*Calling off.*] Yes, Aunt Emily,—in just a moment.

[*She tucks the letter into her muff and walks to centre-table. Taking the rose from her corsage, she holds it an instant to her lips.*

He will think that a miracle has been wrought, but you must never betray me, sweet,—never, never!

[*She opens the little box and substitutes the fresh rose for the withered flower.*

Yes; a miracle.

[*She goes to the door.*

But perhaps, little by little, he will come to understand. And then, some day— "*A bientôt, mon ami!*"

[*She closes the door behind her.*

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The Cruise of the "Tonquin"

A FORGOTTEN TRAGEDY IN EARLY AMERICAN HISTORY

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

ON the morning of the 8th of September, 1810, two ships were running side by side before a fresh southwesterly breeze off Sandy Hook, New York. One was the United States ship *Constitution,* Captain Isaac Hull; the other was the full-rigged ship *Tonquin,* of two hundred and ninety tons burden.

This little vessel was captained by one Jonathan Thorn, who was at the time a lieutenant in the United States navy. He had obtained leave of absence for the purpose of making a cruise in the *Tonquin.* Thorn was a thoroughly experienced seaman and a skilled and practised navigator. He was a man of magnificent courage, with a fine war record.

He was with Decatur in the *Intrepid* when he put the captured *Philadelphia* to flames six years before. In the subsequent desperate gunboat-fighting at Tripoli Midshipman Thorn had borne so distinguished a part that he received special commendation by Commodore Preble. As to his other qualities, Washington Irving, who knew him from infancy, writes of him to the last with a warm affection which nothing could diminish.

Mr. John Jacob Astor, merchant, fur-trader, financier, had pitched upon Thorn as the best man to take the ship bearing the first representatives of the Pacific Fur Company around the Horn and up to the far northwestern American coast to make that first settlement at Astoria, whose history is so interwoven with that of our country.

Mr. Astor already monopolized the fur trade of the Far West south of the Great Lakes. His present plan was to form a fur company and establish a series of trading posts along the Missouri River, reaching overland across the Rocky Mountains until they joined the posts on the Pacific. The place he selected for his Pacific depot was the mouth of the Columbia River.

The principal rival of the Astor Fur Trading Company was the Northwest Company. Astor tried to persuade the company to join him in his new venture. When it refused to do so as an organization, he approached individual employees of the company, and in 1810 formed the Pacific Fur Company. Among the incorporators were four Scottish Canadians, Messrs. McKay, McDougall, David Stuart, and Robert, his nephew. There were several other partners, including Wilson Price Hunt, of New Jersey.

It was planned that Hunt should lead an overland expedition from St. Louis, while the four Scotsmen mentioned went around the Horn, and that they should meet at the mouth of the Columbia River, where the trading post was to be situated. Most of the employees of the company were Canadians who had large experience in the fur business. Among these were included a number of French *voyageurs.*

Thus the *Tonquin,* owned by a German, captained by an American, with a crew including Swedes, French, English, negroes, and Americans, carrying out a party of Scottish and French Canadians and one Russian, started on her memorable voyage to establish a trading post under the American flag! The crew of the *Tonquin* numbered twenty-one men. The number of passengers was thirty-three.

The story of her voyage is related in the letters of the captain to Mr. Astor, and more fully in a quaint and curious French journal published at Montreal in 1819, by M. Gabriel Franchère, one of the Canadian clerks who made the voyage.

The *Tonquin* was pierced for twenty guns, only ten small ones being mounted.

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The other ports were provided with imposing wooden dummies. She had a high poop and a topgallant forecastle. The four partners, with James Lewis, acting captain's clerk, and one other, with the two mates, slept in the cabin or ward-room below the poop, in which was the captain's cabin. Forward of this main cabin was a large room extending across the ship, called the steerage, in which the rest of the clerks, the mechanics, and the Canadian boatmen were quartered.

Thorn seems to have felt to the full all the early naval officer's utterly unmerited contempt for the merchant service. It is also the unfortunate habit of the Anglo-Saxon to hold the French in contempt on the sea. The Canadians were wretched sailors, and Thorn despised them. Thorn also cherished a natural hatred toward the English, who were carrying things with a high hand on our coast. He began the voyage with a violent prejudice against the four partners on his ship. Indeed, the *Constitution* had convoyed the *Tonquin* to sea because it was rumored that a British war-brig intended to swoop down upon her and take off the English subjects on board. It was quite evident that war would shortly break out between England and the United States, and the Scottish partners had surreptitiously consulted the English consul as to what they should do if hostilities began. They were informed that in that case they would be treated as British subjects—a fine situation for an American expedition!

With such a spirit in the captain, and such a feeling on the part of the passengers, the relations between them were bound to become strained. Hostilities began at once. The first night out Thorn ordered all lights out at eight bells. This in spite of the remonstrances of the four partners, who, as representing Mr. Astor, considered themselves, properly enough, as owners of the ship. These gentlemen did not wish to retire at so early an hour, nor did they desire to spend the intervening time in darkness. They remonstrated with Thorn, and he told them, in the terse, blunt language of a seaman, to keep quiet or he would put them in irons. In case he attempted that, they threatened to resort to firearms for protection. Finally, however, the captain allowed them a little longer use of their lights. Thus was inaugurated a long, disgraceful wrangle that did not cease while life lasted.

There was doubtless much fault on both sides, but, in spite of the brilliant advocate who has pleaded Thorn's cause, I cannot but admit that he was decidedly the most to blame. He carried things with a high hand indeed, treating the partners as he might a graceless lot of undisciplined midshipmen.

A voyage around the Horn in those days was no slight matter. The *Tonquin* was a remarkably good sailer, but it was not until the 5th of October that they sighted the Cape Verde Islands. There they struck the Trades, and went booming down the African coast at a great rate. There also they were pursued by a large man-o'-war brig. On the third day she drew so near that Thorn prepared for action, whereupon the brig sheered off and left them.

On the 11th of October they ran into a terrific storm, which prevailed until the 21st, when they found themselves off the River Plate. While the storm was at its height the man at the wheel was thrown across the deck by a sudden jump of the wheel and severely injured, breaking three of his ribs and fracturing his collar-bone. Thorn's seamanship during this trying period was first class. After the gale blew itself out a fresh breeze succeeded, which enabled them rapidly to run down their southing. The water-supply had grown very low, and it was determined to run in to the Falkland Islands to fill the casks.

They made a landfall on the 3d of December, got on shore on one of the smaller islets on the 4th, found no water, and were driven to sea to seek an offing on the 5th by a gale. On the 6th they landed at Point Egmont on the West Falkland, and found a fine spring of fresh water. As it would take several days to fill the casks, all the passengers went ashore and camped on the deserted island. They amused themselves by fishing, shooting, and rambling about. On the 11th of the month the captain, having filled his water-casks, signalled for every man to come aboard, by firing a gun. Eight passengers, including McDougall and Stuart, happened to be on shore at

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the time. They had wandered around to the other side of the island, and did not hear the report of the gun. Thorn, after waiting a short time, weighed anchor and filled away from the island, firmly resolved to leave the men ashore, marooned and destitute of supplies on that desolate and uninhabited spot, where they must inevitably have perished of starvation and exposure.

Some of the abandoned passengers happened to see the *Tonquin* fast leaving the island. In great alarm they hastily summoned the wanderers, and the eight got into a small boat twenty feet long, which had been left with them, and rowed after the rapidly receding ship. They had not the slightest hope of catching her unless she waited for them, but they pulled for her with furious energy nevertheless. As the *Tonquin* got out from under the lee of the land the breeze freshened, and she drew away from them with every passing moment in spite of their manful work at the oars. When they had about given up in exhaustion and despair, the ship suddenly changed her course and stood toward them.

Franchère says that it was because young Stuart put a pistol to the captain's head and swore that he would blow out his brains unless he went back for the boat. The captain's account to Mr. Astor is that a sudden shift of wind compelled him to come about, and this gave the boat an opportunity to overhaul him. There was a scene of wild recrimination when the boat reached the ship, shortly after six bells (3 P.M.), but it did not seem to bother Thorn in the least.

On the 18th of December they were south and east of Cape Horn. The weather was mild and pleasant, but before they could make headway enough against the swift easterly current to round the most dangerous point it came on to blow a regular Cape Horn gale. After seven days of hard beating they celebrated Christmas under pleasanter auspices in the southern Pacific.

Their run to the northward was uneventful, and on the 11th of February, 1811, they sighted the volcano of Mauna Loa in the Sandwich Islands. They landed on the 12th, and spent sixteen days among the different islands, visiting, filling the water-casks again, and buying fresh meat, vegetables, and live-stock from Kamehameha I.

While Captain Thorn was hated by the passengers, he was not beloved by his officers. Singularly enough, he seems to have been well liked by the crew, although there were exceptions even there. Anderson, the boatswain, left the ship at Hawaii. There had been difficulties between them, and the captain was glad to see him go. A sample of Thorn's method of administering discipline is interesting.

The day they sailed a seaman named Aymes strayed from his boat party, and was left behind when the boat returned to the ship. In great terror Aymes had some natives bring him aboard in a canoe. A long-boat loaded with fodder for the live-stock lay alongside. As Aymes clambered into the long-boat, the captain, who was furiously angry, sprang down into the boat, seized Aymes with one hand and a stout piece of sugar-cane with the other. With this formidable weapon the unfortunate sailor was beaten until he screamed for mercy. After wearing out the sugar-cane upon him, the captain pitched him into the water, with the remark that if he ever saw him on the sloop again he would kill him. Aymes, who was a good swimmer, made the best of his way to the shore, and stayed there with Anderson. Twenty-four natives were shipped at Hawaii, twelve for the crew and twelve for the new settlement.

On the 16th of March they ran into another storm, of such violence that they were forced to strike their topgallant-masts and scud under double-reefed foresail. As they were nearing the coast, the ship was hove to at night. Early on the morning of the 22d of March they sighted land, one hundred and ninety-five days and twenty thousand miles from Sandy Hook. The weather was still very severe, the wind blowing in heavy squalls and the sea running very high, and the captain did not think it prudent to approach the shore nearer than three miles. His navigation had been excellent, however, for before them lay the mouth of the Columbia River, the object of their long voyage. They could see the waves breaking over the bar with tremendous force as they beat to and fro along the coast.

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Thorn, ignorant of the channel, did not dare take the ship in under such conditions. He therefore ordered First-Mate Ebenezer Fox to take Sailmaker Martin and three Canadians in a small boat and find a channel. It was a hazardous undertaking, and the despatch of a small boat under such circumstances was a serious error in judgment.

There had been bad blood between the captain and the mate, and Fox did not wish to go. If he had to go, he begged that his boat might be manned with seamen instead of Canadians. The captain refused to change his orders. Fox appealed to the partners. They remonstrated with the captain, but they could not alter his determination. The boat pulled away and was lost to sight in the breakers. Neither the boat nor any member of her crew was ever seen or heard of again. The boat was ill-found and ill-manned. She was undoubtedly caught in the breakers and foundered.

The next day the wind increased in violence, and they cruised off the shore looking for the boat. Every one on board, including the captain, stern and ruthless though he was, was very much disturbed at her loss.

On the 24th the weather moderated somewhat, and running nearer to the shore, they anchored, just outside Cape Disappointment, near the north shore of the river-mouth. The wind subsiding, Mumford, the second mate, with another boat, was sent to search for the passage, but finding the surf still too heavy, he returned about noon, after a terrible struggle with the breakers.

In the afternoon McKay and Stuart offered to take a boat and try to get ashore to seek for Fox and the missing men. They made the endeavor, but did not succeed in passing the breakers, and returned to the ship. Later in the afternoon a gentle breeze sprang up from the westward, blowing straight into the mouth of the river, and Thorn determined to try to cross the bar. He weighed anchor, therefore, and bore down under easy sail for the entrance of the river. As he came close to the breakers he hove to and sent out another boat, in charge of Aitken, a Scottish seaman, accompanied by Sailmaker Coles, Armorer Weeks, and two Sandwich-Islanders.

The breakers were not quite so rough as they had been, and Aitken proceeded cautiously some distance in front of the ship, making soundings and finding no depth less than four fathoms. In obedience to his signals, the ship came bowling on, and the fitful breeze suddenly freshening, she ran through the breakers, passing Aitken's boat to starboard in pistol-shot distance. Signals were made for the boat to return, but the tide had turned, and the strong ebb, with the current of the river, bore the boat into the breakers in spite of all her crew could do. While they were watching the boat, over which the waves were seen breaking furiously, the ship, the wind failing, was driven seaward by the tide, and struck six or seven times on the bar. The breakers, running frightfully high, swept over her decks again and again. Nothing could be done for the boat by the ship, their own condition being so serious as to demand all their efforts.

Thorn at last extricated the *Tonquin* from her predicament. The wind favored her again, and she got over the bar and through the breakers, anchoring at nightfall in seven fathoms of water. The night was very dark. The ebb and current threatened to sweep the ship on the shore. Both anchors were carried out. Still the holding was inadequate and the ship's position most dangerous. They passed some anxious hours, until the turn of the tide, when in spite of the fact that it was pitch-dark they weighed anchor, made sail, and succeeded in finding a safe haven under the lee of Cape Disappointment, in a place called Baker's Bay. The next day the captain and some of the partners landed in the morning to see if they could find the missing party. As they were wandering aimlessly upon the shore they came across Weeks, exhausted and almost naked.

He had a sad story to tell. The boat had capsized in the breakers and his two white companions had been drowned. He and the Kanakas had succeeded in righting the boat and clambering into her. By some fortunate chance they were tossed outside the breakers and into calmer waters. The boat was bailed out, and the next morning Weeks sculled her ashore with the one remaining oar.

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One of the Sandwich-Islanders was so severely injured that he died in the boat, and the other was probably dying from exposure. The relief party prosecuted their search for the Kanaka and found him the next day almost dead.

The loss of these eight men and these two boats was a serious blow to so small an expedition, but there was nothing to be done about it, and the work of selecting a permanent location for the trading post on the south shore, unloading the cargo, and building the fort was rapidly carried on, although not without the usual quarrels between captain and men. After landing the company, Thorn had been directed by Mr. Astor to take the *Tonquin* up the coast to gather a load of furs. He was to touch at the settlement, which they had named Astoria, on his way back, and take on board what furs the partners had been able to procure and bring them back to New York. Thorn was anxious to get away, and on the 1st of June, having finished the unloading of the ship, and having seen the buildings approaching completion, accompanied by McKay as supercargo, and James Lewis, of New York, as clerk, he started on his trading voyage.

That was the last that anybody ever saw of Thorn and the *Tonquin* or her men. Several months after her departure a Chehalis Indian, named Lamanse, wandered into Astoria with a terrible story of an appalling disaster. The *Tonquin* made her way up the coast, Thorn buying furs as he could. At one of her stops, at Gray's Harbor, this Indian was engaged as interpreter. About the middle of June the *Tonquin* entered Nootka Sound, an ocean estuary between Nootka and Vancouver islands, about midway of the western shore of the latter. There she anchored before a large Nootka Indian village called Newity.

The place was even then not unknown to history. The Nootkas were a fierce and savage race. A few years before the advent of the *Tonquin,* the American ship *Boston,* Captain Salter, was trading in Nootka Sound. The captain had grievously insulted a native chieftain. The ship had been surprised, every member of her crew except two murdered, and the ship burned. These two had been wounded and captured, but when it was learned that one was a gunsmith and armorer their lives were preserved, and they had been made slaves, escaping long after.

Every ship which entered the sound thereafter did so with the full knowledge of the savage and treacherous nature of the Indians, and the trading was carried on with the utmost circumspection. There had been no violent catastrophes for several years, until another ship *Boston* made further trouble. Her captain had shipped twelve Indian hunters, promising to return them to their people on Nootka Sound when he was finished with them. Instead of bringing them back he marooned them on a barren coast hundreds of miles away from their destination. When they heard of his cruel action, the Nootkas swore to be revenged on the next ship that entered the sound. The next ship happened to be the ill-fated *Tonquin.*

Now no Indians that ever lived could seize a ship like the *Tonquin* if proper precautions were taken by her crew. Mr. Astor, knowing the record of the bleak northwestern shores, had especially cautioned Thorn that constant watchfulness should be exercised in trading. Thorn felt the serenest contempt for the Indians, and took no precautions of any sort. Indeed, the demeanor of the savages lulled even the suspicions of McKay, who had had a wide experience with the aborigines. McKay even went ashore at the invitation of one of the chiefs and spent the first night after his arrival in his lodge.

The next day the Indians came aboard to trade. They asked exorbitant prices for their skins and conducted themselves in a very obnoxious way. Thorn was not a trader; he was a sailor. He offered them what he considered a fair price, and if that were not satisfactory, why, the vender could go hang, for all he cared. One old chief was especially persistent and offensive in his bargaining for a high price. He followed Thorn back and forth on the deck, thrusting a roll of skins in front of him, until the irascible captain at last lost the little control of his temper that he ordinarily retained. He suddenly grabbed the skins and shoved them—not to say rubbed them—in the face of the indignant and astonished

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Indian. Then he took the Indian by the back of the neck and summarily rushed him along the deck to the gangway. It is more than likely that he assisted him in his progress by kicking him overboard.

The other Indians left the ship immediately. The interpreter warned McKay that they would never forgive such an insult, and McKay remonstrated with the captain. His remonstrances were laughed to scorn, as usual. Not a precaution was taken. Ships trading in those latitudes usually triced up boarding-nettings fore and aft to prevent savages swarming over the bulwarks without warning. Thorn refused to order these nettings put in position. McKay did not think it prudent to go on shore that night.

Early the next morning a large canoe containing some twenty Indians, all unarmed, came off to the ship. Each Indian held up a bundle of furs and signified his desire to trade. Thorn in great triumph admitted them to the ship, the furs were brought on deck, and bargaining began. There was no evidence of resentment about any of them. Their demeanor was entirely different from what it had been the night before. On this occasion the Indians were willing to let the white men put any value they pleased on their furs.

While they were busily buying and selling, another party of unarmed Indians made their appearance alongside. They were succeeded by a second, a third, a fourth, and others, all of whom were welcomed to the ship. Soon the deck was crowded with Indians eager to barter. Most of them wanted hunting or butcher knives in exchange, and by this means, no one suspecting anything, nearly every one of the savages became possessed of a formidable weapon for close-quarter fighting. McKay and Thorn appear to have gone below temporarily, perhaps to break out more goods to exchange for furs, when the Indian interpreter became convinced that treachery was intended. Whoever was in charge at the time—perhaps Lewis—at the interpreter's instance, sent word to the captain, and he and McKay came on deck at once.

The ship was filled with a mob of Indians, whose gentle and pleasant aspect had given way to one of scowling displeasure and menace. The situation was serious. McKay suggested that the ship be got under way at once. The captain for the first time agreed with him. Orders were given to man the capstan, and five of the seamen were sent aloft to loose sail. The wind was strong and happened to be blowing in the right direction. With singular fatuity none of the officers or seamen were armed, although the ship was well provided with weapons. As the cable slowly came in through the hawse-pipe and the loosed sails fell from the yards, Thorn, through the interpreter, told the Indians that he was about to sail away and peremptorily directed them to leave the ship. Indeed the movements of the sailors made his intention plain.

It was too late. There was a sharp cry—a signal—from the chief, and without a moment's hesitation the Indians fell upon the unprepared and astonished crew. Some of the savages hauled out war-clubs and tomahawks which had been concealed in bundles of furs; others made use of the knives just purchased. Lewis was the first man struck down. He was mortally wounded, but succeeded in the subsequent confusion in gaining the steerage. McKay was seriously injured and thrown overboard. In the boats surrounding the ship were a number of women, and these despatched the unfortunate partner with their canoe paddles. The captain whipped out a sailor's sheath-knife which he wore and made a desperate fight for his life. The sailors also drew their knives or caught up belaying-pins or handspikes, and laid about them with the energy of despair, but to no avail. They were cut down in spite of every endeavor. The captain killed several of the Indians with his knife, and was the last to fall, overborne in the end by numbers. He was hacked and stabbed to death on his own deck.

The five sailors aloft had been terrified and helpless witnesses to the massacre beneath them. That they must do something for their own lives they now realized. Making their way aft by means of the rigging, they swung themselves to the deck and dashed for the steerage hatch. The attention of the savages had been diverted from them by the mêlée on deck. The five men gained the hatch, the last man down, Weeks the

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armorer, being stabbed and mortally wounded, although he too gained the steerage. At this juncture the Indian interpreter, who had not been molested, sprang overboard, and was taken into one of the canoes and concealed by the women. His life was spared, and he was afterwards made a slave and eventually escaped. The four unhurt men who had gained the steerage broke through into the cabin, armed themselves, and made their way to the captain's cabin, whence they opened fire upon the savages on deck. The Indians fled instantly, leaving many of their dead aboard the ship. The decks of the *Tonquin* had been turned into shambles.

The next morning the natives saw a boat with four sailors in it pulling away from the ship. They cautiously approached the *Tonquin* thereupon, and discovered one man, evidently badly wounded, leaning over the rail. He disappeared as they drew nearer. When they gained the deck he was no longer visible. No immediate search appears to have been made for him, but finding the ship practically deserted, a great number of Indians came off in their canoes and got aboard. They were making preparations to search and pillage the ship, when there was a terrific explosion, and the ill-fated *Tonquin* blew up with all on board. In her ending she carried sudden destruction to over two hundred of the Indians.

It is surmised that the four unwounded men left on the ship realized their inability to carry the *Tonquin* to sea, and determined to take to the boat in the hope of reaching Astoria by coasting down the shore. It is possible that they may have laid a train to the magazine—the *Tonquin* carried four and a half tons of powder,—but it is generally believed, as a more probable story on account of the time that elapsed between their departure and the blowing up of the ship, that Lewis, who was yet alive in spite of his mortal wounds, and who was a man of splendid resolution and courage as well, realizing that he could not escape death, had remained on board; and when the vessel was crowded with Indians had revenged himself for the loss of his comrades and friends by firing the magazine and blowing up the ship. Again, it is possible that Lewis may have died, and that Weeks the armorer, the other wounded man, made himself the instrument of his own and the Indians' destruction. To complete the story, the four men who had escaped in the boats were pursued, driven ashore, and fell into the hands of the implacable Indians. They were tortured to death.

Such was the melancholy fate which attended some of the participants in the first settlement of what is now one of the greatest and most populous sections of the Union.

The Fortunate One

BY FANNY KEMBLE JOHNSON

THE lips that sing, and the songs that ring, and the draught that is lifted up,
The curved cup brink, Desires that drink, and the eager hand at the cup,

The word that burns, and the look that spurns, and the answerless, sighed, "Alas!"
Do they matter to thee, thou soul set free, thou dust down under the grass?

The sad our own, and the glad unknown, and the goal that is set in space,
The feet that fail, and the hearts that quail, and the worthless ends of the race,

The love unlearned, and the friend face turned, and the foibles that shall surely pass,
Do they matter to thee, thou soul set free, thou dust down under the grass?

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Elizabeth

BY MAY HARRIS

ELIZABETH LOVELACE stood on the little veranda and watched her brother swinging with his alert step down the street. Confidence, self-poise, and youth were easily translatable from every line of his figure — three things the woman standing in the doorway lacked. She was tall and slender and thirty, but for some reason a belated freshness of girlhood clung to her and put its shield between her and the implacable years.

The little house where the brother and sister lived stood at the head of the principal street of Madderley, and it was the point where the village ended and the country began. Beyond them the makeshift sidewalks ended suddenly, and the street entered another existence as a quiet lane. It ran smoothly perhaps a quarter of a mile, and then climbed a little hill to the Herron place. Elizabeth mentally went over every step of the way—unlatched the gate and went up to the house; she had her hand on the door.

With a little start she came back to reality as Dr. Alexander in passing called a brisk "Good morning." She went indoors to her morning duties, but she could not fix her attention as she wished, and even her old negro servant, when she gave her the orders for dinner, saw that something was wrong.

She went into the sitting-room and opened the piano, but the music she instinctively played recoiled upon her mood, and she took her fingers from the keys with a nervous impatience.

"The Cherokee roses are in bloom!" She absently spoke aloud, and again her thoughts flew. It was John Herron's birthday. John Herron! It had been a long time—he was twenty-two then, and she nineteen. Why is one ever nineteen in this world, she wondered, if the time must pass? It *had* passed, beyond doubt, but not so far she could not recall it all.

They had been boy and girl together, and their engagement was a surprise to no one; it had seemed the perfectly natural outcome, and was approved on every side. They were of different temperaments—he impulsive, imaginative, eager to take the world into his hand—"and out of it his world to make,"—and Elizabeth entered into his plans and companioned his interests with an absorption that offered always a staff to his endeavor and a promise to his dreams.

They were altogether happy in their engagement for a year, and then he went away. A relative had left him a legacy—small, but of a sufficiency for him to take the years of postgraduate study in Europe he had desired so much, and which he felt would give him by and by a professorship in his native college. Then he and Elizabeth would be married.

They made their plans, and were very hopeful and happy, with youth on their side, unconquered, joyous, more than balancing the weight of the two years in the scales.

John's mother asked her to tea the evening before he went away. Alice, his schoolgirl sister, regarded them with a romantic curiosity that had its trying side. Her round eyes at the table watched the two faces at right angles to her vision with a pertinacity that impaled choice specimens of lovers' looks for future study and reference.

Mrs. Herron had been placid, if a little tearful, as she crowded John's plate with the delicacies he liked best, as is the way of people with departing relatives. Elizabeth remembered every detail of the table—the pansies, black and yellow and purple, in the centre of the table; the tall silver candelabra blazing with candles in a farewell extravagance for John, who loved their mellow light; and the bowl of strawberries making a scarlet gleam.

After tea, John took her home, and as they passed the hedge of Cherokee roses

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THE MUSIC RECOILED UPON HER MOOD

at his gate, he gathered some of the flowers for her hair. As they stood there in the moonlight, Elizabeth's courage weakened; suddenly the two years stretched in interminable months, endless days, before her. She put her arms around his neck and cried her heart out. She remembered how distressed he had been, his wish to give up going, his loving caresses—they were things she would always remember, for she believed he had been sincere, and even yet she cherished the belief, and it was sweet to her. For so one remembers what was once one's own against the defeat of trickery and shams. She told John he must go, and to forget how silly she had been, and she began to talk cheerfully, her eyes still wet with tears.

But again at the last, when John, after telling her good-by, went down the steps, she ran after him for a last word, and in the moonlight he held her in his arms, and she felt his heart beating as miserably as her own. All her girlish shyness, almost stiffness, fell away in the abandon of her grief. It was eleven years ago, but Elizabeth blushed hotly as she remembered how she had kissed John and clung to him.

One of the Cherokee roses fell from her hair on his coat, and he kissed it, and put it in a little case with her picture. The twin flower Elizabeth took from her

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hair that night and put away—a souvenir of parting.

She had it still—but she never looked at it now. There were no happy remembrances to rub out the shadow of that parting; for though John Herron came back at the end of the two years, he was no longer the same person. There was no sudden shock to Elizabeth in this, for his letters had gradually revealed the change, and her pride met the strain steadily. He was very brilliant; there were possibilities, great ones, before him, people hinted, and he had perhaps imbibed it all with an egoism that had been lacking when he went away.

The barrier of tentative coldness she had thought best to present did not fall before any warmth on his part. She saw and felt his indifference, his straining at the leash, and worst of all seemed to her his strong sense of the provincialism of Madderley—which she felt must include herself.

She knew him—in honesty, loved him—so well that his temperament was an unsealed book. She read the page it presented, and closed it by breaking their engagement with a firmness that surprised her. Recalling how she had betrayed her love for him, she questioned if he would believe she had ceased to care, but he apparently did. She had changed—he regretted her decision civilly, without pretence of deep feeling; said a long engagement was undoubtedly a mistake, they must be good friends always, and—that was all!

She went away on a visit that lasted several months, and when she came back he was gone. A professorship in a Northern college had been offered him, and he took his mother and sister to live with him.

Changes came slowly into Elizabeth's life—her father, and then her mother, died, and she was left alone with her brother, much younger than herself.

Several times Mrs. Herron wrote to her—letters of condolence; a little stiff, perhaps, not unnaturally, from one who did not understand the reason of the broken engagement; and when Alice was married, "John, too," the postscript of this letter stated, "is engaged—though engagements mean less now than they once did."

Elizabeth was twenty-five when she read this news, and she tried to put Herron out of her life as something that now belonged definitely to another person. But this engagement, too, was broken off, as Elizabeth heard. Her knowledge came indirectly, for Mrs. Herron died soon after Alice was married, and her death cut away the last thread of communication. She heard nothing more, and the occasional articles he contributed to magazines in no way brought him closer or more in touch with herself — indeed, rather increased the vagueness of his present personality. She was herself changed, but not, she found, so much so that looking back had ceased to be a pain. To escape it she put on her hat and went out for a walk. The air, delicious with spring, refreshed and soothed; she forgot herself after a hundred yards of the cool, green lane, with its broken-down fences and tangle of vines and Cherokee roses. Madderley was behind, out of sight, and the green stillness invited her further.

She saw no one, until, where the road took the sweep of the hill to the Herron place, she overtook a man going in a somewhat purposeless fashion, stopping now and then as if to verify some feature of the way. When he heard her steps he turned and waited. A momentary fear touched her, but she shook it off. He was obviously not a tramp.

Coming closer, she saw he was John Herron.

He took off his hat when she paused beside him, and his face was expectant and questioning, but there was no sign of recognition in its somewhat odd expression.

"I beg your pardon," he said, with formal politeness; "can you—will you kindly tell me which way to go to the Herron place? There ought to be a turn here."

Elizabeth's voice clicked dryly in her throat. Could she be so changed? She tried, but could not speak.

"My servant," he explained, with a touch of impatience, "missed the train, and the boy I hired to show me the way hurt his foot and had to go back. If you would kindly— I am blind," he added, and stood waiting.

Blind! Elizabeth took a step toward him, and then drew back.

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Half-tone plate engraved by A. Lockhardt

THEY WERE ALTOGETHER HAPPY

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"I," she said,—"I—"

Blind! She collected herself with a violent effort.

"I am going near there. I will go with you," she incoherently said, her eyes on his unseeing face.

"Thank you very much. You are very kind;" he tentatively accepted her offer. "Every one is that to me," he added, and his smile was the boy's she had known, with only a faintly quizzical acceptance of his misfortune shadowing its so well remembered charm.

"I am afraid I delay you?"—he presented the question.

"Not at all." Elizabeth could not manage her voice and make it natural, which was perhaps the reason he did not recognize it.

He could see, he explained as they went on, taking the turn he had remembered should be there, just a misty obscurity that was not yet entire darkness. In it people and objects were blurs in no way distinguishable, but of a still palpable presence. "I knew you were a woman because of the rustling of your skirts," he said; "otherwise you might be my sister and I wouldn't know it."

She felt his curiosity politely seeking some clue to her identity, but she did not satisfy it, and he presented himself a little hesitatingly.

"I am John Herron. I have been away some time."

"I thought you must be—Mr. Herron." She kept back a hysteric laugh and unlatched the gate. A spray of Cherokee roses, thorny, and heavy with blooms, brushed against his coat and caught his sleeve.

"It is—?" he asked, uncertainly.

"Cherokee roses," Elizabeth said.

He broke the spray and lifted it to his face.

"No fragrance!" and almost irritably he added, "I think they used to have."

"No," she said, oddly. Her eyes were full of tears.

The old negro caretakers—a man and his wife living on the place—had preserved less than the letter of their obligation. The form of the flower-beds remained, but the flowers themselves had long been dead,—only weeds and grass where pansies and poppies and sweet peas used to make such gracious show.

Bits of verse had a trick of remaining in Elizabeth's mind, and one recurred now, with its odd appositeness vivid to her consciousness:

> The path from you to me that led,
> Forgotten long with grass is grown,
> Mute carpet that his lieges spread
> Before the Prince Oblivion
> When he goes visiting his dead.

The house, small and unpretentious, had its desolation and disrepair that to Elizabeth's quick sympathy of sentiment was heart-breaking; but to Herron in his blindness it was of course the old place he pictured from memory. He had come back, but the spirit of the place was irrevocably changed, and she found in the fact that he could not perceive it a strong pathos to her consciousness.

"Now— These are the steps." Her hand trembled as she touched his arm, but it was only another of the things he did not notice. He had the key, and she unlocked the door, filling the dim interior with the bright April sunshine. "If you will wait here a moment, I'll open the windows of one of the rooms. I don't suppose the house has been opened in a long time."

He protested that she must not trouble, but she went into the parlor and threw open the long-shut windows. Her feet made a path of footprints across the dusty floor. The carpet had been taken up, the pictures turned to the wall, and the room's disorder was of the coldest inhospitality. Mrs. Herron had always insisted that eventually she would come back, so much of the furniture remained, but it was like the presence of an old friend without the smile of friendship. Elizabeth rebelled at its cheerlessness, and her swift fingers turned the pictures and put a chair by one of the windows.

"I am afraid you won't be very comfortable," she said to Herron when she finished. "I will send the caretaker to you. Is there anything I can do for you before I go?"

"You are exceedingly kind," Herron answered. "I have already trespassed unpardonably, but—there *is* one thing. Won't you tell me whom I have to thank for this kindness—to a stranger? Do you know, your voice once or twice in some way sounded familiar to me."

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HE LIFTED THE ROSE TO HIS FACE

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His eyes, with the pitiful searching of blindness, seemed trying to see her face.

"It was so little I could do," Elizabeth protested, as she went toward the door. "I am just one of your neighbors—any one would do the same."

"But I shall see you again?" he persisted, and paused. "Shall speak with you again?" he corrected himself, with a bitter intonation.

"Yes," she said, hurriedly. "Oh yes! You will see me—will speak to me again."

She went out quickly, and then with another impulse reopened the door. He was still standing with his face toward her.

"I forgot to wish you a happy—" Almost she betrayed herself. It was John Herron's birthday, as she had been remembering all day, and the word, suspended for a second, was changed in mid-air, as it were, to "visit."

He held the hand she put into his with a close pressure. "I shall remember the kindness of your wish always," he said, simply and very gravely.

As Elizabeth turned to leave the room, her dress brushed against Herron's umbrella and it clattered to the floor. Both stooped for it, and his hand, groping, touched hers.

"How awkward of me!" Elizabeth said, and stooped again to pick up something that had fallen from Herron's pocket at her feet. It was a little leather photograph-case, shabby and worn, and in a far-off way familiar. It was unclasped by the fall, and the picture of a woman looked from it, meeting her troubled gaze with its impersonal regard. As she raised it from the floor, Elizabeth grew white. The girl's face, with wavy, parted hair and sweetly serious eyes, was her own — the picture Herron had carried with him when he went to Heidelberg eleven years ago. In the other side of the case was something that looked to her fleeting glance like a withered flower.

"You dropped this." She closed the case and handed it to Herron, whose face flushed as his hand closed a little eagerly upon it.

"Thank you very much," he said; and Elizabeth, trembling with a rush of sensations, went out quickly, leaving him with her picture in his hands.

She was chiefly conscious, as she walked rapidly home, of a happiness, strong, if irrational, that swept her for the first time in years into the old channels of her girlhood. She had kept her recollections of him in a clear outline, but when his living presence sprang up and filled it the years seemed faded utterly, and she had to face the knowledge that she loved him, if anything, more than ever.

The afternoon had faded into the sunset prelude of twilight when Elizabeth had Herron's card brought to her.

"It sholy is Marse John," old Maria told her mistress, excitedly. "He jus' a-standin' up there lak he used ter, an' when I say, 'Howdy, Marse John?' he say: 'Is that you, Maria? I's got a present fer you.' An' he gimme a dollar! Yes, m'am! It sholy is Marse John!"

Elizabeth put two hasty hands to her rumpled hair, but neither its soft untidiness nor the color that came to her cheeks could be seen by the man who awaited her.

When she opened the door he came toward her with outstretched hands.

"Elizabeth!" he said, and when her hands were in his,—"Elizabeth!"

She said nothing.

"And it was you this morning who took me home! You used to be tender-hearted, Elizabeth—'tender over drowning flies,'—but you didn't think it cruel to let me be ignorant of *you!*"

"You don't know how grieved I am about—your eyes," she said, gently, as she released her hands. "I never dreamed— Take this chair—it's comfortable."

"My eyes?" he repeated. "Yes,—some day, in a few years perhaps, there can be an operation; it will determine— In the mean time I'm a blind fool come to you for—pity!"

"No, oh no!" She protested the self-scorn of his voice.

He shook his head. "I've thought over it all in these last three or four years while I was going blind—it may be for life; and I saw it clearly then—the unspeakable fool I had been! It took courage—egoism, if you'd rather—to come to you, who must despise me in any case, and ask you if it were the old self I used to be you grew tired of, or the new one who came back that time, the unlicked cub

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he altogether wasn't when he went away? Elizabeth! You don't know the gradations of self-conceit, and, finally, of self-loathing, I've travelled since I went away—before I could come back and tell you. It's a hard confession — dear, you do not know how hard! — that in these years since I lost you I've retrograded and never reached my old aims. There's one thing I've remembered, and it's why I'm here,—that you did love me—*then!* Perhaps you never will again; but I wanted to tell you that, late in the day as it is, I recognize what it was worth—how little worthy of you my love was! You were too sincere for me to ever doubt you. You did care for me then?"

"Yes," she responded, "I did care for you—then."

His hand reached out and found hers, and he bent his head and put it to his lips.

"I offered you then a boy's love—worthless, unstable,—oh, I know how valueless it must seem to you now!—but to-day it is a man's love, and it has come back to you—a gift you won't care for, but yours! always and always, whether you will have it or not."

There was a little silence after he spoke, and Herron was the one to break it.

"I used to need you—to lean on you, Elizabeth," — he made his confession bravely. "I understood even then. At first, when you sent me away, I thought you were an episode—such as most men and women have occasionally; but as time went on, other things became the episodes, and the reality was — Elizabeth! It wasn't only your picture I treasured; it was my memories of you! They are as fresh as if it were yesterday. Ah, you don't know! I have wanted you as one wants the best thing in one's life."

To Elizabeth's backward look the years that had been empty rose before her. It was the fortunate gift of her temperament that no bitterness had corroded her mind, but she had a clear vision of herself and her girlhood, of the love she had abundantly given and had never been able to put away. And Herron! He had failed once, had easily drifted into other things. Would it happen again? Did men — all of them —voyage from early anchorage? and the return—

It could never, she had the pang, mean what it had meant; the freshness was gone —the exquisite light that can tremble only once on life's horizon. In the midday clearness the vision reached without dimness all the outlying valleys, whose peaks alone had been glorified by the dawn. Beyond this, his blindness wrung her heart. That his life, so full of vigor and success, should be suddenly inept and useless was tragic. The desolation of the years that lay empty before him, without the work that had meant so much!

She recalled his plans made with her so long ago, since realized outside her co-operation of sympathy, and now laid low. But the shadow that had sent him back in some curious way translated sunshine to her.

He had been courageous—he had dared to confess his need of her in the same breath with the love he felt. And it was this sincerity that reassured her—he came to her because she was the thing in all the world he needed most.

"I love you!" he had reiterated during their engagement, but now the stronger words, "I need you!" rang more convincingly to her ears; strangely enough, satisfied her, and gave surety, far more certainly than his earlier, boyish protestations, of his real feeling. To be loved as one loves the beautiful things of life, crudely, passionately, was one thing; she had symbolized it into the sentiment of her life, and it stood to her for the same thing as his work to the artist, his verse to the poet. To be loved because when the brightness had darkened one had need of sympathy, comprehension, companionship, was the other, and to Elizabeth the finer, tribute of more enduring worth.

"He comes to me now because at last he really loves me," she thought.

"Do you remember?" she said, in a tremulous voice—"It was spring then, ten years ago, and the Cherokee roses— I've never seen them since that I didn't think—'I too once lived in Aready!'"

Herron held her in his arms and his lips touched her hair.

"Elizabeth!" was all he said, but to her ears the devotion of his voice as he spoke her name held a reverence that was a promise and a prayer.

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Editor's Easy Chair.

IN literature, Voltaire said, all the kinds are good except the kinds that bore, and of all the kinds that do not bore, usually, autobiography is one of the kinds that bore the least. An autobiography must be very ill conceived indeed not to interest, not to please, not to delight. It may do so even in the absence of every quality in the writer which would personally take the reader's liking, if he and the reader were confronted. There is a charm in the very fatuity which ingenuously presents itself, and the iniquity that deals frankly with its own sins is sometimes more attractive than the virtue to which the gates of paradise fly open. Few lives are in the extreme, however; they are only measurably dull or wicked, brilliant or good, and their level is that easy ground which we explore for ourselves in the affairs and characters of our neighbors when our neighbors do not invite us to join them in it. The course of autobiography is therefore commonly not much above or below that of the ordinary lives of men. In fact, the greater part of the extraordinary lives of men keep the common mean, and perhaps that which fascinates us most in the self-portraiture of a distinguished man is the strong family likeness between his features and our own. There may be a peculiar expression, a certain look, in which he differs from us; but eyes, nose, mouth, and forehead, they are much the same as those which endear us to ourselves and our kindred. It is so largely the eyes, nose, mouth, and forehead, with the contour of the cheeks and chin, which self-portraiture is concerned with, that many observers will not note the distinguishing air; and many readers of a famous man's autobiography will go through it to the end with a flattered sense of having their own stories told in all the essentials. So they are told in these, and they would have been told in all the rest, but for the accidents, the whimsical and malicious caprices, of fate, by which we fail of being all famous men. It is by such accidents, such caprices, that so many of us especially fail of being famous authors, for there is the potentiality of an important book in the make-up of every man and woman, of which they are more or less aware, and in the defect of producing it they feel themselves more or less ill-used by fortune. They may be right or they may be wrong, but when they read an author's story of his life—and it is mostly the author-men who tell the stories of their lives—they feel themselves intimately confided to the public in the confession of his aspirations and endeavors, and are at once consoled and revenged by his successes. No other theory can account for the pleasure we take in such stories, for, considered in themselves, the authors are very much of a piece in the eventlessness of their careers, in the tame and spiritless nature of their few adventures. One good, stupid, romantic novel contains more thrill and movement than the collective annals of all the men who write such novels. But the dear, simple-hearted, thick-headed public never distinguishes between an artist and his material, and reads into the stagnant narrative of the author the eager career of his hero. It puts a passionate faith into the notion that the man who writes an exciting and absorbing story must have lived an exciting and absorbing life, such as the reader himself would have lived if he had been in the writer's place. But for this fact the unpicturesque records of authors' lives could not have the charm they have now, and they would be the least, instead of the most, attractive of the autobiographies.

I

It is for the vast majority of readers who delight most in autobiography to decide whether we have not of late been having rather too much of a good thing. The question is not of the nature of this good thing, but of whether the autobiographers have been overworking their public or not. That, however, is something for the public and the autobiographers to settle between them, and we will not enter into it further than to say that as soon as autobiographies

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cease to find acceptance they will cease to be written, or at least printed. Meanwhile, much may be said in praise of the general cheerfulness of their effect. They differ in this from biography, to which they are otherwise akin. That is of a depressing character because it does not end well, or as the friends of ending well prefer to say, it does not end up well, though why a thing should end up, any more than it should begin up, we are at a loss to know. Biography suffers from the tragical close which involves the death of the protagonist, while autobiography is a melodrama which, whatever disaster it drags him through, at least brings him off alive. But there is not only this essential difference, there are differences of temperament in the two sorts, which are mostly favorable to autobiography. The life of a man which is written by some other man is supposed to be done with impartiality and sincerity, but really it is not done so. If the man is recently dead, it is undertaken at the instance of his family or his next friends, who, if they do not remain looking over the shoulder of the author to see what kind of likeness he is getting, give him such a sense of their exacting presence that he cannot work freely. Whether or not, or whether he knows it or not, he is all the time working up to their ideal of the subject, and not his own, and if he does not realize it, they let him share their disappointment. Or, if the subject of the biography has so long passed away that all his near and dear have followed him, he has lost interest for that larger public which likes to get its instruction in the nature of news; and the biographer has to recreate the waning interest in a story already more than twice told. He has to take one side or the other of the question which grows up about Brown, Jones, or Robinson, as soon as his memory is cold, and inevitably he has to deal with it as an advocate, rather than a judge.

The autobiographer, on the other hand, may write of himself as he pleases, without fear of his wife and children, or his uncles and cousins; if he has any faults he may be trusted to deal with them in that tolerant spirit which more closely allies mercy than justice to wisdom. He may mean to be perfectly frank about his faults, and he may actually be so, but at the same time he will feel bound to show that these faults have so much to be said for them that they can hardly be thought blemishes in a character otherwise so exemplary. They end by being a sort of virtues-in-error under his lenient touch, so that the reader almost wishes to have them, and contentedly searches his consciousness to see if he has not at least something like them. Then, the spirit of the autobiographer is wholesomely optimistic. He is, to begin with, not dead, as we have intimated, and if he has had sorrows, sicknesses, and troubles, he has outlived them, at least in so great part that there he is, cheerfully telling the story of his past, and prepared at the close to shake his reader by the hand, and wish him a farewell which shall have the hopefulness of an actor's last appearance. Rarely does a man sit down with the sense of ruin or defeat to recall his experiences of the past. It is at the worst in the hope of better treatment from the future that he confides himself to the reader in the intimacy which is never one-sided, and which is so flattering to both. Neither age nor pain shall quite take from him the cheer belonging to some part of every man's memories, and the cheer of these, and not the gloom of the others, shall dwell with the acquaintance he has made his friend. Even if he declares with Goethe that in his whole life he has not known fifteen minutes of continuous happiness, or with Tolstoy that only in the remotest consciousness of childhood has the sense of utter gladness been with him, still he makes the reader somehow believe that those fifteen minutes were enough, as he recalls the entire bliss of some dim childish hour of his own.

II

The "Recollections, Personal and Literary," of the poet Richard Henry Stoddard are of a prevalent mood with which our theory of the prevalent cheerfulness of autobiography will reconcile itself only through strenuous urgence, for here is the story of a long, distinguished, and not unsuccessful life told with a certain impatience, almost a certain irritation, expressive of the moods left by its most harassing and humiliating incidents,

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rather than that brilliant gayety, that courageous buoyancy which was characteristic of the man, and that enabled him to confront and to overcome more than a common share of human sorrows, until age broke his dauntless spirit. It is rather a pity it should be so, and yet, the thing being done, it would not be easy to say how it should have been done otherwise. Here, for once, however, the reader may declare that the biographer when he comes, as he will be sure to come, may tell a cheerfuler tale than the autobiographer has told, though he must round it with the fact of his death.

What we can say of the book is that it is the expression of a temperament to which the things done, no matter how great they were, must always seem small beside the things meant to be done, and the things suffered, no matter how little, were of an effect as sore as that of the heaviest afflictions to the sensitive nature of the poet. For poet Stoddard was, and poet most essentially if not most singly. He did other literary things besides poetry, and did them very acceptably well. He was for long years the reviewer of books, as for some years he was an iron-moulder, and for other some an office-holder; but for all the days of his years, as far as he could remember, he was first of everything a poet. He loved his art with a devotion which will seem even stranger to this Philistine time than it must have seemed to the earlier Philistine time when he was giving his whole soul to the building of the lofty rhyme, and putting that work before every other task, duty, and pleasure. He lived his whole verse-a-day as well as work-a-day life in New York, and his life was a proof of what might be done by a poet to keep his faith pure in a community and in conditions as unfriendly to poetry as any that have ever been. If the environment had at last its effect, and resulted in the sort of not ignoble disdain which is so often the note of his autobiography, it would not be nearly so strange as the fact that there is nowhere a murmur of complaint or a cry of self-pity.

In certain aspects there was no unusual reason for these. He married the gifted woman he loved. He had children whom he adored. His needs were cared for not alone by his work but by what may be accounted his luck, and he was never face to face with the wolf that has so often besieged the poet's door. But he lived long enough to be acquainted with such griefs as rend the heart, and to feel such bodily afflictions as often break the spirit; and though his narrative is not carried to the point when the heaviest blows fell upon him, it seems to have been begun at the time when he indeed still sang at his work, but no longer hoped in it. It was after these papers were written that the blows fell, when he and his wife followed to the grave that idolized son who died, just when he had given such brilliant promise as a dramatist, and who was an artist and poet, of such quality as was known only to the fewest of his friends; and again when the aged husband, left childless, and with the gathering infirmities of his years upon him, groped his almost sightless way to the grave of his stricken wife. He still sang, wandering and broken airs, to the end, but even such hope as had haunted the time when he was merely old, and half-blind, and in pain, could not have visited him with the fitfulest gleams.

Stoddard had not apparently a happy childhood, such as the poorest often have. He remembers with a sort of exasperation the years which are the tenderest and sweetest for most men, and there seems no remotest period in which he can verify a perfect gladness, no matter how many quarter-hours of happiness he knew later. But perhaps this is partly the effect of a characteristic evident everywhere in his recollections. He was of a modesty for the thing he had done which was enhanced and intensified by the honor and reverence in which he held the thing he wished to do, and this modesty would utter itself in his mockery. But so far as he felt himself representative he demanded his full due. Sometimes, we think, he imagined it withheld from him when it was really not withheld. He imagined that the great New England group of poets failed in entire justice to the New York group which he was proud to be of; but that this was largely if not entirely an illusion, his own memories bear witness,

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for none of them testify to a truer appreciation and sympathy than those which relate to Longfellow, to Lowell, to Whittier, and to Hawthorne most of all. If ever he had wounds from these men he does not say, but we may be sure they were faithful, and given in behalf of the same ideal as that for which he would almost have laid down his life.

We know that we go a little outside of the record in touching upon this point, for Stoddard himself does not touch upon it, but the excursion seems necessary in adjusting the perspective for the right seeing of his self-portrait. With some such arrangement from his future biographer this autobiography of his will be found a most striking likeness, and we could wish that when another comes to write his life, he might write it around his reminiscences, which, in and by themselves, fail of imparting a due sense of his personality. One aspect of him this book does not give at all, and so far it is unjust to him. His disdain was for his own sufferings and disappointments, but for those of others he had only compassion and succor, and his generosity was quick in acts which have no record from his hand. He was a man of strong feeling, and when his feeling was embittered, it was apt to issue in pitiless animosity, but probably no one came to Stoddard in a moment of disheartenment, of distress, of baffled aspiration who had not some comfort from him. If help could avail, the help was gladly given, and Mr. Stedman was not the only author whom he brought face to face with a publisher, and abetted in overcoming him with a first book. He was equally the ally of the poor intending contributor, and what influence he had with editors was freely always at the service of the young author who thought he had done something good, and wished to have it printed. He does not mention these things; he could not; but his supplementary biographer will signally fail of his duty if he neglects to do so. To Stoddard we may well leave the magnanimous silence with which he passes over his good deeds, and the apparent slight with which he treats his own literary achievements; he could safely leave these to time, which will judge them, and keep those worth keeping.

III

In coming to Mr. J. T. Trowbridge's "Story of my own Life," we enter an atmosphere as different from that of Stoddard's recollections as can well be. Here everything is bright and cheery and hopeful, as if the past were before rather than behind the man of seventy-six years who sits down to recall its facts. He was of as tireless industry as Stoddard, and the great bulk of his work was in fields as far from poetry, yet we think that it is as a poet that he will be likewise remembered. He was, however, a poet who lived always by authorship, and was one of the first, as he was one of the few, Americans to earn his bread by his pen. His blithe spirit plays through the whole record, and rests as delightedly in the tale of each success or achievement as Stoddard's sadder soul turns from it. Mr. Trowbridge is of that race of autobiographers like Alfieri and Goldoni, who treat carefully of each of their works, telling the how and where and why of it, as if it were an incident or a character meriting the analysis, for the reader's amusement and edification. But we always skipped those self-criticisms in Alfieri and Goldoni, and if we cannot boast of having skipped them in Mr. Trowbridge, still we can truthfully say that if we had been having him write his life solely for our pleasure, we would have had him replace these by a minuter narrative and a fuller psychology of his formative years.

As it stands, Mr. Trowbridge's own story is much more than his own story; it is the reminiscence of many contemporary facts and figures whose interest invites the autobiographer out of himself, and will entertain the reader if they do not entertain him so much as they entertained Mr. Trowbridge, or as Mr. Trowbridge himself would entertain us if keeping more strictly to himself. So far as the figures are concerned with his own career, they fitly enter into his story, but the facts are another affair, and they might well have been resumed in a very brief statement with advantage to the book. What we wish first and last and most of an autobiographer is himself, and this he cannot give us too freely or fully. We grudge the moments which he

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yields to others, except as they distinctly help to characterize him and explain him. A book of reminiscences is one thing, and the author's own story may more fitly enter into that. This is the censure which we found passing itself upon Mr. Trowbridge's book, and concurrently formulating itself with the sense of our pleasure in all that he says of other men and other things. Our pleasure in this was always less than our pleasure in what he says more directly and entirely about himself. The early chapters of Mr. Trowbridge's book telling of his backwoods boyhood in western New York, and his starting out in the world, and his first experiences as a writer in New York and Boston, are not only much more vital, but they are much more important than those which record his impressions of Emerson, of Lowell, of Alcott, of Walt Whitman, of Holmes, of Longfellow; they are even more so than his accounts of his different books, in which he returns with the infectious zest to the days when they formed part of his struggles and victories.

But Mr. Trowbridge is always a wholesome and breezy companion, and in his presence one cannot be long depressed with any question. The doubt we have felt in reading his very entertaining book concerns him less than it concerns the true office of the autobiographer, especially in the hands of the literary autobiographer. We incline to the belief that it cannot too closely and exclusively deal with the events, experiences, and feelings of the author, and that he will do a fatally erroneous thing whenever he curtails the record of these in the interest of a supposed modesty. If he is not of sufficient interest in his own eyes (an incredible thing, really) to justify him in keeping his narrative strictly to himself for its subject, why write his autobiography at all? Why not rather write the biography of his friend, or his enemy? How glad we are, in returning with any of the great autobiographers from an excursion away from themselves, and getting back to that precious intimacy in which we are so entirely two that we seem only one, and we ourselves are rather more that one than the author! If we think of the most charming autobiographers we must perceive that our delight in them is chiefest when they are most themselves, and least the historians of other men. Benvenuto Cellini, Goethe, Franklin, Marmontel, Alfieri, the Margravine of Baireuth, Thomas Ellwood, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, Gibbon, Leigh Hunt, Kenelm Digby, Rousseau, Kotzebue, Cibber, Mrs. Chard, or any of the like: we are never impatient of them except when they seem to tire of themselves, and wish to take us afield in chase of people that seem intruders upon the delicious intimacy which we have been enjoying.

IV

Of course we go a little beyond in asking the autobiographer to be solely himself, and we have already hinted that this is impossible for him. But we are quite serious, or as serious as we ever like to be, in maintaining that autobiography, as a species shall keep itself as unmixed as possible. Let there be reminiscence proper, and autobiography proper, and let the mixture of the two be regarded as measurably improper. We have history, and we have biography, which we keep fairly well apart, and which are as naturally allied as reminiscence and autobiography; but the autobiographer still indulges in the story or study of others, and so far the story or study of himself suffers.

We are of course not prepared to prove this, though we are so ready to say it, but we believe it is susceptible of proof, and we should like to have some one else prove it. If what we have been saying should be the means of rousing the intending autobiographers, of whom there seems to be an increasing multitude, to a true sense of their office in its highest effects, we shall not be sorry for what we have said, though some grains of chaff shall be found in our bushel of wheat. Never was the proper study of man so apparently the proper study of mankind as at the present moment, when man seems to be getting so much worse, or better, than he was; and if all wisdom centres in our knowing each one himself, we cannot too urgently remind the historians of their own lives that autobiography, like charity, begins at home, though, unlike charity, is best when it stays there.

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Editor's Study.

I

THE man of letters is usually at some time in his career called upon to choose between a quiet life and the dress parade. We assume that he at first entered upon his career with a predilection for it over any other; that he was moved by a compelling purpose, amounting to a passion fed by inspiration rather than by ambition. We assume also that he has surmounted the difficulties that generally beset the young writer in the first stages of his adventure. Always there must be the difficulty incident to the enterprise itself—as inevitably incident to the literary art as to any other. This is the main burden, all other difficulties being merely accidental—fatally such they may be in cases of dire necessity, but when they do not paralyze they stimulate. There is indeed no surer indication of great genius than supreme success gained in spite of worldly good fortune.

It is to those writers who inherit wealth and social position, or who by patient struggle have gained an economic and social leverage, that the dress parade presents the liveliest temptations. Often it takes the form of an obligation even when it is not an allurement.

In every generation there are many men and women who fall into the stately and picturesque procession as a matter of heritage and wear the formal habit easily, as part of an automatic régime rather than of a consciously adopted discipline, though they are not wholly without a sense of responsibility as the natural guardians of a traditional ritual and custodians of its sacred symbols. These do not constitute the real social aristocracy, whose procedure is not so ostentatious or so perfunctory, and whose support of culture is not merely patronage, but a genuine expression of an inbred taste; a social order to which we owe many of our most brilliant publicists, orators, and statesmen, a few elegant historians, but only here and there a great poet, novelist, or artist.

Those who creatively initiate culture—the great writers and artists—do not usually belong to the leisurely class; and they are fortunate if they achieve the leisure necessary to the perfection of their work. Whencesoever they come, it is what they do that concerns us, not their social station or their pedigree. They constitute an aristocracy which, if not in the simplest terms natural, is at least of a wholly unconventional order.

II

Literature as a profession, whether a bread-winning industry or a chosen avocation, very usefully and worthily concerns itself with the activities of the busy world; but literature as an art demands for its highest excellence the quiet life. This is only another way of saying that it demands devotion and is jealous of any rival. Whatever the native genius of the writer, he cannot attain supreme distinction in letters and at the same time conduct an important business, perform the duties of an exacting profession, or seriously undertake diplomacy or statesmanship. He cannot habitually be a diner-out or the devotee of pleasure. All his contacts with the world at large must be incidental to his master-purpose.

Even his seclusion must be thus incidental, not sought for its own sake, as it is by the recluse. As the ardent lover is the better poet, so the social person is the more genial writer, and the full enjoyment of domestic happiness and friendly companionships deepens feeling and imparts homelike warmth to an author's appeal. More than any one else the great writer gains by an impressionable sensibility, by openness of heart and mind; but more than any one else he loses by active participation in worldly and social affairs beyond what is required of him by a normal conscience and a generous spirit in full sympathy with his kind.

We know that Oliver Wendell Holmes was a physician, but who shall say that he would not have gained greater distinction as poet, essayist, and novelist if his training had been less special and he had been free from the demands of his Harvard professorship? On the

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other hand, both Longfellow and Lowell doubtless gained something as writers from their occupancy of the chair of Modern Literature in the same institution. George Bancroft's early studies in Germany and his subsequent official career as Secretary of the Navy, and Minister to England, enlarged his opportunities for the collection of valuable historical material. Macaulay was assisted in the lines of his literary work rather than diverted from them by holding a seat in Parliament. To have been a premier—that is, very much a premier, as Gladstone was — would have been a distraction instead of a help. Mr. Justin McCarthy, in his *Portraits of the Sixties,* shows how narrowly and how fortunately Thackeray escaped an election to Parliament. On the other hand, such a vocation for John Stuart Mill or for Mr. McCarthy himself was of great public service, and no serious impediment to their literary work.

Dickens as a newspaper reporter acquired a knowledge of London scenes and characters which was afterward of great value to him as a novelist; but his literary career would certainly have been arrested if he had become an actor —a vocation which, according to Mr. McCarthy, tempted him so far as to be seriously thought of.

The exactions of a regular occupation undertaken for a livelihood are a constraint upon genius, but they are not so demoralizing as the frequent production of "pot-boilers." The writer is fortunate if his daily work is in some way associated with the world of letters; but especially fortunate if at an early period in his career his success is such as to enable him to give up all else and devote himself wholly to literature.

III

To recur to the situation with which we started out, of a writer who has given evidence of his creative power and who stands at the parting of the ways, each of which is a sure path to distinction, one of them leading to a sequestered and enclosed garden, and the other thronged with the brave and picturesque procession which "goes down to Camelot"—which shall he choose?

It is not the choice between the serious and the frivolous life. Among those on the way to Camelot are the priest, the missionary, the teacher, the reformer, as well as the cavalier and the master of revels; in the procession are such figures as those of Savonarola and Lincoln. They are not all gay; in the marketplace are those calling for lamentation in response to their weeping as well as those inviting the dance to their piping. We called it the dress parade, having chiefly in view the social regimen, in its exactions of external habit almost as rigorous as the military; but this whole procession to Camelot represents the drama of the world—its comedy and its tragedy—and every actor presents himself to us costumed for his part.

In the earlier stages of any literature the poet is often an active participant in the worldly drama. Aeschylus fought at Marathon and Salamis, and Chaucer was for most of his life a soldier and a courtier. It is for lack of these worldly contacts that the actual life of Spenser is so little known to us and Shakespeare's scarcely known at all. Specialization of careers increases with the progress of civilization, and outside of industrial channels it is in our time more distinctly marked in the avocation of the author who devotes himself to the highest order of literature than in any other calling. If necessity sometimes drives such an author into a field not properly his own, still his choice is for the quiet life.

The enclosed garden has its towers of observation from which the writer looks out upon the great world-drama as it goes on in the present, while books are his mirror in which the past is as vividly reflected. This figurative presentment suggests too strict limitations to truthfully indicate the real situation. It may be that there are imaginative writers to whom the world is either a remote spectacle or seen only in reflections, and who may thus, like the Lady of Shalott, become "half sick of shadows." But generally our authors, certainly the best of them, are full-blooded, and their lives are as real as those of other men. Instead of observing the world from towers they studiously follow such parts of the procession as most appeal to their curiosity; and there is something more than this—a feeling of sympathy with

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the persons and scenes they mingle with, quite essential to the true study.

But to the best art, to any true art, a certain degree of detachment is necessary. The "greenroom" is forbidden, and there must be no tearing away of masques and veils, else some accidental particularity of feature or disposition might mar or limit the artist's interpretation, making it less real in the attempt to depict the actual. Only in the true art of living would the actual facts of life express its reality.

IV

It is this detachment which is the essential feature of the imaginative writer's seclusion. He is not merely a spectator, or at least he sees with the creative eye which has in it some speculation. Without active participation in the drama, he has the sense of it in all its meaning; and his sensibility is creative. To activity, in the degree that is strenuous or special, the world contracts; in the sympathetic sensibility it dilates — if we may thus reshape Goethe's pregnant apothegm. This expansion of the world in human sensibility, with the expansion and deepening of sensibility itself, is the great fact of our modern culture, of which the artist and the author who is also an artist are the principal exponents.

Clearly, then, there is a temptation to which the man of the world may yield but which the man of letters must resist. The temptation during the last half-century has grown stronger, and the perils encountered by the author who yields to it have been multiplied. We can remember a time when, in America at least, the exactions of the worldly life were light as compared with the demands of that life to-day. New York was still a leisurely town, and the social rites did not even to men of letters seem sacrificial. But how rapidly when we passed from the fifties to the sixties was the whole scene transformed! In this later retrospect we recall signal examples of fine literary talent transmuted to public uses—notably the case of George William Curtis, and a little afterward that of Charles Dudley Warner. How nobly these uses were served and yet with what loss to our literature! The authors of *Prue and I* and *My Summer in a Garden* had literary possibilities never to any fair extent realized because of public demands that other and less creative minds might have satisfied. Warner's novels, noble as they were, showed the marks of a stressful life that did not yield the leisure necessary to so exacting an art as that of fiction.

The earlier period was that in which the Lyceum lecture system was developed. We remember listening in a single season to lectures from Emerson, Holmes, Whipple, Wendell Phillips, Tuckerman, Park Benjamin, Starr King, Gough, and Beecher. The men of letters in meeting this public demand upon them sacrificed nothing; it was their opportunity and the source of a not inconsiderable emolument. Mr. Curtis lectured in this way for several years, and devoted the proceeds of his lectures to the payment of debts which he had voluntarily assumed in connection with the failure of a magazine of which he had been the editor. Many survivors of that generation remember his "Sir Philip Sydney" as pre-eminently the "classic" among lectures. Horace Greeley's lyceum lectures gave him his only title to purely literary distinction.

The most serious dissipation of the author's energies during the last generation was due to the public claim upon his conscience, enlisting his interest in behalf of altruism—the claim to his active work for "his day and generation." Wendell Phillips gave himself most devotedly to such work. In a personal letter he gently reproached Curtis, notwithstanding all the latter was doing, for "toasting his shins." The Editor's Easy Chair —the very name of which must have seemed to Mr. Phillips a sign of reproach —was written by Mr. Curtis in the retirement of his study in his home on Staten Island. His editorials for *Harper's Weekly* were written in the composing-room, where they were put into type fresh from his hand. What reader of his graceful Easy Chair essays or of his earlier books would not have wished for him more of the quiet life?

When we consider how much strength is wasted by those most ardently engaged in the advocacy of "causes," how much inevitably there is of futility in the at-

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tempts to reform human nature by logical appeal and legislative enactment, we all the more painfully regret any diversion of genius into this field save, as in the case of some novels by Reade and Dickens, where the altruism is incidental to the art—in which case also it is more effectively served.

V

The quiet life so essential to the perfection of literary art need not be rural. The detachment from the busy world—or at least from participation in those activities which make up what we now call the strenuous life—is the main thing, and this is even more practicable in the city than in the country. If the temptations to be resisted are more numerous, their urgency is not so imperative; in particular the social pressure is more easily evaded by stiff resolution in the great city where one need not and, as a rule, does not know his next-door neighbor than in the smallest rural settlement, where not to be neighborly is accounted ungracious if not undutiful. In the city one can be constantly the observer without being a special object of observation, while in a really rural community one must deny himself the innocent pleasure of frank observation in order to escape the inspection and inquisition of his fellow countrymen.

As we are assuming that the writer's environment is wholly a matter of his choice, he may wisely determine for both country and city, with alternate residence in each, or, better still, for residence in the country all the year round, but with easy access to all the advantages offered by a great city. For, making due allowance for all its drawbacks, country living gives him direct contact with nature, and it is his still happier lot if he is thus thrown among people of simple habits who have for generations tilled the soil. This is a restful atmosphere, with an elemental background for his imagination; and the life about him has a Laconian discipline and stability, offsetting the uneasiness and smartness of our modern time, of which the daily newspaper alone would yield him quite enough to keep him duly alert.

The writer should give heed to the note of his time. Books alone will not give him a full equipment. He is first of all an observer, and his seclusion must not be such as to limit his opportunities. He should know the complex urban life, and as much of Europe as possible. The quiet life is not disturbed by travel.

Foreign travel to the American artist has in former times at least been a necessity rather than a mere opportunity. Page and Story could not have found in this country the means of artistic culture, to say nothing of stimulus and a sustaining atmosphere. For the full flowering of Abbey's art, even at a later period, Europe was necessary; equally so it has been to the complete satisfaction of the needs of those American writers who have pursued literature as an art,—to the realization also of their readers' expectations, which far transcend those of an earlier time.

There are writers as there are artists who get along well enough without Europe, without the advantages of an extensive knowledge secured by travel in their own country. Hawthorne illustrated in literature as Pyle does in art the possibilities of a great imagination within what would seem to be a narrow scope of experience and observation,—not so narrow as it seems if we take account of the invisible resources from which such an imagination is subtly nourished and inspired. The gain from actual contacts and direct observation involves limitations of another sort, imposed by the actualities themselves, and which only genius can transcend, through the divination of the real beneath the actual.

Indeed, given the great imagination, we have everything; not only divination transcending limitation, but ardent insistence upon expression and upon its art; the essential sequestration and at the same time the creative and sympathetic sensibility. Confined to its native atmosphere yet will this imagination fill the world it has not met, or meeting the world at every point it will not be conquered thereby, circumscribed within its vast equipment. Our only concern, in the interests of literature, is that the exceptional genius shall not, through any pressure, social or altruistic, be diverted from its proper course and purpose.

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EDITOR'S DRAWER

"The Greatest of These"

BY OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR

TWO weeks earlier a whirlwind of pink advertisement slips, sweeping the parochial territory, had announced: "A Lawn Party, to be given under the auspices of the Blank Street Colored Baptist Church, at the residence of Mrs. James Williamson, No. 19 Blank Street, on the evening of Thursday, July —. Music. Illumination. Refreshments. Proceeds to go for the benefit of the Colored Kindergarten in Alabama. The public cordially invited. Admission, ten cents."

It is only the conventional imagination that cannot picture a lawn party without a lawn. Sarah Williamson's neighbors had anything but conventional imaginations, and the knowledge that the lawn party was to be such in spirit rather than in letter excited neither their wonder nor their derision. For the Williamsons, like all their neighbors, had a yard, and the distinction between sloping terraces of velvet turf and this sun-scorched rectangle, arid and stony, whose occasional patches of hardy, yellowed weed-growth were its nearest approach to verdure, seemed, to these ingenuous observers, unimportant.

Thus, amid untold speculation and excitement, there memorably dawned the appointed Thursday; a day of oppressive length, inasmuch as the lawn party was not to come into being until the fashionable hour of eight o'clock. For the greater number of prospective patrons this hour implied too prolonged a deferring of hope, and it was barely six when, from near-by street corners and porches, scores of uneasy black eyes were already directed toward the incipient function. This excess of neighborly interest had, however, been anticipated by the hostess, who knew that she was in no danger of being misunderstood when she armed her husband with her entire stock of household linen, that he might drape with prohibitive sheets the high picket fence, through whose accommodating interstices the lawn party was in danger of being witnessed free of charge by the meanest heretic. But no sooner were there heard Jim Williamson's brisk hammer-strokes tacking the sheets in place than a nimble army advanced to the attack. Meanwhile, on the promise of two plates of ice-cream apiece, to be eaten in advance, Sarah retained as aides two cheerful

In argument with the ice-cream man

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young neighbors, of whose agility she had had frequent, if annoying, proof. As their first duty, these were set to repel the persistently intruded heads of the extramural horde. Wherever there appeared a grinning chocolate face, above, below, between the sheets, it was the task of Sarah's young gentlemen forcibly to compel its withdrawal. This difficult defence they accomplished as effectually as any Horatius at the Bridge; and enjoyed it keenly withal, there being no hard feeling among either besiegers or besieged.

Seven o'clock came. Sarah's strong, even voice could be heard in argument with the "ice-cream man." The "refreshments" had arrived, and the proper method of preserving the consistency of that most perishable of delicacies was discussed at exciting length. Eph and Benjamin Harrison, the modern Horatii, could not but relax their military vigilance to overhear the toothsome details.

"Yo' are pos'tive 'bout de chocklit?" was Sarah's final admonition, after the man had sworn upon his honor as a purveyor that the "refreshments" would not melt before midnight.

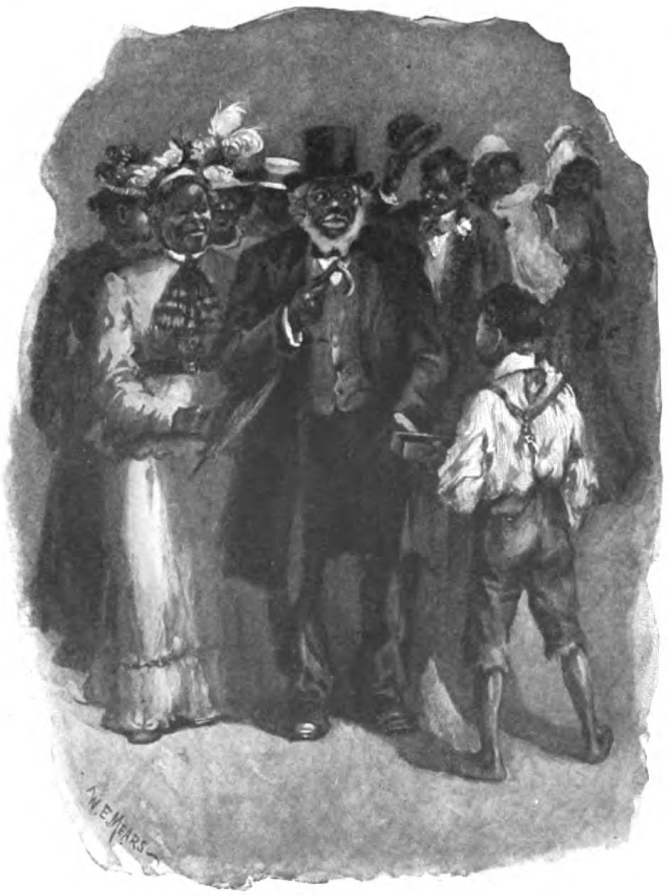
Eph and Benjamin Harrison danced with emotion.

"Go back ter yo' fences!" commanded Sarah. Then, herself intoxicated by the realization that the machinery of the event was finally in motion, she directed Jim to hang the six Japanese lanterns.

To distribute these to the best advantage proved something of a problem. But the peach-tree plainly suggested itself as a starting-point. The right to existence of this tree, the only one the yard afforded, supplied a permanent topic of debate between Sarah and Jim, inasmuch as some years back it had rebelled so strongly against existence that although one-half of it still feebly flourished, the other half stood withered and stark. Accordingly, Jim hung two lanterns on the tree and lighted them. Then he looked helplessly about for other points of suspension. Too close contact with the sheets must be avoided, while to hang the remaining lanterns on the porch would be to reveal too plainly the accommodations for "refreshments."

"Gwan! Hang 'em on de close-line!" sung out Benjamin Harrison, resourcefully.

Thus aided, Jim perceived that by its construction the square clothes-frame, revolving about a pole, was indeed the logical centre of illumination. To the four corners of this respectable family institution the remaining watch-fires of philanthropy were made secure. The "illumination" was complete.



A dignified cohort had arrived

From this point excitement quickened both within and without the barrier of sheets. Without, in the streets, there were the swelling murmur of voices and the idle scuffle that is never heard except when work-hours are over. The mild flare of lights within had sharpened the interest of the watchers. Fascinated, intent, they followed the shapeless shadows that now moved vaguely across the sheets. The rites of preparation were plainly under way.

Within, the air grew close and stifling. Sarah, impressive in a massive comb, and a flowing white necktie that reached to her ample lavender waist, moved nervously about, tortured by an anxiety which many a more experienced hostess will understand. Mainstay of the occasion, imperative magnet for all the unappropriated dimes that were now clutched frugally in hot, moist palms — the "music" had failed to appear!

"Jim," said Sarah, at last, in a trembling voice, "yo' mus' go find dat dago. It ain't no use havin' a lawn party excep' we have de instrumentation."

Through the gate, where

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restless Benjamin Harrison had been stationed with a cigar-box as the official recipient of dimes, Jim dutifully sped. It was already five minutes of eight. A second later there sounded within the cigar-box the first metallic clink. A dignified cohort had arrived from the Blank Street Colored Baptist Church. Nimble Eph was despatched for chairs. With quite the air of a church council Sarah and the Baptist dignitaries sat in a semicircle about the geranium-pots, and began, with extreme precision of utterance, to discuss the heat.

Fifteen minutes went by. Jim did not return. The lawn party was as yet a soundless fête. Without, there was the same scuffling, the same idle, laughing voices. Benjamin Harrison, who sat squirming at the gate, began to weary of the empty responsibility of his position. Five dimes clinked inadequately in the cigar-box when he rattled it.

"Do dem loafers intend to stand in de street de whole evenin'?" demanded Sarah, sternly, of Benjamin Harrison.

"No, ma'am," literally replied that well-informed young man. "But dey means ter stay till dey hears de music. If dey ain't a-gone ter be no music, dey ain't a-gone ter pay no dimes."

When had such music ever been heard

"Dey are a low-down, s'picious lot," declared Sarah, in a voice intended to penetrate without the gate. "My husband, he's a-gawn ter fetch de music dis very minute."

No sooner had she said it than Jim himself returned, but accompanied by no music, either visible or audible. The "dago," he reported, who had contracted to enliven the lawn party, must have sworn falsely. No "dago" would furnish music on Thursday evening; it was the hurdy-gurdy players' night off. On Thursday evening the hurdy-gurdies were dumb, and their masters merged imperceptibly into the rest of humanity.

Sarah stood stricken for a moment. Then she summoned Benjamin Harrison and Eph.

"Boys," directed this able tactician, "grab each other by de waist and hop 'round some in front er dem sheets. Even if dere ain't no music, dey'll see sump'n pretty lively's goin' on, and come in ter see what 'tis. And, Jim, yo' go and find somebody what can play some kinder music. Lawd knows don't make no diffunce what."

A few moments later, as Sarah stood welcoming further detachments from the church, she saw Eph standing with gleaming teeth at her elbow. By an animated scuffle the boys had done their best to inflame the social passions of the stragglers in the street, and a good-sized group had responded to the lure.

"I know a feller 't maybe I c'd get," suggested Eph. "He c'n play de harmonicum 'n' de banjo to onct. Wamme try 'n' find him?"

"Why didn't yo' say so long ago, Eph? Run like Satan, and don't yo' dare come back without him!"

An intolerable sense of expectation still paralyzed both guests and hostess. Realizing that, for the moment, she had done all that she could, Sarah absented herself; she spoke of the necessity of fetching additional plates from the kitchen closet. Once within its narrow shelter, she knelt devoutly. "O Gawd," she prayed, "don't believe nobody, don't believe de best church member, what says I got up dis lawn party outer pride. I did it jus' fo' dem little cullud childun, Lawd, and I never had no other thought. O Gawd, confound me not in dis mine hour er tribulation, and listen not ter de voice er mine

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enemies! Think, Lawd, think er what an awful vast silence dere would be in Yore heaven without de sound er dem celestial harps,—and have de infinite mercy ter help dat child Eph find de man what plays de banjo! Think, Lawd, I pray, er de field er well-doin' dat cullud kindergarten will give, and not fo' my sake, O Gawd, not for old Sarah's sake, but fo' de sake er dem cullud babies, 'way off in dat heathen land,—fo'bear ter cast a spell on dis occasion. . . . May Thy glory multiply on earth!—and may de lanterns not catch fire and de ice-cream not melt! Amen."

Sarah had never known the agonies of "doubt." She believed implicitly that the prayers of the righteous are answered. Unspeakably fortified in spirit, she painfully rose from her knees and returned to the scene of action.

Already, it seemed to her freshened perception, the tide of success had turned, so promptly does divine intervention manifest itself. However, it was nine o'clock before unmistakable shouts and cheers in the street conveyed to Sarah's anxious ears the intelligence that the neighborhood Orpheus was a captive. "Hi, Bush! Hi, Bush!" they called, with a cordial accent that betrayed the Orpheus's popularity. And it was quite as a hero that "Bush," held proudly in tow by Eph, his captor, made a magnificent entrance, holding his banjo under his arm and broadly smiling his content with the occasion.

It was hardly necessary, so far as the rousing of his hearers was concerned, for Bush to make that first bold professional sweep of the dully responding strings as he sat, knees crossed and coat thrown open, in a chair hospitably placed near the ice-cream supply. The very sight of the banjo had done its work. Baptist dignitaries rose from their chairs; excitement reached a crucial pitch even before there came the first enkindling sound of melody. The lawn party, hitherto a somewhat wooden bulk, vibrated in waves of genuine animation. Bush chose to airily preface his performance with a series of dashing chords. Now he halted. The real music was about to begin. The performer drew a harmonica from his pocket and nonchalantly placed it in his mouth; loud acclaims greeted this signal of virtuosity. The first tune was a triumph. In three minutes everybody who was not the bound slave of rheumatism was dancing madly, Baptist worthies and all. In a corner of the yard Sarah, alone, sat exhausted, her eyes closed, content upon her face. The music had fulfilled its function. The lawn party had become a tumult of lyric joy. Between tunes large plates of ice-cream were pressed upon the obliging virtuoso; he was graciously pleased to accept them all,—it is sweet to be a hero. Meanwhile the dimes clinked with intoxicating frequency in the cigar-box. The crowd in the street had thinned to a handful of the impoverished.

Suddenly there came a mild cheer or two without the gate, accompanied by certain of the derisive epithets that Sarah recognized as conventionally applied to the "dago." Through the gateway strode Jim, smiling, triumphant, his evening's quest crowned with victory; for in procession behind him came a large, floridly ornamented hand-organ and a shy, furtive, undersized Italian, in evident terror lest he be separated from his means of livelihood.

As for poor Bush, a moment before the heroic pivot of the occasion, delight dropped from him as a mask. Alas for his brief supremacy!

"Make 'em tune up together!" shrieked the executive Eph, intoxicated by the prominent part he had played on this night of nights.

Formal inquiry was made of Bush as to whether he would care to accompany Giuseppe. Dubiously, the virtuoso, glancing sidewise at his rival, struck up the opening bars of a popular song. Giuseppe's dull, scared face brightened. With a few swift, grating turns he adjusted his instrument. There was a quick hush of expectation. Guests, on tiptoe, leaned over each other's shoulders. Bush, harmonica in mouth, his right hand resting on the banjo strings, sat waiting. Giuseppe, with a bow, began professionally to turn his crank. The melody, in hoarse, slow circles of rhythm, issued from the instrument, while Bush, with inordinate flourishes, contributed his acrobatic orchestration. Thus variously rendered, the familiar tune acquired a magical value. It became a symphony that satisfied every longing, gratified every sense of the readily responsive temperaments that listened. When had such music ever been heard in Blank Street before? When would its like be heard again? . . .

Consummate joy thrilled Sarah's entire being. She had not presumed, after all. The Lord had justified her undertaking in His own miraculous way. The Blank Street Church could come to the rescue of the Alabama kindergarten.

The Sun Put Out

ALLE in ye nonetyde's dazzlinge blaze
Forthe Phillada did fare—
And loe! ye Sunne loste alle his rayes
When she did soe appeare!

Ye lyttle Stars, at firste, in frighte,
Bewept ye Sunne's distresse—
Then smiled againe: because her lighte
Made greater happinesse! T. A. J.

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Her Valentines

LITTLE maid of former days, I can see Love's postman bring
Youthful plaints in ancient phrase,—in my mind's fond picturing.
Tinsel cupids aiming darts; passioned poems half concealed;—
What meant scores of paper hearts when thine own was unrevealed?—
Did some half-dreamt dream of thine whisper this year's valentine?

B. J.

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SISTER. "*Oh, Johnnie! hurry and make a wish; there's a shooting-starfish.*"

How Uncle Thomas gave himself a first-class Notice

By E. S. Martin

MY uncle Thomas is an imperfect human creature like the rest of us, but he has his virtues. If he has seasons of moroseness they are never quite unrelieved by humor, and when he is morose he knows it, and tries faithfully to keep it to himself. His taciturnity at such times is a sore trial to my kind aunt Jane, who, not being a great reader of books nor overmuch given to the joys of introspective meditation, likes human discourse, and chafes when she does not get it. When her leadings elicit mere perfunctory, low-spirited responses from Uncle Tom, and successive days pass without an exchange of anything worthy to be called conversation between them, Aunt Jane gradually grows desperate, and falls into frames of mind that are hostile to the peace of the community.

I suppose it was on the fatal third day of such a period when they were sitting together on the porch, and Uncle Thomas was thinking of his notes payable and how on earth he could ever meet them, and of other gloomy and dispiriting things, and Aunt Jane was thinking how thoroughly unprofitable life was, and what intolerably slow company Uncle Thomas was becoming, and about the fun she used to have before she had ever met him.

She sighed.

Uncle Thomas merely sat with an impassive exterior and watched a trolley-car roll by.

"Nasty cars; they make so much noise."

"Yes, they are noisy."

"You don't care for me any more. You come home and have nothing to say. You eat your dinner and have nothing to say. When you do speak, you speak to the children, not to me."

"I'm afraid it is dull for you, Jane."

"I'm nothing but a drudge; I have been a drudge for years, and there is no present hope of my being anything else."

"Prospects are not bright just now; that's true."

"I don't see why I shouldn't have some enjoyment. I had a little money and some friends and some pleasures before I was married. I've had less money and less fun with it every year since."

"That's too bad, Jane."

"It was not as if it was a forlorn hope with me. I had other opportunities."

No response from Uncle Thomas.

"Everything I have had has been used for you, and some things have been used up; I am pretty near used up myself, and you—you just don't care."

"Perhaps you might have done better."

Then Aunt Jane pouted, and there was a long silence, during which Uncle Thomas seemed lost in meditation.

"No, Jane," he said at last, "you could not have done better. If ever a woman got the full value of her investment you are she, Jane. It amazes me when I think of what I have been to you. What patience, what absolute doglike fidelity, what laborious devotion, what self-obliteration! It is

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true that you have shared with me what you had, but what have you had in return? Me, Jane; the whole of me. My hopes, my prospects, my earnings, my friends, my reputation, as much of my past as was of use to you. When I bet the money you lent me on Popocatapetl and Aetna stock it was only with the hope of winning a little something to spend on your pleasures. When the shares went up in smoke the loss was grievous to me because it was a blow to you. When I had that good offer to go to Madagascar, I declined it because you could not bear to leave home; when you bought this home I settled down to live in it because it seemed more likely that you would be happy here than elsewhere. Of eight gentlemen whom I have heard of as early admirers of yours whose attentions seemed serious, five have since taken the gold-cure, one is a hopeless gambler, and one married a servant. I don't believe, Jane, you have missed as much as you fear. You have married a man who is sober, reputable, fairly presentable, and who causes you no other anxiety than the remote fear that your income may not always be sufficient for his support. If not, it will be a great pity, for such a man is invaluable to such a woman as you, and the most you can do for him won't be too much, but is rather in danger of being far too little. However, Jane, one's best is one's best, and angels can do no more. But angels realize that they are well off, whereas in this world one of our chief sources of unhappiness is our inability to appreciate all the blessings that we possess."

Uncle Thomas had warmed to his subject until he spoke with animation. When he stopped, Aunt Jane got up and kissed him. "Dear Tom," she said, "what a pleasure it is to hear the sound of your voice!"

The A-ou-dad

BY BURGES JOHNSON

THE A-ou-dad with his curving horns
  Is a beautiful sight to see,—
And deep in his noble heart he scorns
  The sin of inconstancy.
He sits in the lee of the Gee-gaw tree
  (Avoiding a tropic tan)
And eats its fruits,—while the Whang-bird
    hoots;
  And when he has formed a plan,
There's not an obstacle, good or bad,
That can stay the way of the A-ou-dad.

When the fruit hangs high he does not pass
    by,
  Or moan in a mood forlorn,
But he leaps to a limb within reach of him
  And hangs by a crescent horn.
Nor does he dismay if the horn gives way
  (As indeed it has often done),
But 'neath the tree he remains till he
  Has sprouted another one.
'Tis said persistency is a fad
With the acrobatical A-ou-dad.

'Twere wise, my dear, with a mind sincere
  To study your household pets;
For each has ways to evoke your praise,—
  And many a hint one gets
From the able ant, or the cormorant,
  Or the mouse with its frugal bent;
And if you've a cat you may learn of that
  The virtue of sweet content.—
But, oh, I am sorry you never had
An active African A-ou-dad!

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The Lizard

HIS schoolmates call him Liz, for short,
And he a sturdy lad!
It's quite enough to make him snort,
Or any fellow mad!

The Two Somebodies

BY CAROLINE McCORMICK

SOMEBODY once was so rough and rude
Nurse could not comb his hair,
And at the table he messed his food,
Said that he did not care.

Goodness was silly, and so he meant
Just to be bad instead.
Then it was somebody else who sent
Somebody off to bed.

Up in the dark it was very sad,
Somebody ought to know;
Down in the light it was quite as bad,—
Time never moved more slow.

Somebody waited until it seemed
More than a boy could bear,
When through the stillness he heard—or dreamed—
Somebody on the stair.

Oh but the world it was gay! Dispelled
Now were those old alarms.
Such a glad somebody safely held
Somebody in her arms.

Then—it's the funniest thing to tell—
Though they were both dry-eyed
When they were sorrowful, it befell
When they were glad they cried.

And if we ever should find those two
I wonder if it could be
That one of those somebodies would be you,
And one of them would be me?

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Illustration for "Sir Mortimer" See page 579

"AH, LOOK NOT SO UPON ME"

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Beginnings of American Diplomacy

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WE hazard nothing in saying that not only the most important event of the past two hundred years, but one of the most important events of all time, was the advent of the United States of America into the family of nations. Its profound significance was not then unfelt, but in the nature of things its far-reaching effects could not be foreseen. Even now, as we survey the momentous changes of the last few years, we seem to stand only on the threshold of American history, as if its domain were the future rather than the past. But the splendor of the hour, while it illuminates the present, darkens by its light what lies beyond the immediate range of vision. The power which we hold to-day is no sudden and isolated possession. Its foundations were laid in the work of the original builders; and if we would understand the greatness of the present we must recur to what has gone before. Many nations have come and gone, and have left little impress upon the life of humanity. The declaration of American independence, however, bore upon its face the marks of distinction, and presaged the development of a theory and a policy which must be worked out in opposition to the ideas that then dominated the civilized world. Of this theory and policy the key-note was freedom: freedom of the individual, in order that he might work out his destiny in his own way; freedom in government, in order that the human faculties might have free course; freedom in commerce, in order that the resources of the earth might be developed and rendered fruitful in the increase of human wealth, contentment, and happiness.

When our ancestors embarked on the sea of independence, they were hemmed in by a system of monopolies. It was to the effects of this system that the American revolt against British authority was primarily due; and of the monopolies under which they chafed, the most palpable was the commercial. It is an inevitable result of the vital connection between bodily wants and human happiness that political evils should seem to be more or less speculative so long as they do not prevent the individual from obtaining an abundance of the things that are essential to his physical comfort. This truth the system of commercial monopoly brutally disregarded. From the discovery of America and of the passage to the Eastern seas, colonies were held by the European nations only for purposes of selfish exploitation. Originally handed over to companies which possessed the exclusive right to trade with them, the principle of monopoly, even after the power of the companies was broken, was still retained. Although

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the English colonies were somewhat more favored than those of other nations, yet the British system, like that of the other European powers, was based upon the principle of exclusion. Foreign ships were forbidden to trade with the colonies, and many of the most important commodities could be exported only to the mother country. British merchants likewise enjoyed the exclusive privilege of supplying the colonies with such goods as they needed from Europe. This system was rendered yet more insupportable to the American colonists by reason of the substantial liberty which they had

ROBERT R. LIVINGSTON
Appointed the first Secretary of Foreign Affairs, August 10, 1781

been accustomed to exercise in matters of local government. Under what Burke described as a policy of "wise and salutary neglect," they had to a great extent been permitted to follow in such matters their own bent. But this habit of independence, practised by men in whom vigor and enterprise had been developed by life in a new world, far from reconciling them to their lot, served but to accentuate the incompatibility of commercial slavery with political freedom. The time was sure to come when colonies could no longer be treated merely as markets and as prizes of war. The American revolt was the signal of its appearance.

But there was yet another cause. The American revolt was not inspired solely by opposition to the system of commercial monopoly. The system of colonial monopoly may in a sense be said to have been but the emanation of the system of monopoly in government. In 1776 Europe for the most part groaned under the sway of arbitrary governments. To this rule Great Britain formed a striking exception; but even in Great Britain the struggle had barely begun which was to transform that nation into the imperial democracy of the present day. Great mutations were, however, impending in the world's political and moral order. The principles of a new philosophy were at work. With the usual human tendency to ascribe prosperity and adversity alike to the acts of government, the conviction had come to prevail that all the ills from which society suffered were ultimately to be traced to the principle of the divine right of kings, on which existing governments so generally rested. Therefore, in place of the principle of the divine right of kings, there was proclaimed the principle of the natural rights of man; and in America this principle found a congenial and unpreoccupied soil and an opportunity to grow. The theories of philosophers became in America the practice of statesmen. The rights of man became the rights of individual men. Hence our forefathers in their Declaration of Independence at the outset declared "these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," and that "to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

When the United States declared their independence, they acknowledged one of the necessary conditions of national life by at once endeavoring to enter into diplomatic relations with other powers. Indeed, even before that event measures were taken to insure the proper conduct of foreign correspondence. On November 29, 1775, the Continental Congress appointed a committee of five, which was known as the "committee of secret correspondence," for the purpose of communicating with the friends of the colonies

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in other parts of the world.* On March 3, 1776, this committee instructed Silas Deane, of Connecticut, to proceed to France in the character of a secret agent, and, if possible, to ascertain whether, if the colonies should be forced to form themselves into an independent state, France would probably acknowledge them as such and enter into a treaty of alliance with them for commerce or defence, or both, and if so on what conditions. These instructions were signed by Benjamin Franklin, Benjamin Harrison, John Dickinson, Robert Morris, and John Jay.

Deane's mission was by no means fruitless; but, after the declaration of independence, measures of a more formal kind were taken. On September 17, 1776, Congress took into consideration the subject of treaties with foreign nations, and adopted a plan of a treaty of commerce to be proposed to the King of France. Comprehensive in scope and far-reaching in its aims, this remarkable state paper stands as a monument to the broad and sagacious views of the men who framed it and gave it their sanction. Many of its provisions have found their way, often in identical terms, into the subsequent treaties of the United States; while in its proposals for the abolition of discriminating duties that favored the native in matters of commerce and navigation, it levelled a blow at the exclusive system then prevailing, and anticipated by forty years the first successful effort to incorporate into a treaty the principle of equality and freedom on which those proposals were based. On the other hand, as if with prophetic instinct, care was taken that the expansion of the United States in the western hemisphere should not be hampered. The new government, in turning to France for aid, did not labor under misconceptions. It little detracts from our obligations to France, for support afforded us in the hour of peril and need, to say that that support was not and could not have been given by the French monarchy out of sympathy with the principles announced by the American revolutionists. No matter what incipient tendencies may have existed among the French people, there could be on the part of the French government no such sentiment. In one point, however, the French government and the French people were in feeling completely united, and that was the determination if possible to undo the results of the Seven Years' War, as embodied in the peace of Paris of 1763. Under that peace France had given to Great Britain both Canada and the island of Cape Breton, and had practically withdrawn her flag from the western hemisphere. To retrieve these losses was the passionate desire of every patriotic Frenchman; and it was believed by the better informed among our statesmen that France would overlook the act of revolt and embrace the opportunity to deal a blow at her victorious rival. Nevertheless, in the plan of a treaty to be proposed to France it was expressly declared that the Most Christian King should never invade nor attempt to possess himself of any of the countries on the continent of North America, either to the north or to the

SILAS DEANE
Appointed Secret Agent to France by the Continental Congress

* This committee in 1777 was denominated the "committee for foreign affairs." January 10, 1781, Congress established a "department of foreign affairs," which was to be in charge of a "Secretary of Foreign Affairs." The first incumbent of this office was Robert R. Livingston, who was appointed on August 10, 1781.

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ARTHUR LEE
Commissioner to treat with the government of France

south of the United States, nor of any islands lying near that continent, except such as he might take from Great Britain in the West Indies. With this exception, the sole and perpetual possession of the countries and islands belonging to the British crown in North America was reserved to the United States.

When this plan was adopted, Franklin, Deane, and Jefferson were chosen as commissioners to lay it before the French government; but Jefferson declined the post, and Arthur Lee, who was already in Europe, was appointed in his stead. On December 4, 1776, Franklin, weak from the effects of a tedious voyage, touched the coast of Brittany. As soon as his health was sufficiently reestablished, he hastened to Paris, where he met his colleagues; and on December 23 they jointly addressed to the Count Vergennes, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, the first formal diplomatic communication made on behalf of the United States to a foreign power.

The plan of a commercial treaty which the commissioners were instructed to submit proved to be unacceptable to France. Nor was this strange. The French government, while maintaining a show of neutrality, had indeed opened its treasury and its military stores to the Americans, under the guise of commercial dealings carried on through the dramatist Beaumarchais in the supposititious name of a Spanish firm. Nevertheless, France was still in a state of peace, her commerce unvexed by war, while America was invaded by a hostile army and her independence was yet to be established. She was free at any moment to become reconciled to England, and such a reconciliation was not deemed improbable either in England or in France. Even in America there were not wanting those who expected it. But the course of events swept the two countries rapidly along. The American commissioners, soon after they met in France, were authorized to abandon the purely commercial basis of negotiation and to propose both to France and to Spain a political connection—to the former, in return for her aid, the conquest of the West Indies; and to the latter, the subjugation of Portugal. These new instructions disclosed on the part of the United States a conviction of the necessity of foreign aid of a more direct and extensive kind than could possibly be rendered within the limits of neutrality.

While the French government still hesitated, there came the news of the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga. The report reached France early in December, 1777. The signal success of the American arms was the turning-point in the negotiations. The American commissioners at once assumed a bolder front. They formally proposed a treaty of alliance, and insisted on knowing the intentions of the French court. The answer of France came on the 17th of December. On that day the American commissioners were informed, by order of the King, that his Majesty had determined to acknowledge the independence of the United States and to make with them a treaty. The negotiations then rapidly proceeded; and on February 6, 1778, there were signed two treaties, one of commerce and the other of alliance. The commercial treaty was the one first signed, and it thus became the first treaty concluded between the United States and a foreign power. The treaty of alliance was signed immediately afterwards. The table on which these acts were performed is still preserved in the French Foreign Office.

In the treaty of commerce, the original

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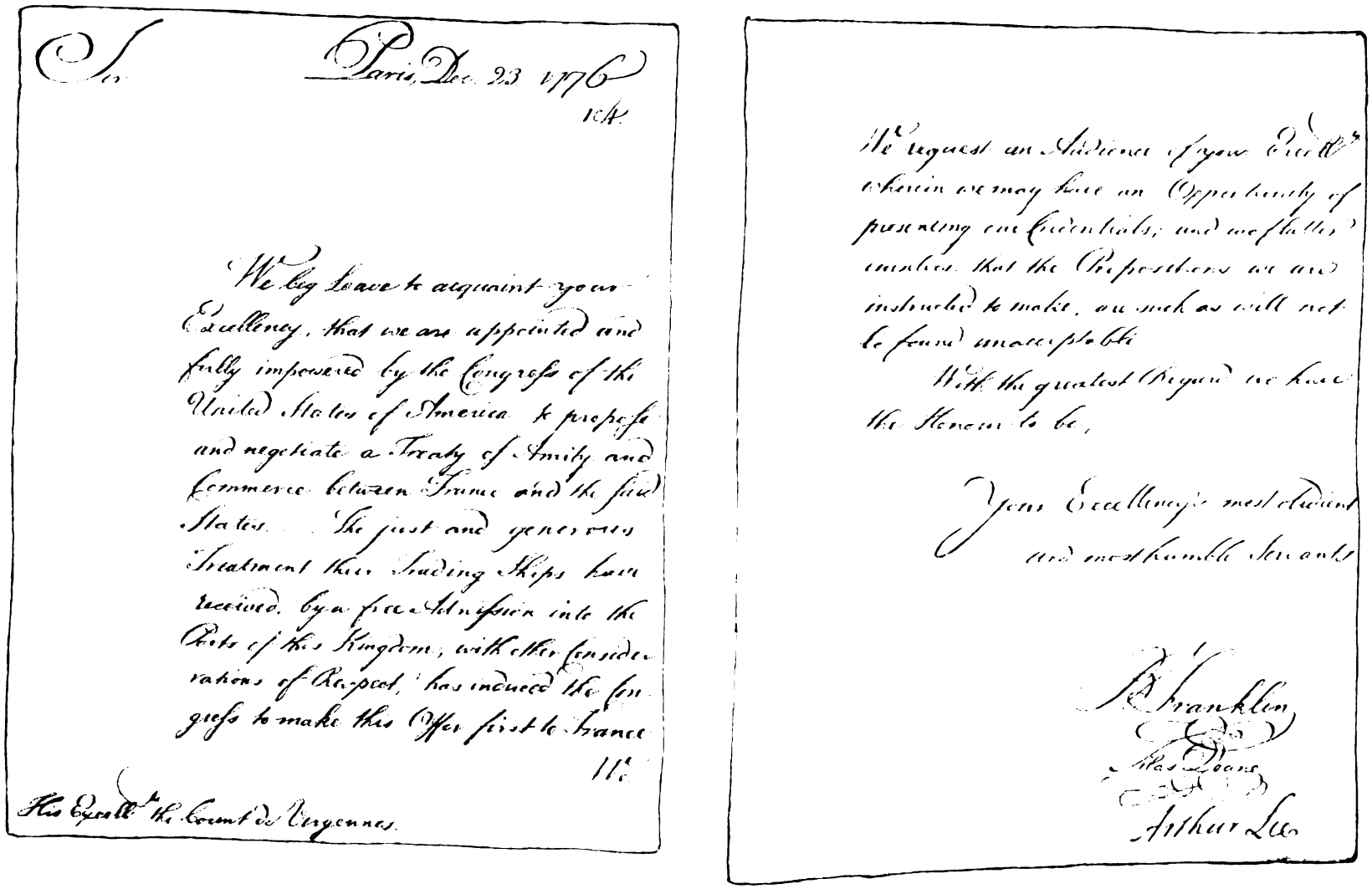

Paris, Dec. 23 1776

1/4

We beg leave to acquaint your Excellency, that we are appointed and fully impowered by the Congress of the United States of America to propose and negotiate a Treaty of Amity and Commerce between France and the said States. The just and generous Treatment their Trading Ships have received, by a free Admission into the Ports of this Kingdom, with other considerations of Respect, has induced the Congress to make this Offer first to France

We

His Excellt the Count de Vergennes.

We request an Audience of your Excellt wherein we may have an Opportunity of presenting our Credentials, and mutually examining that the Propositions we are instructed to make, are such as will not be found unacceptable

With the greatest Respect we have the Honour to be,

Your Excellency's most obedient and most humble Servants

B Franklin

Silas Deane

Arthur Lee

THE FIRST FORMAL DIPLOMATIC COMMUNICATION MADE ON BEHALF OF THE UNITED STATES TO A FOREIGN POWER

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views of the United States as to the opening of the colonial trade and the abolition of discriminating duties were by no means carried out; but the terms actually obtained embodied the most-favored-nation principle, and were as liberal as could reasonably have been expected.

The treaty of alliance was, however, of a totally different nature, and established between the countries an intimate association in respect of their foreign affairs. No one doubted that the conclusion of the alliance meant war between France and Great Britain. France's recognition of the independence of the United States was on all sides understood to be an act of intervention, which the British government would resent and oppose; for, while the United States had declared their independence, they were still in the midst of the struggle actually to secure it. This fact was acknowledged in the treaty itself. Its "essential and direct end" was avowed to be "to maintain effectually the liberty, sovereignty, and independence, absolute and unlimited, of the United States, as well in matters of government as of commerce"; and it was agreed that if war between France and Great Britain should ensue, the King of France and the United States would make it a common cause and aid each other mutually with their good offices, their counsels, and their forces. The American idea as to territorial expansion was, however, preserved. The United States, in the event of seizing the remaining British possessions in North America or the Bermuda Islands, were to be permitted to bring them into the confederacy or to hold them as dependencies. The King of France renounced them forever, reserving only the right to capture and hold any British islands in or near the Gulf of Mexico.

In addition, the United States guaranteed to France the latter's existing possessions in America, as well as any which she might acquire by the future treaty of peace, while France guaranteed to the United States their independence, as well as any dominions which they might obtain from Great Britain in North America or the Bermuda Islands during the war. In conclusion, the contracting parties agreed to invite or admit other powers who had received injuries from England to make common cause with them. This stipulation particularly referred to Spain, France's intimate ally.

The French alliance was beyond all comparison the most important diplomatic event of the American Revolution. It secured to the United States at a critical moment the inestimable support of a power which at one time controlled the destinies of Europe and which was still the principal power on the Continent. Only one other treaty was obtained by the United States prior to the peace with Great Britain, and that was the convention of amity and commerce, signed by John Adams, with representatives of their "High Mightinesses the States General of the United Netherlands" at The Hague, on October 8, 1782; but the Netherlands were then also at war with Great Britain, and their recognition, though most timely and helpful, was not of vital import. The failure, however, to make other treaties was not due to any lack of effort. Agents were accredited by the Continental Congress to various courts in Europe. John Jay and William Carmichael were sent to Spain; Ralph Izard was appointed to Tuscany; William Lee was directed to test the disposition of Vienna; Arthur Lee was authorized to sound various courts, including that of Prussia; Francis Dana was bidden to knock at the door of Russia; Henry Laurens was commissioned to the Netherlands.

There exists a popular tendency to overrate the delights and to underrate the hardships of the diplomatic life; but, however much opinions may differ on this point, there can be no doubt that the office of an American diplomatist in the days of the Revolution was no holiday pastime. If he was not already in Europe, his journey to his post was beset with perils graver than those of the elements. In the eyes of British law, American revolutionists were simply "rebels," the reprobation of whose conduct was likely to be proportioned to their prominence and activity; and the seas were scoured by British cruisers, the dreaded embodiment of England's maritime supremacy. Deane went abroad secretly before independence was declared; but when his presence in France became known, the British government asked that

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he be seized and delivered up into its custody. Franklin sailed for France on a small vessel of war belonging to Congress, called the *Reprisal*. On the way over she took two prizes, and more than once, on descrying a suspicious sail, cleared for action. Had she been captured by the British, Franklin would have had an opportunity to test the truth of his remark to his associates in Congress, that they must "either hang together or hang separately." John Adams, on his first journey, took passage on an American vessel; on his second he embarked in the French frigate *Sensible*, and landed at Ferrol, in Spain. Jay committed his fate to the American man-of-war *Confederacy*, and, like Adams and Franklin, reached his destination.

Laurens was elected minister to the Netherlands in October, 1779, but, owing to the vigilance of the British watch of the American coasts, did not sail till August, 1780, when he took passage on a small packet-boat called the *Mercury*, under the convoy of the sloop-of-war *Saratoga*. When off the Banks of Newfoundland, the *Mercury*, then abandoned by her convoy, was chased and seized by the British cruiser *Vestal*. During the pursuit, Laurens's papers were hastily put into a bag, with "a reasonable weight of iron shot," and thrown overboard. The weight, however, was not sufficient to sink them, and they fell into the hands of the captors, by whom they were "hooked up" and delivered to the British government. Laurens himself was imprisoned in the Tower of London.

Never did consequences more momentous flow from a confused effort to supply the want of previous precautions. Among the papers was a tentative plan of a commercial treaty between the United States and the Netherlands, which William Lee had, on September 4, 1778, agreed upon with a representative of Van Berckel, grand pensionary of Amsterdam, who had been authorized by the burgomasters to treat. Obviously this act was in no wise binding upon the States General, and Van Berckel had formally declared that the treaty was not to be concluded till the independence of the United States should be recognized by the English. But trouble had long been brooding between the English and the Dutch; and the British minister at The Hague was instructed to demand the disavowal of the treaty, and the punishment of Van Berckel and his "accomplices" as "disturbers of the public peace and violators of the law of nations." This demand the Dutch declined to grant; and on December 20, 1780, the British government proclaimed general reprisals.

While the persons of our representatives were safe from seizure upon the Continent, they obtained no substantial recognition outside of France and the Netherlands. In 1777 Arthur Lee was stopped by the Spanish government when on his way to Madrid. Jay and William Carmichael were afterwards allowed to reside there, but only as private individuals. In the early days of the Revolution, Spain had given some pecuniary aid at the solicitation of France. That Congress expected to obtain from her further assistance may be inferred from the circumstance that Jay had scarcely left the United States when bills were drawn upon him to a large amount. But with the exception of an insignificant sum, insufficient to enable him to meet these bills, which Franklin had ultimately to take up, Jay obtained no aid and made no progress. With regard to the Mississippi, Spain demanded an exclusive navigation; but in spite of the fact that Congress, against Jay's warning that such a course would render a future war with Spain unavoidable, eventually offered, in return for an alliance, to concede this demand from the thirty-first degree of north latitude southward, his mission failed. Spain ultimately went to war against Great Britain, but for her own purposes. With a presentiment not unnatural, she to the end regretted the independence of the United States. In a prophetic paper submitted to the Spanish King after peace was reestablished, Count d'Aranda, who was Spanish ambassador at Paris during the American Revolution, said: "The independence of the English colonies has been recognized. It is for me a subject of grief and fear. France has but few possessions in America, but she was bound to consider that Spain, her most intimate ally, had many, and that she now stands exposed to terrible reverses. From the beginning France has

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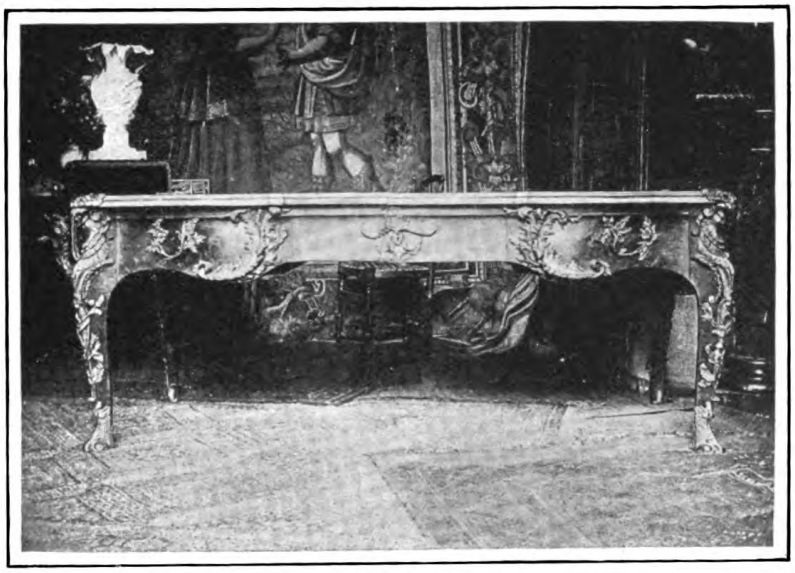

HISTORIC TABLE IN THE FRENCH FOREIGN OFFICE
On this table were signed (in 1778) our treaties of commerce and alliance with France

acted against her true interests in encouraging and supporting this independence, and so I have often declared to the ministers of that nation."

While the attitude of Spain towards the Revolution was affected by considerations of her particular interests, it was to a great extent shared by most of the powers of Europe. William Lee went to Vienna, but was not received there. Dana resided for two years at St. Petersburg as a private individual, and obtained nothing beyond one informal interview with the Minister of Foreign Affairs. Izard was dissuaded by the minister of Tuscany at Paris from attempting to visit that country, and ended his diplomatic career in unhappy discontent at the French capital. But the greatest misfortune of all was that which befell Arthur Lee at the Prussian capital.

Diplomacy in the course of time had lost much of its idle pomp and ceremony, but had gained little in scrupulousness and delicacy. Bribery was still one of its most formidable weapons; but in its treatment of Lee it also employed methods the burglarious grossness of which was mollified only by the histrionic air that pervaded the whole transaction. Great concern was felt by England as to the possible course of Prussia; and when, early in May, 1777, the British government received, through one of its ubiquitous agencies, a report that Lee and Carmichael were about to proceed from Paris to Berlin, the Earl of Suffolk directed Hugh Elliot, the British minister at the latter capital, to "give every proper attention to their conduct, and the impression which it may make." His lordship added, with that completeness and accuracy of information which characterized all his communications, that Carmichael had "the best abilities," but that Lee was more immediately in the commission of Congress. At the end of May his lordship wrote that a Mr. Sayre, and not Carmichael, would accompany Lee to Berlin; and Sayre he described as "a man of desperate private fortune, but with the disposition rather than the talents to be mischievous." Sayre was, in fact, one of those adventurers with whom Lee, through bad judgment, permitted himself often to be associated, with unhappy results. Meanwhile, before Elliot could have received his lordship's second letter, all diplomatic Berlin was agog over the arrival of Lee and a "Mr. Stephens,"—such being the patronymic under which Sayre, whose Christian name was Stephen, then travelled, while he assumed the character of a banker. Elliot, however, was not deceived; and, with the ardent desire of

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a young man of twenty-four to show his mettle, he set about his task with diligence and enthusiasm. His suspicions were soon inflamed by learning that Lee had had a private interview with Count Schulenburg and was in correspondence with him, and that Herr Zegelin, formerly Prussian minister at Constantinople, who was supposed to be much em-

British Secretary for Home and Colonial Affairs (1782)

ployed by Frederick the Great in confidential negotiations, had come to Berlin "unexpectedly," and taken lodgings not only in the same inn with Lee and Sayre, but even on the same floor. Nor was Elliot reassured when Count Schulenburg, on a certain occasion, turned the conversation to the "report" of the arrival of the "Americans," for the purpose of saying that he knew nothing of it; nor when, still later, he admitted that they had proposed to sell some tobacco at a low price, but declared that the King was "entirely ignorant of their being at all connected with the rebels in America." Elliot, however, had determined to get authentic information at first hand. Through a German servant in his employ he "gained," as he expressed it, the cooperation of the servants at the inn and of the landlord's wife. By this means he learned that Lee kept his papers, including a journal of each day's transactions, in a portfolio which was usually laid away in a bureau. He therefore had false keys made both to the door of the chamber and the bureau; and having learned that on a certain day Lee and Sayre were going into the country, where they usually stayed till eleven at night, he sent his German servant to bring away the papers. When the servant reached the inn some strangers had just arrived, and as he could not enter the door without being seen, he got into Lee's room through a window. He returned with the portfolio about four o'clock. Elliot was at dinner, duly provided with four guests, who "were all enjoined to the most sacred secrecy and set to copying instantly," while he himself went about to pay visits and show himself. He was still thus engaged, when, calling about eight o'clock at the inn on pretence of seeing a fellow countryman, Lord Russborough, he found that Lee and Sayre had just arrived. He then assumed the most difficult part of his task. Knowing that the papers had not been returned, he in company with Russborough joined Lee and Sayre and endeavored to amuse them with conversation, which he did for nearly two hours, without any introduction or any disclosure of names, but merely as one who had happened to meet persons speaking the same language. At ten o'clock, however, Lee retired, saying that he must go to his room and write. Soon afterwards Elliot heard a "violent clamor" in the house of a "robbery" and "loss of papers." He then drove home, and finding most of the papers copied, disguised himself and took them to the mistress of the house, who, being in the plot, told the story that they were left at the door by some one who announced their return through the keyhole and then ran off. Lee appealed to the police, and an inquiry was promptly set on foot. It soon led to the German servant. Elliot, who was not unpre-

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pared for this contingency, immediately sent him out of the country, and made to the Prussian government, as well as to his own, an official explanation of the incident. His own government was, however, advised of the actual circumstances by one of his useful guests, who hastened with the copies to England. According to the official version, the affair was altogether an accident, due to Elliot's imprudence in saying in the presence of an overofficious servant that he would give a large sum of money to see Mr. Lee's papers; but as soon as the "unwarrantable action" of the servant was discovered, the papers were returned. This account naturally found little credence, although diplomatic opinion of the merits of the transaction was said to be much "divided." But the knowledge of the fact that the British government had obtained copies of Lee's papers put an end to the attempt privately to negotiate with the Prussian government and frustrated the plans for obtaining supplies from Prussian ports.

In the narration of the course of our Revolutionary diplomacy there yet remains to be mentioned one name—that of Charles William Frederick Dumas, the first authorized representative of the Continental Congress in a foreign land. To the people of the United States his name is to-day practically unknown; but I do not hesitate to affirm that, with the exception of Adams, Franklin, and Jay, there is no one whose services to the American cause in Europe appeal more strongly for grateful remembrance than do his. A native of Switzerland, though he spent most of his life in the Netherlands; a man "of deep learning, versed in the ancient classics, and skilled in several modern languages"; the author and translator of a large number of works, some of which related to America, and the editor of an edition of Vattel, with a preface and copious notes,—he felt at the very beginning the inspiration of the American cause, and from thenceforth dedicated his all to its advancement. When the first report of the Revolution was heard in Europe, he began to employ his pen in its support. Besides publishing and circulating an explanation of its causes, he translated and spread abroad the proceedings of the Continental Congress. Toward the end of 1775, nearly three months before Deane was sent to France, his aid was solicited by Franklin, in the name of the committee of secret correspondence, as an agent of the American colonies in the Netherlands. He accepted the commission with the promise of "a hearty goodwill and an untiring zeal," adding, "This promise on my part is, in fact, an oath of allegiance, which I spontaneously take to Congress." Never was oath more faithfully kept. His voluminous reports to Congress, some of which have been published, attest his constant activity. He journeyed from city to city and from state to state in the Low Countries as the apostle of American independence. He lent his aid to Adams as secretary and translator, and later acted as *chargé d'affaires,* exchanging in that capacity for the United States the ratifications of the treaty which Adams had concluded with the Dutch government. And if, when the treaty was made, it represented not merely a perception of material interests, but the sentiment of fraternity commemorated in the medals of the time, the fact was in no small measure due to the untiring devotion of this neglected advocate of the American cause, to whom some memorial should yet be raised in recognition of his zeal, his sacrifices, and his deserts.

We have seen that in diplomacy, in spite of its supposed precautions, chance often plays an important part. So it happened in the case of the negotiations between England and America for peace. In the winter of 1781-82, a friend and neighbor of Franklin's, Madame Brillon, met at Nice a number of the English gentry. Among these was Lord Cholmondeley, who promised while on his return to England to call upon Franklin and drink tea with him at Passy. On March 21, 1782, Franklin received a note from his lordship, who, in the interview that followed, offered to bear a note to Lord Shelburne, who, as he assured Franklin, felt for him a high regard. Franklin accepted the suggestion and wrote a brief letter, in which he expressed a wish that a "general peace" might be brought about, though he betrayed no hope that it would soon take place. But at this

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moment the political situation in England was somewhat tumultuous. The American war was becoming more and more unpopular; and on the 20th of March, Lord North resigned. In this emergency George III. sent for Lord Shelburne. Shelburne advised that Lord Rockingham be called to the head of the cabinet, and declared the recognition of American independence to be indispensable. Rockingham was made Prime Minister, and Shelburne became Secretary for Home and Colonial Affairs. The Foreign Office was given to Charles James Fox. Franklin's letter to Shelburne was written without knowledge of the significant change then taking place in the British ministry. Soon afterwards news came of Shelburne's entrance into the cabinet; but Franklin thought no more of his letter till the second week in April, when a neighbor appeared and introduced a Mr. Oswald, who, after some conversation, handed Franklin two letters—one from Shelburne and the other from Henry Laurens. The letter from Shelburne, besides commending Oswald as an honest and capable man, expressed his lordship's desire to retain between himself and Franklin the same simplicity and good faith which had subsisted between them in transactions of less importance.

Although Fox has always been regarded with affection in America as a friend of the colonists, it was fortunate that the negotiations fell into the hands of Shelburne. Associated in his earlier career with men of reactionary tendencies, he afterwards became an eminent representative of the liberal economic school of which Adam Smith was the founder. As often happens, this change in his position gave rise to suspicions as to his sincerity. Lacking the vehemence which characterized Fox, and which gives even to the most flexible conduct the air of passionate sincerity, Shelburne was a man of high intellectual power, who followed the dictates of reason rather than the impulses of feeling. No better evidence could be adduced of the sincerity of his desire to treat on the most liberal basis than his choice of Richard Oswald as a negotiator. Ingenuous and impulsive, in the end the British cabinet was obliged to send an assistant to withdraw some of his concessions. On the part of the United States authority to negotiate for peace had been given to Adams, Franklin, Jay, and Laurens. Jay arrived in Paris late in June, 1782, and for a time thereafter, owing to the illness of Franklin, the negotiations fell chiefly into his hands. But, on the 6th of July, Franklin presented to Oswald certain propositions, three of which were put forward as necessary, and two as advisable. The former were (1) the acknowledgment of independence, (2) a settlement of the boundaries, and (3) freedom of fishing; the advisable stipulations were (1) free commercial intercourse, and (2) the cession of the province of Canada to the United States, partly in payment of war claims and partly to create a fund for the compensation of loyalists whose property had been seized and confiscated.

With the exclusion of free commercial intercourse, the negotiations continued on these lines till Adams, fresh from his triumphs in the Netherlands, joined his associates, October 26, 1782. To the unconditional compensation of the loyalists, Franklin was unalterably opposed, and whenever it was pressed brought up his proposition for the cession of Canada. Adams was equally insistent upon the right of fishing and of drying and curing fish on the British coasts. There was also a question growing out of the acts of sequestration passed by certain States during the Revolution for the purpose of causing debts due to British creditors to be paid into the public treasuries. The lawfulness of this transaction became a subject of controversy in the peace negotiations, especially in connection with the claims of the loyalists for compensation for their confiscated estates. Franklin and Jay, though they deprecated the policy of confiscating private debts, hesitated on the ground of a want of authority in the existing national government to override the acts of the States. But by one of those dramatic strokes of which he was a master, John Adams, when he arrived on the scene, ended the discussion by suddenly declaring, in the presence of the British plenipotentiaries, that he "had no notion of cheating anybody"; and that, while he was opposed to compen-

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sating the loyalists, he would agree to a stipulation to enable the British creditors to sue for the recovery of their debts. Such a stipulation was inserted in the treaty. It is remarkable not only as the embodiment of an enlightened policy, but also as the strongest assertion in the acts of that time of the power and authority of the national government. The final concession of the American claim to the fisheries was also granted upon the demand of Adams, who declared that he would not sign a treaty on any other terms. Before the close of the negotiations, Henry Laurens arrived in Paris; and there, on the 30th of November, he joined his three colleagues in signing with Richard Oswald the provisional articles of peace. It has often been said that of all the treaties Great Britain ever made this was the one by which she gave the most and took the least. It brought, however, upon Shelburne and his associates the censure of the House of Commons and caused the downfall of his ministry.

The articles were signed by the American commissioners without consultation with the French government. In taking this course the commissioners acted in opposition to their instructions. Their action was due to suspicions first entertained by Jay, but in which Adams, who besides was little disposed to defer to Vergennes, participated. Franklin, although he does not appear to have shared the feelings of his colleagues, determined to act with them. The question whether they were justified has given rise to voluminous controversies. Every source of information has been diligently explored in order to ascertain whether the suspicions of Jay were, in fact, well or ill founded. This test does not, however, seem to be necessarily conclusive. In law the excuse for an act often depends not so much upon the actual as upon the apparent reality of the danger. The principal ground of Jay's distrust was a secret mission to England of Rayneval, an attaché of the French Foreign Office and an especial representative of Vergennes. Jay suspected that Rayneval had been sent to London to learn from Shelburne the views of the American commissioners, and to assure him of the support of France if he should reject their claims to the fisheries and the Mississippi. The full disclosure in recent years of the record of Rayneval's mission has established the entire good faith of the French court in that transaction.

But the conduct of the commissioners aroused the indignation of the French government. "You are about to hold out," wrote Vergennes to Franklin, "a certain hope of peace to America without even informing yourself of the state of negotiations on our part. You are wise and discreet, sir; you perfectly understand what is due to propriety; you have all your life performed your duties. I pray you to consider how you propose to fulfil those which are due to the King. I am not desirous of enlarging these reflections. I recommend them to your own integrity." No paper that Franklin ever wrote displays his marvellous skill to more advantage than his reply to these reproaches. While protesting that nothing had been agreed in the preliminaries contrary to the interests of France, he admitted that the American commissioners had "been guilty of neglecting a point of *bienséance*." But as this was not, he declared, from want of respect to the King, whom they all loved and honored, he hoped that it would be excused, and that "the great work, which has hitherto been so happily conducted, is so nearly brought to perfection, and is so glorious to his reign, will not be ruined by a single indiscretion of ours." And then he adds this adroit suggestion: "*The English, I just now learn, flatter themselves they have already divided us.* I hope this little misunderstanding will therefore be kept a secret, and that they will find themselves totally mistaken."

When the provisional articles of peace were signed, the American commissioners hoped subsequently to be able to conclude a commercial arrangement. This hope proved to be delusive. On September 3, 1783, the provisional articles were formally converted into a definitive peace. The old system, embodied in the Navigation Act, England even yet was not ready to abandon. Years of strife were to ensue before it was to fall to pieces; and in the course of the conflict the United States was to stand as the exponent and defender of neutral rights and commercial freedom.

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Little Rugby

BY ROY ROLFE GILSON

WHEN you and Peter hunted fox-grapes on a Saturday in fall, or rambled truantly on a warm spring morning, chuckling at the school-bells calling in vain to you across the marshes, it was fine to say,

"Now if there was only a gamekeeper to get into a row with!"

And have Peter reply: "Gee! Do you remember how Velveteens got Tom up a tree?"

It was fine, because it showed that Peter, too, knew all about *Tom Brown's School Days*—all about Slogger Williams the bully, and Tom's fight with him, and Doctor Arnold, and Tom in the last chapter standing alone in the Rugby chapel by the Doctor's grave. Other fellows might have asked,

"What's a gamekeeper?"

And you would have had to think of Tom and Velveteens all by yourself.

One night in winter, keeping watch—hard pressed was Cæsar by the hordes of Gaul,—you left his camp stealthily for the library shelves. There in an old magazine your eyes fell upon the Rugby of your dreams. Pictures—there were pictures of the great gate, of the quadrangle, of the chapel, and the tower door in the Doctor's house with the ivy over it, of the fives-courts, and the cricket-field with its boys and its long-tailed sheep, and Sallie Harrowell's, where they bought hot baked potatoes and a penny-worth of tea. And out of one full, dark page looked Dr. Arnold himself—a face as fine and wise and tender as you had fancied it, so that you turned from it but to turn back again, thinking how Tom had looked upon its living presence in those days before the chapel grave. You read. You read again. You looked, and looked again, forgetting the legions in the Gallic wilds, forgetting the Roman sentry-calls for the cries of cricketers, seeing naught but the guarded wickets on an English green and how the sheep browsed peacefully under the windows in the vines.

Schoolward next morning Rugby and Cæsar nestled together beneath your arm. You found your little Rugby on a hill—a sallow wooden thing it was, this Ourtown High School, solemn-eyed, standing awkwardly in threadbare playgrounds like a poor schoolmaster—impoverished without, doubtless well stocked within. A fine mathematical place it was, to look at, austere and angular—geometry writ large upon its four plain faces—without a shred of vine or arching bough to lure your thoughts from the barren theorems of its architecture.

You ran lightly up the steps. You flung open the great hall door. A flood of sound gushed forth—laughter, boisterous voices, chatter of girls and clatter of feet. Across the threshold familiar faces turned, smiling; familiar voices rose from the tumult. You heard your name. Your shoulders tingled with the buffets of familiar hands. Your face glowed. Your voice rose. You laughed and whacked and welcomed with the rest.

"There's Bill. Hello, Bildad!"

"Hello, old sawhorse!"

"Hello yourself!"

But suddenly that gentle pressure of an arm about you, and Peter's voice—

"Hello, old man!"

You had seen him yesterday—but that was years ago. You flung an arm about his waist.

"Hello, old man! See!" and you showed him the Rugby of Tom Brown.

A gong clanged. Then all about you were hurry and the tramp of feet upon the stairs. You and Peter, your arm guiding him as he scanned each precious page, climbed the staircase and drifted with the laughing current through the doors of the assembly-hall.

"See the cricket-bats on the wall?"

"Yes; and the High Street—and Sallie Harrowell's!"

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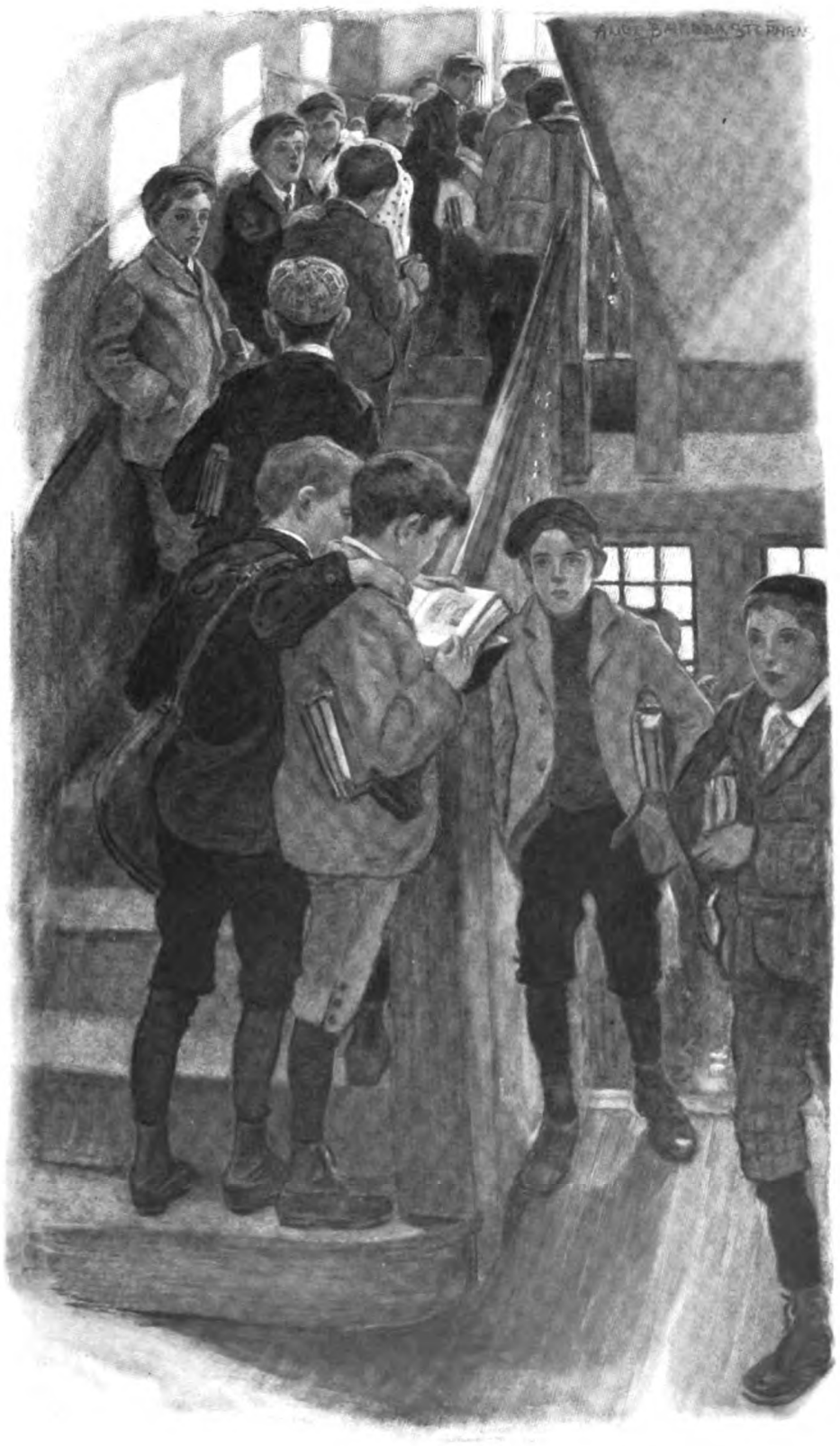

Half-tone plate engraved by H. O'Brien

YOU AND PETER SCANNED EACH PRECIOUS PAGE

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"And the Doctor's door!"

Through another door just then your own teachers were slowly filing—your own Doctor last and weightiest of all, his smooth, strong face busy with some chapel revery.

"*Our* Doctor's like Arnold," you said to Peter as you slid together into your double seat.

The last gong clanged. There was a last bang of seats turned down, a last clatter of books upon the desks. The last belated breathless one fluttered down the aisle with reddened cheeks. The Doctor, standing on the platform, behind his desk, waited with the open Bible in his hand. Then a hush fell upon the hall.

"Let us read, this morning, the One-hundred-and-seventh Psalm — Psalm One Hundred and Seven."

Peter was in Rugby, hidden by the boy in front. You fixed your gaze upon the desk before you. Fair and smooth it was—too smooth with newness to suit a Rugbyan eye. During the Psalm, with your pocket-knife you cut your initials in the yellow wood, close to Peter's, and smiled at them. In days to come other boys would sit where you were sitting, and gaze, and puzzle over your rude legacy. And if your dreams came true—who knows?—other boys would be proud enough to sprawl their elbows where a famous man had lolled. Or they would hang the old seat-top upon the wall, perhaps, that all who ran might read the glory of your *alma mater,* even in the disobedience of her famous son. You gazed fondly upon your handiwork, and closed your knife. You had done your part. Time and Destiny must do the rest.

"Let us pray."

For a silent moment the Doctor stood before you with closed eyes. You and Peter, your shoulders touching, bowed your heads with the rest.

"Our Father in heaven . . ."

There was no altar—only a flat-topped desk; no stained-glass windows—only the morning falling golden through transparent panes; and there a man's voice, deep and trembling, and here a schoolboy's beating heart.

". . . Help us, O Father, to be kinder . . ."

How you loved Peter, the Doctor, Father at work and Mother at home, and Lizbeth down in the grammar grade—and your yellow Rugby on the hill!

". . . Lead us, O Father, to a nobler youth . . ."

Peter and all the fellows and all the girls should know you for the man you saw yourself, deep down in your hidden soul.

". . . Give us, O Father, courage for the battle . . ."

Just wait till the next time Murphy bumped you on the stairs!

". . . to put behind us all indolence of flesh and soul . . ."

You would study hard this term.

". . . all heedlessness and disobedience . . ."

You would keep the rules.

". . . For Jesus' sake—Amen."

"Peter, did you see the long-tailed sheep?"

YOU CUT YOUR INITIALS IN THE YELLOW WOOD

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OURTOWN RUGBY

"If the young gentlemen whispering on the back seat . . ."

You flushed angrily. Other fellows whispered on back seats. Why, always when the Doctor chided, did the whole school turn so knowingly to you?

Sitting, one study hour, in the assembly-hall, your eyes wandered to the top of your Cæsar, strayed over it to the braided hair of a girl beyond, and on to the long brown benches. The hum of recitations there, the whispering behind you, the giggling half suppressed, and the sharp tap of the teacher's warning pencil came to you vaguely as in a dream. Through the tall windows you saw the spotless blue of the sky, the bright green swaying tips of the maples, and the flight of wings. Out there it was spring. Two more months of Cæsar. Eight more dreary weeks of legions marching and barbarians passing under the yoke—then summer, the long vacation, knights jousting in the orchard and Indians scalping on the hill. Eight weeks—forty days of school! A sigh.

Behind a sheltering grammar Peter was reading Hughes. Over his shoulder you saw Tom Brown, just come to Rugby, watching the football, and that cool Crab Jones fresh from a scrimmage, with the straw still in his teeth. Your eyes wandered again to the window. It was spring in Ourtown. It was spring in Warwickshire . . .

"If the idle young gentleman gazing out of the window—"

"Tertia vigilia eruptionem fecerunt"—third watch eruption they made. Bother the assembly teacher's eyes, anyhow! *Eruptionem*—eruption—pimples—breakout—*sally*. They made a sally at the third watch. *Tertia vigilia*. Ablative case. Ablative of what? Ablative of time. A noun denoting . . . hence . . . Oh, hang their *eruptionem!* What did you care? They were all buried, long ago. Why did you have to learn such stuff? What good was it? Help your English! Bosh! English helped your Latin. How did you know *eruptionem?* Because you knew "eruption"—had seen pimples—that was how. No sense learning Latin. Dead language—dead as a door-nail.

You drew a picture on the margin of your book—a head, shoulders, two arms, a trunk, and trousered legs. Carefully you dotted in the eyes—the nose—the mouth—the ears beneath some tousled hair. You rolled the shirt-sleeves to the elbows—drew the trouser-belt—the shoes. Then delicately, smiling to yourself the while, your head tilted, your eyes squinted like a connoisseur, you drew a straw pendent from the figure's mouth.

"Peter, who's that?" you whispered.

"Hm—Crab Jones," he said.

"If the young gentleman drawing pictures . . ."

"Tertia vigilia eruptionem fecerunt" — they made a sally at the third watch. What if they did? What if . .

Suddenly you heard the Doctor's voice. He had come a-visiting.

"And I may add," you heard him telling the English-history class, "that such is the atmosphere of the famous English schools" — you pricked up your ears — "such schools as Eton, Harrow, and—"

THE REAL RUGBY

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"Rugby," you whispered, ere the Doctor could utter the magic name.

"Why," said the Doctor, warming to his theme—he had a way of so enlivening the classes—"I well remember the day I spent at Rugby; how, on the greensward where the boys played cricket—and fine, gentlemanly fellows they were, too, in their white flannels—I heard not a single oath, not a vulgar word. The strongest language that came to my ears as I stood there for an hour watching was that of a player to another who ran too languidly after the ball. '*Aren't* you playing, Brown?' he called, with just a touch of irritation in his voice—but that was all. I have heard stronger language on our playground here." The Doctor paused. "We might do well," he added, "to imitate our young English cousins."

"Just what *I* say," Peter whispered.

"The Doctor's right," you whispered back.

And down-town, after school that night, sitting on stools at Billie's Peerless Lunch Counter—

"It's *some* like Sallie Harrowell's," you mumbled, joyously, crunching your buttered toast.

"Hm—yes, but *different*, kind of." Peter said, taking a swig of tea.

So you and Peter looked upon the Doctor with Rugbyan eyes, and more and more admiringly as you noted new likenesses between him and the great head master—a certain glow of countenance, you told yourselves, a certain ardor of smile and voice, a certain sympathy for boys.

"Well!" he would say, stopping you as you walked together, arm in arm. "If you want Peter, find Harry—eh?" giving your shoulder a little bantering shake and laughing at your red confusion, and passing on.

Listening to his prayers in chapel, spying the pins hidden in the cracks of the rough pine floor as you bowed your head, hearing the whispering, now and then you felt the glow that sometimes comes to boys who read and dream. Then you loved the touch of Peter's shoulder. You loved the Doctor's voice, even though you heard but half he uttered, and with the memory of another Doctor, and another school, and another schoolboy, you loved your little Rugby, sallow, painted, wooden though it was. When you had left it, you would come back to it some day. You would stand again like Tom at Rugby in that last chapter. You would sit again at your old brown desk, missing the touch of Peter's shoulder, missing the Doctor's voice, and the whispering, and never dreaming of the pins hidden in the cracks—but, there in the wood before you, you would find again the letters you had cut, and seeing them, you would see again the boy who cut them there. . . .

There was such a dream one day, such was the fervor of the Doctor's prayer, and when it ended—

"After these exercises—"

It was the Doctor's voice.

"—after these exercises I wish to see in the office down-stairs—"

And read your names, yours and Peter's! You heard aghast. The school turned to you.

"We haven't done anything," Peter said.

The past rose in your startled brain. There was no blemish there.

Down-stairs, quaking, you slipped through the office door. The Doctor had not arrived. You took your station farthest from his chair. You leaned, speechless and wondering, against the wall. There was a murmur of assembling classes overhead, the hurry of belated footsteps, and then, suddenly, without, that well-known solemn tread. You gulped, shifted your feet, your heart thumping against your ribs. You squared your shoulders. The door flew open. The Doctor, his face grave, his eyes flashing, swooped upon you in the little room.

"Harry!"

"Yes, sir."

"Peter!"

"Yes, sir."

"I have sent for you to answer a most serious charge—most serious indeed. I am surprised. Two of my best students—two whom I have praised, not once, but many times, here in this very room—found violating the rules of this school. I could not believe the charge until I saw the evidence with my own eyes. I could not believe that boys of good families, boys with minds far above the average of their age, would openly de-

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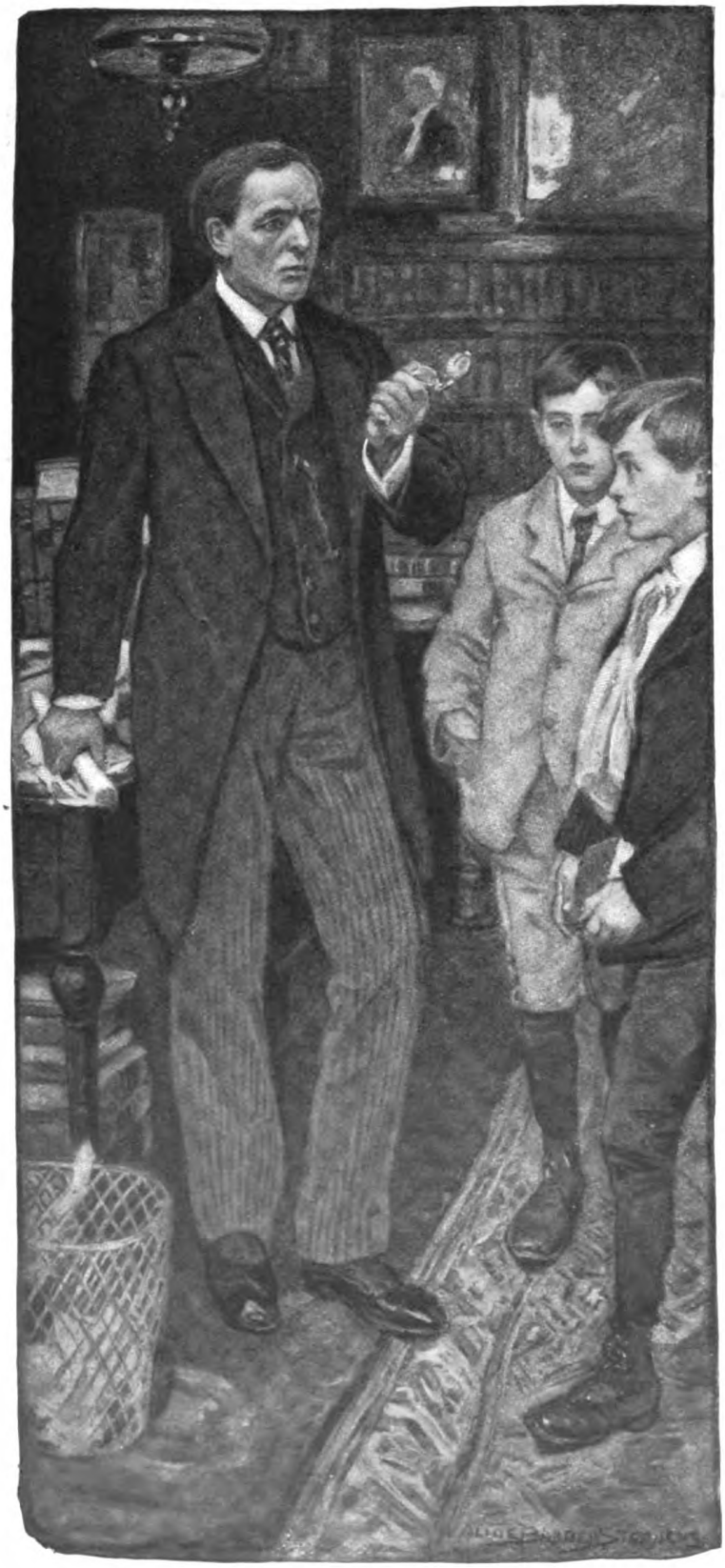

"YOUNG GENTLEMEN, RULES MUST BE OBEYED"

spoil — I may say ruthlessly despoil —the property of this school, descending—"

"Why, sir, what prop—"

"Descending," cried the Doctor, "to a vandalism which I have time and again proscribed. Over and over I have said, and within your hearing, that I would not countenance the defacing of desks—"

Oh, was *that* all?

"Over and over again I have told you that they were not your property, nor mine, but the property of the people whose representative I am. Yet here I find you marring their surface with jackknives—great, ugly letters—"

"But, sir, at Rug—"

"Great, ugly letters, I say, sprawling, and slashed so deeply that the smooth surface can never be restored."

"At Rug—"

"What will visitors say? What will your parents say, if they come, as parents do sometimes, to see the property for which they pay the State?"

"At Rug—"

"I am grieved—grieved that boys reared to care for the neatness and cleanliness of their

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persons should prove so slovenly in the matter of the property which they daily use."

"But, sir, at Rug—"

"I am astounded."

"At Rug—"

"*Astounded,* I repeat."

"At Rugby, sir—"

"*Rugby!*" thundered the Doctor. "*Rugby!* And what of Rugby?"

"At Rugby, sir—"

"What, pray, has Rugby, or a thousand Rugbys, to do with your wilful disobedience?"

"They cut, sir—"

"*Cut,* sir?" demanded the Doctor. "*Cut,* sir?"

"Yes, sir. Their desks, sir."

"And if they do! What then?"

"Well, sir, you said—"

"Said? What did I say? I asked you to imitate the manliness of Rugby cricketers. I did not ask you to carve your desks like the totem-poles of savage tribes!"

His face was pale, his eyes dark, his words ground fine.

"Young gentlemen, I will have you know that rules must be obeyed. I will have you know that I am here not only as a teacher, but as a guardian of the public property intrusted to my care. Under the rules which I am placed here to enforce I can suspend you both. This once I will act leniently. This once you may think yourselves lucky to escape with demerit marks. But if I hear again of conduct so unbecoming, so disgraceful, of vandalism so ruthless and uncalled-for and absurd, I will punish you as you deserve. Now go!"

Softly you shut the office door behind you. Arm in arm you went together down the empty hall. Sadly you shook your heads.

"Well—"

"Well?"

The gloom of a great disappointment was in your voice. "He's *not* an Arnold, after all," you said.

On Entering a New House

BY HERBERT MÜLLER HOPKINS

PEACE to this house where we shall enter in!
Here let the world's hoarse din
Against the panels dash itself in vain,
Like gusts of autumn rain;
Here, knowing no man's sway,
In the brief pauses of the fight,
Let music sound, and love and laughter light
Refresh us for the day.

The window waits where I shall sit me down
And sing a quiet song,
When sleep descends upon the darkening town,
And winter nights are long.
Then with the dawn I'll fling the casement wide,
And o'er the brimming tide
I'll send it forth, as Noah sent his dove,
Across the world of waves on wandering wings of love.

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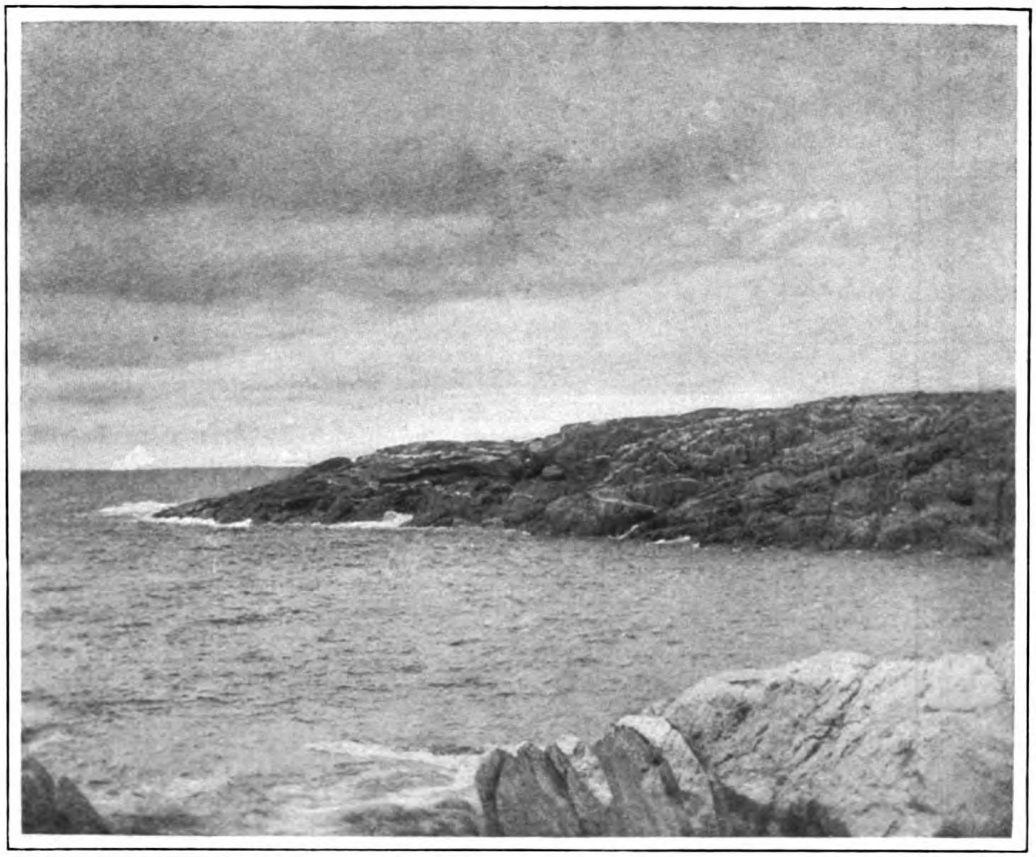

THE COAST ON A GRAY DAY

The Labrador "Liveyere"

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

"AS a permanent abode of civilized man," it is written in a very learned if somewhat old-fashioned work, "Labrador is, on the whole, one of the most uninviting spots on the face of the earth." That is putting it altogether too delicately: there should be no qualification; the place is a brutal desolation. The weather has scoured the coast—a thousand miles of it—as clean as an old bone: it is utterly sterile, save for a tuft or two of hardy grass and wide patches of crisp moss; bare gray rocks, low in the south, towering and craggy in the north, everywhere blasted by frost, lie in billowy hills between the froth and clammy mist of the sea and the starved forest at the edge of the inland wilderness. The interior is forbidding; few explorers have essayed adventure there; but the Indians—an expiring tribe—and trappers who have caught sight of the "height of land" say that it is for the most part a vast table-land, barren, strewn with enormous boulders, scarce in game, swarming with flies, with vegetation surviving only in the hollows and ravines—a sullen, forsaken waste. The folk who live on the coast rocks very knowingly fight shy of it; they boast in a fashion suspiciously loud of the miles they have travelled "in"—but they hang back when it comes to the point of showing another the way.

Of such was a rascal who deserted an amateur explorer one day's journey from

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the coast—canoe, camp baggage, and all—midway of a long portage.

"And why?" I asked the disgusted traveller, then returning to the south.

"'Fraid of his own back yard!" said he, with a curl of the lip.

But I think it no wonder.

Those who dwell on the coast are called "liveyeres" because they say, "Oh, ay, zur, I lives yere!" in answer to the question. They are not to be confounded with the Newfoundland fishermen who sail the Labrador seas in the fishing season—an adventurous, thrifty folk, bright-eyed, hearty in laughter — twenty-five thousand hale men and boys, with many a wife and maid, who come and return again. Less than four thousand poor folk have on the long coast the "permanent abode" of which the learned work speaks —much less, I should think—from the Strait of Belle Isle to Cape Chidley. It is an evil fate to be born there: the Newfoundlanders who went north from their better country, the Hudson Bay Company's servants who took wives from the natives, all the chance comers who procrastinated their escape, desperately wronged their posterity; the saving circumstance is the very isolation of the dwelling-place — no man knows, no man really *knows*, that elsewhere the earth is kinder to her children and fairer far than the wind-swept, barren coast to which he is used. They live content, bearing many children, in inclemency, in squalor, and, from time to time, in uttermost poverty—such poverty as clothes a child in a trouser leg and feeds babies and strong men alike on nothing but flour and water. They were born there: that is where they came from; that is why they live there.

"'Tis a short feast and a long famine," said a northern "liveyere," quite cheerfully; to him it was just a commonplace fact of life.

Deep in the bays and up the rivers south of Hamilton Inlet, which is itself rather heavily timbered, there is wood to be had for the cutting; but "down t' Chidley" — which is the northernmost point of the Labrador coast—the whole world is bare; there is neither tree nor shrub, shore or inland, to grace the naked rock; the land lies bleak and desolate. But, once, a man lived there the year round. I don't know why; it is inexplicable; but I am sure that the shiftless fellow and his wife had never an inkling that the circumstance was otherwise than commonplace and reasonable; and the child, had he lived, would have continued to dwell there, boy and man, in faith that the earth was good to live in. One hard winter the man burnt all his wood long before the schooners came up from the lower coast. It was a desperate strait to come to; but I am sure that he regarded his situation with surprising

A POOR "LIVEYERE'S" HOME

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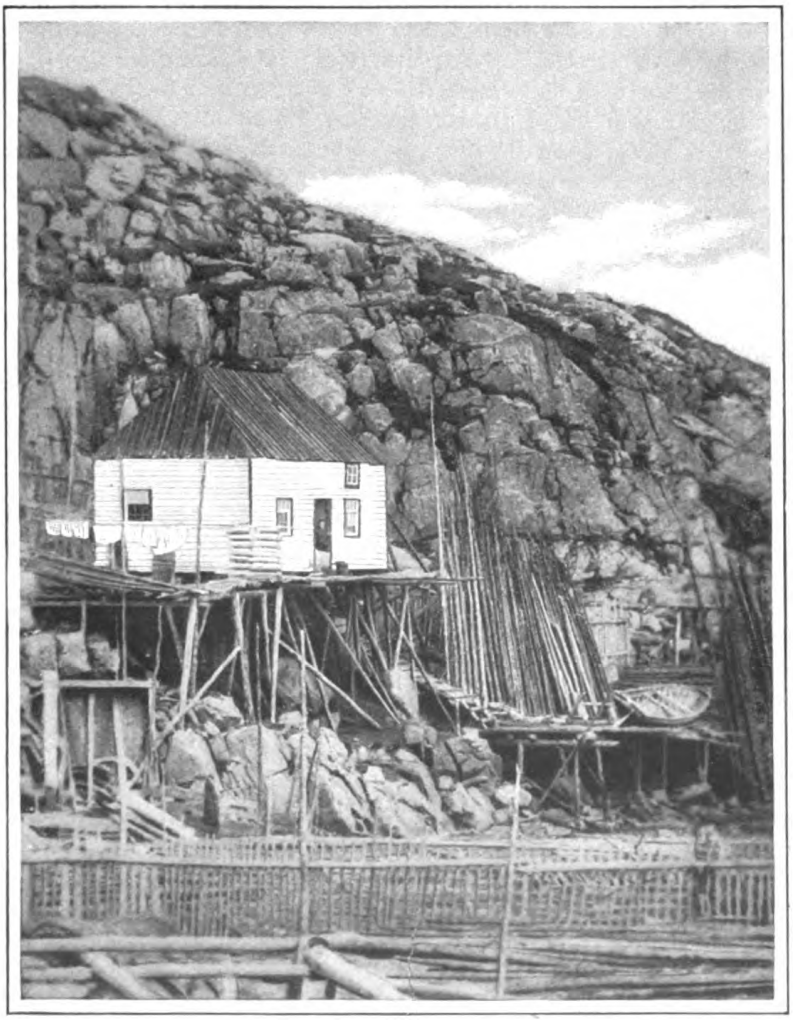
phlegm; doubtless he slept as sound, if not as warm, as before. There was no more wood to be had; so he burnt the furniture, every stick of it, and when that was gone, began on the frame of his house—a turf hut, builded under a kindly cliff, sheltered somewhat from the winds from the frozen sea. As, rafter by rafter, the frame was withdrawn, he cut off the roof and folded in the turf walls; thus, day by day, the space within dwindled; his last fire was to consume the last of his shelter—which, no doubt, troubled him not at all; for the day was not yet come. It is an ugly story. When the mission doctor found them in the spring, the woman lay dying on a heap of straw in a muddy corner—she was afflicted with hip-disease—and the house was tumbling about her ears; the child, new born, had long ago frozen on its mother's breast.

There are degrees of wretchedness: a frame cottage is the habitation of the rich and great where the poor live in turf huts; and the poor subsist on roots and a paste of flour and water when the rich feast on salt junk. The folk who live near the Strait of Belle Isle and on the gulf shore may be in happier circumstances. To be sure, they know the pinch of famine; but some—the really well-to-do—are clear of the overshadowing dread of it. The "liveyeres" of the north dwell in huts, in lonely coves of the bays, remote even from neighbors as ill-cased as themselves; there they live and laugh and love and suffer and die and bury their dead — alone. To the south, however, there are little settlements in the more sheltered harbors — the largest of not more than a hundred souls—where there is a degree of prosperity and of comfort; potatoes are a luxury, but the flour-barrel is always full, the pork-barrel not always empty, and there are raisins in the duff on feast-days; moreover, there are stoves in the whitewashed houses (the northern "liveyere's" stove is more often than not a flat rock), beds to sleep in, muslin curtains in the little windows, and a flower, it may be, sprouting desperately in a red pot on the sill. That is the extreme of luxury — rare to be met with; and



A HOUSE NEAR THE STRAIT OF BELLE ISLE

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HAULING IN THE COD-TRAP

it is at all times open to dissolution and famine.

"Sure, zur, *last* winter," a stout young fellow boasted, "we had all the grease us wanted!"

It is related of a thrifty settler named Olliver, however, who lived with his wife and five children at Big Bight,—he was a man of superior qualities, as the event makes manifest,—that, having come close to the pass of starvation at the end of a long winter, he set out afoot over the hills to seek relief from his nearest neighbor, forty miles away. But there was no relief to be had; the good neighbor had already given away all that he dared spare, and something more. Twelve miles farther on he was again denied; it is said that the second neighbor mutely pointed to his flour-barrel and his family —which was quite sufficient for Olliver, who thereupon departed to a third house, where his fortune was no better. Perceiving then that he must depend upon the store of food in his own house, which was insufficient to support the lives of all, he returned home, sent his wife and eldest son and eldest daughter away on a pretext, despatched his three youngest children with an axe, and shot himself. As he had foreseen, wife, daughter, and son survived until the "break-up" brought food within their reach; and the son was a well-grown boy, and made a capable head of the house thereafter.

The "liveyere" is a fisherman and trapper. In the summer he catches cod; in the winter he traps the fox, otter, mink, lynx, and marten, and sometimes he shoots a bear, white or black, and kills a wolf. The "planter," who advances the salt to cure the fish, takes the catch at the end of the season, giving in exchange provisions at an incredible profit; the Hudson Bay Company takes the fur, giving in exchange provisions at an even larger profit; for obvious reasons, both

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A GROUP OF SUCCESSFUL FISHERMEN
The trap crew of the most prosperous harbor on the Labrador coast

aim (there are exceptions, of course) to keep the "liveyere" in debt—which is not by any means a difficult matter, for the "liveyere" is both shiftless and (what is more to the point) illiterate. So it comes about that what he may have to eat and wear depends upon the will of the "planter" and of the Company; and when for his ill luck or his ill will both cast him off—which sometimes happens—he looks starvation in the very face. A silver fox, of good fur and acceptable color, is the "liveyere's" great catch; no doubt his most ecstatic nightmare has to do with finding one fast in his trap; but when, "more by chance than good conduct," as they say, he has that heavenly fortune (the event is of the rarest), the Company pays $60 or $80 for that which it sells abroad for $600. Of late, however, the free-traders seem to have established a footing on the coast; their stay may not be long, but for the moment, at any rate, the "liveyere" may dispose of his fur to greater advantage —if he dare.

The earth yields the "liveyere" nothing but berries, which are abundant, and, in midsummer, "turnip tops"; and as numerous dogs are needed for winter travelling—wolfish creatures, savage, big, famished—no domestic animals can be kept. There was once a man who somehow managed for a season to possess a pig and a sheep; he marooned his dogs on an island half a mile off the coast; unhappily, however, there blew an offshore wind in the night, and next morning neither the pig nor the sheep was to be found; the dogs were engaged in innocent diversions on the island, but there was evidence sufficient on their persons, so to speak, to convict them of the depredation in any court of justice. There are no cows on the coast, no goats, —consequently no additional milk-supply for babies,—who manage from the beginning, however, to thrive on bread and salt beef, if put to the necessity. There are no pigs—there is one pig, I believe,—no sheep, no chickens; and the first horses to be taken to the sawmill on Hamilton Inlet so frightened the natives that they scampered in every direction for their

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lives whenever the team came near, crying: "Look out! The harses is comin'!" The caribou are too far inland for most of the settlers; but at various seasons (excluding such times as there is no game at all) there are to be had grouse, partridge, geese, eider-duck, puffin, gulls, loon and petrel, bear, arctic hare, and bay seal, which are shot with marvellously long and old guns—some of them ancient flintlocks.

Notwithstanding all, the folk are large and hardy—capable of withstanding cruel hardship and deprivation.

The sealing-schooner *Right and Tight* struck on the Fish Rocks off Cape Charles in the dusk of a northeast gale. It is a jagged, black reef, outlying and isolated; the seas wash over it in heavy weather. It was a bitter gale; there was ice in the sea, and the wind was wild and thick with snow; she was driving before it — wrecked, blind, utterly lost. The breakers flung her on the reef, broke her back, crunched her, swept the splinters on.

Forty-two men were of a sudden drowned in the sea beyond; but the skipper was left clinging to the rock in a swirl of receding water.

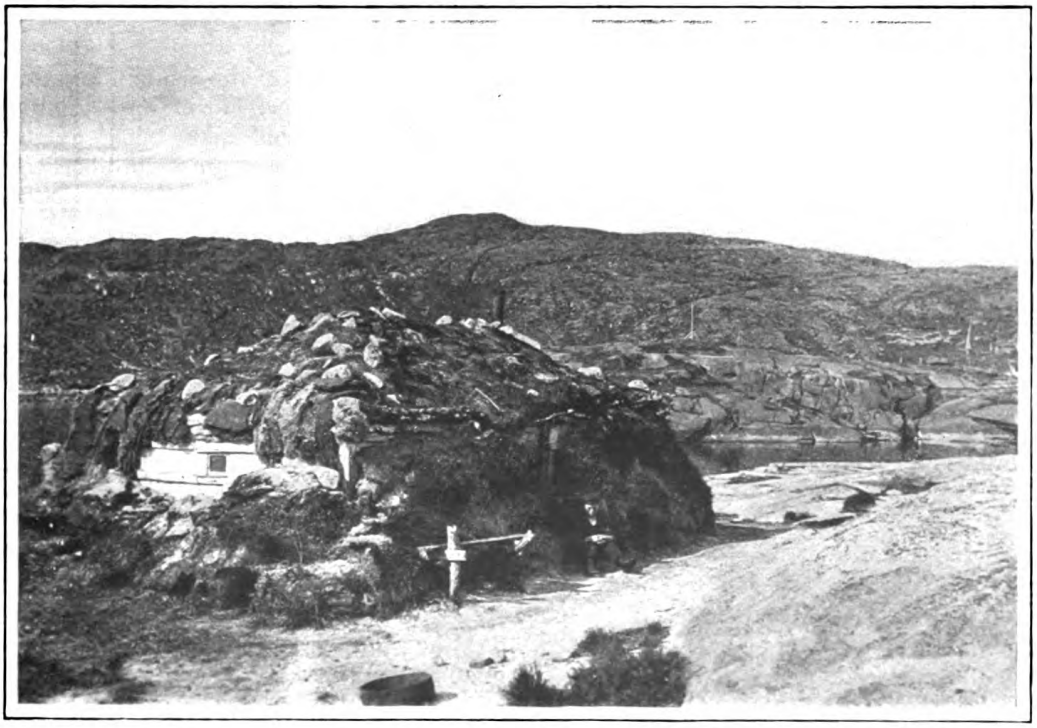
"Us seed un there in the marnin'," said the old man of Cape Charles who told me the story. "He were stickin' to it like a mussel, with the sea breakin' right over un! 'Cod! he were!"

He laughed and shook his head; that was a tribute to the strength and courage with which the man on the reef had withstood the icy breakers through the night.

"Look! us couldn't get near un," he went on. "'Twas clear enough t' see, but the wind was blowin' wonderful, an' the seas was too big for the skiff. Sure, I *knows* that; for us tried it.

"'Leave us build a fire!' says my woman. 'Leave us build a fire on the head!' says she. 'Twill let un know they's folk lookin' on.'

"'Twas a wonderful big fire us set; an' it kep' us warm, so us set there all day watchin' the skipper o' the *Right an' Tight* on Fish Rocks. The big seas jerked un loose an' flung un about, an' many a one washed right over un; but nar a sea could carry un off. 'Twas a wonderful sight t' see un knocked off his feet, an' scramble round an' cotch hold some-



LABRADOR TURF HUTS

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wheres else. 'Cod! it were—the way that man stuck t' them slippery rocks all day long!"

He laughed again—not heartlessly; it was the only way in which he could express his admiration.

"We tried the skiff again afore dark," he continued; "but 'twasn't no use. The seas was too big. Sure, *he* knowed that so well as we. So us had t' leave un there all night.

"'He'll never be there in the marnin',' says my woman.

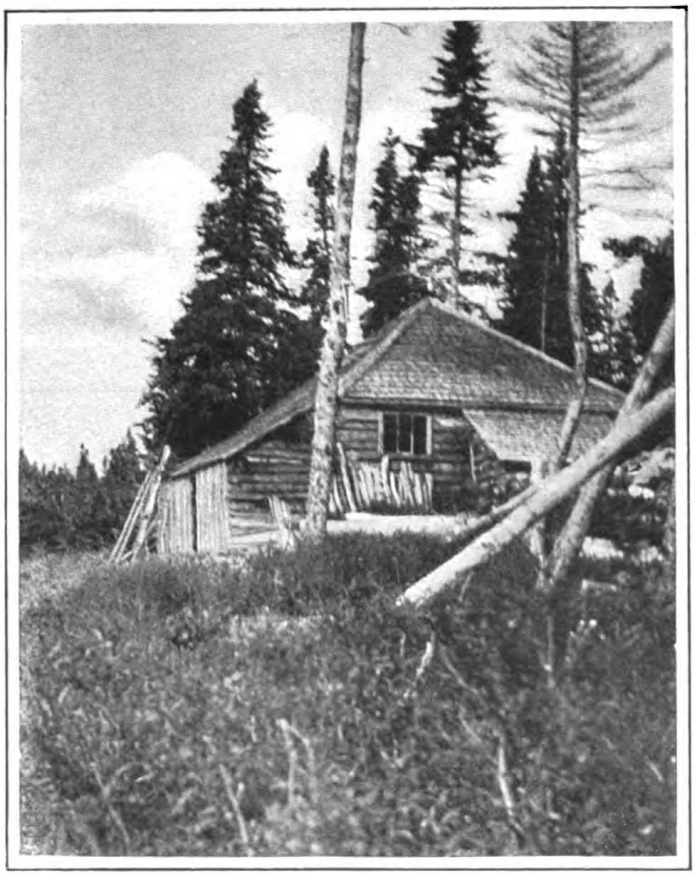
"'You wait,' says I, 'an' you'll see. I'm thinkin' he will.'

"An' he was, zur—right there on Fish Rocks, same as ever; still stickin' on like the toughest ol' mussel ever you tasted. Sure, I had t' rub me eyes when I looked; but 'twas he, never fear,—'twas he, stickin' there like a mussel. But there was no gettin' un then. Us watched un all that day. 'Twas dark afore us got un ashore.

"'You come nigh it *that* time,' says I.

"'I'll have t' come a sight nigher,' says he, 'afore *I* goes!'"

The man had been on the reef more than forty-eight hours!



A WINTER "TILT" OF THE BEST CLASS

In summer-time the weather is blistering hot inland; and on the coast it is more often than not wet, foggy, blustering—bitter enough for the man from the south, who shivers as he goes about. Innumerable icebergs drift southward, scraping the coast as they go, and patches of snow lie in the hollows of the coast hills — midway between Battle Harbor and Cape Chidley there is a low headland called Snowy Point because the snow forever lies upon it. But warm, sunny days are to be counted upon in August—days when the sea is quiet, the sky deep blue, the rocks bathed in yellow sunlight, the air clear and bracing; at such times it is good to lie on the high heads and look away out to sea, dreaming the while. In winter, storm and intense cold make most of the coast uninhabitable; the "liveyeres" retire up the bays and rivers, bag and baggage, not only to escape the winds and bitter cold, but to be nearer the supply of game and fire-wood. They live in little "tilts"—log huts of one large square room, with "bunks" at each end for the women-folk, and a "cockloft" above for the men and lads. It is very cold; frost forms on the walls, icicles under the "bunks"; the thermometer frequently falls to 50° below zero, which, as you may be sure, is exceedingly cold near the sea. Nor can a man do much heavy work in the woods, for the perspira-

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CAPE CHARLES HARBOR

tion freezes under his clothing. Impoverished families have no stoves—merely an arrangement of flat stones, with an opening in the roof for the escape of the smoke, with which they are quite content if only they have enough flour to make hard bread for all.

The Labrador dogs—pure and half-breed "huskies," with so much of the wolf yet in them that they never bark—are endured by a long-suffering people for the sake of their services at this season. There would be no getting anywhere without them; and it must be said that they are magnificent animals, capable of heroic deeds. Every householder has at least six or eight full-grown sled-dogs and more puppies than he can keep track of. In summer they lie everywhere underfoot by day, and by night howl in a demoniacal fashion far and near; but they fish for themselves in shallow water, and are fat, and may safely be stepped over. In winter they are lean, desperately hungry, savage, and treacherous—in particular, a menace to the lives of children, whom they have been known to devour. There was once a father, just returned from a day's hunt on the ice, who sent his son to fetch a seal from the waterside; the man had forgotten for the moment that the dogs were roaming the night and very hungry—and so he lost both his seal and his son. The four-year-old son of the Hudson Bay Company's agent at Cartwright chanced last winter to fall down in the snow. He was at once set upon by the pack; and when he was rescued (his mother told me the story) he had forty-two ugly wounds on his little body. For many nights afterward the dogs howled under the window where he lay moaning. Eventually those concerned in the attack were hanged by the neck, which is the custom in such cases.

It goes without saying that there is neither butcher, baker, nor candlestick-maker on the coast. Every man is his own bootmaker, tailor, and what not; there is not a trade or profession practised anywhere. There is no resident doctor, save the mission doctors, one of whom is established at Battle Harbor, and with a dog-team makes a toilsome journey up the coast in the dead of winter, relieving whom he can. There is no public building, no municipal government, no road. There is no lawyer, no constable; and I very much doubt that there is a parson regularly stationed among the whites beyond Battle Harbor.

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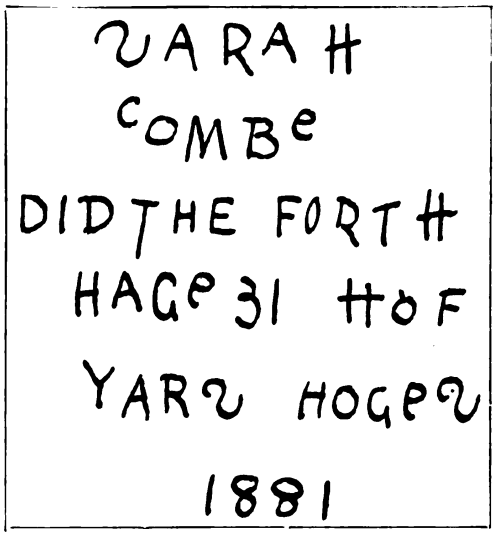
They are scarce enough, at any rate, for the folk in a certain practical way to feel the hardship of their absence. Dr. Grenfell of the Deep Sea Mission tells of landing late one night in a lonely harbor where three "couples wanted marrying." They had waited many years for the opportunity. It chanced that the doctor was entertaining a minister on the cruise; so one couple determined at once to return to the ship with him. "The minister," says the doctor, "decided that pronouncing the banns might be dispensed with in this case. He went ahead with the ceremony."



FACSIMILE OF A LABRADOR EPITAPH
"Sarah Combe died the fourth of August, 1881, aged 31 years"

The "liveyere" is of a sombrely religious turn of mind—his creed as harsh and gloomy as the land he lives in; he is superstitious as a savage as well, and an incorrigible fatalist, all of which is not hard to account for: he is forever in the midst of vast space and silence, face to face with dread and mysterious forces, and in conflict with wind and sea and the changing season, which are irresistible and indifferent.

Jared was young, lusty, light-hearted; but he lived in the fear and dread of hell. I had known that for two days.

"The flies, zur," said he to the sportsman, whose hospitality I was enjoying, "was wonderful bad the day."

We were twelve miles inland, fishing a small stream; and we were now in the "tilt," at the end of the day, safe from the swarming, vicious black-flies.

"Yes," the sportsman replied, emphatically. "I've suffered the tortures of the damned this day!"

Jared burst into a roar of laughter—as sudden and violent as a thunderclap.

"What you laughing at?" the sportsman demanded, as he tenderly stroked his swollen neck.

"Tartures o' the damned!" Jared gasped. "Sure, if *that's* all 'tis, I'll jack 'asy about it!"

He laughed louder—reckless levity; but I knew that deep in his heart he would be infinitely relieved could he believe—could he only make sure—that the punishment of the wicked was no worse than an eternity of fighting with poisonous insects.

"Ay," he repeated, ruefully, "if that's all 'twas, 'twould not trouble me much."

Various and peculiar superstitions possess the simple minds of the folk—old superstitions, such as were in popular belief in the English West Country long, long ago; they have been handed down, passing uncorrupted from generation to generation; in all things the world has left this people far behind. Ghosts haunt the reefs of the open sea—ghosts of poor drowned men; they have been seen and heard. Fairies, good and evil, who inhabit the stunted brush, weave spells over men to lure them from well-known ways to adventures that may not be spoken of; this I know, because men who themselves have been led away told me so. There is healing virtue in a twisted twig, if one know how to twist it; and aches and illness of all sorts may be charmed away by old women who know the spell.

Withal, there is everywhere a persistent spirit of religious fanaticism—a fear of presumptuous interference with the decrees of God.

"'Tis a wonderful sore hand, zur," said a "liveyere" to the mission doctor. "Sure, 'tis hurtin' so bad I can hardly bear it any longer."

No doubt; there was an abscess in the palm; the man was in agony—for seven days he had had no rest from pain.

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"I'll lance it," said the doctor. "It will ease you at once."

The patient drew his hand away. "No, zur, no!" said he. "I've no wish for the knife."

"But, man," cried the doctor, "I *must*—"

"No, no!" doggedly. "I'll not stand in the Lard's way. I'll not have the knife. If 'tis His will for me t' get better," he continued, reverently, "I'll get better; an' if 'tis His blessed will for me t' die, I'll die."

"I give you my word," said the doctor, impatiently, "that if that hand is not lanced you'll be dead in three days!"

And he *was* dead—within three days, even as the good doctor had said.

The graveyard at Battle Harbor is in a sheltered hollow near the sea. It is a green spot—the one, perhaps, on the island—and they have enclosed it with a high board fence. Men have fished from that harbor for a hundred years and more—but there are not many graves; why, I do not know. The crumbling stones, the weather-beaten boards, the sprawling, ill-worded inscriptions, are all, in their way, eloquent. An accurate copy of such an inscription may be seen on the preceding page.

There is another, better carved, somewhat better spelled, but quite as interesting and luminous:

In
Memory of John
Hill who Died
December 30 1890
Aged 34

Weep not dear Parents
For your lost tis my
Etarnel gain May
May Crist you all take up
The crost that we
Shuld meat again

These things are, indeed, eloquent—of ignorance, of poverty; but no less eloquent of sorrow and of love.

Fog lay thick upon Battle Harbor—gray, heavy, clammy; the place was in a cold sweat. It was a windless day—a still, sullen afternoon. Ships of cobweb floated on the harbor water, vanishing and reappearing, and the great hills beyond were dissolved in the mist.

The woman with the child sat at the door of the Mission Hospital—a broad platform where in fine weather the patients sun themselves. The child lay restless in her lap, and she was staring into the mist.

"This is the sick child?" I asked.

She covered the child's chin in haste. "Ith, zur," she whispered; "'tis he."

He was an ugly child—an infant overgrown, dull-eyed, deformed in face and body—a repulsive object.

"He is very sick?" said I.

She looked up—frightened. Then she smoothed the child's dress, as mothers will, and rearranged his hair. I think she was proud of his hair, which was long and yellow and curly.

"Ith, zur," she sighed. "'Tis his throat."

The child was noisily fighting for breath. He gasped, writhed in her lap, struggled desperately for air, and at last lay panting. The shawl fell from his chin. Then I knew why she had made haste to cover it from me.

"He've always been like that," she said. "He's wonderful sick. I've fetched un out here t' get the air. He doos better in the air, zur," she added. "Much, much better. Oh, ay, he does better in the air!"

"He'll be getting better," said I, "here in the hos—"

"He'll die," she interrupted, quickly.

I was glad that he was to die. It would be better for him and for her. She would forget his deformity; she would forever have the memory of him lying warm upon her breast—warm and lovely; for, in this, memory is kind to women.

"You have—another?"

"No, zur; 'tis me first."

The child stirred and complained. She lifted him from her lap, rocked him, hushed him, drew him close, rocking him all the time.

"And does he talk?" I asked.

She looked up, in a glow of pride; and she answered me, flushing gloriously, while she turned her shining eyes once more upon the gasping, ill-born babe upon her breast:

"He said 'mamma' *once!*"

And so the Labrador "liveyere" is kin with the whole wide world.

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In Loco Parentis

BY MARGARET SUTTON BRISCOE

"NOW listen, dear little girl," said Courtney. "Do you see that pile of mail the postman has just handed in to me? I'll promise to leave it all, right on that little table, and not touch it, if you will run away while I finish this paper—it must be posted to-night. Then, before I open my mail, I shall have a half-hour free for our game."

The little lame child lifted her pretty, docile face, wistful and disappointed, and Courtney went on hastily:

"As I came up the street to-day, what do you think I saw? A man on a corner selling— No, I won't tell you now what I bought of him, but they are in that small box over there on the table yonder. Take the box off with you as you go, dear, and open it. But mind you bring it back with you on the stroke of half past five. I want to play with them too. Now look at that clock, child. Look at it! Run away, run away!"

Before the door closed on the slow-moving crutches, the bright swaying head, he was deep in his paper. It had been his wise intention to avoid intimacy with his tenants, unknown to him before they chanced to rent the rear rooms of his too large apartment, but no man with a heart in his bosom—not Courtney, certainly—could have turned away the small, wistful figure that came one rainy day on hesitating crutches to his door.

"I just wanted—please, might I?—to look out of a front window for a little while. We haven't a single one."

Courtney had lifted the child in his arms, dragged the divan close to his street window, piling the cushions high upon it; and there enthroned she spent the whole long afternoon, while he wrote and watched the delicate face light with pleasure; noted with pity the fragile body, so unchildlike, so quiet, and determined that the freedom of his front window should be hers from that hour. Mrs. Bryant, his tenant, in her customary negligee of toilet, one hand helplessly clutching at some vacancy at her throat, came anxiously in pursuit of her child; but Courtney had courteously disposed of Mrs. Bryant, still apologizing, and kept the runaway. Miss Ireland was an envoy less easy to dismiss than her disordered, ever-bewildered aunt. The chief bread-winner and the virtual head of this little waif family, adrift in a great city and with no apparent backing, she worked early and late, her busy pencil and typewriter keeping the wolf from the door. The burden of being the only practical member of a household composed of a child and three women naturally gave to her a position of authority,—which did not, however, extend over her landlord, as Courtney laughingly ventured to remind her. As he looked down from his height of six feet and several inches on her slight and graceful figure, her troubled young face, he had found himself wondering, as often before, why he did not always see her subtle, flowerlike quality of beauty. Once awakened to its charm, his education had been swift, though it was not the brilliant, sparkling type of his boyish ideal of beauty—hardly yet outgrown. Her exquisite delicacy of coloring with its faint rose-petal flush, deepened by her insistence; the clear-tinted gray eyes and sweet breadth of brow under the fair hair; the dainty, pointed chin; the lovely curving of the lips when she smiled her pretty, shy smile —were all more as a soft bloom, independent of actual beauty or the freshness of youth, permanent and fascinating, with the promise of a riper and richer charm.

As she stood waiting, still hesitating, in his doorway, Courtney well understood the meaning of her reluctance to yield her point. With the same quick and anxious caution she had tried to rebuild each breach as it was made in the invisible wall dividing the apartment.

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Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

"I JUST WANTED TO LOOK OUT OF A FRONT WINDOW"

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Courtney had at first heartily approved of the set barrier, but growing interest and perhaps a little perversity had weakened his attitude. His blue eyes, usually too laughing or too lazy for contest, met Miss Ireland's entreating gray eyes with a smiling obstinacy as impassable as was his tall figure and broad shoulders blockading his doorway against the recapture of Rose. No, the beautiful child had come to him herself, touching him deeply by her innocent confidence of welcome. She should stay, and she should come again and as often as she would. Miss Ireland yielded at last, perforce and unconvinced, and Rose held her triumphant coign of vantage until joined by her older sister, Delia,—also, ostensibly, in pursuit of the child. Then Courtney yielded the little one as swiftly as he was permitted to do so, and with a guilty sense that Miss Ireland had been right. He had for the moment forgotten the complication of Delia. Delia, with her enticing prettiness, her mischievous charm, her easy disregard of anything which he or the world might say, could not be lightly forgotten. From the first Courtney had dimly appreciated that difficulties might arise concerning Delia. He was not a self-deceiver, and knowing his own temperament as gay and gregarious, was aware that the point of weakness might lie near at home. The privacy of his study had hitherto been sacred. That sanctuary now violated, a half-amused consternation told him what a security was lost. And yet, for the gay, kindly young soul of him, he could not continue to be as wise as he knew his conditions demanded—as wise, for instance, as was Miss Ireland. When Mrs. Bryant, bewildered by any decision that must be made in her niece's absence, came hesitatingly to him for advice, heeding his words as if inspired, he knew that this was a habit to be discouraged—and deliberately encouraged it. It was the same history with the intrusions of Rose. Concerning the intrusions of Delia—but of these anon.

Miss Ireland herself asked nothing of him, and indeed, as it seemed to Courtney, accepted no service which she could with civility avoid. Once, meeting her carrying little Rose with her crutches up the public stairway, Courtney had ventured a remonstrance, as he caught up the child and swung her to his own broad, high shoulder.

"'Assumption of the Virgin'! You're a saint—aren't you, Rose?" he said, laughing. "Miss Ireland, she is far too heavy for you to carry. I wish you would promise me not to do this—not when I am at home. I am broader and taller than you, and just across the hall."

Miss Ireland had smiled her pretty smile of curving lips and shy eyes, and thanked him. She never called on him for this or any other service. She was not inaccessible when Courtney deliberately sought her; he had no discourtesy to complain of; but a casual intimacy, due to the same roof covering them, was plainly what she intended to and did avoid. Young as she was and totally inexperienced in worldly training, she compelled Courtney to a wondering respect for her sensitive dignity that taught exactly when the delicate line of reserve should properly be drawn for herself—and also for him.

Had he known the truth, he would have understood. Every instinct of her womanhood was aiding her. He had dropped into her overburdened life like a fairy prince, with his charming gayety, his laughing blue eyes in his serious face, his thoughtful, courtly deference to herself, his goodness to Rose, his old-world courtesy to her aunt,—above all, this half-laughing attitude of growing responsibility for them, to whom he owed no care whatever, had knocked on her anxious heart, poor child, and before she knew that she was giving more than the gratitude which was his due she had yielded what he had never asked. She had kept her secret perfectly, almost from herself, hardly allowing a conscious struggle against what she would not admit existed. But it was his care for Rose, her own first and tenderest thought, that was making the task most difficult. The child adored him and prattled of him constantly, of all he said or did, in the quaint, poetic, literal fashion of isolated children. Miss Ireland listened at times with a gratitude intense and breathless. She alone fathomed all that Courtney was silently and patiently laboring for with the unconscious child, and saw with amazement and self-abasement what

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he was accomplishing where she had failed. From the day of her first invasion, Rose had become Courtney's daily, welcomed visitor. The divan was never pushed back to its old place, but remained at the window always ready for her, while the intimacy thus begun between the little lame child and the young man ripened quickly to its close understanding, peculiarly tender on Courtney's part, of infinite value to the child.

It had troubled Courtney, on this busy afternoon, to send Rose from him, postponing the game he had promised to her, and he was writing his paper against time, to be surely ready for her on her return at the hour named, when a knock at his door interrupted him.

"Tap. Tap." A hesitating sound, as if the hand that rapped had regretted the summons midway. Courtney rose, moving softly to the door, and peering through the ground-glass panel into the dim hallway without. The shadowy figure there was not that of a child, but taller, a slight figure with head bowed as if listening for a footfall within the room. As he thought! Delia again!

Courtney flung the door wide open.

"You little rascal! Didn't I tell you— Oh! Ah! I—I beg your pardon, Miss Ireland. I thought it was—"

He checked himself and stood looking, he feared, as foolish as he felt. He had no desire that Miss Ireland should learn who was expected, and he had a shrewd idea that she knew only too well.

DELIA COULD NOT BE LIGHTLY FORGOTTEN

"Won't you come in?" he asked, and was surprised when, after a second of hesitation, she crossed the threshold. She would never enter his study when she knew that he was there. Courtney drew an easy chair near his hearth.

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"Won't you sit here?" he asked, eagerly, and again he was agreeably surprised when Miss Ireland took the chair he offered.

He sat down at the opposite side of his hearth, wondering how he might best break this awkward silence, and regretting with vexation his unfortunate mistake at the doorway, which he felt was the cause of Miss Ireland's evident confusion, her flushed silence. She was not looking at him, but, as if to avoid his eyes, was gazing into the fire; and as he watched her the sharp contrast between her and her cousin struck Courtney forcibly, — not for the first time. There could be only a slight difference between their ages, and yet, when Delia sat, as in this room she usually elected to sit, perched on Courtney's study table, her pretty little hands laced about one knee, her amazingly small foot swinging gayly, as it were in the breeze, it had never struck him as conduct inconsistent with what might properly be expected of her age, or of those charming and dainty members. If Miss Ireland should suddenly—but the idea was impossible. Almost with the first time he had seen her, Miss Ireland had for some unexplainable reason vaguely recalled to Courtney an old garden he had known and loved as a boy. It was a simple, purely old-fashioned garden, with not a modern flower in its borders, and noted for its wealth of delicately tinted nasturtiums that ran in profusion over the stone walls and trellises, lifting their soft bloom on high, slight stems, bending and swaying in every breath of air, always graceful, sensitive, yet never losing that pliant poise, half stiff, half yielding—a charm wholly their own. As he now sat watching Miss Ireland, this vague, fantastic resemblance again was haunting Courtney, and suddenly he identified it. It was the nasturtiums she was like in the garden! Of course the nasturtiums. There was about her just that same expression of delicate bloom and lightly poised self-support. At the end of the long days of work, however tired her step or weary her face, the small dainty head was as erect as he saw it now, outlined against the dark chair-back, the slender figure held always as gracefully, swaying upright. Burdened out of all proportion to her youth, her sex, her strength, he had watched her carrying her cares with all the plucky silence of a boy—the unselfish overintensity of a girl. He had hardly ventured to pity her; her attitude of courageous self-reliance seemed almost to forbid sympathy; and yet what a mere slip of a girl she was — slight, frail, beautiful. Yes, it was the nasturtiums she was like!

"I wanted to speak to you about Rose," said Miss Ireland, suddenly, a little breathlessly.

"Oh no, you don't!" thought Courtney, roused to quick defence. "No, that's not at all what you have come for." But he waited attentively.

Miss Ireland went on nervously. "I have been troubled lately — very much troubled about Rose. The way she runs in and out of your study. It must worry you. I decided to-day I ought to ask you if you did not agree with me—that —it would be wiser—" she stumbled on. "Might it not be better if it were made a strict rule of the apartment that—that *no one*—"

"Ah! I knew it!" thought Courtney. "Rose worry me?" he interrupted. "How could she?" He leaned forward questioningly. "Rose told me to-day that her physician says he is much encouraged. Has he said that to you?"

Miss Ireland's face changed instantly. The worried look of effort gone, her gray eyes met his self-forgetfully, eagerly.

"Yes—oh yes! I have been so happy to-day. He says she is like another child —quite strong enough now to stand the treatment she must have before she can be well. There has been, he says, the greatest change in her of late, and— It is you who have done this, Mr. Courtney. If Rose is cured—it is you who have done it. She was just a listless, whimpering, helpless little cripple when we came here to live. She must be roused, the doctor said, but none of us knew how to rouse her. You have taught her to play games—to be active—to take interest— Oh, you know all you have been doing for her! I was too engrossed, too busy. None of us understood—but you. I have tried to thank you for this so often. I have seen what you were doing. But—I don't think I know how to say things. It's always hard for me to speak."

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"I HAVE OFFENDED YOU?—WHAT HAVE I DONE?"

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"Don't try," he urged, deeply touched. "I won't say I don't think I have helped Rose a little. I knew I could. I always have been able to handle children. I wish I knew as much about grown folks. But this treatment? She must go to a hospital for it, of course?"

She looked up swiftly, half laughing, half distressed.

"My aunt — aren't you forgetting her? She says she 'never did approve of hospitals.'"

"But that is absurd. She must consent. I will speak to her."

"No! Oh no! You don't quite understand yet. I think we might in time bring my aunt to consent to the hospital; but the—the free-ward. No, that she will not hear of. And as a private case—"

"I see," said Courtney, shortly. "If Rose were a child of the tenements she would go to the free-ward and be cured. As she is— Pray let me speak to her mother."

"No, no! You see, this becomes a— a question of money; and that is another thing my aunt does not approve of— 'questions of money.' I have seen you pay her for the breakfasts she sends in here to you. You lay the money on her table while both of you look the other way. What nonsense all that is! But it has been, oh, very good of you to humor her. It has made everything easier. You would offend her deeply now if you should speak to her of a free-ward for a child of hers."

"But what then can we do?"

In her reply he noted that she ignored the plural.

"I don't know yet. But in time I shall find a way. Rose must have this, if I starve the rest of us—a little."

She spoke lightly, but Courtney knew this was no jest, and he knew also that, however proud her independence, there was no chance for a further paring down of the expenses of her household—none whatever. He rose from his chair, walking restlessly across the small room, which his tall figure, his broad shoulders, seemed always to dwarf when he stood.

"See here!" he said, suddenly. He sat down on the side of his table, leaning toward her urgently. "This is all absurd. If Rose can be cured, that exquisite, patient little thing, why, then— Now look here, Miss Ireland. It's not always easy for me to speak, either." He leant yet nearer. "You know what I feel toward the child; I don't need to tell you. Would your aunt allow you to settle for Rose's cure?"

"I!"

Her face, which had grown flushed and troubled under his gaze, was, with his question, so amazed that he laughed outright.

"It would be a matter of several hundred dollars, I suppose. Well, of course I didn't imagine you had that where you could lay your hand on it at once; but I have, and— Now, just wait a moment. Hear me out—"

"No, no, no, Mr. Courtney! No!"

"Why not? I tell you I have it. It's lying now at the bank. What interest could it draw that would pay me like seeing Rose free—as other children are, only a thousand times sweeter than any other child could be? You know I love her—as if she were my own little sister. I don't believe you care more for the child than I do. This ought to be left just a plain question between Rose and me—no one else. She and I can settle all that. You are out of it—except as I have to consult you. Your aunt has unbounded confidence in your ability to do *anything*. Don't you see how easy it would be to manage, and nobody know but you and me? I have offended you? Miss Ireland— What have I done?"

Miss Ireland had turned away, her face hid in her hands. It was no surprise to Courtney when, a moment later, she lifted her head and looked up at him. He knew her power of quick self-mastery. But there was something in the smile on her lips, in her eyes, and in her face which he failed to read, a look that still perplexed him while he obeyed it as he interpreted it.

"Don't trouble to answer me. I see too well what you mean to say. I am right and you wrong—but I yield. I will say no more about it—not now."

"But I must! I can't—I can't let you offer this and not—"

"No! If you can refuse to let me do anything, I refuse to let you say anything. Play fair!"

She sat with her gray eyes lifted un-

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certainly, distress in them and in her face.

"I can't thank you," she said, earnestly,—"not if you won't let me. I don't know how to do such things in spite of being prevented—as I ought to know. I can only hope you understand what I feel. I think you do." She rose, holding out her hand shyly. "Good afternoon, Mr. Courtney."

Courtney rose also, taking her offered hand. The extreme delicacy of her touch, the softness of her hands, despite their slenderness, always surprised him afresh whenever his hand touched hers. He stood looking down at her, smiling quizzically, detaining her soft, gentle hand in his.

"I shouldn't have believed this of you," he said. "You came here—didn't you?—on an errand. What was it? The last thing I should wish to do would be to head you off from anything you may have come here to say. Sit down again and don't hesitate to speak plainly."

He was very sure her actual errand had nothing to do with Rose or plans for her. He knew that Miss Ireland had dreaded her self-imposed task, and shrunk from opening it, and yet he knew that nothing would have turned her from a set purpose had she not been reminded of his services to Rose, and had he not made his offer of practical assistance, which, though refused, still placed her under some obligation of gratitude. She had, as he believed, deliberately come to interfere in his affairs. Very well. She should carry out her intention. She did not resist his motion that placed her again in her chair, and once more he sat opposite her, waiting. He would not distress her by looking at her directly. She should have every advantage—save assistance.

There was silence, and then Miss Ireland spoke suddenly, evidently grasping her courage at its flood.

"I did come here to say something to you, Mr. Courtney—something that it is very hard for me to say. I wonder if you will let me tell you just a little about ourselves—before we came here to live?"

"I should be glad. Your story begins—does it not?—'It was not always thus with me.'"

"Yes," she agreed, as if grateful for the help he gave her. "At least there seemed no lack of means when my aunt and uncle opened their home to me, after my parents died. But after my uncle's death we found that there was almost nothing left for any of us. That has given me the chance to do my part. We have no near relatives to depend on. You see, in a way, I was left as the man of the family. But there are times when—there are times and things that a woman cannot—cannot quite do, perhaps, as men do them. My aunt is not capable of being a father to her daughters. Rose is as yet too little to miss a father's protection; but Delia—it's—it's very different with Delia. I came here to-day to say something to you that—that isn't at all easy for me to say, Mr. Courtney. You tell me to speak plainly. May I then ask you—ask you plainly what—what you have meant—you have meant—"

Courtney sat staring at her, with an astonishment before which he saw her unable to continue to speak, and yet he could not control his utter amazement. He saw the soft, nervous color change to a hot, painful blush, the troubled eyes faltered away from his, her voice broke, but he could only sit speechless, rudely gazing at her. Remonstrance, admonition, he had expected—nay, he was generously preparing to admit he deserved; but unquestionably Miss Ireland was about to ask him what were his serious intentions! His intentions regarding Delia. *Delia!* It was so preposterous that he had almost laughed in her face before he recovered himself and turned deliberately to her, his manner considerate, his face serious. "I beg your pardon. I should not have met this as I did." His eyes, always his unruly feature, were less quickly grave, but it was evident that he intended to reply with courtesy, with deference, and with as entire candor as the most exacting parent could ask. "I confess you did surprise me, but you have done exactly what you ought. I will answer frankly. But first I would like to tell you in turn a little of my earlier story. I, too, might begin—'It was not always thus with me.' When I was about seventeen years old my father died suddenly, and I found then that I was not the wealthy man we had imagined I should be. The estate was in great

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confusion. I was engaged to be married when my father died; a kind of boy and girl engagement, I suppose, but our parents had liked it and I was—I was very much in love. Her father broke the engagement at once when he found what my prospects were. He was perfectly right. She was accustomed to every luxury, and she was little more than a child. It would not have been fair to her. We were allowed to see each other once more, and she was finally permitted to keep my ring—though she was not allowed to wear it or ever to see me again or write to me. She was to keep my ring until she felt she no longer wished it. She promised me—I made her promise this—that she was to feel herself absolutely free, and if the time should come when she might prefer to free me, she was to send me back my ring and I would understand. It has never come back to me. I may never be able to marry the woman to whom I am engaged, but I am, in this manner, bound to her, and so—I am not what is called a marrying man, Miss Ireland. As to your cousin, while you are right in thinking I should have been more careful, there has been nothing serious of any kind. She cares not a whit for me. It has been merely an amusement. She runs in here, in a childish way—as Rose does; but I appreciate that she is by no means a child, and I should not have allowed it to go on. I have said all this to her a dozen times, and was about to say it again to-night when I thought you were she—not quite so gravely as you would approve, perhaps. But, after all, there is no harm in anything she does; she is just a fascinating, wilful, beautiful little witch. It is hard to be grave with her, and she is—very engaging."

The clear gray eyes were looking up at him steadily, indignantly.

"If Delia is as a child to you, Mr. Courtney, if you are engaged to another woman, then why have you given this to my cousin? Was this—honorable?"

She drew from her bosom the end of her watch-chain, and detaching something from it, held it towards Courtney. As he stretched out his hand mechanically to receive it, she laid on his palm a ring—a superb blood-red ruby, held in a quaint arabesque setting, between two hearts formed of beaten gold and diamonds. Courtney stood for a moment motionless, looking down as if incredulously into his hand; then quickly lifting the ring nearer, he turned it over and over in his palm, handling it as one touches a familiar object. He looked up sharply, his brow knotted.

"When did this come?" he asked, abruptly. "Where did you find it?"

"On my cousin's hand, Mr. Courtney."

"Your cousin's hand!"

He turned to the little table where earlier he had flung down the handful of unassorted mail.

"I did sign for a registered package this afternoon," he said. "It should be here. I hardly looked at it. Rose was waiting—"

He broke off, standing silent by the table, his back to the room. When, finally, the ring still in his hand, he turned and came towards her, Miss Ireland looked up at him anxiously. There was no trace of emotion in his face or manner; both were reserved, grave, and quiet; they betrayed nothing.

"It is the ring I told you of," he said, simply. "It has come back to me. The design was my own. I thought I could not be mistaken. Over there on the table I find the outer wrappings of the registered package, the contents gone. Will you tell me again where you found this ring?"

"I—I found it—indeed, where I told you, on Delia's hand. And she—she told me herself it was a gift from you."

"From me? This ring! And no one has been in this room since I brought in the mail, except—"

He lifted his head as if struck by a sudden thought, and turning back once more to the little table, took up a small box lying back of the letters and papers. Opening the box, he shook out a tangle of miniature toy animals.

"Ah! I understand now," he said. "I think I understand."

And almost as he spoke the clock on the mantel struck the half-hour, and with the stroke, on the door behind Courtney came a familiar knocking.

Courtney moved softly across the room to Miss Ireland's chair.

"Sit here quietly," he whispered. "We must not frighten her. If I turn the back

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of your chair, so, to the room, she will not see you.—Is it you, dear little girl? Come in."

He met Rose at the door, and taking away the crutches, carried her to his table, where he sat down, lifting the child to his knee.

"And now what have you been doing?" he asked.

"I have been playing with Delia's beautiful ribbons."

"Not with the pretty box I gave you? Didn't you like it? What's that in your little hand?"

"My box. Feel it—all nice and furry and white. It's velvet, isn't it? And it opens and shuts with a snap. Inside it's all white, too—but not furry. It's satin, I think, inside. But I thought there were to be toys in it?"

"What was in it, dear little girl?"

"The ring—the beautiful ring."

"And where has the ring gone?"

"Delia gave me her ribbons to play with, and she took away my ring. She said it was only a play-ring. She said you wouldn't give me a real ring. You would, wouldn't you? She oughtn't to take my things. Sometimes I don't like Delia. Was it a play-ring?"

"No, dear little girl, it was not a play-ring. But what did Delia do with it?"

"I don't know. I was playing with the ribbons, and so I forgot. But she said she'd give it back to me very soon. She said she just borrowed it for a little while to have some fun with the old maid."

"The old maid?"

"That's what she often calls Catharine, because she scolds her sometimes. Why, there's my ring!"

"So it is. Right under that paper I just moved. You are sure it's the same?"

"Oh yes. Now I want to put it to bed and cover it up. I like to hear my box snap. Will you keep it for me, Mr. Courtney? Put it where Delia can't find it. I'll ask you for it when I want it again. But I wish it was toys. I thought you meant it was toys. Will you play now?"

"Look behind you—look in that big chair by the fire. How can I play? I have company."

Miss Ireland rose and stood by the table.

"I didn't see you, Kitty. Are you going to stay?"

"Yes, she is going to stay a little longer. Suppose we finish our play to-morrow afternoon. Will that do?"

"Yes. For maybe Delia won't lend me her ribbons to-morrow, and I've got them all spread out now."

"Well, go now and play with the ribbons, and come again to-morrow. Don't forget to come. Good night, dear little girl. Good night. You can take that little box from the table as you pass. Yes, that one *has* toys in it. Good night."

The door closed.

"Oh, Mr. Courtney! What can I say?"

"Nothing. What have you done—except what you always do—the brave, right thing? But perhaps you see now that it is hard to be serious with Delia. Scolding her seems only to lead her on to worse mischief, such as this trick she has played on you to-night. It was rather a neat one. Don't you think so?"

"No! But to do her justice, she did not think I would really speak to you. I took the ring from off her finger and warned her that I would; but I have so often warned her and done nothing, I saw she thought this time it would be the same."

"She must have had a beautiful time. I can imagine nothing more entirely delightful to Delia than the whole of this affair. I confess I see the joke, if you do not. But she evidently did believe the ring was glass. A good imitation."

"I knew the value of the ring the moment I looked at it; the setting—everything proved it. I felt I must speak to you at once."

"Of course."

"But—oh, Mr. Courtney, I am so sorry for—for everything."

Courtney had opened the box and taken out the ring. He was standing with it in his hand, looking down at it.

"What am I to do with this?" he asked. "What does one do with—these? If it had come back to me at seventeen I should have flung it into the fire. After twenty-five one is less—what shall I call it?—less destructive. But I can't feel this belongs to me. It belongs to no one now, unless it be—"

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He looked up, the color rushing over his face.

"I know to whom it belongs!" he said, eagerly. "This is different from anything else, quite different. A moment ago it was only a pain to me to look at this. It recalled a time— If you could change all that, if you could make it be that I shall only think of this ring with great happiness, you wouldn't deny that to me, would you? The ring belongs to Rose. I gave it to her. To-morrow I shall change it for what will buy for her the greatest gift in the world. You will take it then and manage the rest? You can't refuse—not coming in this way. Think what it will mean to Rose — all her life. No, you can't refuse this to her— or to me."

She stood motionless, looking up at him, moved, shaken, unable to reply. He could feel his heart beating as he waited, watching her gentle, flowerlike face, the soft, changing color, the deep, sweet eyes. How good she was! How fine and strong, and yet so loving, so lovely and girl-like. It seemed to him that he was wandering once more in the glamour of that old garden of simple, sweet flowers —the delicate tinted bloom of the nasturtiums on slender stems about him. He knew that never in his life had he looked into eyes so gravely deep, so soft, so intimately sweet. Her voice, when she spoke, would be as were her eyes—soft, penetrating, deeply moved.

"I — I cannot answer yet — not yet. I must think first, but— Good night— and—God bless you, Mr. Courtney!"

At her motion he opened his door for her, but as she passed near him he saw that she was trembling from head to foot, and with a quick, hopeful impulse he stretched out his hand to her entreatingly. Again she glanced up at him, faltered, stood irresolute, then, her eyes still lifted, for a moment she laid her hand in his. It brushed his palm like soft, warm velvet, but no velvet was ever so informed with life, with unimagined fire, telling him with a touch all she could not speak—her gratitude, her consent. He lifted her hand reverently to his lips, then as gently released it. The next moment he was alone in the room.

Courtney moved slowly back to the table. He lifted the little white velvet ring-box and opened it, absently slipping the ring more closely into the satin slit. He touched both ring and case with slow, careful touches, and then sat motionless, the case still held in his open hand. When he roused at last it was to find that his room was in darkness save for the firelight from his hearth. He looked down wondering at his hand. His fingers had clasped down closely on the soft, warm velvet that touched his palm. His thoughts — where had they been? This strange, vague emotion, this pitying, overmastering tenderness—for what, for whom were they? Pity? No! She would have none of his pity.

He sat upright, startled, staring into the dim spaces of his room, his eyes fixed on the doorway where no one now stood. Again the slender upright figure, the flowerlike face, swayed there before him, the soft gray eyes spoke into his, and suddenly he knew.

Wistaria Blossoms

BY CHARLES DALMON

I SEE them on my trellises and walls
And straightway dream of distant waterfalls;
But when to distant waterfalls I roam
I dream of my wistarias at home.

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The History of the Alphabet

BY HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS, LL.D.

THE art of writing involves very complex factors. It can hardly be in doubt that man learned that art by slow and painful stages. The conception of such an analysis of speech-sounds as would make the idea of an alphabet possible must have come as the culminating achievement of a long series of efforts. The precise steps that marked this path of intellectual development can for the most part be known only by inference; yet it is probable that the main chapters of the story may be reproduced with essential accuracy.

For the very first chapters of the story we must go back in imagination to the prehistoric period. Even barbaric man feels the need of self-expression, and strives to make his ideas manifest to other men by pictorial signs. The cave-dweller scratched pictures of men and animals on the surface of a reindeer horn or mammoth tusk as mementos of his prowess. The American Indian does essentially the same thing to-day, making pictures that crudely record his successes in war and the chase. The Northern Indian had got no farther than this when the white man discovered America; but the Aztecs of the Southwest and the Maya people of Yucatan had carried their picture-making to a much higher state of elaboration. They had developed systems of pictographs or hieroglyphics that would doubtless in the course of generations have been elaborated into alphabetical systems, had not the Europeans cut off the civilization of which they were the highest exponents.

What the Aztec and Maya were striving toward in the sixteenth century A.D., various Oriental nations had attained at least five or six thousand years earlier. In Egypt at the time of the pyramid-builders, and in Babylonia at the same epoch, the people had developed systems of writing that enabled them not merely to present a limited range of ideas pictorially, but to express in full elaboration and with finer shades of meaning all the ideas that pertain to highly cultured existence. The man of that time made records of military achievements, recorded the transactions of every-day business life, and gave expression to his moral and spiritual aspirations in a way strangely comparable to the manner of our own time. He had perfected highly elaborate systems of writing.

Of the two ancient systems of writing just referred to as being in vogue at the so-called dawnings of history, the more picturesque and suggestive was the hieroglyphic system of the Egyptians. This is a curiously conglomerate system of writing, made up in part of symbols reminiscent of the crudest stages of picture-writing, in part of symbols having the phonetic value of syllables, and in part of true alphabetical letters. In a word, the Egyptian writing represents in itself the elements of the various stages through which the art of writing has developed. We must conceive that new features were from time to time added to it, while the old features, curiously enough, were not given up.

Here, for example, in the midst of unintelligible lines and pothooks, are various pictures that are instantly recognizable as representations of hawks, lions, ibises, and the like. It can hardly be questioned that when these pictures were first used calligraphically they were meant to represent the idea of a bird or animal. In other words, the first stage of picture-writing did not go beyond the mere representation of an eagle by the picture of an eagle. But this, obviously, would confine the presentation of ideas within very narrow limits. In due course some inventive genius conceived the thought of symbolizing a picture. To him the outline of an eagle might repre-

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sent not merely an actual bird, but the thought of strength, of courage, or of swift progress. Such a use of symbols obviously extends the range of utility of a nascent art of writing. Then in due course some wonderful psychologist—or perhaps the joint efforts of many generations of psychologists — made the astounding discovery that the human voice, which seems to flow on in an unbroken stream of endlessly varied modulations and intonations, may really be analyzed into a comparatively limited number of component sounds—into a few hundreds of syllables. That wonderful idea conceived, it was only a matter of time until it would occur to some other enterprising genius that by selecting an arbitrary symbol to represent each one of these elementary sounds it would be possible to make a written record of the words of human speech which could be reproduced — rephonated—by some one who had never heard the words and did not know in advance what this written record contained. This, of course, is what every child learns to do now in the primer class, but we may feel assured that such an idea never occurred to any human being until the peculiar forms of pictographic writing just referred to had been practised for many centuries. Yet, as we have said, some genius of prehistoric Egypt conceived the idea and put it into practical execution, and the hieroglyphic writing of which the Egyptians were in full possession at the very beginning of what we term the historical period made use of this phonetic system along with the ideographic system already described.

So fond were the Egyptians of their pictorial symbols used ideographically that they clung to them persistently throughout the entire period of Egyptian history. They used symbols as phonetic equivalents very frequently, but they never learned to depend upon them exclusively. The scribe always interspersed his phonetic signs with some other signs intended as graphic aids. After spelling a word out in full, he added a picture, sometimes even two or three pictures, representative of the individual thing, or at least of the type of thing to which the word belongs.

SCENE FROM THE BOOK OF THE DEAD

Horus introducing Ani into the presence of Osiris.—(Papyrus of Ani, British Museum, No. 10,470)

Two or three illustrations will make this clear.

Thus *qeften,* monkey, is spelled out in full, but the picture of a monkey is added as a determinative; second, *qenu,* cavalry, after being spelled, is made unequivocal by the introduction of a picture of a horse; third, *temati,* wings, though spelled elaborately, has pictures of wings added; and fourth, *tatu,* quadrupeds, after being spelled, has a picture of a quadruped, and then the picture of a hide, which is the usual determinative of a quadruped, followed by three dashes to indicate the plural number.

It must not be supposed, however, that it was a mere whim which led the Egyptians to the use of this system of determinatives. There was sound reason back of it. It amounted to no more than the

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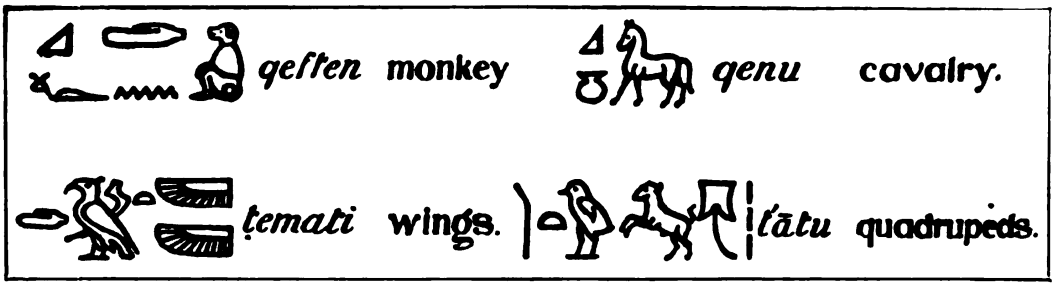

ANCIENT EGYPTIAN WRITING

expedient we adopt when we spell "to," "two," or "too," in indication of a single sound with three different meanings. The Egyptian language abounds in words having more than one meaning, and in writing these it is obvious that some means of distinction is desirable. The same thing occurs even more frequently in the Chinese language, which is monosyllabic. The Chinese adopt a more clumsy expedient, supplying a different symbol for each of the meanings of a syllable; so that while the actual word-sounds of their speech are only a few hundreds in number, the characters of their written language mount high into the thousands.

While the civilization of the Nile Valley was developing this extraordinary system of hieroglyphics, the inhabitants of Babylonia were practising the art of writing along somewhat different lines. It is certain that they began with picture-making, and that in due course they advanced to the development of the syllabary; but, unlike their Egyptian cousins, the men of Babylonia saw fit to discard the old system when they had perfected a better one. So at a very early day their writing — as revealed to us now through the recent excavations — had ceased to have that pictorial aspect which distinguishes the Egyptian script. What had originally been pictures of objects—fish, houses, and the like—had come to be represented by mere aggregations of wedge-shaped marks. As the writing of the Babylonians was chiefly inscribed on soft clay, the adaptation of this wedge-shaped mark in lieu of an ordinary line was probably a mere matter of convenience, since the sharp-cornered implement used in making the inscription naturally made a wedge-shaped impression in the clay. That, however, is a detail. The essential thing is that the Babylonian had so fully analyzed the speech-sounds that he felt entire confidence in them, and having selected a sufficient number of conventional characters—each made up of wedge-shaped lines—to represent all the phonetic sounds of his language, spelled the words out in syllables and to some extent dispensed with the determinative signs which, as we have seen, played so prominent a part in the Egyptian writing. His cousins the Assyrians used habitually a system of writing the foundation of which was an elaborate phonetic syllabary; a system, therefore, far removed from the old crude pictograph, and in some respects much more developed than the complicated Egyptian method; yet, after all, a system that stopped short of perfection by the wide gap that separates the syllabary from the true alphabet.

A brief analysis of speech sounds will aid us in understanding the real nature of the syllabary. Let us take for consideration the consonantal sound represented by the letter *b*. A moment's consideration will make it clear that this sound enters into a large number of syllables. There are, for example, at least twenty vowel sounds in the English language, not to speak of certain digraphs;—that is to say, each of the important vowels has from two to six sounds. Each of these vowel sounds may enter into combination with the *b* sound alone to form three syllables; as ba, ab, bal, be, eb, bel, etc. Thus there are at least sixty *b*-sound syllables. But this is not the end, for other consonantal sounds may be associated in the syllables in such combinations as bad, bed, bar, bark, cab, etc. As each of the other twenty odd consonantal sounds may enter into sim-

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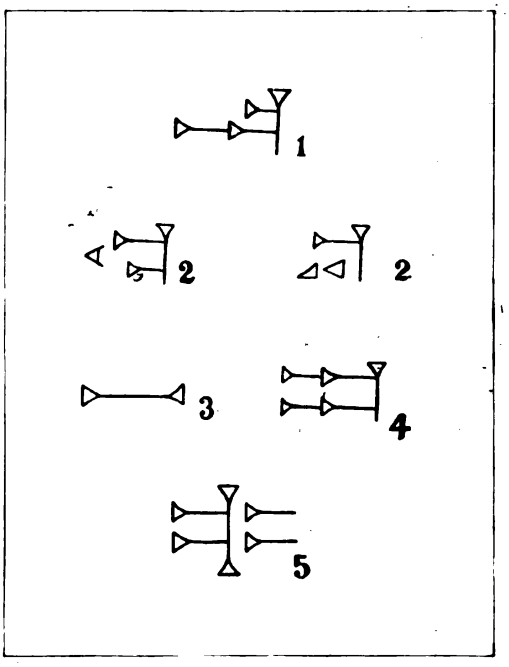
ilar combinations, it is obvious that there are several hundreds of fundamental syllables to be taken into account in any syllabic system of writing. For each of these syllables a symbol must be set aside and held in reserve as the representative of that particular sound. A perfect syllabary, then, would require some hundred or more of symbols to represent *b* sounds alone; and since the sounds for *c, d, f,* and the rest are equally varied, the entire syllabary would run into thousands of characters, almost rivalling in complexity the Chinese system. But in practice the most perfect syllabary, such as that of the Babylonians, fell short of this degree of precision through ignoring the minor shades of sound; just as our own alphabet is content to represent some thirty vowel sounds by five letters, ignoring the fact that *a*, for example, has really half a dozen distinct phonetic values. By such slurring of sounds the syllabary is reduced far below its ideal limits; yet even so it retains three or four hundred characters.

In point of fact, such a work as Professor Delitzsch's Assyrian Grammar presents signs for three hundred and thirty-four syllables, together with sundry alternative signs and determinatives to tax the memory of the would-be reader of Assyrian. Some of these are reproduced here to illustrate the complexity of this system of writing. Let us take for example a few of the *b* sounds. It has been explained that the basis of the Assyrian written character is a simple wedge-shaped or arrow-head mark. Variously repeated and grouped, these marks make up the syllabic characters.

To learn some four hundred such signs as these was the task set, as an equivalent of learning the a b c's, to any primer class in old Assyria in the long generations when that land was the culture centre of the world. Nor was the task confined to the natives of Babylonia and Assyria alone. About the fifteenth century B.C., and probably for a long time before and after that period, the exceedingly complex syllabary of the Babylonians was the official means of communication throughout western Asia and between Asia and Egypt, as we know from the chance discovery of a collection of letters belonging to the Egyptian king Khun-aten, preserved at Tel-el-Amarna. In the time of Ramses the Great the Babylonian writing was in all probability considered by a majority of the most highly civilized people in the world to be the most perfect script practicable. Doubtless the average scribe



ASSYRIAN WEDGE-SHAPED CHARACTERS.

The syllable *ba* is represented in the grouping No. 1; but variant groupings having the same sound are shown in No. 2.

The syllable *be* is represented by the simpler symbol marked No. 3; but the same symbol may on occasion stand for any one of the quite different syllables *bad, bat, mid, mit, til, tel, ziz, bit*; some of which sounds, it will be observed, are not *b*-sounds at all.

Similarly, the symbol represented by No. 4 may stand either for *ab* or *ap*; and the symbol marked No. 5 for *ub* or *up*.

of the time did not in the least realize the waste of energy involved in his labors, or ever suspect that there could be any better way of writing.

Yet the analysis of any one of these hundreds of syllables into its component phonetic elements — had any one been genius enough to make such analysis — would have given the key to simpler and better things. But such an analysis was very hard to make, as the sequel shows. Nor is the utility of such an analysis self-evident, as the experience of the Egyptians proved. The vowel sound is so intimately linked with the consonant

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—the *con*-sonant, implying this intimate relation in its very name—that it seemed extremely difficult to give it individual recognition. To set off the mere labial beginning of the sound by itself, and to recognize it as an all-essential element of phonation, was the feat at which human intelligence so long balked. The germ of great things lay in that analysis. It was a process of simplification, and all art development is from the complex to the simple. Unfortunately, however, it did not seem a simplification, but rather quite the reverse. We may well suppose that the idea of wresting from the syllabary its secret of consonants and vowels, and giving to each consonantal sound a distinct sign, seemed a most cumbersome and embarrassing complication to the ancient scholars—that is to say, after the time arrived when any one gave such an idea expression. We can imagine them saying, "You will oblige us to use four signs instead of one to write such an elementary syllable as 'bard,' for example;—out upon such endless perplexity!" Nor is such a suggestion purely gratuitous, for it is an historical fact that the old syllabary continued to be used in Babylon hundreds of years after the alphabetical system had been introduced. Custom is everything in establishing our prejudices. The Japanese today rebel against the introduction of an alphabet, thinking it ambiguous.

Yet, in the end, conservatism always yields, and so it was with opposition to the alphabet. Once the idea of the consonant had been firmly grasped, the old syllabary was doomed, though generations of time might be required to complete the obsequies—generations of time and the influence of a new nation. We have now to inquire how and by whom this advance was made.

We cannot believe that any nation could have vaulted to the final stage of the simple alphabetical writing without tracing the devious and difficult way of the pictograph and the syllabary. It is possible, however, for a cultivated nation to build upon the shoulders of its neighbors and, profiting by the experience of others, to make sudden leaps upward and onward. And this is seemingly what happened in the final development of the art of writing. For while the Babylonians and Assyrians rested content with their elaborate syllabary, a nation on either side of them, geographically speaking, solved the problem, which they perhaps did not even recognize as a problem; wrested from their syllabary its secret of consonants and vowels, and by adopting an arbitrary sign for each consonantal sound, produced that most wonderful of human inventions, the alphabet.

The two nations credited with this wonderful achievement are the Phœnicians and the Persians. But it is not usually conceded that the two are entitled to anything like equal credit. The Persians, probably in the time of Cyrus the Great, used certain characters of the Babylonian script for the construction of an alphabet; but at this time the Phœnician alphabet had undoubtedly been in use for some centuries, and it is more than probable that the Persian borrowed his idea of an alphabet from a Phœnician source. And that, of course, makes all the difference. Granted the idea of an alphabet, it requires no great reach of constructive genius to supply a set of alphabetical characters; though even here, it may be added parenthetically, a study of the development of alphabets will show that mankind has all along had a characteristic propensity to copy rather than to invent.

Regarding the Persian alphabet-maker, then, as a copyist rather than a true inventor, it remains to turn attention to the Phœnician source whence, as is commonly believed, the original alphabet which became "the mother of all existing alphabets" came into being. It must be admitted at the outset that evidence for the Phœnician origin of this alphabet is traditional rather than demonstrative. The Phœnicians were the great traders of antiquity; undoubtedly they were largely responsible for the transmission of the alphabet from one part of the world to another, once it had been invented. Too much credit cannot be given them for this; and as the world always honors him who makes an idea fertile rather than the originator of the idea, there can be little injustice in continuing to speak of the Phœnicians as the inventors of the alphabet. But the actual facts of the case will probably never

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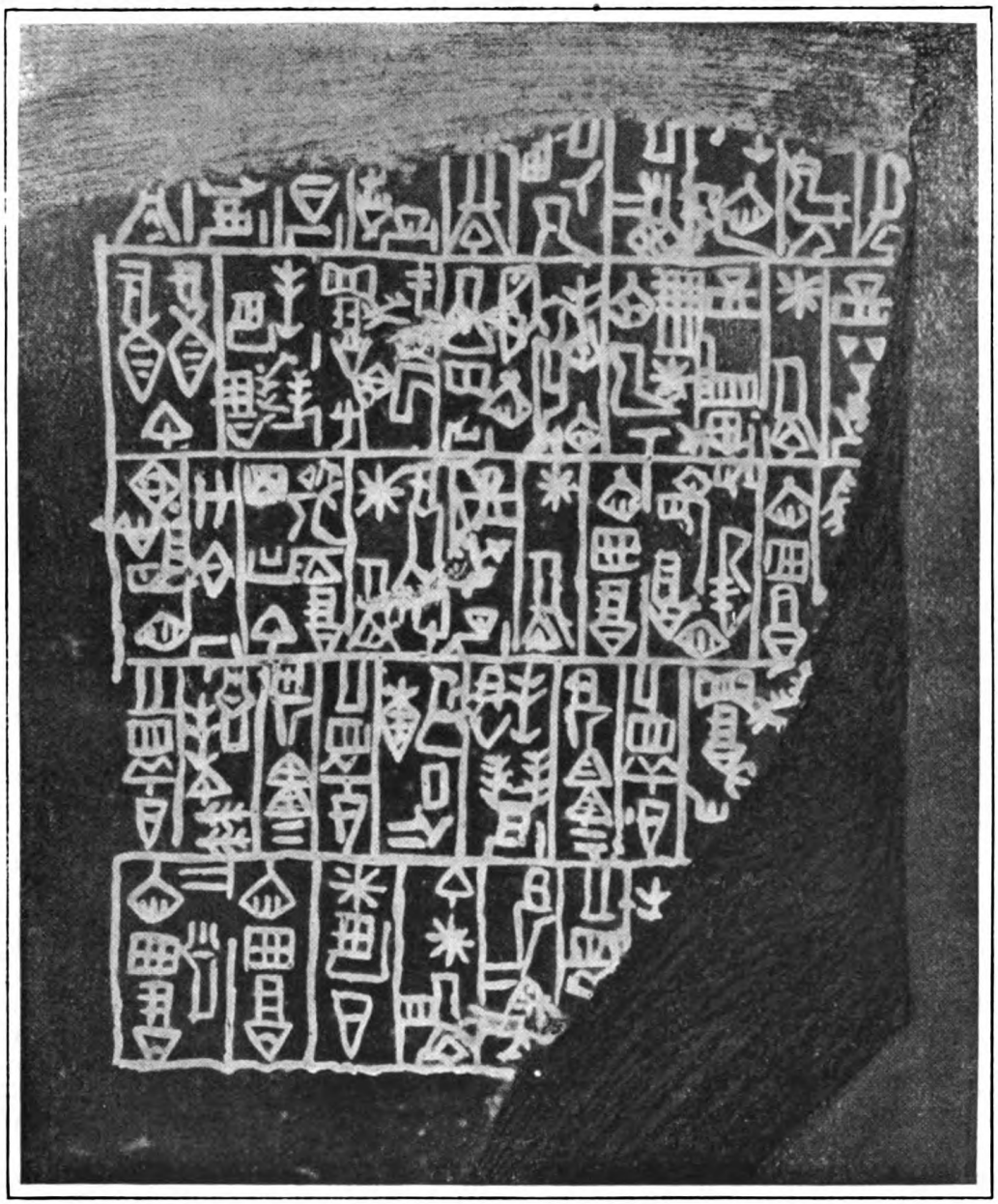

OLD BABYLONIAN INSCRIPTION, DATE ABOUT 4500 B.C.
Now in the British Museum, London

be known. For aught we know, it may have been some dreamy-eyed Israelite, some Babylonian philosopher, some Egyptian mystic, who gave to the hard-headed Phœnician trader this conception of a dismembered syllable with its all-essential, elemental, wonder-working consonant. But it is futile now to attempt even to surmise on such unfathomable details as these. Suffice it that the analysis was made; that one sign and no more was adopted for each consonantal sound of the Semitic tongue, and that the entire cumbersome mechanism of the Egyptian and Babylonian writing systems was rendered obsolescent. These systems did not yield at once, to be sure; all human experience would have been set at naught had they done so. They held their own, and much more than held their own, for many centuries. After the Phœnicians as a nation had ceased to

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FRAGMENT OF A PERSIAN INSCRIPTION OF ARTAXERXES III.
From a cast in the British Museum, London

have importance; after their original script had been endlessly modified by many alien nations; after the original alphabet had made the conquest of all civilized Europe and of far outlying portions of the Orient—the Egyptian and Babylonian scribes continued to indite their missives in the same old pictographs and syllables.

The inventive thinker must have been struck with amazement when, after making the fullest analysis of speech-sounds of which he was capable, he found himself supplied with only a score or so of symbols. Yet as regards the consonantal sounds he had exhausted the resources of the Semitic tongue. As to vowels, he scarcely considered them at all. It seemed to him sufficient to use one symbol for each consonantal sound. This reduced the hitherto complex mechanism of writing to so simple a system that the inventor must have regarded it with sheer delight. On the other hand, the conservative scholar doubtless thought it distinctly ambiguous. In truth, it must be admitted that the system was imperfect. It was a vast improvement on the old syllabary, but it had its drawbacks. Perhaps it had been made a bit too simple; certainly it should have had symbols for the vowel sounds as well as for the consonants. Nevertheless, the vowel-lacking alphabet seems to have taken the popular fancy, and to this day Semitic people have never supplied its deficiencies save with certain dots and points.

Peoples using the Aryan speech soon saw the defect, and the Greeks supplied symbols for several new sounds at a very early day. But there the matter rested, and the alphabet has remained imperfect. For the purposes of the English language there should certainly have been added a dozen or more new characters. It is clear, for example, that, in the interest of explicitness, we should have a separate symbol for the vowel sound in each of the following syllables: bar, bay, bann, ball, to cite a single illustration.

There is, to be sure, a seemingly valid reason for not extending our alphabet, in the fact that in multiplying syllables it would be difficult to select characters at once easy to make and unambiguous. Moreover, the conservatives might point out, with telling effect, that the present alphabet has proved admirably effective for about three thousand years. Yet the fact that our dictionaries supply diacritical marks for some thirty vowel sounds to indicate the pronunciation of the words of our every-day speech, shows how we let memory and guessing do the work that might reasonably be demanded of a really complete alphabet. But, whatever its defects, the existing alphabet is a marvellous piece of mechanism, the result of thousands of years of intellectual effort. It is, perhaps without exception, the most stupendous invention of the human intellect within historical times —an achievement taking rank with such great prehistoric discoveries as the use of articulate speech, the making of a fire, and the invention of stone implements, of the wheel and axle, and of picture-writing. It made possible for the first time that education of the masses upon which all later progress of civilization was so largely to depend.

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Lady Clemency Welcomes a Guest

BY MAUD STEPNEY RAWSON

I

THE sudden state which it pleased my Lady Clemency Honeyfoot, of Pages Court in Sussex, to assume after three years of deepest mourning for her brother, the young Earl of Oxney, was the source of much gossip in the neighborhood of the Five Ports and the two "ancient towns" of Rye and Winchelsea. Her silver plate, it was said, had been lately fetched from Rye Bank, where it had reposed ever since the tragedy, and she had even engaged extra servants in order to do justice to her position as lady of Pages. Every one was sure that she must be going to entertain at least some rich lover from a foreign country, and that she desired to make upon him a good impression, because, having refused every gentleman between Hastings and Dover, she thought it high time, seeing she must at least be thirty-two, to secure some kind of a husband. Further, her housekeeper whispered that a specially fine dinner was to be prepared for New-year's eve, the night of the arrival of this guest; whereupon the neighborhood anticipated that, like a sensible woman, Lady Clemency would once more return to social uses and keep the New-year with all the old dignity which had marked the festival in the days of the well-loved young Earl, whose cruel and mysterious death had given the Romney Marshes something to puzzle over ever since.

It was fully three years since the tragedy. People had told the story again and again in the neighborhood to strangers whose attention had been fettered by the sight of the young and beautiful figure of a lady closely veiled as she drove about the Kentish and Sussex lanes, between Tenterden and Rye. The general version was that upon one storm-sodden night of February—and, strangely enough, on the same fateful date (the 15th) as that on which Sir George Barclay and his comrades in evil had plotted to attempt the life of King William III. as he went a-hunting from Turnham Green to Richmond Forest—a sudden summons had come to her ladyship after midnight, and a warning that she must ride ten miles in an hour if she would see her dear brother the Earl alive and give his mind peace. Persons who had known others intimately acquainted with one who actually witnessed the delivery of this sinister message told how Lady Clemency had gone out in her bedgown with her riding-dress over it, and her bare feet thrust into French riding-boots, and her hair hanging loose, to ride with the speed of a witch over the Kentish border to a mysterious house filled with armed men wearing the Orange badge. Here, stretched on a common floor of dirty stone, she had found the brother to whom all her love and youth were sacred. For half an hour she had knelt with the whole weight of his dying body in her arms, turning pitifully from one to another of the officers about her for explanation which none could give. For they were surely all guilty bunglers, who had shot the wrong man, in the hope of the reward promised by the government to all who could bring to book traitors to the Orange King and plotters on behalf of James the Fugitive and his Jesuits. The same tattler went on to say that the Earl, ere he died, had whispered in the ear of his sister the name of the true offender, and that she had given but one cry, and then sat like a stone image as his life ebbed and his eyes closed like those of a sleeping child. From which it was concluded that the name of the real sinner was one not unknown to his sister—indeed, that she had more than a passing interest in him.

After the realization of so enormous a tragedy she had been seen no more for many months. And lately she had stinted herself of every luxury, had made strange journeys to London, had visited

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the sheriffs at Rye often, but always at dusk . . . and so forth.

The news that after three years a guest, and one who was not of the neighborhood, should be admitted to Pages caused positive sensation in Rye, in Winchelsea, in Ashford, and the length of the Marshes from Ore to Littlestone, from Bodiam to the Rother's mouth.

The Lady Clemency thought only of the enterprise before her, the splendid welcome, the audacious stroke by which she would once and for all gain possession of the man for whom her whole being yearned these long five years. For so many months had she anticipated such preparation, and now that it summoned her energy and wit, her supreme discretion, she was almost overweighted by its detail. No one, except the old steward, who knew all her story, could have told that anything more than sheer business braced her at this moment. In the dairy, in the kitchens, in the stable, in the court itself, she had her finger upon everything, caring for each pan or caldron, each scrap of harness or well-packed press, as in the old days, when it was her joy to see that everything at Pages Court, from the smallest nail-head to the largest sconce, reflected the honor and beauty of her brother, its lord. Compared with him, other men had meant so little to her. He was her joy and her delight—nay, a holy charge—this boy five years her junior, born when his mother died, and commended to Clemency's care by their dead father. No man ever seemed to her so innocently gay, so passionately honorable, so delicately sensitive, but without effeminacy, as this boy, Ludlow Debonair Honeyfoot.

Clemency thought much in these days of the sudden change in their relationship which his coming of age had brought, remembering how she, till then the adviser of the boy, the head of Pages and all its tenants, had in a twinkling become only the secondary personage in authority, the mouthpiece of the boy's wishes. She welcomed the change, for it left her the more freedom for those cares and graces which were due to her brother's guests from the lady of Pages. The Earl ere he was seventeen had learned to spend and to give in a month more than his ancestors could have earned in six, and Clemency had made many a painful sacrifice in the latter years. Women adored him; men —even the hardest, the most conscienceless—would go out of their way to do him a service, even to the risking of their own necks. And he was partial to neither this woman nor that, neither more nor less than each man's perfect comrade — unless there was between him and Otway Romilly, the soldier, more tenderness than is usual between average good fellows.

She remembered the sudden revulsion of feeling, the shock of glad surprise, when their fortunes bettered. She remembered, with a sudden spasm of the heart, the very moment at which she had news of it.—when, seated by her window one cold spring evening, she slaved at the stitching of a new riding-vest for the boy, cut out of a skirt of her own. She listened now, breathless, for it seemed she could actually hear that swinging step of his as he raced up the stairs, burst into her room, tossed the stitching and needles and threads right and left, and poured into her lap many coins, and more gold than she had seen in one place for at least two years. Then came the delirium, the laughter, her inquiries, his mysterious evasions, her anxious wonder and fears —all allayed at last by his loving assurance that all was well, his creditors paid, and his own bad debts made good to him by the help of some genial friend whose name he must not yet divulge. "Honest gold, honestly come by." How those words, often repeated, were burnt in upon her brain! Then the dazzling gayety of the days which followed—days which told the round of the year in a circle of innocent joys, pretty extravagances, happy anticipations, days when Pages stood open to many a friend and many a stranger, days when it seemed to the lady of Pages that time halted; others full of strange surprises, half fearful, half delicious, holding hours in which her thoughts absolutely forgot for a time the dear young Earl, because intercourse with the closer of his friends—this Otway Romilly—was so different from anything else of the kind in her experience. These memories culminated in the shock of sharp disappointment that overwhelm-

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ed her when Otway, absent in London but for a few days, had his orders for Devonport and his regiment, and went without good-by, save a hurried letter to her. And from that time uncertainty had closed in upon her, distrust of the ever-ready gold, of the Earl's good spirits, of his sudden journeys made at an hour's notice—presumably to London. She remembered once how one day, thinking him far away in the city, she had seen him leaping a fence to meet a man whose face she could not see, but whose figure she knew for that of her brother's friend. She had been too proud to question, awaiting explanation. But the Earl was silent, though the next day he was once more merry and the house full of guests. And then— She had a hundred times forbidden herself any more to recall that last horror of his death and parting in the half-ruined Kentish farmhouse to which she had been summoned in such ghastly haste. Now she controlled herself once more, rose from her seat, and went on her way through the house. She was right. She had no more need for economies; all the money she required was saved: it had been saved coin for coin, paid out slowly for the attainment of her purpose—the arrest of the friend for whom the boy had been sacrificed.

II

These were her brother's rooms. Hither would my Lady Clemency presently lead her guest; here at last would her promise to the dead find its fulfilment.

The wind whistled; the sleet stung the casements. She looked out into the bitter, darkening afternoon,—to the right, on to deep brown oak woods; to the left, upon hills, through a little depression of which the road glimmered gray-white, two miles off—the road by which Major Romilly must come to Pages at dusk. The northeast wind would be driving direct in his face, she reflected. What if the snow thickened; what if he took the wrong road, were struck down by frost, were to be found dead,—dead before she could greet him as she thirsted to greet?

She passed out on to a wide landing to enter a small cabinet at the end of a curious little passage. It had been a hiding-place in the days when the Earls of Oxney had found such things needful for purposes of political or religious intrigue. A vague smile played about her mouth. Then the color of shame rose to her forehead. Had not intrigue as petty served to screen the one she loved? Base means, perhaps, but to what an end! The political guise thrown over the rumors of the Earl's death—who but herself had fostered this by her silence, her non-denial? Any rumor was preferable to the one which should couple his name with that of the false coiner, the treacherous friend. Not till the guilty man were trapped, not till his own lips had confessed the treachery, would she tell to the world the true story. And then a thousand trumpeters should hardly suffice for the telling—so bravely should the memory of the dead be lauded, so pitilessly blared the guilt of the living!

She locked the door of the closet on entering and stood still with her thoughts. It was her brother who had opened up this little corridor and used the small chamber at the end of it for his muskets and whips and swords and other tools. These, all but the sword he wore on the day of his death, she had moved, making the little place, with its deep projecting window, into a closet for retreat and solitary council. No one entered but herself; no hand but hers touched the few objects in the place. Inquisitive servants declared to the outside world that here hung two pictures, one of the Earl, the other of a lover who had wronged her ladyship. They were but partly right. There hung here only one portrait. It was not that of the Earl.

Lady Clemency drew aside the curtain over the picture. The man in it looked down upon her with grave composure, and she flung back a look, if fiercer, at least as fearless as his. He had been painted by Huysman, not in court dress or hunting costume as a fop would have it, but in his shirt and military breeches after sword exercise, his favorite pastime as an Irish soldier. Behind him was a rough curtain of brown sacking, such as a corner of the tent under which the Earl and he had slept like brothers when William of Orange summoned his militia upon the many alarms of French incursion that checkered the first years of his reign. The face

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of the man in the portrait was not full-colored, but boldly, almost ruggedly modelled. The nose was straight, with square tip; the mouth needed no hair to hide it, for the shape was firm and generous without the beauty that is ideal; and the eyes, full-lidded, had a softness and color rare in a man. The short eyebrows, sweeping upwards, hinted rather at energy than foresight; the figure was easy and not overmassive. There was no jewel about the dress, no single earring and bunch of black ribbon such as delighted the Stuart dandies, but only a silver buckle which clasped the belt confining the shirt, and a seal-ring worn on the right hand. The wig, however, was dressed in the fashionable way—divided into three, with a queue in the centre, and tresses or cadenettes on either side. This was the only point in the portrait in which there was any concession to conventionality.

Clemency looked long at the picture, leaning forward from her chair to gaze defiantly into the painted eyes; and while she leant, the black ribbon about her neck was loosened, and the miniature it bore fell into her lap. She caught it up and looked from portrait to miniature again and again, with a bitter smile.

"So shall you two meet to-night," she whispered,—"you who accuse and you who have betrayed. So shall I—who, if Heaven had not been merciful, might have linked you more closely than friendship could link you—so shall I bring your soul face to face to-night, when no disguise or lie can serve the betrayer. To-night, before cockcrow, shall God measure out His slow justice to the three of us."

She moved to a high desk, lighted another taper, and took out a thin scroll. "For the last time," she whispered to herself, "the very last, lest my courage fail me, my dear, my heart." She laid the miniature of the Earl against her cheek for a moment and unrolled the paper. Her eyes grew bright and hard as she read, her pulse cooler and stronger. One of the tapers sputtered. She paused to trim it, and went back to the beginning of the document, though she knew every word by heart:

"I, Ludlow Debonair Honeyfoot, Earl Oxney, do swear in my death that I die innocent and have no part in any scheme to utter false coin, in despite of His Majestie's order or any command of ye Parliament; that the smelting-furnace and other chattels likewise in no way pertain to me, and are hereby delivered by me to ye officers of His Majestie with the tenement thereto; that I have been decoyed here by those who should hang for it, knowing nothing of the making of either gold coins, pence or medals, whether counterfeiting ye mintage of Rye Towne or of other mints in His Majestie's Realm. Let justice find the guilty—for I . . ." Here the confession ceased abruptly — unsigned. For the "breaking of the golden bowl" had cut off speech and consciousness. Only in the last flickering flashes of life had that bitter cry against his dearest friend reached the sister's ear—a cry born of delirium, of wild remorse, at which she could not guess. At this moment, with agonized inquiry in her eyes, her heart bursting with misery and rage against the slayers of her beloved, her brain seized the name he uttered and took it for the answer to her wild question. Leaning low to look into his face, in a very madness of hunger for his voice, his answer, she saw there all that she took for unspoken accusation. Once again, low and steadily, she had begged for the truth. To her "Who is guilty?" his piteous lips had striven to reply, till, bending low to hear—yet jealously, for fear of losing even for a second the sight of his face in life,—she had heard once more the name she had hoped yet dreaded to hear, the name which, in wiping the stain from one so dear, clove in two the honor of another on whom her thoughts hung in strange gentleness.

Then she curtained the picture deliberately and went away to her own bedchamber.

III

Here upon the square canopied French bedstead of brass with rose-colored hangings my lady's "highest dress" was set out by her orders—a white one with lace collar and a vest stiff with spangles and silvery beads. The light of a splendid fire made her neck and arms like ivory as she unrobed and robed anew, without haste. Her tirewoman did her best to chatter, but the mistress was deaf to it. In silence

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the toilet was finished, and in less time than Clemency expected. She sent away her woman, took up one of the branching candlesticks and held it so that she could see herself in the long mirror—startled at this sight of herself in forgotten finery. The mirror framed for her a woman in her prime, dressed in full toilet such as was the vogue under the last of the Stuarts; for in her country seclusion Lady Clemency had not yet felt herself constrained to adopt either the towering headdress or the Dutch hoop which Mary of England and Orange had brought with her in 1689. Full and flowing, the lines of her skirt gave Clemency's fine proportions their true grace; the stiffness of the stomacher could not add more than a delicate rigidity to her figure. The lace collar drooped widely, giving the utmost breadth to her beautiful shoulders, while it sprang out a little stiffly from the nape to frame her face. Over her left ear she wore with a looping of pearls a rosette of the Earl's favorite color, apple green. Of all the black ribbons and crêpe sashes and gauzes set out by her woman, she donned not one shred that night. Instead of these she drew from her press a long broad scarf, green like her earknot, but heavily fringed with gold—a man's sword-sash. There was a stain upon it; she tied it carefully to hide the rusty blot. Then she put out the lights in the wall sconces and left the room, with a taper in her hand. Half-way down the first flight, she swept back, returned to the press, and fetched from it a large, battered, tarnished silver coin. Its detail showed very distinctly in the candle-light as she threaded it on to the long chain she wore on her neck. One side of the disc bore a three-masted galleon in full sail; on the other were cut the picture of a church and the words Sancta Maria de Ria, with the date of coining—1696—which was the date of the Earl's death. For a moment she let the coin hang outside her bodice, then

CLEMENCY LOOKED LONG AT THE PICTURE

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hurriedly, as if time were short, thrust it inside her laces and went quickly on her way.

All the lower stairways were bright with candles; there were blazing logs in the hall and living-rooms, and she despatched a servant to see that the chamber for her guest was curtained and prepared. Down a long stone corridor she passed to that wing of Pages which had once been sacred to the menkind of her people. Hither they had withdrawn for their smoking and cards, their political squabbles, their rougher jests, their magisterial administration (for many an earl had coolly dealt out justice in his own fashion without reference to his weaker neighbors), for their money transactions, their chatter over horses and dogs, woodlands and waterlands.

She stopped for a moment in a little lobby and rang a bell. Instantly a movement was audible in the room beyond. An old man, her steward, opened the door of communication and saluted.

"Is the officer here?" she asked.

"Yes, my lady, with two other men."

"Are they of the neighborhood?"

"They are from Canterbury, my lady, and will go back there."

"It is good. Rye men would have chattered out their business before it was begun. Why has the sheriff only two guards? I told him four."

"Two suffice, my lady."

She regarded the old man with a hard smile. "Yes, Ruffany, three to one is accounted fair odds in fair love and open war."

"And what if this be both?" muttered the old steward, in his beard, as she passed him and went into the stone-paved room beyond. Upon the rustle of her thick silk the heavily booted men rose to their feet and pushed aside their chairs. They fell back from the fireplace and stood stiffly to attention.

"You have had food and rest?" she asked. "You are warm and merry? That is right. You will usher in the New-year pleasantly with an easy task, I think. All laborers are not so fortunate."

The biting tone of her voice, the contemptuous smile, the half-closed deep eyelids, the proud, lovely head, made an impression of concentrated coolness and autocracy. There was almost a touch of gallantry in the dry voice of the sheriff as he answered her:

"It is not often that so much of my labor is already done at the beginning, or by such hands as yours, my lady."

"All I require of you is that you act like gentlemen — as my brother would have wished. Give me the warrant here a moment."

He laid it before her.

"That is good," she said. "No word is left out, and my name as accuser is properly written. For the rest—I do not care. His Majesty has given me the right to deliver this man to punishment. Punish—but do it like gentlemen. And if he struggles, defend yourselves. And if he thrusts, thrust you also, and do it clean and straight—as the Earl would have had it."

She handed the warrant back composedly.

"You know the signal, my men. A quarter of an hour before midnight I will send my steward for the loving-cup to be drunk in the New-year. That shall be your summons. You, Master Sheriff, shall knock three times at the door of the upper parlor, and I will open it to you and pass out. The rest is your affair."

Once more the men saluted as the lady of Pages recrossed the threshold and went to the dining-parlor.

IV

In the face of the northeast, with his servant, also mounted, behind him, rode Otway Romilly from Croydon across Surrey heaths and Kentish vales to Pages in the Sussex hills. His head was bent low, his hat thrust down over his keen eyes, his mouth set. But the cruel sleet had not more to do with the drawing of the lines in his face or the compression of his lips than the thoughts which beat in his brain. For he was not like my Lady Clemency. To him long waiting had not brought coolness nor counsel, and this because the motive at the heart of his delay was not that of a revenge which already apprehends the first-fruits of satisfaction. For him the stake was also very great, but it was not the stake for which her ladyship had played so carefully for three years. Time had

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brought him no nearer to the method by which he could best approach this woman after her coldness, her strangeness, and, above all, in the face of the secret which parted them. And yet there was her sudden invitation to Pages! It perplexed him extraordinarily. As his mind travelled again and again over the old ground, he felt this barrier of the secret rise once more in all its sinister impregnability. So slight a thing it seemed—at times a mere network of sentimental scruples, a flimsy structure which he had but to destroy at one thrust, sharp and quick, but deadly. Yet even as he contemplated it he knew the flimsiness was only apparent, and that though it were but a network which divided him from the woman, it was as strong as death itself. Again, hope leaped up. Surely her sudden welcome to Pages was enough! On the strength of it he could speak to her, win her, before memories of the tragedy should engulf them both and bring the constraint he dreaded. Perhaps afterwards in the blessed days—Heaven grant they might come to him at last — she would forgive him for concealing a certain ghastly truth.

The broad stream of light from the great open door almost blinded him as he went round the sharp corner of the last turn of the avenue. The sense of being awaited was almost too much for him. Clemency's open arms could not have excited him more intensely than these wide, significant, beautiful portals with their radiance pouring out upon the frozen, jaded rider. He checked his horse sharply and caught his breath. It could not be merely imagination which made him behold the figure of a woman waiting in the inner vestibule at the head of the steps.

Clemency started up as she saw in the path of light a man on a horse which reared at a shadow. For a second the sorrow of her life was forgotten. This man was her brother's friend. So had he ridden many times round that very clump

IN THE FACE OF THE NORTHEAST RODE OTWAY ROMILLY

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of ivied elms, and she had loved to see him come—why, she could not tell at first. And when she knew the reason, too late, she wished herself dead, like the Earl.

Her memories, chasing one another in a mad circle, brought her back to the present. She went half-way down the broad flight of rounded stone steps to meet her guest, her bare neck with its pearls unsheltered from the wind, her cheeks white, and all her body dry and burning.

V

The steward had set the wine on the table and removed the last course, and many untasted dishes before it. He seemed, Otway thought, to be possessed by a sense of ceremonial that touched insanity, for half his tripping journeys between sideboard and table, and table and door, appeared to be for no reason but to remove clean silver and replace it with fresh. Never for a moment did the hostess and her guest appear to be alone. He chafed under it for an hour. And yet, even so, the hunger of his eyes was beginning to be appeased. When at last the door closed and the two sat at the table, she in her high chair—the Earl always liked to see his sister so enthroned—and Otway sitting, a little sideways, with his arm on the table, so that he could command her face without appearing to stare too closely—when the two so sat together he wondered why he had longed for this moment, so painfully did he fear lest she should lapse into sorrow and anger or shrink icily if he boldly put his own business first. In his pouch was a trifle or two, gifts he had brought her, a rosary of Irish beads, a soft tippet of Irish lace. He told her little anecdotes of the way he chose them; he asked her to wear them, some day.

She smiled and looked at the beads. Then she took up the tiny silver crucifix they carried and examined it.

"They say that this Man suffered for all the sins of the world," she said, bitterly, "but it is an old tale which does not help me. Men like Deb are falsely done to death hour after hour. And still the whole world sins and goes free, because some men are cowards and others are dolts and are afraid for their own skins. Tell me, is it not true?"

"It is true that half the world sins and the other half must pay," he answered, gently; "but we cannot read the end of the tale, my Lady Clemency. And it is often well we cannot read it."

Her fingers twined themselves absently in the delicate lace tippet, and she looked away from him. But her silence gave him courage.

"Will you not wear it now, that I may see how it becomes you? For, if not, we will give it to the nearest almswoman and I will bring you another scarf," he said. His tone rallied her, his eyes besought. He did not see the hard look in her eyes, for she looked down; he only saw the quiver of her fine lips, and took it as a sign of gentleness towards him. He rose and courteously hung the lace upon her shoulders, never once daring to touch even her sleeve as he did so. He waited, standing with a little nervous smile, to see if her cheek would color, or her lips find a word or two which might tell him how he stood with her. She pushed back her big chair and rose. It seemed as with an effort that she looked at him then and said:

"I must see the lace in a mirror. Come; there is one up-stairs. Give me your arm, Major Romilly."

His heart misgave him as they mounted the stairs. Just so—to the eye—might a betrothed pair have passed to the joyous shelter of the fires in the parlors above, he reflected. But she never looked at him, nor leant on his arm. They might have been ghosts, so impersonal, so unreal seemed the link.

"You know these rooms," she said, in a low tone, as she took her arm suddenly from his and led the way.

"Yes, yes," he answered. He feared this mood of hers yet; he knew that the subject which filled both their minds could no longer be avoided.

"Come and see how well I have tended Deb's favorite toys," she said. Her tone was lighter—and yet he hated that cold, hard look of the eyes, so new in her, so strange.

She beckoned, and he followed. She rested now and again in a seat, then would start up to pass on and point to some familiar relic.

Otway moved as she moved, but always remained standing.

"Here is his library," she said. "You

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SHE WENT HALF WAY DOWN THE STEPS

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remember how he chose his books? 'Not for men's wisdom, but for a man's pleasure'—those were his words."

"I remember well."

"You gave him many of his books."

"I remember."

"Some of them he never opened."

"I can well believe it. No man dares choose his friend's whole library."

"But Deb left the leaves unturned, he told me, because you taught him more than all these volumes."

Why should she have said this with that cold smile? he asked himself.

"I would my teaching could have saved him," he cried, bitterly.

She winced a little, but passed on and took up a wooden shield on which was the pad of a hare.

"You remember the day we went coursing over the Rother Level and I begged him to spare the hare and call back the greyhounds?"

"Very well. We could not stop them."

"The black hound bit Deb. The mark was clear on his wrist up to the day he died." She moved on and paused before a half-finished bust. "Do you remember how he loved his 'puddling in clay'? If he had not been a great gentleman with other duties, I would have had him be a second Angelo."

"Deb always had a rare skill of finger," replied Otway.

"If I had it, I would make a hundred clay counterfeits of him," she answered, passionately. She turned suddenly upon him. "It is surely not so hard — to make counterfeits?"

Her eyes pierced him through. He caught his breath; his hands which held the bust she gave him shook. And he knew that she saw it.

"It is the hardest thing in the world to make a good counterfeit—when the original is a thing that you love well," he said as he replaced the bust.

She sank down in the nearest settle. He found her gazing at him in cold scrutiny when he returned to the hearth.

"And yet some men have wonderful art in these things," she murmured on.

She drew the coin in her bosom slowly forth by its chain and swung it nervously to and fro. It glittered in the firelight. Otway watched it swing. He would have given the world to snatch it from her neck, fling it out of the window, then seize her hands and bid her be dumb and forget her misery. Suddenly she took the coin off its chain and put it in his palm.

"Do you know what it is?" she said, slowly. "It is the pledge of another man's wickedness, the token which caused Deb his death."

"It might well pass for true stuff," he said. "The die must have been very good."

"Yes—it is good. But there is an ugly mark upon it. I have not rubbed it away. It was on the floor where—where he fell when they shot him. I found it caught in his cloak when—when they brought him here. In the olden days if such a token were touched by the hand of the real culprit, this stain, they say, would become moist — and so proclaim him a murderer."

She leant her chin on her hand and regarded him steadily. His eyes never swerved from hers. His mind was battling with a new idea, so preposterous that for the moment it engulfed him, and he made no reply. He clasped the coin tightly, vowing inwardly that she should possess it no longer.

"Will you give this to me?" he asked, abruptly.

"It cannot be spared. It is one of my treasures, a link in the chain of many proofs of the guilt of the man I pursue."

His opportunity seemed to have come. He turned the coin round and round and spoke tenderly but with irony. "Does such pursuit make my Lady Clemency happy? Does it feed and sustain her soul? Does it bury sorrow and heal the great wound?"

"I desire it," she said—"I desire it because it is due to the dead, due to me who mourn."

"That which we owe to the dead is nothing more nor less than love, my lady."

"And service—which implies justice."

"If justice could bring back the dead—"

She gave a bitter cry—but regained her self-possession. "It can bring peace to the living," she said, sternly.

"Peace? There is no peace for you, my Lady Clemency, so long as you let this thought tear at your heart." He spoke sadly, almost sternly.

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"How admirably you can assume that superior air!" she cried. "How easy for you—who know not the guilty man—to bid me forget! He is nothing to you. Or perhaps you desire to shield him. Is it so?" She went close to him and looked mockingly in his face. "You dare not say you do not know him," she whispered. "The truth is in your face. What now? Will you shield him any more?"

"Yes—for your sake."

"But I hate him. I desire his death. He can no more justify himself. Now—dare you shield him?"

"I dare," he returned.

"For my sake!" she mocked. "Do you think I love him, then,—love him in secret, and that my love is greater than my loathing of his betrayal?"

Gradually the mystery of her mood had unfolded itself. The notion which had at first come to him as a blinding shock now stood out clearly, explaining her, her words, all the hysteria in her letters of the past three years. His heart leaped, for now he knew that he had the mastery of the situation. He answered her question boldly, with a grave smile:

"Your love is greater than your loathing, inasmuch as all love is greater than all hate."

She laughed long and bitterly. Then she stood up in the middle of the room to taunt him. "See here," she said; "here is the case of a young nobleman, honest and generous, with many friends, one of them closer than all the rest perhaps, his playfellow in mind and soul, but wiser, more crafty, more secret. He, being a penniless, careless fellow, turns his wits to account. Money, he thinks, though it cannot be plucked from the trees, can grow under a man's hand. And so he sets up the coining-machines; but, lest others should be jealous of his skill, he borrows the name of his friend to put over his workshop. And in the hour of discovery it is his friend who dies for him, his friend's name which is dragged in the dust, his friend's house which is left desolate. Tell me what punishment would you mete out to such a man."

"None so cruel as God Himself will assign."

"Oh! you play with words and I desire the truth. You, knowing Deb—what would you do?"

"I would gladly have died for him, for thereby I should have turned sorrow away from you," he answered, with a shaking voice.

She started, looked at him, reeled, recovered herself. "It is not too late for that supreme sacrifice," she said. Her words charged with malice, her glittering eyes, her rigid, tense figure, were those of a maddened creature. So she stood in the firelight in her pearly dress, vindictive, triumphant, cruelly beautiful. "It is not too late," she said again. Her hand moved towards the bell by which she summoned her steward.

"If you desire it," he said, "here, by Deb's sword, I will make that sacrifice. But it is too late. For the man you pursue—whom I also know—is dead. The justice of God was far quicker than yours, my Lady Clemency. He is dead, and I have far greater proofs than this" (he touched the coin) "of his guilt."

"How can I trust you now?" she gasped. "You could have saved Deb. You went away. Who was the man who led him into that coiner's trap? Tell me."

"I cannot."

"Deb told me his name," she said. "Upon that I have acted, have waited, have pursued."

"Yes, and Deb told me also. I have it here"—he touched a packet in his breast—"in writing. I have the man's very signature; I have a hundred proofs of his death. More I am not permitted to tell you. The house, you know, was burnt; the traces of the evil are gone."

"Do you know the name that Deb whispered to me?"

"I have guessed," he said, "but the error is yours. He was a dying man when he spoke. His mind wandered."

"He named you—Otway."

"So your actions to-night have told me."

"And I believed him."

"What else could you do?"

"Tell me—tell me the man's name," she entreated. Her face was ashy white.

He put his arms about her. "Trust me but now—Clemency, and some day I will tell you, if you wish it."

"His name! Show me the letter." Her fingers sought his pocket eagerly. His hand closed over them.

"No—remember it is against my oath

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"DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT IS?" SHE SAID, SLOWLY

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to Deb, sworn on your behalf. Would you have me false to the dead?" he said. He put her into a chair forcibly and walked away.

"Ah! but it is because I want to trust you," she faltered—"I want to . . . make amends. How hard you are! Give me peace!—Give me the truth!"

The struggle was bitter, but he won it, loving her too well to deal the worst of wounds.

"If I tell you that it is for Deb's honor that I am silent more than for your sake, will you trust me?" he said, gently going down on his knee by her chair to take her hand in pity.

She stared at him vaguely. Then looked away and fixed her eyes upon the fire. A blank look crept into her eyes; her hands grew ice-cold. She sat like a woman of stone, and he dared not speak lest she should put to him the last question. Her lips at last began to move.

"It is not always well that we can read the end of the story," she whispered with dry lips, quoting him like a child trying to comfort itself with a formula. She repeated the phrase twice. After many minutes she lifted her lips to his ear. "The dead are always ours," she whispered.

"And their honor also," he whispered back, tenderly.

The three-quarters before midnight clanged out so suddenly from the servants' quarters that ere his ears and hers had ceased to throb the door was opened and the old steward, pale and bent, came in. In his hand was a gigantic silver goblet of wine, and a page behind carried a napkin on a tray. Lady Clemency rose abruptly.

"Go and call the others," she said. The page went out. Otway, perplexed, drew back and waited. He heard the clank of swords, the heavy steps of the sheriff and his officers as they mounted the stairs and knocked thrice, as she had told them to do.

"Your warrant," cried her ladyship, as the man in command saluted. "Nay, you need not guard the door."

She took the roll and gave it to Otway with a strange smile. There were tears in her eyes; her throat was quivering. "Read," she said; "your name is in it."

He looked deliberately at it, smiled also, and handed it back with a bow.

"I do not want it!" she said, like a frightened child. "Ah! wait!"

She took from the rack of weapons on the wall a short knife and slashed the document through twice. Then tore it into many pieces, which fell at her feet.

"See, my men, how easy I make your work to-night. Witness that I hereby withdraw my accusation."

She walked to the tottering old steward, and took the cup from him and touched it with her lips.

"Let us drink to peace and good faith, to honor and truth—!" Her voice broke.

"And to hope," said Otway, taking the cup to drink from it where her lips had touched it.

In turn, by her order, did the other men drink also, and then she told them good night, standing at her full height, defying their inquiry and their comment, till the last heavy footstep had died away. Then she turned away and flung out her arms in a kind of very madness, walking to and fro in the room with little shivering sighs.

Otway caught her as she turned. He saw she could stand no more.

"I am dizzy," she cried; "my brain seethes. The fire burns me, Otway. Come—take me to the house door—set it wide. Give me air."

He could not restrain her, but took her down the flight as best he could.

"My dear," he answered, as she leaned on his arm, "there is frost outside; the air is ice-cold; it will give you your death!"

"Fling open the door," she begged, "for I cannot breathe."

Close wrapped in his cloak, she leaned out into the night like a dreamy child. Her hand crept up to his heart.

"I do assure you, sir," she said, "the wind is in the south; can you not hear the voices of the bells of Rye travelling up to us through that dell?"

He stopped also to listen, while the breath of the New-year swept into Pages, lightly brushing their heads.

"The wind is surely from the south," she repeated. Her limbs glowed; the lines of her mouth were as soft as the ripple on summer waters.

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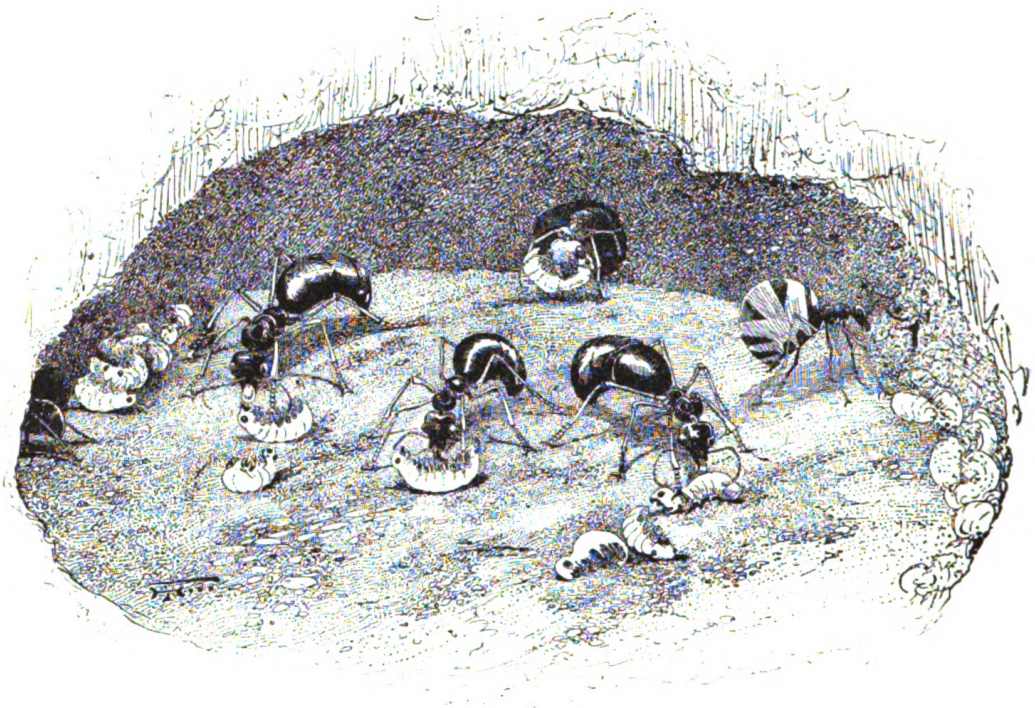

NURSE ANTS FEEDING AND WASHING BABY ANTS
The figure to the right is a honey-bearer

Insect Commonwealths

BY HENRY C. McCOOK, D.D., Sc.D., LL.D.

THE best-known social insects are ants, bees, wasps, and hornets, of the order Hymenoptera, and termites, or white ants, of the Neuroptera.

Service is the supreme law of insect commonwealths. Their members are proverbial for industry and foresight. The younglings fall into the work of hive, formicary, or nest even before the marks of their callow maturity have disappeared. The only non-workers are the infants, and young males and females reserved for the founding of new republics. The special instinct that compels social insects to live not only in communities but in "walled towns" like men, has undoubtedly stimulated if it has not originated such fine examples of architectural industry and skill as the hornets' wood-pulp commune, with its pillars, arches, and dome; the cells and comb of the honey-bee, and the formicaries of mound-making ants.

The largest insect commonwealths known are those of ants and termites. Bees keep down their numbers by their persistent habit of colonization. A rare example of a populous community may be seen—or could have been seen a quarter-century ago—in an "ant city," to use a local phrase, on the western slope of Brush Mountain, near Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania. The writer once encamped within the precincts of this city to study its inhabitants. Scattered over a space of fifty acres were seventeen hundred conical hills, not counting moundlets that marked the beginnings of new enterprises. They varied greatly in height,

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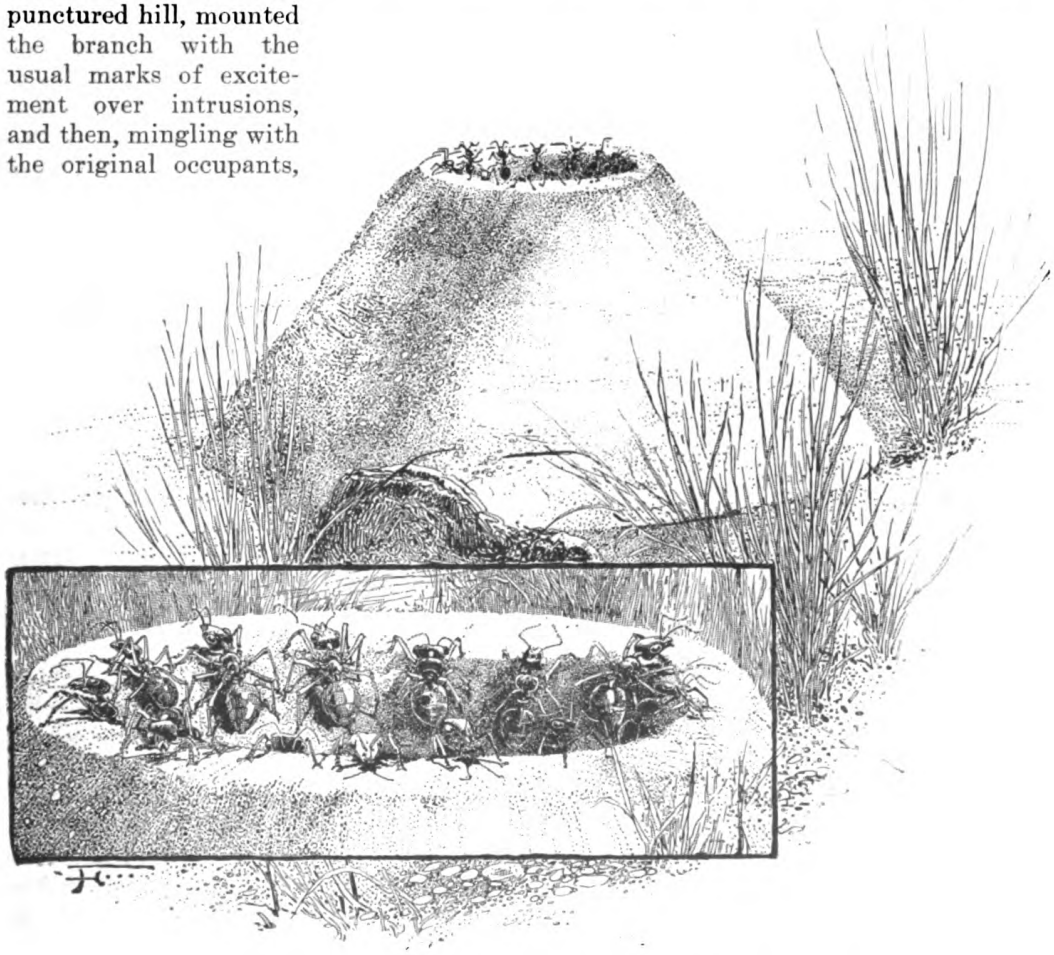
from forty inches downward, with a base diameter of eight feet and under. The formicaries were distributed in family groups, one acre having thirty-three, another twenty-five.

An agreeable surprise awaited the beginning of studies. Sundry accounts of sanguinary battles between rival mound-building species, and observations of the wars of the Pavement ants *(Tetramorium cæspitum)*, inspired an eager outlook for wars between contiguous communities. Not a sign of discord appeared in all the occupied zone.

A small oak branch covered with aphides and their attendant ants from a certain mound was broken from a tree and set up on a hill twenty rods distant. It was thought that if anything would incite to hostility it would be a meeting of members of separate communities upon the same feeding-ground. Ants swarmed out of the punctured hill, mounted the branch with the usual marks of excitement over intrusions, and then, mingling with the original occupants, began quietly to feed from the galls and aphides. The traditional "chip on the shoulder" had failed to stir up a fight. Another test was made. Selecting two large active cones, 114 feet apart, the ants were called out of one by tapping, until the surface was black with excited ants. From the densest centre of life a section was cut out with a spade, borne hurriedly to the other cone, and thrown in the midst of its host of inhabitants. Surely such an onset will arouse their combativeness? No! The irritated insects, even under such provocation, would not fight. Complete fraternization ensued. There was the usual quick challenging with crossed antennæ, but not the slightest hostility.

Now a new light began to dawn upon the observer. Are these ants, maybe, members of one community? Experiment followed experiment to an indis-



SENTINELS GUARDING THE GATE OF A HONEY-ANTS' FORMICARY

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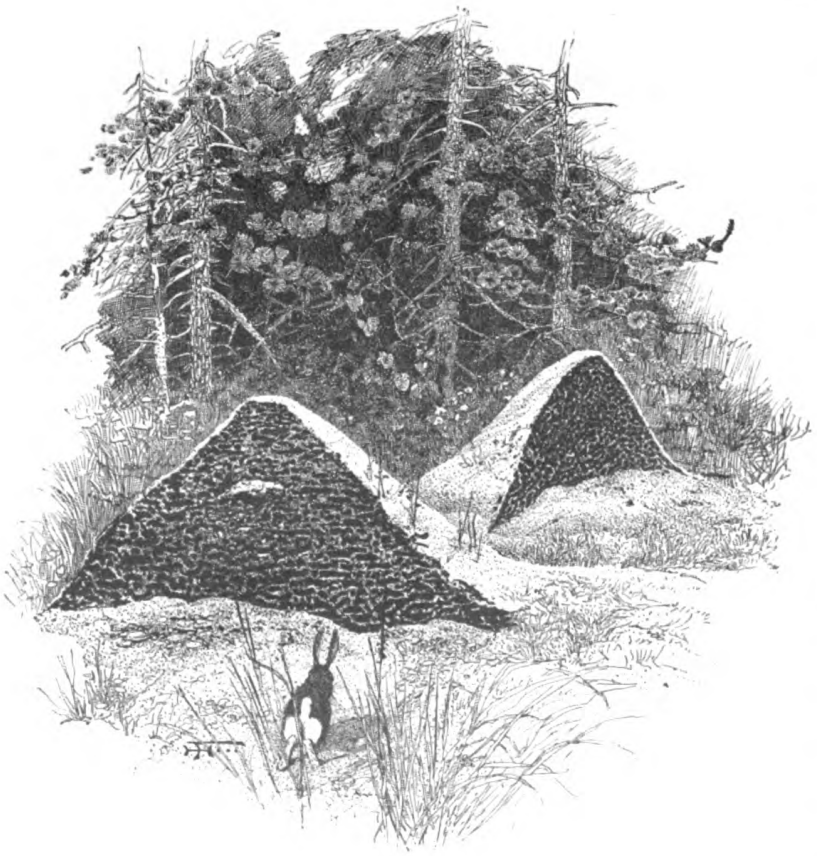
putable conclusion. The final test was made in an artificial formicary prepared in a large glass jar. Insects taken from a number of cones in parts of the field most remote from one another were introduced. Cocoons from still other cones were added. From time to time ants from different hills were put in, until a complete representative congress of the field was assembled. The same result always followed. Members of the original colony and all incomers united in building tubular streets or galleries and chambers, in caring for the young and organizing society, in their new quarters. Moreover, all with equal unanimity united in assaulting and destroying ants of different species intruded within the formicary.

Plato distinguished four kinds of character-making "enthusiasm"—prophecy, prayer, poetry, and love. These give to human faculties the stimuli which urge man to achieve his highest destiny. We might enlarge the list by at least the element of patriotism, and thus mark another likeness between man and social insects. For patriotism—that is, a supreme devotion to the commonwealth—is the prevailing "enthusiasm" among ants, bees, and wasps. With them one finds no discount laid upon the communal military guards. All, except dependents, are laborers and warriors. All are alike devoted to the civil welfare and defence.

Many times and in many ways the devotion of ants to their commune has been tested. The rule is well-nigh invariable of instant and absolute self-abnegation, and surrender of personal ease and appetite, life and limb, to the public welfare. The posting of sentinels at gateways is customary, and they are apt to know first the approach of danger. With heads and quivering antennæ protruded from the opening, these city watchmen not only despatch within news of threatening peril, but rush out with utter abandon to face the foe. With ants patriotism is not "second nature"; it is instinctive, inborn, seemingly as strong in the callow antling as in the veteran brave.



SECTIONAL VIEW OF FORMICARIES

It must be confessed, however, that it is rigidly exclusive. Racial catholicity is not an emmetorian virtue. Ants are without that elastic hospitality which embraces and assimilates all foreigners. Even the slave-makers hold their domestic auxiliaries strictly distinct.

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MOUND-MAKING ANTS OF THE ALLEGHANIES

It may be due to overmastering patriotism that one fails to discover individual benevolence in ants. Friendships and personal affection, in the limited and specialized sense familiar among domestic animals, are as yet unknown. And thus it is with other social insects.

Of course there is reason for this condition. An imperious law of cooperation in the mass does not favor the development of strong individual characteristics. The mechanical order that assures the sodality and safety of society among insects would be disturbed by strong personal ties, which would thus introduce a divisive and enfeebling force, especially in times of communal peril, when all sentiment and service should be concentrated upon public interests.

The existence of separate classes and a division of labor imply a high social organization. And these we find among social insects. In a formicary, besides the fertile queens, are the males and virgin queens, the dependent young, and two or more forms of workers — the worker-major, worker-minor, and the minim, or dwarf. There prevails a marked sense of the distinct functions of these classes and their importance to the commonwealth. So with other families. Remove the queen from a beehive and note what occurs. For a time the loss is unnoticed, and work goes on as usual.

Then suddenly arises and sounds within the resident quarters and without the gates a peculiar hubbub of

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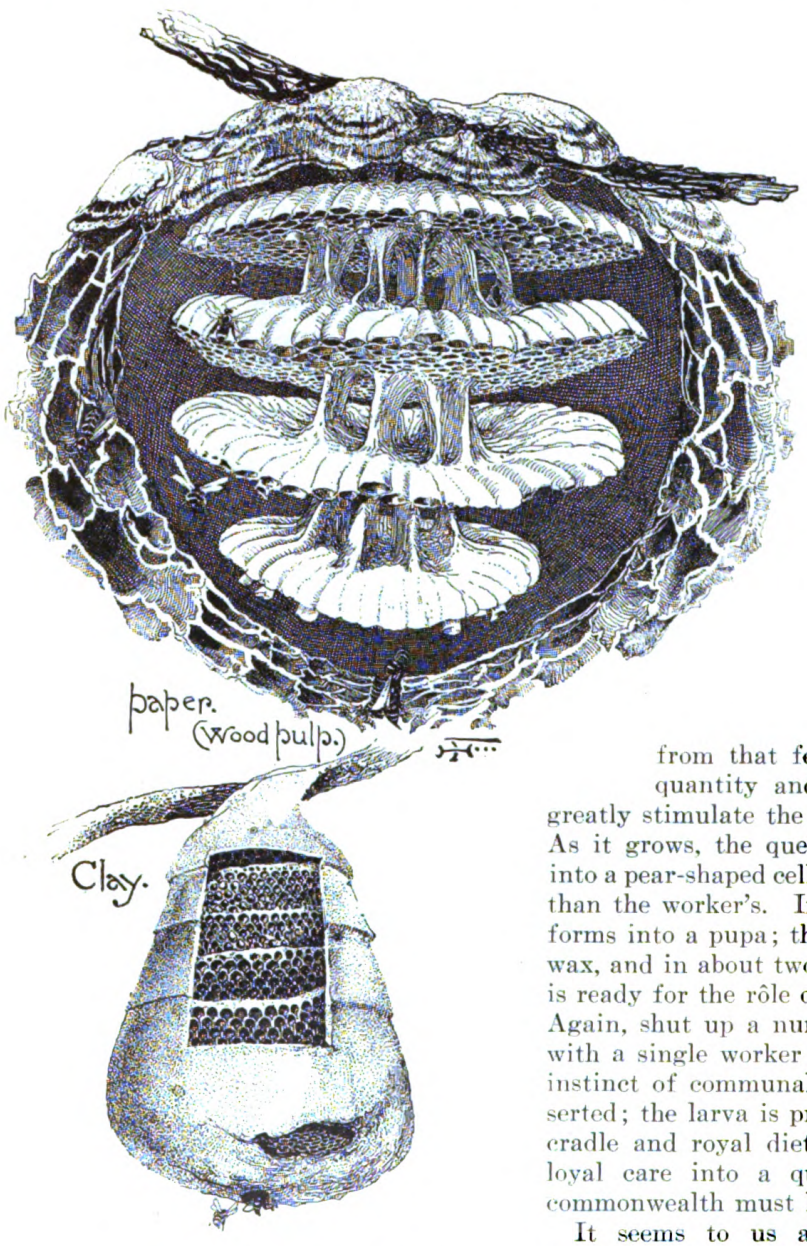

PAPER AND CLAY HORNETS' NESTS

humming wings quickened by alarm or passion. The queen-mother's absence is known! The hive is in an uproar. All feel the loss as fatal, and rush aimlessly to and fro, apparently in search of the lost one. The cycle of daily industry ceases. Idleness and anarchy reign.

At last, and sometimes after a long interval, latent instincts assert their power. The sages of the beehive seem to have consulted, and their conclusion is quickly enforced. They visit the brooding-cells in which are placed the worker-eggs awaiting maturity. Two or three of these are broken into one to form a royal cell, and an inmate or a selected egg or larva is placed therein. They bring to it quantities of the royal jelly — a stimulating substance specially reserved for such uses, and composed of honey and pollen digested in the stomach, and mixed in different proportions from that fed to workers. The quantity and character of food greatly stimulate the youngling's growth. As it grows, the queen-room is enlarged into a pear-shaped cell several times larger than the worker's. In due time it transforms into a pupa; the cell is sealed with wax, and in about two weeks a new queen is ready for the rôle of royal motherhood. Again, shut up a number of worker-bees with a single worker larva. At once the instinct of communal preservation is asserted; the larva is provided with a royal cradle and royal diet, and nourished by loyal care into a queen-mother. The commonwealth must live!

It seems to us a curious phase of natural jealousy, although the history of human sovereigns furnishes many analogous examples, that the old queen of a beehive is possessed with a passionate jealousy and hatred of the young queens and seeks to kill them. But here also the sense of communal self-preservation appears, and the workers, commonly so reverent in their demeanor toward their queen, vigilantly guard the queenlings and beat back her furious assaults. The embryo queens have the same trait, and would assassinate one another if they too were not restrained. Perhaps, after all, this unpleasant peculiarity may be an-

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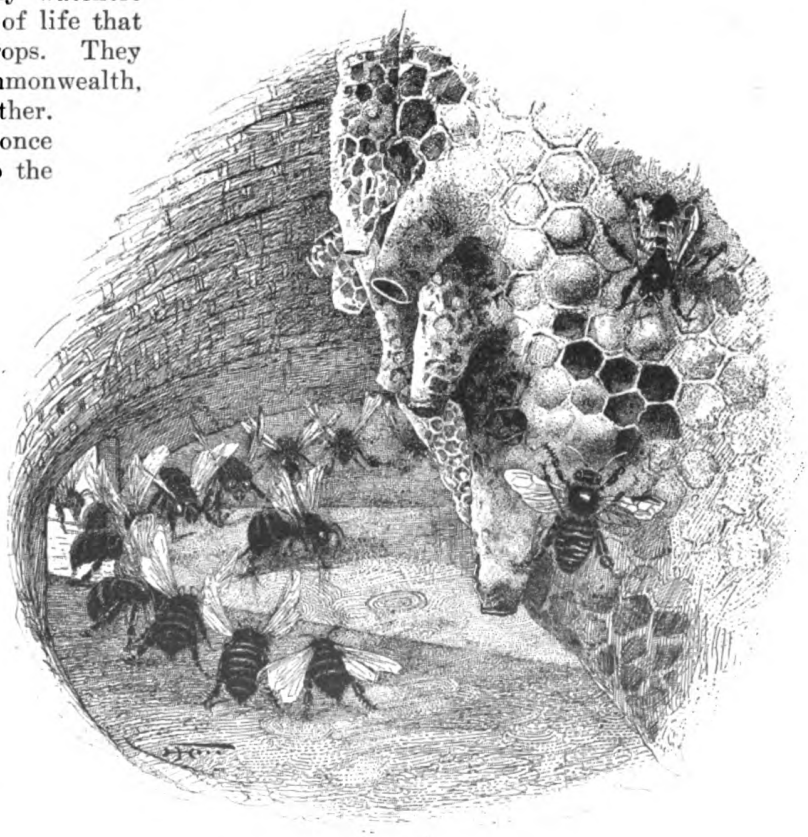
other mode of perpetuating the species and the type of commonwealth life. It enforces the necessity for migration, and gives the old queen, and in due course her successors, the strongest inducement to colonize.

The anxiety that centres upon the queen of an insect commonwealth does not spring from a sense of her value as a factor in government. In actual sovereignty she is a mere figurehead. In fact, apian, formican, vespal, and termital government is not a monarchy, but a pure democracy. The queens of ants, bees, wasps, and termites wear the crown of maternity—no other. Queenhood is simply motherhood.

It follows naturally that the highest concern of such communities is the nurture of their young. Indeed, we may say that all the admirable economy of these model republics bears upon the wholesome nurture of children. The courtiers that encircle an ant queen and follow her in every movement with reverent vigilance are simply watchers for the tiny atoms of life that she continually drops. They belong to the commonwealth, not to the mother. These eggs are at once seized and borne to the nurseries and committed to the nursing detail. When hatched into larvæ they are fed, cleansed, exercised, and tended until they pass the pupa stage. If the function of maternity is centred in the queen, the nursing function is distributed throughout the entire citizenship.

The communal architecture bends to the wants of the nursery. Let us look into the interior of a mound-making ant's formicary. The cone has been cut across the summit to the base with a woodman's cross-cut saw, and one half rapidly removed with shovels and scattered far to every side. If you will look among the fragments that litter the sward, you will see that, overwhelmed as they are by this calamity, their chief concern is for the houseless progeny. These are snatched from the ruins and carried to sheltered spots, where at once provisional nurseries are established.

Turning to the remaining half of the cone, we have a section view of the interior. From the sun-baked roof downward the structure is honeycombed with tubular galleries, which are the city streets that give ready communication with all parts. Here and there are chambers used as nurseries and living-rooms. This beautiful and complex system of works serves for the wholesome rearing of the formicary's young. It tends to equalize the temperature. If warmth is



VENTILATING INTERIOR OF BEEHIVE

Sanitary squad of bees beating the air into motion with their wings

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required, the larvæ are taken aloft next the sun. A cooler temperature is reached in the lower stories. If heavy rain imperils health, the larvæ and pupæ are shifted to the interior. If danger threatens at any point, they are carried to the opposite quarter. All this is made possible by the network of tubular streets and rooms that rise story above story from the ground to the domed roof, and which also serve for drainage and ventilation. The cradle and the nursery are, in an emmet commonwealth, the pivots upon which turns its entire life. And this is true of other social insects.

Insects are scrupulously clean in their personal toilet, and often brush, comb, and wash themselves—a service for which they are admirably provided with natural implements. This habit is transferred to communal affairs. The streets within the city bounds and the gates and external plaza and "country roads" leading into the foraging-fields—as with agricultural ants—are kept free from filth and obstructions that might gather filth. The constant washings and combings of baby ants by the nurses would satisfy the most fastidious maternal taste. One may not say that sanitation is an exact emmetonian science, but it certainly is an art thoroughly practised in every department of the formicary, and brought to perfection as far as natural conditions will permit. Every insect citizen takes part in this service. All ants unite to keep their civic precincts clean.

Turning to bees, whose habits can be more easily studied, one sees the same devotion to both personal cleanliness and public sanitation. A curious special example appears in the apian mode of ventilating. The air of a populous beehive is nearly as pure as the outside atmosphere. Yet it is crowded with air-breathing insects, and has but one small opening for ventilation, and that the common gateway, often obstructed by the entrance and egress of workers. How is this result accomplished? By a detail of ventilators who proceed upon the principle of the electrical fans that men have invented to purify the air of crowded shops, mills, and hospitals. They hook their feet to the floor and imitate the action of flight. The vibration of wings is so rapid that they can scarcely be seen. A squad of twenty such self-propelled vital fanning-machines can impart a vigorous motion by which fresh air is drawn in and the foul air expelled. The ventilating gang is relieved every half-hour, and thus a continuous movement is assured.

The cells vacated by the matured bee pupæ are thoroughly overhauled and cleaned before being used again. The excreta of larvæ and all impurities are scrupulously removed, and unmanageable obtruding bodies and material that cannot be disposed of piecemeal are carefully overlaid with layers of wax, and thus hermetically sealed up.

Of course there is no personal property among social insects. All things are in common. The honey stored in bee combs or in the crops of honey-ants is for public use. Ants have developed the man-like trait of tending domestic insect herds. According to Lord Avebury, they even breed aphids from the eggs. They certainly assemble them in their formicary bounds and diligently protect them for the sake of a sweet exudation called honey-dew. But there is no private ownership of "ant-cows." They are public property, held and tended by the commonwealth for the common weal. Even the contents of one's own stomach are not held for private use, but are subject to public demand. The nectar sucked by bees goes by regurgitation into the honey-comb. The honey-dew gathered by ants is imparted by the same process to workers and to nurses, and thence to larvæ and sexed dependents.

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Pap Overholt

BY ALICE MACGOWAN

UP and down the long corn rows Pap Overholt guided the old mule and the small, rickety, inefficient plough, whose low handles bowed his tall, broad shoulders beneath the mild heat of a mountain June sun. As he went—ever with a furtive eye upon the cabin—he muttered to himself, shaking his head:

"Say I sha'n' do hit. Say he don't want me a-ploughin' his co'n. My law! Whut you gwine do? Thar's them chillen—thar's Huldy. They got to be fed—they 'bleeged to have meat and bread. Ef I don't—"

Again he lifted his apprehensive glance toward the cabin; and this time it encountered a figure stepping from the low doorway—a young fellow with an olive face, delicately cut features, black curling hair, the sleep still lingering in his dark eyes. He approached the fence — the sorry, broken fence,—put his hands upon it, and called sharply, "Pap!"

The old man released the plough-handles and came toward the youth, shrinking like a truant schoolboy called up for discipline.

"Pap, this is the way you do me all the time—come an' plough in my co'n when I don't know nothin' about hit—when I don't want hit done,—tryin' to make everybody think I'm lazy and no 'count. Huldy tellin' me I ought to be ashamed of myse'f, in bed while my po' old pappy—'at hain't ploughed a row of his own for years—is a-gittin' my co'n outen the weeds."

The father stood, a chidden culprit. The boy had worked himself up to the desired point.

"You jest do hit to put a shame on me. Now, Pap, you take that mule—"

"W'y, Sammy, — w'y, Sammy honey, you know Pappy don't do it fer nair sech a reason. Hit don't look no sech a thing—like you was shif'less an' lazy. Hit jes look like Pappy got nothin' to do, an' love to come and give you a turn with yo' co'n; an', Sammy honey,"—the good farmer for the moment getting the better of the timid, soft-hearted parent,—"hit is might'ly in the weeds, boy. Don't you reckon I better jes—"

The other began, "I tell you—"

"There, there! Ne'mine, Sammy. Ef you don't want Pappy to plough no mo', Pappy jes gwine to take the plough right outen the furrow and put old Beck up. Pappy gwine—"

The boy turned away, his point made, and strolled back to the cabin. The old man, murmuring a mixture of apologies, assurances, and expostulations, went pathetically about the putting up of the mule, the setting away of the plough.

Nobody knew when Pap Overholt began to be so called, nor when his wife had received the affectionate title of Aunt Cornelia. It was a naming that grew of itself. Forty years ago the pair had been married—John, a sturdy, sunny-tempered young fellow of twenty-one, six feet in his stockings, broad of shoulder, deep of chest, and with a name and a nature clean of all tarnish; Cornelia Blackshears, a typical mountain girl of the best sort.

When, at the end of the first year, old Dr. Pastergood, who had ushered Cornelia herself into this world, turned to them with her first child in his arms, the young father stood by, controlling his great rush of primal joy, his boyish desire to do something noisy and violent; the mother looked first at her husband, then into the old doctor's face, with eyes of passionate delight and appeal. He was speechless a moment, for pity. Then he said, gently:

"Hit's gone, befo' hit ever come to us, Cornely. Hit never breathed a breath of this werrisome world."

A man who had practised medicine in the Turkey Tracks for twenty-five years —a doctor among these mountain people, where poverty is the rule, hardship a con-

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dition of life, and tragedy a fairly familiar element, would have had his fibre well stiffened. The brave old campaigner, who had sat beside so many death-beds and so many birth-beds, and had seen so many come and so many go, at the exits and entrances of life, met the matter stoutly and without flinching. His stoic air, his words of passive acceptance, laid a calm upon the first outburst of bitter grief from the two young creatures. Later, when John had gone to do the chores, the old doctor still sat by Cornelia's bed. He took the girl's hand in his—an unusual demonstration of feeling for a mountaineer—and said to her, gently,

"Cornely, there won't never be no mo' — there'll be nair another baby to you, honey."

The stricken girl fastened her eyes upon his in dumb pain and protest. She said nothing, the wound was too deep; only her lips quivered pitifully and the tears ran down upon the pillow.

"Now, now, honey, don't ye go to fret that-a-way. W'y, Cornely, ye was made for a mother; the Lord made ye for such —an' do ye 'low 'at He don't know what He's a-gwine to do with the work of His hands? 'For mo' air the children of the desolate'—don't ye know Scripter says? —than of them that has many. Lord love ye, honey, girl, you'll be mother to a minny and a minny. They air a-comin'; the Lord's a-sendin' 'em. W'y, honey,—you and John will have children gathered around you—"

The one cry broke forth from Cornelia which she ever uttered through all her long grief of childlessness: "Oh, but, Dr. Pastergood, I wanted mine—my own—and John's! Oh, I reckon it was idolatry the way I felt in my heart; I thought, to have a little trick—bone o' my bone, flesh o' my flesh—look up at me with John's eyes—" A sob choked her utterance, and never again was it resumed.

In the years that followed, the pair—already come to be called Pap Overholt and Aunt Cornely—well fulfilled the old doctor's prophecy. The very next year after their baby was laid away, John's older brother, Jeff, lost his wife, and the three little children Mandy left were brought at once to them, remaining in peace and welfare for something over a year (Jeff was a circumspect widower), making the place blithe with their laughter and their play. Then their father married, and they were taken to the new home. He was an Overholt too, and shared that powerful paternal instinct with John. Three times this thing happened. Three times Jeff buried a wife, and the little Jeff Overholts, with recruited ranks, were brought to Aunt Cornelia and Pap John. When Jeff married his fourth wife—Zulena Spivey, a powerful, vital, affluent creature, of an unusual type for the mountains,—and the children (there were nine of them by this time) went to live with their stepmother, whose physique and disposition promised a longer tenure than any of her predecessors, Pap and Aunt Cornelia sat upon the lonely hearth and assured each other with tears that never again would they take into their home and their lives, as their very own, any children upon whom they could have no sure claim.

"Tell ye, Cornely, this thing o' windin' yer heart-strings around and around a passel o' chaps for a year or so and then havin' 'em tore out—well, hit takes a mighty considerable chunk o' yer heart along with 'em." And the wife, looking at him with wet eyes, nodded an assent.

It was next May that Pap Overholt, who had been doing some hauling over as far as Big Turkey Track, returned one evening with a little figure perched beside him on the high wagon seat. "The Lord sent him, honey," he said, and handed the child down to his wife. "He ain't got a livin' soul on this earth to lay claim to him. He is ourn as much as ef he was flesh and bone of us. I even tuck out the papers."

That evening, the two sitting watching the little dark face in its sleep, Pap told his story. Driving across the flank of Yellow Old Bald, beyond Lost Cabin, he had passed a woman with five children sitting beside the road in Big Buck Gap.

"Cornely, she looked like a picture out of a book," whispered Pap. "This chap's the livin' image of her. Portugee blood—a touch o' that melungeon tribe from over in the Fur Cove. She had a little smooth face shaped like a aig; that curly hair hangin' clean to her waist, dark like this baby's, but with the sun all

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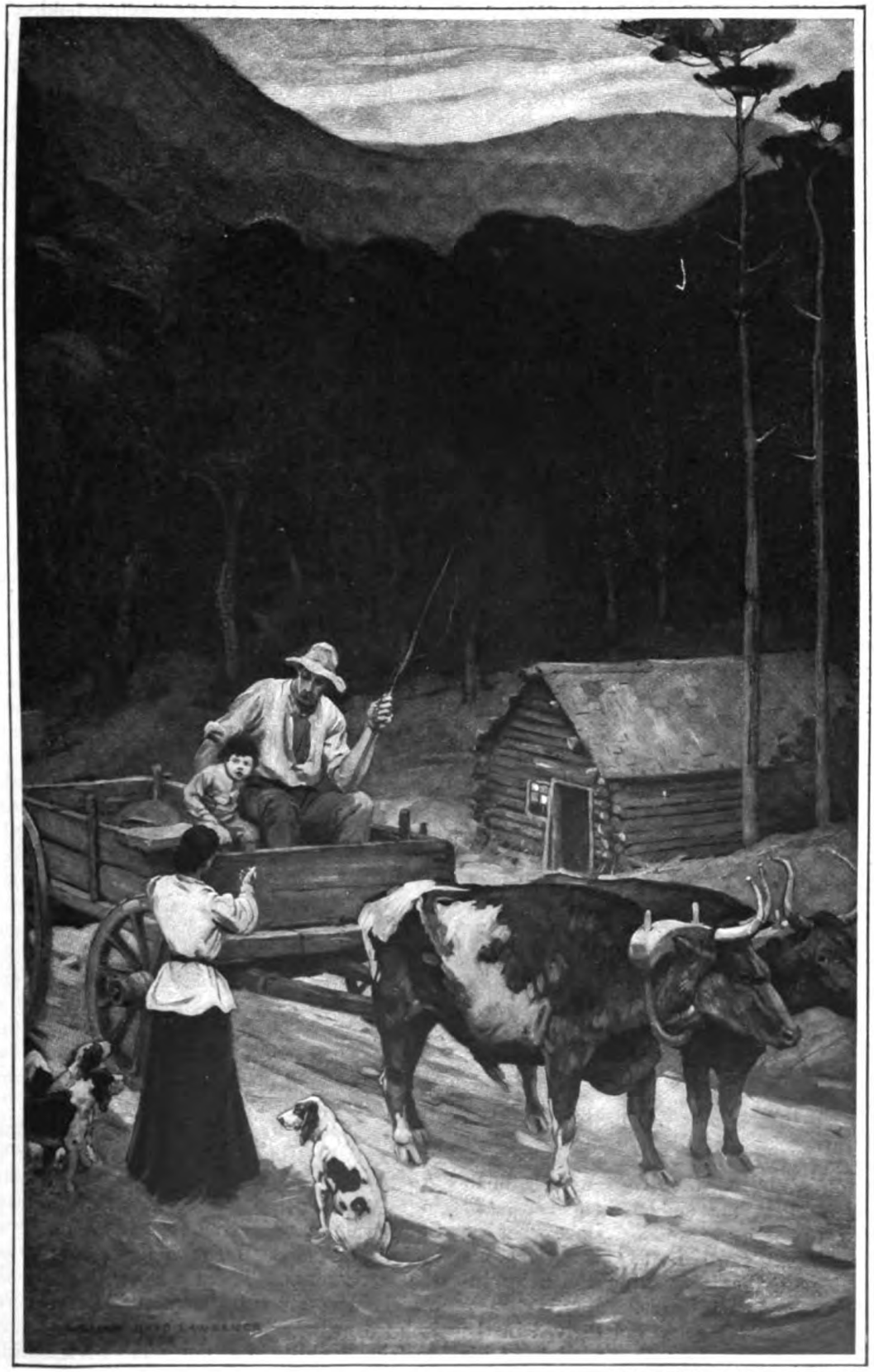

Half-tone plate engraved by G. F. Smith

A LITTLE FIGURE PERCHED BESIDE HIM

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through it; these eyebrows o' his'n that's lifted in the middle o' his forred, like he cain't see why some onkindness was did him; and little slim hands and feet; all mighty furrin to the mountains. I give 'er a lift—she was goin' to Hepzibah, huntin' fer some kind o' charity she'd heard could be got there; and this little trick he tuck to me right then."

The woman bent over and looked long at the small olive face, so delicately cut, the damp rings of hair on his forehead, the tragic lift of the brows above the nose bridge, the thin-lipped scarlet mouth. "My baby," she murmured; then lifted her glance with the question: "An' how come ye to have him? Did she—did that womern—"

"No, no. 'Twas this-a-way," Pap interrupted her. "When I came back from Big Turkey Track, I went down through Hepzibah—I couldn't git this chap's eyes—ner his little hands—out o' my head; I found myse'f a-studyin' on 'em the hull enjurin' time. She was dead when I got thar. She'd died to Squire Cannon's, and they was a-passellin' out the chillen 'mongst the neighbors. No sooner I put foot on the po'ch 'n this little soul come a-runnin' to me, an' says: 'W'y, here's my pappy, now. I tole you-all I did have a pappy. Now look—see—here he is.' Then he peeked up at me, and he put up his little arms, an' he says, jest as petted, and yit a little skeered, he says, 'Take me, pappy.' When I tuck him up, he grabbed me round the neck and dug his little face into mine. Then he looked around at all the folks, and sort o' shivered, and put his face back in my neck—still ez a little possum when you've killed the old ones an' split up the tree an' drug out the nest."

Both faces were wet with tears now. Pap went on: "I had the papers made right out—I knowed you'd say yes, Cornely. He's Samuel Ephraim Overholt. A-comin' home, the little weenty chap looks up at me suddent an' axes, 'Is they a mammy to we-all's house whar we goin' now?' Lord! Lord!" Pap shook his head gently, as signifying the utter inadequacy of mere words.

Little Sammy grew and thrived in the Overholt home. The tiny rootlets of his avid, unconscious baby life he thrust out in all directions through that kind soil, sucking, sucking, grasping, laying hold, drawing to him and his great little needs sustenance material and spiritual. More keen and capable to penetrate were those thready little fibres than the irresistible water-seeking tap-root of the cottonwood or the mesquite of the plains; more powerful to clasp and to hold than the cablelike roots of the rock-embracing cedar. The little new member was so much living sunshine, gay, witching, brilliant, erratic in disposition as he was singular and beautiful in his form and coloring, but always irresistibly endearing, dangerously winning. When he had been Sammy Overholt only two weeks, he sat at table with his parents one day and scornfully rejected the little plate that was put before him.

"No!" he cried, sharply. "No, no! I won't have it—ole nassy plate!"

"W'y, baby! W'y, Sammy," deprecated Cornelia, "that's yo' own little plate that mammy washed for you. You mustn't call it naisty."

"Hit air nassy," insisted young Samuel. "Hit got 'pecks—see!" and the small finger pointed to some minute flaw in the ware which showed as little dots on the white surface.

Cornelia, who, though mild and serene, was possessed of firmness and a sense of justice, would have had the matter fairly settled. "He ort not to cut up this-a-way, John," she urged. "He ort to take his little plate and behave hisse'f; 'r else he ort to be spanked,—he really ort, John, in jestice to the child."

But John was of another mould. "Law, Cornely! Hit's jest baby-doin's. The idee o' him a-settin' up 'at yo' dishes ain't clean! That shore do beat all!" And he had executed an exchange of plates under Cornelia's deprecating eyes. And so the matter went.

Again, upon a June day, Sammy was at play with the scion of the only negro family which had ever been known in all the Turkey Track regions. The Southern mountaineers have little affinity, socially or politically, with the people of the settlements. There were never any slaveholders among them, and the few isolated negroes were treated with almost perfect equality by the simple-minded mountain dwellers.

"Sammy honey, you an' Jimmy mus'

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cl'ar up yo' litter here. Don't leave it on mammy's nice flo'. Hit's mighty nigh supper-time. Cl'ar up now, 'fo' Pappy comes."

Sammy stiffened his little figure to a startling rigidity. "I ain't a-goin' to work!" he flung out. "Let him do it; *he's a nigger!*" And this was the last word of the argument.

This was Sammy—handsome, graceful, exceedingly winning, sudden and passionate, disdaining like a young zebra the yoke of labor, and, when crossed, absolutely beyond all reason or bounds; the life of every gathering of young people as he grew up; much made of, deferred to, sought after, yet everywhere blamed as undutiful and ungrateful.

"Oh, I do p'intedly wish the neighbors would leave us alone," sighed Pap Overholt, when these reports came to him. "As ef I didn't know what I wanted—as ef I couldn't raise my own chile;" and as he said this he ever avoided Aunt Cornelia's honest eye.

It was when Sammy was eighteen, the best dressed, the best horsed—and the idlest—to be found from Little Turkey Track to the Fur Cove, from Tatum's to Big Buck Gap—that he went one day, riding his sorrel filly, down to Hepzibah, ostensibly to do some errands for Aunt Cornelia, but in fact simply in search of a good time. The next day Blev. Straly, a rifle over his shoulder and a couple of hounds at heel, stopped a moment at the chopping-block where Pap was splitting some kindling.

"I was a-passin'," he explained—"I was jest a-passin', an' I 'lowed I'd drap in an' tell ye 'bout Sammy. Hit better be me than somebody 'at likes to carry mean tales and wants to watch folks suffer." Aunt Cornelia was beside her husband now.

"No, no," Blev. answered the look on the two faces; "nothin' ain't the matter of Sammy. He's jest married—that little Huldy Frew 'at's been waitin' on table at Aunt Randy Card's *ho*-tel. You know, Aunt Cornely, she is a mighty pretty little trick—and there ain't nothin' bad about the gal. I jest knowed you and Pap 'ud feel mighty hurt over Sammy doin' you-all like you was cruel to him—like he had to run away to git married; and I 'lowed I better come and tell you fust."

The "little Huldy gal" was, as Blev. Straly had described her, a mighty pretty little trick, and nothing bad about her. The orphan child of poor mountaineers, bound out since the death of her parents when she was ten years old, she had been two years now working for Aunt Randy Card, who kept the primitive hotel at Hepzibah. Even in this remote region Huldy showed that wonderful—that irrepressible—upward impulse of young feminine America, that instinctive affinity for the finer things of life, that marvellous understanding of graces and refinements, and that pathetic and persistent groping after them which is the marked characteristic of America's daughters. The child was not yet sixteen, a fair little thing with soft ashen hair and honest gray eyes, the pink upon her cheek like that of a New England girl.

At first this marriage—which had been so unkindly conducted by Sammy, used by him apparently as a weapon of affront—seemed to bring with it only good, only happiness. The boy was more contented at home, less wayward, and the feeling of apprehension that had dwelt continually in the hearts of Pap and Aunt Cornelia ever since his adolescence now slept. The little Huldy—her own small cup apparently full of happiness—was all affectionate gratitude and docility. She healed the bruises Sammy made, poured balm in the wounds he inflicted; she was sunny, obedient, grateful enough for two.

But a new trait was developed in Sammy's nature—perversity. Life was made smooth to his feet; the things he needed—even the things which he merely desired—were procured and brought to him. Love brooded above and around him—timid, chidden, but absolute, adoring. Nothing was left him—no occupation was offered for his energies—but to resent these things, to quarrel with his benefits. And now the quarrel began.

Its outcome was this: Toward the end of the first year of the marriage, upon a bleak, forbidding March day—a day of bitter wind and icy sleet,—there rode one to the Overholt door who called upon Pap and Aunt Cornelia to hitch up and come with all possible haste to old Eph'm Blackshears, Cornelia's father—a man who had lived to fourscore, and who now

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lay at his last, asking for his daughter, his baby chile, Cornely.

For days Sammy had been in a very ill-promising mood; but he brightened as the foster-parents drove away in the bleak, gray, hostile forenoon, Huldy helping Aunt Cornelia to dress and make ready, tucking her lovingly into the wagon and beneath the thick old quilt which was spread across their knees.

The elder woman yearned over the girl with a mother's compassionate tenderness. Both Aunt Cornelia and Pap John looked with a passionate, delighted anticipation to when they would have their own child's baby upon their hearth. It was the more notable marks of this tenderness, of this joyous anticipation, which Sammy had begun to resent—the gifts and the labors showered upon the young wife in relation to her coming importance, which he had barely come short of refusing and repelling. "Whose wife is she, I'd like to know? Looks like I cain't do nothin' for my own woman —a-givin' an' a-givin' to Huldy, like she was some po' white trash, some beggar!" But he had only "sulled," as his mother called it, never quite able to reach the point he desired of actually flinging the care, the gifts, and the loving labors back in the foster-parents' faces.

Pappy Blackshears passed away quietly in the evening; and when he had been made ready for his grave by Cornelia's hands, her anxiety for the little daughter at home would not let her remain longer.

"I'm jest 'bleeged to go to Huldy," she explained to the relatives and neighbors gathered at the old Blackshears place. "I p'intedly dassent to leave her over one night—and not a soul with her but Sammy, and he nothin' but a chile—and not a neighbor within a mild of our place—and sech a night! Pap and me we'll hitch up an' mak' 'as'e back to Huldy. We'll be here to the funeral a Sunday—but I dassent to stay away from Huldy nair another hour now." And so, at ten o'clock that bitter night, Pap and Aunt Cornelia came hurrying home.

As the wagon drove up the mountain trail to the house, the hounds came belling joyously to meet them; but no light gleamed cheerfully from the windows; no door was flung gayly open; no little Huldy cried out her glad greeting. Filled with formless apprehensions, Pap climbed over the wheel, lifted Cornelia down, and dreading they knew not what, the two went,—holding by each other's hand,—opened the door, and entered, shrinking and reluctant. They blew the smouldering coals to a little flame, piled on light-wood till the broad blaze rolled up the chimney, then looked about. No living soul was in any room. Finally Cornelia caught sight of a bit of paper stuck upon the high mantel. She tore it down, and the two read slowly and laboriously together the few lines written in Sammy's hand:

"I ain't going to allow my wife to live off any man's charity. I ain't going to be made to look like nothing in the eyes of people any longer. I've taken my wife to my own place, where I can support her myself. I had to borrow your ox-cart and steers to move with, and Huldy made me bring some things she said mother had give her, but I'll pay all this back, and more, for I intend to be independent and not live on any man's bounty.

Respectfully, your son,

SAMUEL."

The two old faces, pallid and grief-struck, confronted each other in the shaken radiance of the pine fire.

"Oh, my po' chile, my po' little Huldy! Whar? His own place! My law!—whar? Whar has he drug that little soul?"

An intuition flashed into Pap Overholt's mind. He grasped his wife's arm. "W'y, Cornely," he cried, "hit's that cabin on The Bench! Don't ye know, honey? I give him that land when he was sixteen year old,—time he brung the prize home from the school down in the settlemint."

"The Bench! Oh, Lord—The Bench! W'y, hit 'll be the death of her. John, we cain't git to her too quick." And she ran from cupboard to press, from press to chest, from chest to bureau drawer, piling into John's arms the flask of brandy, the homely medicines, the warm garments, such bits of food as she could catch up that were palatable and portable. Pap, with more vulnerable emotions and less resolute nature, was incapable of speech; he could only suffer dumbly.

Arrived at the abandoned cabin on The

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Bench, the picture that greeted them crushed Pap's soft heart to powder, but roused in Aunt Cornelia a rage that would have resulted in a sharp settlement with Sammy, had it not been that, now as always, to reach the offender a blow must go through that same pitiful heart of John's. The young people had not long been at the cabin when the parents arrived. The little Huldy, moaning piteously, with a stricken, terrified look in her big, childish eyes, was crouched upon the floor beside a rickety chair. Sammy, sullen and defiant, was at the desolate hearth, fumbling with unskilled hands at the sodden chunks of wood he had there gathered.

The situation was past words. Pap, after one look at Huldy, went about the fire-building, the slow tears rolling down his cheeks. While Aunt Cornelia brought the bedding, the warm blankets and wrappings, and made the little suffering creature a comfortable couch, Pap wrought at the forlorn, gaping fireplace like a suffering giant. When the leaping flames danced and shouted up the chimney till the whole cabin was filled with the physical joy of their light and warmth, when steaming coffee and the hastily fetched food had been served to the others, and the little wife lay quietly for the moment, the two elders talked together outside where a corner of the cabin cut off the driving sleet. Then Sammy was included, and another council was held, this time of three.

No. He would not budge. That was *his* wife. A fellow that was man enough to have a wife ought to be man enough to take keer of her. He wasn't going to have his child born in the house of charity. There was no thoroughfare. Sammy was allowed to withdraw, and the council of two was resumed. As a result of its deliberations, Pap John drove away through the darkness and the sleet. By midnight two trips had been made between the big double log house at the Overholt place and the wretched cabin on The Bench, and all that Sammy would suffer to be brought to them or done for them had been brought and done. The cabin was, in a very humble way, inhabitable. There was food and a small provision for the immediate present. And here, upon that wild March night of screaming wind and sleet, and with only Aunt Cornelia as doctor and nurse, Huldy's child was born.

And now a new order of things began. Sammy's energies appeared to be devoted to the thwarting of Pap Overholt's care and benefits. There should be no cow brought to the cabin; and so Pap John, who was getting on in years now, and had long since given up hard, active work, hastened from his bed at four o'clock in the morning, milked a cow, and carried the pail of fresh milk to Huldy and the baby, furtively, apologetically. The food, the raiment, everything had to be smuggled into the house little by little, explained, apologized for. The land on The Bench was rich alluvial soil. Sammy, in his first burst of independence, ploughed it (borrowing mule and plough from a neighbor—the one neighbor ever known to be on ill terms with Pap Overholt), and planted it to corn. He put in a little garden, too; while Pap had achieved the establishment of a small colony of hens (every one of whom, it appeared, laid two or three eggs each day—at least that was the way the count came out).

The baby thrived, unconscious of all the grief, the perverse cruelty, the baffled, defeated tenderness about her, and was the light of Pap Overholt's doting eyes, the delight of Aunt Cornelia's heart. When she was eighteen months old, and could toddle about and run to meet them, and chattered that wonderful language which these two hearts of love had all their lives yearned to hear—the dialect of babyhood,—the twin boys came to the cabin on The Bench. And Pap Overholt's lines were harder than ever. Cornelia had sterner stuff in her. She would have called a halt.

"Oh, John!" she expostulated finally, when she saw her husband come home crestfallen one day, with a ham which Sammy had detected him smuggling into the cabin and ordered back,—"John honey, ef you was to stop toting things to the cabin and let it all alone—not pester with it another—"

"Cornely, Cornely!" cried Pap John, "you know Sammy cain't no mo' keep a wife and chillen than a peckerwood kin. W'y, they'd starve! Huldy and the chaps would jest p'intedly starve."

"No, they won't, John. Ef you could

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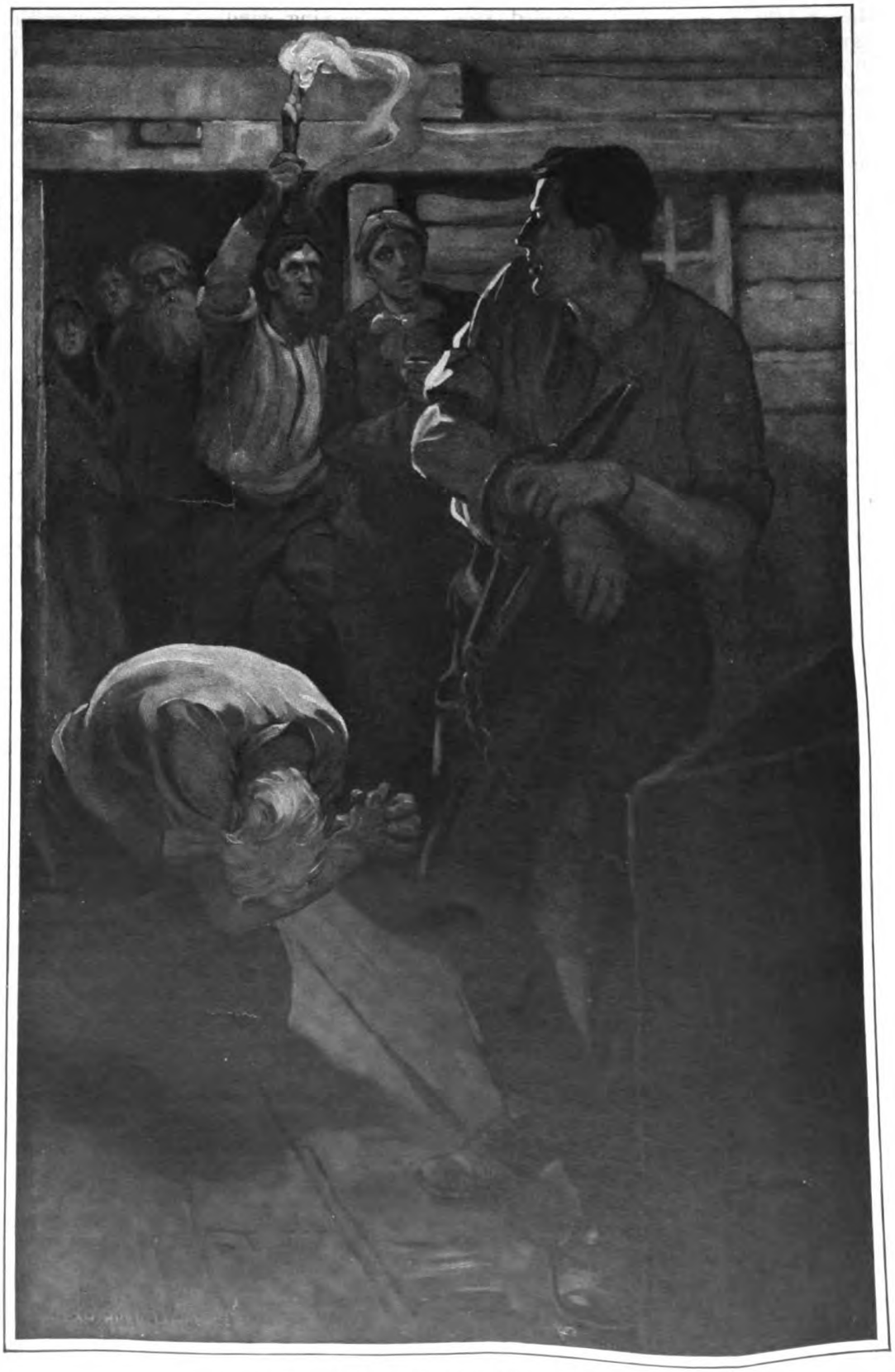

THERE, BY THE GRAIN-BIN, STOOD SAMMY

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master yo' own soft heart—ef you could stay away (like he's tole ye a minny a time to do, knowin' 'at you was safe not to mind him)—Sammy would stop this here foolishness. He'd come to his senses and be thankful for what the Lord sent, like other people. W'y, John—"

. "Cornely honey—don't. Don't ye say another word. I tell ye, this last year there's a feelin' in my throat and in my breast—hyer,"—he laid his hand pathetically over his heart,—"a cur'us, gone, flutterin' feelin'. And when Sammy r'ars up and threatens he'll take Huldy and the chaps—you know,"—he finished with a gesture of the hand and a glance of unspeakable pain,—"when he does that 'ar way, or something comes at me sudden like that—that we may lose 'em, hit seems like—right hyer,"—and his hand went again to his heart,—"that I can't bear it—that hit 'll take my life."

This was the last time Cornelia ever remonstrated with Pap John. She had a little talk with the new doctor from Hepzibah who had succeeded old Dr. Pastergood; and after that John was added to the list of her anxieties. He might carry the milk to the cabin on The Bench; he might slip in, when he deemed Sammy away—or asleep—and plough the corn; she saw the tragic folly of it, but must be silent. And so on that particular June morning, when Pap had put up the mule, clambered down the short-cut footway from The Bench to the old house, stopping several times to shake his head again and murmur to himself—"Whut you gwine do? There's them chaps; there's Huldy. Mustn't plough his co'n; mustn't take over air cow. Whut you gwine do?"—Aunt Cornelia's seeing eye noted his perturbation the moment he came in at the door. With tender guile she built up a considerable argument in the matter of a quarterly meeting which was approaching—the grove quarterly, in which Pap John was unfailingly interested, and during which there were always from two to half a dozen preachers, old and young, staying with them. So she led him away—ever so little away—from his ever-present grief.

It was the next day that he said to her, "Cornely, I p'intedly ain't gwine to suffer this hyer filchin' o' co'n them Fusons is a-keepin' up on me."

"Is the Fusons a-stealin' yo' co'n, John?" she responded, in surprise. "W'y, they got a-plenty, ain't they?"

"Well, no, not adzactly,—that is to say, Buck Fuson ain't got a-plenty. He too lazy and shif'less to make co'n of his own; and he like too well to filch co'n from them he puts his spite on. Buck Fuson he tuck a spite at me, last time the raiders was up atter that Fuson hide-out; jes set up an' swore 'at I'd gin the word to 'em. You see, honey, he makes him up a spite that-a-way—jes out o' nothin'—'cause hit's sech a handy thing to have around when he comes to want co'n. Thar's some one already purvided to steal from—some one 'at's done him a injury."

"Pappy! W'y, Johnny honey, sakes alive! What air ye ever a-gwine to do 'long o' that there thing?" For the old man had laboriously fetched out a rusty wolf-trap, and was now earnestly inspecting and overhauling it.

"Whut am I a-gwine to do 'long o' this hyer, Cornely? W'y, I am jes p'intedly a-gwine to set it in my grain-room. Buck Fuson air a bad man, honey. There's two men's blood to his count. They cain't nothin' be done to him for nair a one of 'em—you know, same's I do—'ca'se hit cain't be proved in a co't o' law. But I kin ketch him in this meanness with this hyer little jigger, and I'm a-gwine to do hit, jest ez sure ez my name's John Overholt!"

"Oh, Pappy! A leetle bit o' co'n fer a man's chillen—"

"Now, Cornely honey, that's a womern! Buck Fuson is the wrong kind o' man to have round. He's ben a-stealin' my co'n now fer two weeks and mo'. Ef I kin ketch him right out, and give him a fa'r shamin', he'll quit the Turkey Tracks fer good. So fer as Elmiry and the chaps is consarned, they'll be better off without Buck 'n what they is with him."

At this moment Aunt Cornelia cried out joyously, "Oh, thar's my chile!" and ran to meet her daughter-in-law. The little girl—Cornelia the second—could navigate bravely by herself now, and Huldy was carrying the lusty twin boys. In the flutter of delight over this stolen visit, the ugly wolf-trap threat was forgotten. It had been a month and more since Sammy had set foot in his parents'

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house. It had gone all over both Turkey Tracks that Sam Overholt declared he would never darken Pap Overholt's door again—Pap Overholt, who had tried to make a pauper of him, loading him with gifts and benefits, like he was shif'less, no-'count white trash! The little Huldy reported him gone to Far Canaan, over beyond Big Turkey Track, in the matter of some employment, which he had not deigned to make clearer to his wife. He would not be back until the day after to-morrow; and meantime she might stay with the old folks two whole days and nights! In the severe school to which life had put her, the little Huldy had developed an astonishing amount of character, of shrewdness, and perception, and a very fair philosophy of her own. To the elder woman's sad observation that it was mighty strange what made Sammy so "onthankful" and so "ha'sh" to his pappy, who had done so much for him, Huldy responded,

"No, Aunt Cornely, hit ain't strange, not a bit."

"Ain't strange? Huldy child, what do you mean?"

"W'y, don't you know, Aunt Cornely, ef he do Pappy that-a-way, when Pappy do so much fer him, then he don't have to be thankful. When everybody's a-tellin' him, 'Yo' pap's so kind, yo' pap does everything for you; look like you cain't be good enough to him,' he 'bleeged to find some way to shake off all that thankfulness 'at's sech a burden to him. And so when Pappy come a-totin' milk, an' a-totin' pork, an' a-ploughin' his co'n outen the weeds, w'y, Sammy jest draw down his face an' look black at Pappy, and make like he mad at him—like he don't want none o' them things—like Pappy jest pesterin' round him fer nothin' but meanness. Now mind, Aunt Cornely, I ain't say Sammy knows this his own se'f. But I studied Sammy mighty well, an' *I* know. Sammy gittin' tell he do me the same way. I wait on him hand and foot; I cook his bacon jest like he tol' me you did it fer him. I fix everything the best I kin (and mebby all three of the chillen a-cryin' after me); and when he come in and see it all ready, and see how hard I got it, and seem like there's a call fer him to be thankful, then Sammy jest turns on hit all. He draw down his face at me and he say, black like: 'I don't want no bacon—what did you fix that shirt for that-a-way? Take away that turnip sallet—I cain't git nothin' like I want it.' Then, you know," with a little smile up into the other's face, half pitiful, half saucy,—"then, you know, Sammy don't have to be thankful. Hit was all done wrong."

It was the next evening — Saturday evening. The entire household (which included Elder Justice and two young preachers from Big Turkey Track, with Brother Tarbush, one of the new exhorters) had returned from the afternoon's meeting in the grove. Supper had been eaten and cleared away. The babies had been put to sleep; the two women and the five men—all strong and striking types of the Southern mountaineer—were gathered for the evening reading and prayer. Elder Justice, now nearly eighty years old, a beautiful and venerable person, had opened the big Bible, and after turning the leaves a moment, raised his grave, rugged face and read: "'Therefore will I divide him a portion with the great, and he shall divide the spoil with the strong; because he hath poured out his soul unto death.'"

He paused, and on the intense stillness which followed the ceasing of his voice—the silence of evening in the deep mountains—there broke a long, shrill, agonized scream.

As every one of the little circle leaped to his feet, Aunt Cornelia's eyes sought her husband's face, and his hers. After that grinding, terrible cry, the stillness of the night was unstirred. Pap Overholt sprang to the hearth—where even in the midsummer months a log smoulders throughout the day, to be brightened into a cheery blaze mornings and evenings,—seized a brand, one or two of the others following his example, and ran through the doorway, across the little chip-yard, making for the low-browed log barn and the grain-room beside it.

None who witnessed that scene ever forgot it. Each one told it afterward in his own way, declaring that not while he lived could the remembrance of it pass from his mind. Pap Overholt's tall figure leaped crouching through the low doorway, and next instant lifted the blazing brand high above his head; the others

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followed, doing the same. There by the grain-bin, with ashy countenance and shaking limbs, the sweat of anguish upon his forehead, his eyes roving dumbly around the circle of faces revealed by the flickering light of the brands—there with the dreadful wolf-trap (locked by its chain to a stanchion) hanging to his right arm, its fangs bitten through and through the flesh, stood Sammy.

Pap Overholt's mind refused at first to understand. He had known (with that sort of moral assurance which makes a thing as real to us as the evidence of the senses themselves) that it was Buck Fuson who had been stealing his grain. He had set his trap to catch Buck Fuson; not instantly could the mere sight of his eyes convince him that the trapped thief was the petted, adored, perverse son, who had refused his father's bounty when it had seemed the little wife and babies must starve. When he did realize, the cry that burst from his heart brought tears to all the eyes looking upon him. Down went the tall, broad figure, down into the dust of the grain-room floor. And there Pap Overholt grovelled on his knees, his white head almost at the thief's feet, crying, crying that old cry of David's: "Oh, Sammy, my son! My son, Sammy! An' I wouldn't 'a' touched a hair o' his head. My God! have mercy on my soul, that would 'a' fed him my heart's blood—an' he wouldn't take bite nor sup from my hand. Oh, Sammy! what did you want to do this to yo' po' old pappy fer?"

Elder Justice, quick and efficient at eighty years, had sprung to the lad's right arm, two of the younger men close after. Aunt Cornelia held her piece of blazing light-wood for them while they cut away the sleeve and made ready to bear apart the powerful jaws of the trap. The little Huldy had said never a word. Her small, white face was strained; but it did not bear the marks of shock and of horror that were written on every other countenance there. When they had grasped jaws and lever, and Elder Justice's kind voice murmured, "Mind now, Sammy. Hold firm, son; we air a-gwine to pull 'em back. Brace yo'se'f," the boy's haggard eyes sought his mother's face.

"Le' me take it, Aunt Cornely," whispered Huldy, loosing the light-wood from the elder woman's hand and leaving her free. And the next moment Sammy's left hand was clasped tight in his mother's; he turned his face round to her broad breast and hid it there; and there he sobbed and shook as the savage jaws came slowly back.

That strange hour worked a complete revolution in the lives of the little family in the cabin on The Bench and those in the big, hospitable Pap Overholt home. Sammy had "met up with" punishment at last; he had encountered discipline; and the change it wrought upon him was almost beyond belief. The spell which this winning, wayward, perverse creature had laid upon Pap Overholt's too affectionate, too indulgent nature was dissolved in that terrible hour. He was no more to the father now than a troublesome boy who had been most trying and not very satisfactory. The ability to wring the hearts of those who wished to benefit him had passed from Sammy; but it is only fair to say that the wish to do so seemed to be no longer his. While his arm was still in a sling, before he had yet raised his shamed eyes to meet the eyes of those about him, Pap Overholt cheerfully put old Ned and Jerry to the big ox-wagon and bodily removed the little household from The Bench to the home which had been so long yearning for them.

Now, at last, he was Pap Overholt indeed. The little Huldy, whose burden of gratitude for two had seemed to Aunt Cornelia so grievous a one, was a daughter after any man's heart, and her brood of smiling children were a wagon-load which Pap John hauled with joy and pride to and from the settlement, to the circus—ay, every circus that ever showed its head within a day's drive of Little Turkey Track,—to meetin', to grove quarterlies, in response to every call of neighborliness, or of mere amusement.

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Sir Mortimer

BY MARY JOHNSTON

CHAPTER IX

GILES ARDEN, having ridden far as required the tale of miles from the tavern of the Triple Tun, came, upon a sunshiny afternoon of early spring, to an oak knoll where one might halt to admire a fair picture of an old house set in old gardens. Old were the trees that shadowed it, and ivy darkened all its walls; without sound, a listless beauty breathed beneath the pale blue skies; for all the sunshine and the bourgeoning of the spring, the picture seemed but sombrely rich, but sadly sweet. To the lips of a light-of-heart there was that in its quality had brought a sigh: as for Arden, when he had checked his horse, he looked upon the scene with a groan; then presently, for very mirthlessness, laughed.

"That day," he said to himself with a grimace—"that day when we forsook our hawking, and dismounting on this knoll, planned for him his new house! There should be the front, there the tower, there the great room where the Queen should lie when she madè progress through these ways! All to be built when, like a tiercel-gentle to his wrist, came more fame, more gold!"

The speaker turned in his saddle and looked about him with a rueful smile.

"I on yonder mossy stone, and Sidney, chin in hand, full length beneath that oak, and he standing there, his arm about the neck of his gray! And what says monsieur the traitor? 'I like it well as it stands, nor will I tear down what my forefathers built. Plain honor and plain truth are the walls thereof, and encompassed by them, the Queen's Grace may lie down with pride.' Brave words, traitor! Gulls, gulls (saith the world), friend Sidney! For a modicum of thy judgment, Solomon, King of Jewry, I would give (an he would bestow it upon me) my cousin the Earl's great ruby!"

He laughed again, then sighed, and gathering up his reins, left the little eminence and trotted on through sun and shade to a vacant, ruinous lodge and a twilit avenue, silent and sad beneath the heavy interlacing of leafy boughs. Closing the vista rose a squat doorway, ivy-hung; and tumbled upon the grass beside it, attacking now a great book and now a russet pippin, lay a lad in a blue jerkin.

At the sound of the horse's hoofs the reader marked his page with his apple, and with a single movement of his lithe body was on his feet, astare to see a visitor where for many days visitors had been none. Declining autumn and snowy winter and greening spring, he could count upon the fingers of one hand the number of those who had come that way where once there had been gay travelling beneath the locked elms. Another moment and he was at Arden's side, clinging to that gentleman's jack-boot, raising to his hard-favored but not unkindly countenance a face aflame with relief and eagerness. Presently came the big tears to his eyes, he swallowed hard, and ended by burying his head in the folds of the visitor's riding-cloak.

"Where is your master, Robin-a-dale?" Arden demanded.

The boy, now red and shamefaced because of his wet lashes, stood up, and squaring himself, looked before him with winking eyes, nor would answer until he could speak without a quaver. Then: "He sits in the north chamber, Master Arden. This side o' the house the sun shines." Despite his boyish will the tears again filled his eyes. "'Tis May-time now, and there's been none but him above the salt since Lammas-tide. Sir John came and Sir Philip came, but he would not let them stay. 'Tis lonesome now at Ferne House, and old Humphrey and I be all that serve him. Of nights a man is a'most afeard. . . .

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I'll fasten your horse, sir, and mayhap you'll have other luck."

Arden dismounted, and presently the two, boy and adventurer, passed into a hall where the latter's spur rang upon the stone flooring, and thence into a long room, cold and shadowy, with the light stealing in through deep windows past screens of fir and yew. Touched by this wan effulgence, beside an oaken table on which was not wine nor dice nor books, a man sat and looked with strained eyes at the irrevocable past.

"Master, master!" cried Robin-a-dale. "Here be company at last. Master!"

Sir Mortimer passed his hand across brow and eyes as though to brush away thick cobwebs. "Is it you, Giles Arden?" he asked. "It was told me, or I dreamed it, that you were in Ireland."

"I was—may God and St. George forgive me!" Arden answered, with determined lightness. "Little to be got and hard in the getting! Even the Muses were not bountiful, for my men and I well-nigh ate Edmund Spenser out of Kilcolman. He sends you greeting, Sir Mortimer; swears he is no jealous poet, and begs you to take up that old scheme which he forsook, of King Arthur and his Knights—"

"He is kind," said Ferne, slowly. "I am well fitted to write of old, heroic deeds. Nor is there any doubt that the man-at-arms who hath lost his uses in the struggle of this world should take delight in quiet exile, sating his soul with the pomp of dead centuries."

"Nor he nor I meant offence," began Arden, hastily.

"I know you did not," the other answered. "I have grown churlish of late. Robin! a stirrup-cup for Master Arden!"

A silence followed, then said Arden: "And if I want it not, Mortimer? And if, old memories stirring, I have ridden from London to Ferne House that I might see how thou wert faring?"

"Thou seest," said Ferne.

"I see how bitterly thou art changed."

"Ay, I am changed," answered Sir Mortimer. "Your thought was kindly, and I thank you for it. Once these doors opened wide to all who knocked, but it is not so now. Ride on to the town below the hill, and take your rest in the inn! Your bedfellow may be Iscariot, but if you know him not, and as yet he knows himself but slenderly, you may sleep without dreaming. Ride on!"

"The inn is full," answered Arden, bluntly. "This week the Queen rests in her progress, with your neighbor, the Earl, and the town will be crowded with mummers and players, grooms, cutpurses, quacksalvers, and cockatrices, travellers and courtiers whom the north wind hath nipped! 'Sblood, Mortimer, I had rather sleep in this grave old place."

"With Judas who knows himself at last?" asked Ferne, coldly, without moving from his place. The door opened, and old Humphrey, shuffling across the floor to the table, placed thereon a dish of cakes and a great tankard of sack, then as he turned away cast a backward glance upon his master's face. Arden noted the look, that there was in it fear, overmastering ancient kindness, and withal a curiosity as ignoble as it was keen. Suddenly, as though the fire of that knowledge had leaped to his own heart from that of his host, he knew in every fibre how intolerable was the case of the master of the house, sitting alone in this gloomy chamber, served by this frightened boy, by that old man whose gaze was ever greedy for the quiver of an eyelid, the pressing together of white lips, whose coarse and prying hand ever strayed toward the unhealed sore. He strode to the table and laid hands upon the tankard. "The dust of the road is in my throat," he explained, and drank deep of the wine, then put the tankard down and turned to the figure yet standing there in the cold light as in an atmosphere all its own.

"Mortimer Ferne," he said, "I came here as thy aforetime friend. I will not believe that it is my stirrup-cup that I have drunk."

"Ay, your stirrup-cup," answered the other, steadily. "Nowadays I see no company—my aforetime friend."

"That word was ill chosen," began Arden, hastily. "I meant not—"

"I care not what you meant," said Sir Mortimer, and sitting down at the table, shaded his eyes with his hand. "Of all my needs the least is now a friend. Go your ways to the town and be merry there, forgetting this limbo and me, who wander to and fro in its shadows." Sud-

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denly he struck his hand with force against the table and started to his feet, pushing from him with a grating sound the heavy oaken settle. "Go!" he cried. "The players and mummers are there. Go sit upon the stage, and in the middle of the play cry to your neighbors: 'These be no actors! Why, once I knew a man who could so masque it that he deceived himself!' There are quack-salvers who will sell you anything. Go buy some ointment, for your eyes will show you the coiled serpent at the bottom of a man's heart! Travellers!—ask them if Prester John can see the canker where the fruit seems fairest. Nipped courtiers! laugh with them at one against whom blow all the winds of hell, blast after blast, driving his soul before them! Ballad-mongers—"

He paused, laughed, then beckoned to him Robin-a-dale. "Sirrah," he said, "Master Arden ever loved a good song. Now sing him the ballad we heard when the devil drove us to town last Wednesday."

"I—I have forgotten it, master," answered the boy, and cowered against the wall.

"You lie!" cried Ferne, and the table shook again beneath his hand. "Did I not exercise you in it until you were perfect? Sing!"

The boy opened his mouth and there came forth a heart-broken sound. His master stamped upon the floor. "Shall I not also torture where I can? Sing, Robin, my man! Fling back your head and sing like the lark in the sky! What! am I fallen so low that my very page flouts me, kicks obedience out-of-doors?"

Robin-a-dale straightened himself and began to sing, with bravado, a fierce red in his cheeks, and his young voice high and clear:

"Now list to me, ladies, and list to me, gentles;
I've a story for your ears of a false, false knight,
Whom England held in honor, but he treasured Spain so dearly
That he sold into her hands his comrades in fight.

"'Twas before a walled city with the palm-trees hanging over;
He was Captain of the *Cygnet*, and it sank before his eyes;
The Englishmen ashore, they're taken in the pitfall:
Good lack! they toil in galleys or their souls to God arise.

"He sees them in his sleep, the craven and the traitor.
The sea it keeps their bones, their bloody ghosts they pass—"

"For God's sake!" cried Arden; and the boy, snatching with despairing haste at the interruption, ceased his singing, and in the heavy silence that followed crept nearer and nearer to his master until he touched a listless hand.

"Ay, Robin," said Ferne, absently, and laid the hand upon his head. "And the bloody ghosts they pass."

Arden spoke with emotion: "All men when their final account is made up may have sights to see that now they dream not of. Thou art both too much and too little what thou wast of old, and thou seest not fairly in these shadows. I know that Philip Sidney and John Nevil have come to Ferne House, and here am I, thy oldest comrade of them all. A sheet of paper close written with record of noble deeds becomes not worthless because of one deep blot."

Ferne, his burst of passion past, arose and moved restlessly from table to window, from window to great chimney-piece. There was that in the quiet, almost stealthy regularity of his motions that gave subtle suggestion of days and nights spent in pacing to and fro, to and fro, this deep-windowed room.

At last he spoke, pausing by the fireless hearth: "I say not that it is so, nor that there is not One who may read the writing beneath the blot. But from the time of Cain to the present hour if the blotted sheet be bound with the spotless the book is little esteemed."

"Cain slew his brother wilfully," said Arden.

"That also is told us," answered the other. "Jealousy constrained him, while constancy of soul was lacking unto me. I know not if it was but taken from me for a time, or if, despite all seeming, I never did possess it. I know that the dead are dead, and I know not to what ambuscade I, their leader, sent them. . . . I fell not wilfully, but through lack of will. Now, an the Godhead within me be not

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flown, I will recover myself,—but never what is past and gone, never the dead flowers, never the souls I set loose, never one hour's eternal scar! . . . Enough of this. Ride on to the inn, for Ferne House keepeth guests no longer. To-morrow, an you choose, come again, and we will say farewell. Why, old school-fellow! thou seest I am sane—no hermit or madman, as the clowns of this region would have me. But will you go—will you go?"

"It seems that you yourself journey to the town upon occasion," said Arden. "Ride with me now, Mortimer. No country lass more sweet than the air to-day!"

The other shook his head. "Business has taken me there. But now that I have sold this house I at present go no more."

"Sold this house!" echoed Arden, and with a more and more perturbed countenance began to pace the floor. "I did never think to hear of Ferne House fallen to strange hands! Your father—" He paused before a picture set in the panelled wall. "Your father loved it well."

"My father was of pure gold," said Sir Mortimer, "but I, his son, am of iron, or what baser metal there may be. Now I go forth to my kind."

"Oh! in God's name, leave Plato alone!" cried the other. "'Tis not by that pagan's advice that you divest yourself of house and land!"

"I wanted money," said Ferne, dully.

The man whom ancient friendship had brought that way stopped short in his pacing to gaze upon the figure standing in the light of the high window. For what could such an one want money? Courtier no more forever; patron of letters, friend of wise men, no more forever; soldier and sea-king, comrade and leader of brave men, never, never again,—what wanted he so much, what other was his imperative need than this old quiet house sunk in the shadows of its age-old trees, grave with a certain solemnity, touched upon with tragedy, attuned to a sorrowful patience? For a moment the room and the man who made its core were blurred to Arden's vision. He walked to the window and stood there, twirling his mustachios, finally humming to himself the lines of a song.

"That is Sidney's," said Ferne, quietly. "I hear that he does the Queen noble service. . . . Well, even in the old times he was ever a length before me!"

"Why do you need money?" demanded the visitor. "What more retired—what better house than this?"

The man who leaned against the chimneypiece turned to gaze at his visitor with that which had not before showed in mien or words. It was wonder,—slight and mournful, yet wonder. "Of course you also would think that," he said at last. "Even Robin thinks that the stained blade should rust in its scabbard,—that here I should await my time, training the rose-bushes in my garden, listening to the sere leaves fall, singing of other men's harvests."

The boy cried out: "I don't, I don't! You've promised to take me with you!" and flung himself down upon the pavement, with his head beside his master's knee.

"I have bought me a ship," said Ferne, "together with a crew of beggared mariners and cast soldiers. I think they be all villains and desperate folk, or they would not sail with me. Some that seemed honest have fallen away since they knew the name of their captain. . . . We must begone, Robin!—if we would not sail the ship ourselves we must begone, we must begone."

"Begone where?" demanded Arden, and wheeled from the window.

"To fight the Spaniard," said Ferne. "The Queen hath been my very good mistress. John Nevil and Sidney have procured me leave to go—if it so be that I go quietly. I think that I will not return—and England will forget me, but Spain may remember. . . . For the rest, I go to search for Robert Baldry; to seek if not to find my enemy, the foe that I held in contempt, whom in my heart I despised because he was not poet and courtier as I was, nor knight and gentleman as I was, nor very wise as I was, and because all his vision was clouded and gross, while I—I might see the very flower o' the sun. . . . Well, he was a brave man."

"He is dead," whispered Arden. "Surely he is dead."

"Maybe," answered the other. "But I

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nor no man else saw him die. And we know that these Spanish tombs do sometimes open and give up the dead. I'll throw for size-ace."

"If he lived they would have sent him to Cartagena,—to the Holy Office!" cried the other. "One ship—a scoundrel crew. . . . Mortimer, Mortimer, some other ordeal than that!"

Ferne raised his eyes. "I call it by no such fine name," he said. "I but know that if he yet lives, then he and what other Englishmen are left alive do cry out for deliverance, looking toward the sea, thinking, 'Where is now a friend?'" He left the table and came near to Arden. "'Twas a kindly impulse sent you here, old comrade of mine; but now will you go? The dead and I hold Ferne House of nights. To-morrow come again and say good-by."

"I will sail with you to the Indies, Mortimer," said the visitor.

There was silence in the room; then, "No, no," answered Ferne, in a strange voice. "No, no."

Arden persisted, speaking rapidly, carrying it off with sufficient lightness. "He was just home from Ireland and stood in need of the sun. His cousin wanted him not; John Nevil was in the north and had helpers enough. The slaying of Spaniards was at once good service and good sport. Best take him along for old time's sake. Indeed, he asked no better than to go—" On and on he talked, until, looking up, his speech was cut short by the aspect of the man before him.

If in every generation the house of Ferne, father and son, could wear a dark face when occasion warranted, certainly in this moment that of the latest of his race was dark indeed. "And at the first pinch be betrayed! Awake, or here, or there, in the torments of Spain or in another world! Awake and curse me by all your gods! Speak not to me—I am not hungry for a friend! I have no faith to pledge against your trust! The rabble which await me upon my ship, I have bought them with my gold, and they know me, who I am. For Robin—God help the boy! He had a fever, and he would not cease his cries until I sware not to part from him. Robin, Robin! Master Arden will take horse! Go, Arden, go! or, by God's death, I will strike you where you stand. No,—no hand-touching! Can you not see that you heat the iron past all bearing? A moment since and I could have sworn I saw behind you Henry Sedley! Go, go!"

He sank upon the settle beneath the window and buried his head in his arms. For a long minute Arden stood with a drawn face, then turning, left the house and left the place, for the knowledge was borne in upon him that here and now friendship could give no aid. When, half an hour later, he arrived at the Blue Swan in the neighboring town and called for *aqua vitæ,* mine host, jolly and round and given over to facetiousness, swore that to look so white and bewitched - like the gentleman must have gathered mandrakes from Ferne churchyard, or have dined with the traitor knight himself.

That same afternoon, when the rays of the sun were lower, Ferne went into his garden and lifted his bared brow, that perchance the air might cool it. It was the quiet hour when the goal of the sun is in view, and the shadows of the fruit-trees lay long upon the grass. There were breaches in the garden walls where they had crumbled into ruin, and through these openings, beyond dark masses of all-covering ivy, sight might be had of old trees set in alleys, of primrose-yellowed downs, and of a distant cliff-head where sheep grazed, while far below gleamed a sapphire line of sea. Tender quiet, fair stillness, marked the spot. Day mused as she was going: Evening, drawing near, held her finger to her lips. A tall flower, keeping fairy guard beside three ruinous steps, moved not her slightest bell, but there came one note of a hidden thrush.

Full in the midst of a grass-plot was set a semicircular bench of stone. To this Ferne moved, threw himself down, and with a moaning sigh closed his eyes. There had been long days and sleepless nights; there had been, once his brain had ceased to whirl, the growth of a purpose slowly formed, then held like iron; there had been the humble pleading for freedom, the long delay, the hope deferred; then, his petition granted, the going forth to mart and highway, the

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bargaining, amidst curious traffickers, for that rotting ship, for those lives as worthless as his own, which yet must have their price. This going forth was very bad; like hot lead within the gaping wound, like searing sunshine upon the naked eye. And now, to-day, not an hour since, Arden!—to mock, to goad, to torture—

Slowly, slowly, the sun went down the west, and the peace of the garden deepened. Very stealthily the quiet stole upon him; softly, silently, with spirit touch, it brought him healing simples. Utterly weary as he was, the balm of the hour at last flowed over him, faintly soothing, faintly caressing. He opened his eyes, and breathing deeply, looked about him with a saner vision than he had used of late.

The lily by the broken stair slept on, but the thrush sang once again. The bell-like note died into the charmed stillness, and all things were as they had been. Thirty paces away, stark against the evening sky, rose the western wall of Ferne House, and it was shaggy with ivy that was rooted like a tree, wide-branched, populous with birds' nests, and high, high against the blue a thing of tenderest sprays and palest leaves. The long ridge of them kept the late sunshine, and so far was it lifted above the earth, so still in that dreamy hour, so touched with pale gold, so distant and so delicate against high heaven, that it caught and held eye and soul of the man from whom Fate had borrowed Ixion's wheel. He gazed until the poet in him sighed with pure pleasure; then came forgetfulness; then, presently, he looked into his heart and began to make a little song, amorous, quaint, and honey-sweet—just such a song as in that full dawn of poesy Englishmen struck from the lyre and thought naught of it. His lips did not move; had he spoken, at the sound of his own voice the charm had cracked, the little lyric had shrunk away before tragedy that was yet as fierce as it was profound, that had as yet few other notes than those of primal pain.

With the final cadence, the last sugared word, the ivy sprays somewhat darkened against the eastern sky. His fancy being yet aloft, he turned that he might behold the light upon the downs, and then he saw Damaris Sedley where she stood upon the lowest of the ruined steps, stiller than the flower beside her, and with something rich and strange in her bearing and her dress. Cloth of silver sheathed her body, while the flowing sleeves that half revealed, half hid, her white and rounded arms were of silver tissue over watchet blue, and of watchet was the mantle which she had let fall upon the step beside her. A net of wire of gold crossing her hair, that was but half confined, held high above her forehead a golden star. In one hand she bore a silvered spear well tipped with gold; the other she pressed above her heart. Her face was pale and grave, her scarlet lip between her teeth, her dark eyes intent upon the man before her.

Ferne sprang to his feet and started forward, very white, his arm outstretched and trembling, crying to her if she were spirit merely. She shook her head, regarding him gravely, her hand yet upon her heart. "I attend the Queen upon her progress," she said. "This day at my lord Earl's there is a great masque of Dian and her huntresses, satyrs, fauns, all manner of sylvan folk. At last I might steal aside unmissed. . . . By the favor of a friend I rode here through the quiet lanes, for I wished to see you face to face, to speak to you—to you who gave me no answer when I wrote, and wrote again! . . . I am weary with the joys of this day. May I rest upon yonder seat?"

He moved backward before her, slowly, across the grass-plot to the bench of stone, and she followed him. Their gaze met the while. There was no wonder in his look, no consciousness of self in hers. In the spaces beyond life their souls might meet thus; each drawing by the veil, each recognizing the other for what it was. They took their seat upon the wide stone bench, with the primroses at their feet, and above them the empurpling arch of the sky. Throughout the past months, when he dreamed of her, when he thought of her, he bowed himself before her, he raised not his eyes to hers. But now their looks met, and his countenance of a haggard and ravaged beauty did not change before her still regard. The floating silver gauze of her open sleeve lying upon the stone between them, he lightly, with no pres-

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sure that she might notice, let rest his hand upon it. In the act of doing this he wondered at himself, but then he thought, "I am on my way to death."

She was the first to speak.

"Seven months have gone since that day at Whitehall."

"Ay," he answered, "seven months."

She went on: "I have learned not to reckon life that way. Since that day at Whitehall life has lasted a very long time."

Again he echoed—"A very long time." Then, after a pause: "I have made for you a long, long life. If to have done so is to your irreparable loss, then this, also, is to be forgiven. . . . Long life! now in the watches of one night I live to be an old man! For you may forgetfulness come at last!"

She turned slightly, looking at him from beneath the gold star. "Wish me no such happy wishes! Let me not think that such wishes dwell in your heart. Since that day at Whitehall I have written to you—written twice. Why did you never answer?"

He looked down upon his clasped hands. "What was there to be said? I thought: 'I have sorely wounded her whom I love, and with my own words I have seared that wound as with white heat of iron. Now God keep me man enough to say no farther word!'"

"I was benumbed that day," she said; "I was frozen. My brother's face came between us. . . . Oh, my brother! . . . Since that day I have seen Sir John Nevil—"

"Then a just man told you my story justly," he began, but she interrupted him, her breath coming faster.

"I have also made other inquiry; on my knees, on my face, in the dead of the night when I knew that thou, too, waked, I have asked of God, and of our Lord the Christ who suffered. . . . I know not if they heard me, there be so many that clamor in their ears. . . ." With a quick movement she arose from the stone seat and began to pace the grass-plot, her hands clasped behind her head, the gold star yet bright in the late, late sunshine. "I would they had answered me distinctly. Perhaps they did. . . . But be that as it may be, I will follow my own heart, I will go my own way—"

He arose and began to walk with her. "And thy heart led thee this way?" he asked in a whisper.

She flashed upon him a look so bright that it was as if high noon had returned to the garden. "Pluck me yonder lily," she said. "It is the first I have smelled this year."

He brought it to her, trembling. "Presently it will close," he said, "never to open again."

"That also is among the things we know not," she answered. "Think you not there is One who revives the souls of men?"

"Ay, I believe it," he answered. They paced again the green to its flowery margin.

"Give me yon spray of love-lies-bleeding," she said; then, as it rested against the lily in her hand, "Wounds may be cured," she said. "I have heard talk at my lord Earl's, else beshrew me if I had come this way to-day! I know that thou goest forth—" Her voice broke and the gold star shook with the trembling of her frame. "I know that thou mayest never, never, never return. I will pray for thy soul's welfare. . . . See! there is a heartsease at my feet."

He knelt, but touched not the floweret; instead, caught at the long folds of her silver gown and held her where she stood. "For my soul's welfare, thou balm from heaven!" he cried. "For only my soul's welfare?"

"No, no," she answered. "For the welfare of all of thee, soul and body—soul and body!" She bent over him, and there fell from her eyes a bright rain of tears, quickly come, quickly checked. "Ah, a contrary world of queens and guardians!" she cried. "Oh, my God! if thou mightst only make me thy wife before thou goest!"

He arose and drew her into his arms. "The story is true," he whispered, to which she answered:

"I care not! Sayst thou, 'A thing was done.' Say I, '*Thou* didst it!' and high above the deed I love thee!"

Suddenly she fell into a storm of weeping, then broke from him, and somewhat blindly sought the garden seat, sank down upon it, and buried her face in her arms. He kneeled beside her, and presently she was crouching against his

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breast, that rose and fell with his answering emotion. She put up her hand and touched the deep lines of past suffering in the face above her.

"I know that thou must go," she said. "I would not have thee stay. But, Mortimer, if it were possible . . . He forgave thee long, long ago, for he loved thee above all men. I, his sister, answer for him. Ah, God wot! brother and sister we have loved thee well. . . . If I could keep tryst, after all, if thou couldst make me thy wife before thou goest—or if kindred and the Queen be too powerful, I could escape, could follow thee as thy page, trusting thy honor . . . Ah! Ah, look not so upon me! Ah, to be a woman and do one's own wooing! Ah, think what thou wilt of me, only know that I love thee to the uttermost!"

Ferne left her side, and moving to the garden wall, looked out over the far-away downs to the far-away sea—the sea that for weary months had called and thundered in his ears. Now he saw it all halcyon, stretching fair and mute to the boundless west, the sinking sun, the lovers' star. They two—could they two, lying with closed eyes, but drift out over bar, floating away through golds and purples toward the kiss of heaven and sea—flotsam of this earth, jetsam of age-distant shores, each to the other paradise and all in all! . . . How profound the stillness—how deep the fragrance of the lily—with what indifference, what quiet as of scorn, did the Maker of man, having placed His creature in the lists, turn aside to other spectacles! . . . Should man be more careful than his God? Right! Wrong!—to die at last and find them indeed words of a length and the prize of sore striving a fool's bauble:—to die and miss the rose and wine-cup!—to die and find not the struggle and the star!—to loose the glorious bird in the hand and beyond the portals to feel no fanning of a vaster wing! What use—what use—to be at once the fleeing Adam and the dark archangel at Eden's gates?

He turned to behold the woman whom now, with no trace of the fancifulness, the idealism of his time, he loved with all depth, passion, actuality; he set wrist to teeth and bit the flesh until blood started; he moved toward her where she sat with her hands clasped above her knee, her head thrown back, watching his coming with those deep eyes of hers. He reached her side; she rose to meet him, and the two stood embraced in the flattering sunshine, the odor of the lilies, the pale glory of the falling day.

"My dear love, it is not possible," he said. "Flower of women! didst dream that I would leave thee here blasted by my name, or that I would carry thee where I must go? Star of my earth, to-day we say a clean farewell!"

"Then God be with thee," she said, brokenly.

"And with thee!" he answered. Hand in hand they moved to the broken wall, and leaning upon it, looked out to that far line of sea. Her undersleeve of silver gauze fell away from her arm.

"How white is thy arm!" he breathed. "How branched with tender blue!"

"Wilt kiss it?" she answered, "so I shall grow to love myself."

"Thou art the fairest thing the sun shines on," he said. "Thy lips are like flowers I have never seen in the West."

"Gather the flowers," she said, and raised her face to his. "The garden is kept for thee."

The sun began to decline, the earth to darken, swallows circled past. "It grows late," she said, "late, late! When goest thou?"

"Within the week."

"By then her Grace will have whirled me leagues away. . . . I would I were a Queen. If thou goest to death—oh God! we'll not speak of that!—Give me that chain of thine."

He unclasped it, laid it in her hands. Raising her arms, she drew it over her neck.

"Seest thou thy prisoner?" she asked. "Forever thy prisoner!" From its fellow of watchet blue she detached her floating silver sleeve. "It is my favor," she whispered. "Wear it when thou wilt."

He folded the gauze and thrust it within his doublet. "When I may, my lady," he said, with his eyes upon the sunset that held the colors of the dawning. "When I may."

A sickle moon swung in the gold harvest-fields of the west, then a great star came out to watch that garnering.

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The thrush was silent now, but from a covert rushed suddenly the full tide of a nightingale's song. With a cry the maid of honor put hands to her ears. "Ay me, my heart it will break! Tell me that thou goest but to come again!"

He took her hands, pressing them to his heart, to his lips. "No, no, my dearest dear, since God no longer worketh miracles! I go more surely than ever went John Oxenham; I would not have thee cheat thyself, spend thy days in watching, listening. I kiss thee a lifetime good-by. . . . Oh, child, seest thou how broken I am? I that myself loosed all the winds—I that kneel, a penitent, before the just and the unjust, before my lover and my foe! But when all's said, all's done, all's quiet:—the arrow sped, the stone fallen, the curfew rung, the dust returned to dust!—then shall stand my soul. . . . A ruined man, a man in just disgrace, who hath played the coward, who hath sinned against thee and against others, that am I—yet our souls endure, and thou art my mate; queenly as thou standest here, thou art my mate! I love thee, and in life, in death, I claim thee still: Forget me not when I am gone!"

"When thou art gone!" she cried. "When thou art gone, with all my mind I'll hold myself thy bride! In those strange countries beneath the sun, if bitterness comes over thee"—she put her hand to her heart— "think of thy fireside here. Think, 'Even in this wavering life I have an abiding home, a heart that's true, true, true to me!' When thou diest—if thou diest first—linger for me; where a thousand years are as a day travel not so far that I may not overtake thee. Mortimer, Mortimer, Mortimer! I'll not believe in a God who at the last says not to me, 'That path he took.' When He says it, listen for my flying feet. Oh, my dear, listen for my flying feet!"

"Star and rose!" he said. "If we dream, we dream. Better so, even though we pass to sleep too deep for dreaming. For we plan a temple though we build it not. . . . That falconer's whistle! is it thy signal? Then thou must make no tarrying here. I will put thy cloak about thee."

He brought from the ruinous steps her watchet mantle, and she let him clasp it about her throat. In the raised air of that isolate peak where true lovers take farewell there are few words used at the last. Sighs, kisses, broken utterance — "Forever," . . . "Forever," . . . "I love thee," . . . "I love thee"; the eternal "I will come"; the eternal "I will wait"! Possessors of an instant of time, of an atom of space, they sent their linked hopes, their mailed certainties, forth to the unseen, untrenched fields of the future, and held their love coeval with existence. Then, slowly, she withdrew herself from his clasp, and as slowly moved backward to the broken stair. He waited by the stone seat, for she must go secretly and in silence, and he might not, as in old times, lead her with stateliness through the ways of Ferne House. Upon the uppermost step she paused a moment, and he, lifting his eyes, saw above him her mantled figure, her outstretched arms with the lily of her body in between, the gold star swimming above her forehead. One breathless moment thus, then she turned, and folding her mantle about her, passed from her lover's sight towards the darkening orchard.

He stayed an hour in the garden, then went back to his great, old, dimly lighted hall. Here, half the night, chin in one hand, the other hanging below his booted knee, he brooded over the now glowing, now ashen chimney logs; yet Robin-a-dale, who believed in Master Arden, and very mightily in visions as beautiful as that which had been vouchsafed to him going through the orchard that eventide, felt as light a heart as if no shadowy ship awaited in the little port down by the little town, whose people either cursed or looked askance. Waking in the middle of the night, he thought he saw a knight at prayer—one of the old stone Templars from Ferne church, where they lay with palm to palm, awaiting with frozen patience the last trumpet-call that ever they should hear. This knight, however, was kneeling with bowed head and hidden face,—a thing against all rule with those other stark and sternly waiting forms. Robin, being too drowsy to reason, let the matter alone and went to sleep again.

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CHAPTER X

THE *Sea Wraith*, an ancient ship, gray and patched of sail, battered and worn and with a name for all disaster, sailed the Spanish seas as though she bore a charmed life—and her crew that was the refuse of land and sea, used to license, to whom mutiny was no uglier a word than another, kept the terms of an iron discipline—and her Captain waked and slept as one aware of when to wake and when to sleep.

There was fever between the decks; there was fever in black hearts; of dark nights a corposant burned now at this masthead, now at that. Mariner and soldier knew the story of the shadowy figure keeping company with the stars, there above them on the poop-royal. Did he keep company only with the stars and with the boy, his familiar? The sick, tossing from side to side, raved out curses, and the well saw many omens. Dissatisfaction, never far from their unstayed minds, crept at times very near, and superstition sat always among them. But they reckoned with a Captain stronger for this voyage than had been Francis Drake or John Hawkins, and stranger than any under whom they had ever sailed. He was so still a man that they knew not how to take him, but beneath his eyes vain imaginings and half-formed conspiracies withered like burnt paper. He called upon neither God nor devil, but his voice blew like an icy wind upon the heat of disloyal intents, and like the white fire that touched now stem, now stern, so his will held the ship, driving it like a leaf toward the mainland and the fortress of Nueva Cordoba.

The ship that seemed so aged and disgraced yet had a strength of sinew which made her formidable. All things had been patiently cared for by the man who, selling his patrimony, had labored against wind and tide to the end that he might carry forth with him such an armament as scarce had been the *Cygnet's* own. Tier on tier rose the *Sea Wraith's* ordnance; she carried warlike stores of all sorts that might serve for battle by sea or land. If her owner's money could not buy such men as stood ready to ship with Drake and Hawkins, yet in his wild, sin-stained crew he had purchased experience, the maddest bravery, and a lust of Spanish gold that might not be easily sated. The qualities of a captain over men, mind and body, he himself supplied.

In his confidence neither before nor after their sailing, yet the two hundred men of the *Sea Wraith* guessed well his destination, but for themselves preferred the island towns — Santiago and Santo Domingo in Hispaniola. There were wealth and wine and women, there the fringing islets where booty might be hidden, and there the deep caves where foregathered many small craft misnamed piratical. "Lord! the *Sea Wraith* would soon make herself Admiral of that brood, leading them forth from those hidden places to pounce upon Santo Domingo, that was the seat of government and as wealthy a place as any in the Indies!—the *Sea Wraith* and her Captain, that was a good Captain and a tall!—ay, ay, that would they maintain despite all land talk—a good Captain and a tall, 'spite of Dick Carpenter's dream—"

"What was Dick Carpenter's dream?" asked the Captain, seated, sword in hand and hat on head, before a deputation from the forecastle.

The speaker fidgeted, then out came the clumsy taunt, Carpenter's dream: "Why, sir, he dreamed he saw the women of the islands, sitting by the shores, a-sifting gold-dust and a-weighing of pearls;—and then he dreamed that he looked along the sea-floor, leagues and leagues to the south'ard, until he saw the very roots of the mainland, and the great fish swimming in and out. And a many and a many dead men were there, drawn into ranks, very strange to see, for their swollen flesh yet hung to their bones, and they beckoned and laughed; and Captain Robert Baldry, that was once, on a Guinea voyage, Dick Carpenter's Captain, he laughed the loudest and beckoned the fastest. And, Sir Mortimer Ferne, an it please you, we've no longing to follow that beckoning."

"Thou dog!" said the Captain, with no change of mien. "Presently Dick Carpenter and thou shall have food for dreams—bad dreams, bad dreams, man! Thou fool, have I set thee quaking who, forsooth, would mutiny! Begone, the whole of ye, and sail the whole of ye wheresoever I list to go!"

Seeing that the *Sea Wraith* obeyed

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him still, her crew began to believe yet more devoutly that a secret voice spoke in his ear and a dark hand gave him aid. It was later, when he began to feed them gold, that they who owned caps threw them up for him, and they whose brains had only nature's thatching shouted for him as for a demigod. A Spanish squadron bound for the Havannah was met by a hurricane, several of its ships lost, and the remainder widely separated. The hurricane past, forth from an island harbor stole the *Sea Wraith* that so many storms had beleaguered. Gray as with eld, lonely as the ark, a haggard ship manned by outcasts, she spread her vampire wings and flitted from her enshadowed anchorage. An hour later, like a vampire still, she hooked herself to a gay galleon and sucked from it life that was cheap and gold that was dear; then descrying other sails, she left that ruined hulk for a long and fierce struggle with a Portuguese carack. The battle waxed so fell that the carack also might have been worked by men who had all to win and naught to lose, and captained by one who bared his brow to the thunder-stone.

Like harpies they fought, but when night came there was only the *Sea Wraith* scudding to the south, and that pied crew of hers knocking at the stars with the knowledge that ever and always their judgment (even though he asked it not) jumped with the Captain's, and that before them lay the gilded cities and the chances of Pizarro. It was of his subtlety that the Captain never used to them fair promises, spake not once a sennight of gold, never bragged to them of what must be. Oh! a subtle captain, whose very strangeness was his best lieutenant upon that eldritch, nine-lived ship, through days and days of monstrous luck. "Baldry's luck," quoth the mariner who had sailed with the *Star*, then held his breath and looked askance at his present Captain, who, however, could never have heard him up there on the poop-deck! Natheless that night the man was ordered forward, and finding Sir Mortimer Ferne sitting alone, save for the boy, in the great cabin, was bidden to talk of Robert Baldry. "Speak freely, Carpenter,—freely! Why, thou art one of his friends, and I another, and we go, somewhat at our peril, to hale him from perdition! Why, thou thyself saw him beckoning to us to hasten and do our friendly part! So praise thy old Captain to me with all thy might. We'll fill an empty hour with stories of his valor!" He put forth his hand and turned the hour-glass, and Carpenter began to stammer and make excuses, which no whit availed him.

At last, one afternoon, they came to Margarita, and, the ship needing water, they entered a placid bight, where a strip of dazzling sand lay between the rippling surf and a heavy wood. Here they found beforehand with them a small bark from the mainland, her crew ashore filling barrels from a limpid spring, and her master and a Franciscan friar eating fruit upon her tiny poop. The unarmed party showed their heels; the worthless bark was taken, a party with calivers landed to complete the filling of the abandoned casks, and the master and the friar were brought before the Captain of the *Sea Wraith* where he sat beneath a great tree, tasting the air of the land. An insatiable gatherer of Spanish news, it was his custom to search for what crumbs of knowledge his captives might possess, but hitherto the yield, pressed together, had not made even a small cake of enlightenment. He was prepared to have shortly done with the two who now stood before him. The seaman cringed, expecting torture, furtively watching for some indication of what the Englishman wished him to say. A fellow new to these parts and ignorant, he would have sworn a highway to El Dorado itself if that was the point toward which his inquisitor's quiet, unemphatic questions tended; but he knew not, and his lies fell dead before the grave eyes of the man beneath the tree. At last he was tossed aside like a squeezed sponge and the Franciscan beckoned forward, who, being of sturdier make, twisted his thumbs in his rope girdle and prepared to present a blank countenance to those queries of armaments and treasure which an enemy to Spain would naturally make. But the Englishman asked strange questions; so general that they seemed to encompass the entire mainland from Tres Puntas to Nombre de Dios, and so particular that it was even as if he were interested

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in the friar himself, his order, and his wanderings from town to town, the sights that he had seen and the people whom he had known. The questions seemed harmless as mother's milk, but the friar was shrewd; moreover, in his youth had been driven to New Spain by flaming zeal for the conversion of countless souls. That fire had burned low, but by its dying light he knew that this man, who was young and yet so still, whose lowered voice was but as sheathed steel, whose eyes it was not comfortable to meet, had set his hand to a plough that should drive a straight furrow, was sending his will like an arrow to no uncertain mark. But what was the mark the Franciscan could not discover, therefore he gave the truth or a lie where seemed him best—increasingly the truth, as it increasingly appeared that lies would not serve. He also, seeing that with gathering years he had begun to set value upon flesh and bone, wished to please his captor. He glanced stealthily at the scarred and ancient craft in the windless harborage, idly flapping her mended sails, before he said aught of the great English ships that in pomp and the fulness of pride had entered these waters now months agone. The Englishman had heard of this adventure—so much was evident—but details would seem to have escaped him. He knew, however, that there had been first victory and then defeat, and he too looked at his ship and at the guns she carried.

"The town was sacked, but the castle not taken," he said. "What, good brother, if I should break a lance in these same lists?"

"It would be broken indeed," said the friar, grimly. "An it please you, I will bear your challenge to Don Juan de Mendez."

"To Don Luiz de Guardiola," said the man beneath the tree.

"Pardon, señor, but Juan de Mendez is at present Governor of Nueva Cordoba. Don Luiz de Guardiola has been transferred to Panama."

The Englishman arose and looked out to sea, his hand above his eyes because of the flash and sparkle of the sun upon the water. The Franciscan, having told the truth, wondered forthwith if falsehood had better served his turn. Face and form of his interlocutor were turned from him, but he saw upon the hot, white sand the shadow of a twitching hand. Moments passed before the shadow was still; then said the Englishman, in a changed voice:

"Since you know of its governors, old and new, I judge you to be of Nueva Cordoba. So you may inform me of certain matters—"

"You mistake, señor, you mistake," began the Franciscan, somewhat hastily. "The master of the bark will bear witness that I came to Margarita upon the *Santa Maria,* sailing directly from Cartagena, but that, being ill, I chose to recover myself at Pampatar before proceeding (as you now behold me, valorous señor) to Hispaniola, and thence by the first vessel home to Spain, to the convent of my order at Salamanca, which is my native town. I know naught of Nueva Cordoba beyond that which I have told you."

"Why, I believe thee," answered the Englishman, his back still turned. "You go from Cartagena, where, Franciscan and Dominican, you play so large a part in this world's affairs, to your order at Salamanca, which is an inland town, and doubtless hath no great knowledge of these outlandish parts. Your tongue will tire with telling of wonders."

"Why, that is true," answered the other. "One lives not fifteen years in these parts to carry away but a handful of marvels." Relieved by the easiness of his examination and the courtesy of his captor, he even smiled and ventured upon a small pleasantry. "You cannot take from me, redoubtable señor, that which my eyes have seen and my ears have heard."

Ferne wheeled. "Give me the letter which you bear from your superior at Cartagena to the head of your order at Salamanca."

As he recoiled, the Franciscan's hand went involuntarily to the breast of his gown, and then fell again to his side. The Captain of the *Sea Wraith* whistled, and several of the mariners, who were now rolling the water-casks down the little beach to the waiting boats, came at his call. "Seize him," ordered the Captain. "Robin, take from him the packet he carries."

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When he had from the boy's hand a small, silk-enwrapped packet, and had given orders for the guarding of the two prisoners, he turned and strode alone into the woods, which stretched almost to the water's edge. It was as though he had plunged into a green cavern far below the sea. In slow waves, to and fro, swayed the firmament of palms; lower, flowering lianas, jewel-colored, idle as weeds of the sea, ran in tangles and gaudy mazes from tree to tree. He sat himself down in the green gloom, broke seal, unwrapped the silk, and read the letter, which he had acutely guessed could not fail of being sent by so respectable a hand as the friar's from one dignitary of the order to another. Much stateliness of Latin greeting, commendation of the returning missionary, mention of a slight present of a golden dish wrought in alacrity and joy by Indian converts; lastly, and with some minuteness, the gossip, political and ecclesiastical, of the past twelvemonth. The sinking of the Spanish ships and the sacking of the town of Nueva Cordoba by English pirates, together with their final defeat, were touched upon; but more was made of the yield to the Church of heretic souls, in all of whom Satan stood fast. The Holy Office had delivered them to the secular arm, and the letter closed with a circumstantial account of a great *auto de fé* in the square of Cartagena.

Without the wood, upon the edge of white sand, the men of the *Sea Wraith* waited for their Captain. At last he came, so quiet of mien and voice that only Robin-a-dale stared, caught his breath, and gazed hard upon an ashen face.

Ferne's orders were of the curtest: Begone, every man of them, to the *Sea Wraith,* and lie at anchor waiting for the morning. For himself, he should spend the night ashore; they might leave for him the cockboat, and with the first light he would come aboard. The two prisoners,—place them in the ransacked bark and let them go whither they would or could. He glanced in their direction, then turning sharply, crossed the sand to stand for a moment beside the Franciscan.

"Prithee, thou brown-robed fellow, how looked he in a *sanbenito* — that tall, fierce, black-bearded Captain that your Provincial mentions here?" The parchment rustled in his hand.

The friar quailed before the narrowed eyes; then, the old flame in him leaping up, he answered, boldly enough: "It became him well, señor, — as it becomes every enemy to Spain and the Church!"

The other slightly laughed. "Why, go thy ways for a man of courage! but go quickly, while as yet in all this steadfast world I find no fault save with myself."

He stood to watch the embarkment of the mariners, who, if they wondered at this latest command, had learned at least to wonder in silence. But Robin-a-dale hung back, made protest. "Go!" said his master, whereupon Robin went indeed —not to the awaiting boat, but with a defiant cry and a rush across the sloping sand into the thick wood. The green depths which received him were so labyrinthine, so filled with secret places wherein to hide, that an hour's search might not dislodge him. The sometime Captain of the *Cygnet* let pass his wilfulness, signed to the boats to push off, awaited in silence the fulfilment of all his commands; then turning, rounded the eastern point of the tiny bay, and was lost to sight in the shadows of the now late afternoon.

The sun went down behind the lofty trees; the brief dusk passed, and the little beach showed faintly beneath the stars, great and small, of a moonless night. Above the western horizon clouds arose and the lightning constantly flashed, but there was no thunder, and only the sound of the low surf upon the shore. Robin, creeping from the wood, saw the *Sea Wraith* at anchor, and by the distant lightning the bark from Pampatar drifting far away without sail or rudder. Rounding the crescent of gleaming sand, he lost the *Sea Wraith* and the bark, but found whom he sought. Finding him, he made no sign, but sat himself down in the lee of a sand-dune, and with a memory swept clear of later prayers, presently began in a frightened whisper to say his

"Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John—"

Half-way down the pallid beach stood Ferne, visible enough even by the starlight, now and then completely shown

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THE FRIAR PRESENTED A BLANK COUNTENANCE TO SIR MORTIMER'S QUERIES

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by one strong lightning flash. His doublet was thrown aside, his right arm advanced, his hand grasping the hilt of his drawn sword. But the sword point was lowered, his breast bared; he stood like one who awaits, who invites, the last thrust, in mortal surrender to an invisible foe. The lines of the figure expressed weariness and suspense, as of one who would that all was over, and who finds the victor strangely tardy. The face, seen by the occasional lightning flash, was a little raised, a little expectant.

Robin-a-dale, seeing and comprehending, buried his head in his arms and with his fingers dug into the sand. Now and then he looked up, but always there was the pallid slope of the beach; the intermittent break of the surf that was like the inflection of a voice low and far away; the stars and the groups of stars—strange, strange after those of home; the lightning from the western heavens; the duellist awaiting with lowered point the coming of that antagonist who had so fiercely lived, so fiercely died, so fiercely hated that to the reeling brain of his challenger it well might seem that Death, now holding the door between betrayed and betrayer, might not prevail.

The boy's heart was a stone within him, and he saw not why God allowed much that went on beneath His throne. A long time he endured, half prone upon the sand, hating the sound of the surf, hating the flash of the lightning; but at last, when a great part of the night had passed, he arose and went toward his master. The shadow of the dune disguised the slightness of his form, and his foot struck against a shell. The lightning flashed, and he saw Ferne's waiting face. "Master, master!" he cried. "'Tis only Robin,—not him! Master—"

Stumbling over the sand, he fell beside the man whose soul cried in vain unto Robert Baldry to return and claim his vengeance, and wrenched at the hand that seemed to have grown to the sword-hilt. "You are not kind!" he wailed. "Oh, let me have it!"

"Kind!" echoed Ferne, slowly. "In this sick universe there is no kindness—no, nor never was! There is the space between rack and torch." In the flashing of the lightning he loosed his rigid clasp, and the sword, clanking against the scabbard, fell upon the sand. The lightning widened into a sheet of pale violet and the surf broke with a deeper voice. "Canst thou not find me, O mine enemy?" Ferne cried, aloud.

Presently, the boy yet clinging to him, he sank down beside him on the sand. "Sleep, boy; sleep," he said. "Now I know that the gulf is fixed indeed, and that they lie who say the ghost returns."

"It is near the dawning," said the boy. "Do you rest, master, and I will watch."

"Nay," answered the other. "I have a picture to look upon. . . . Well, well, lay thy head upon the sand and dream of a merry world, and I myself will close my eyes. An he will, he may take me sleeping."

Robin slept and dreamed of Ferne House and the horns of the hunters. At last the horns came so loudly over the hills that he awakened, to find himself lying alone on the sand in a great and solemn flush of dawn. He started up with a beating heart; but there, coming toward him from a bath in the misty sea, was his master, dressed, and with his sword again in its sheath. As he made closer approach, the strengthening dawn showed the distinction of form and countenance. To the latter had returned the stillness and the worn beauty of yesterday, before the bark from Pampatar had brought news. The head was bared, and the light fell curiously upon the short and waving hair, imparting to it, as it seemed, some quality of its own. Robin, beholding, stumbled to his feet, staring and trembling.

"Why dost thou shake so?" asked the Captain of the *Sea Wraith*. "And thou art as white as is the sand! God forfend that the fever be on thee!"

More nearly the old voice of before these evil days of low, stern utterance! More nearly the old, kindly touch! Robin-a-dale, suddenly emboldened, caught at hand and arm and burst into a passionate outcry, a frenzy of entreaty. "Home! home! may we not go home now? They're all dead—Captain Robert Baldry and Ralph Walter and all! And you meant no harm by them—O Jesu! you meant no harm! There's gold in the hold of the *Sea Wraith* for to buy back Ferne House, and now that you've won, and won from the Spaniard, the Queen

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will not be angry any more! And Sir John and Sir Philip and Master Arden will bid us welcome, and men will come to stare at the *Sea Wraith* that has fought so many battles! Master, master, let us home to Ferne House, where, at sunset, in the garden, you and the lady walked! Master—"

His voice failed. Sir Mortimer loosed the fingers that yet clung to his arm. "When I am king of these parts, thou shalt be my jester," he said. "Come! for it's up sail and far away this morning, —far away as Panama. We'll drink of the spring and then begone."

When they had rounded once more the wooded point they saw the *Sea Wraith,* and, drawn upon the sand, its cockboat. The sun had risen, so that now when they entered the forest there was ample light by which to find out the slowly welling spring, so limpid in its basin as to serve for mirror to the forest creatures who drank therefrom. All the tenants of the forest were awake. They hooted and chattered, screamed and sang. Orange and green and red, the cockatoos flashed through the air, or perched upon great boughs beside parasitic blooms as gaudy as themselves. Giant palms rustled; monkeys slid down the swinging lianas, to climb again with haste, chattering wildly at human intrusion; butterflies fluttered aside; the spotted snake glided to its deeper haunts. Suddenly, in the distance, a wild beast roared, and when the thunder ceased there was a mad increase of the lesser voices. Sound was everywhere, but no sweetness; only the mockery, gibing, and laughter of an unseen multitude. From the topmost palm frond to the overcolored fungi patching the black earth arrogant beauty ruled, but to the weary eyes that looked upon her she was become an evil queen. Better one blade of English grass, better one song of the lark, than the gardens of Persephone!

Ferne, kneeling beside the spring, stooped to drink. Clear as that fountain above which Narcissus leaned, the water gave him back each lineament of the man who, accepting his own earthly defeat, had yet gathered all the powers of his being to the task of overmastering that bitter Fate into whose hands he had delivered, bound, both friend and foe; the man for whom, now that he knew what he knew, now that the fierce victrix had borne away her prey, was left but one remaining purpose, one darker thread, which since yesterday's snapping of its fellow strands had grown strong with the strength of all. Before the water could touch his lips he also saw the mark one night had set upon him, and drew back with a slight start; then, after a moment, bent again and drank his fill.

When Robin-a-dale had also quenched his thirst the two left the forest, and together dragged the cockboat down the sand and launched it over the gentle surf. Ferne rowed slowly, with a mind that was not for Robin, nor the glory of the tropic morning, nor the shock of yesterday, nor the night's despair. He looked ahead, devising means to an end, and his brows were yet bent in thought when the boat touched the *Sea Wraith's* side.

As much a statesman of the sea as Drake himself, he knew how to gild authority and hold it high, so that they beneath might take indeed the golden bubble for the sun that warmed them. He kept state upon the *Sea Wraith* as upon the *Cygnet,* though of necessity it was worn with a difference. For him now, as then, music played while he sat at table in the great cabin, alone, or with his lieutenants, in a silence seldom broken. Now, as he stepped upon deck, there was a flourish of trumpets, together with the usual salute from mariners and soldiers drawn up to receive him. But their eyes stared and their lips seemed dry, and when he called to him the master who had fought with Barbary pirates for half a lifetime, the master trembled somewhat as he came.

It was the hour for morning prayer; and the *Sea Wraith* lacked not her chaplain—a man honeycombed with disease and secret sin. The singing to a hidden God swelled so loud that it rang in the ears of the sick below, tossing, tossing, muttering and murmuring, though it pierced not the senses of them who lay very, very still. The hymn ended, the chaplain began to read, but the gray-haired Captain stopped him with a gesture. "Not that," he commanded. "Read me a psalm of vengeance, Sir Demas,—a psalm of righteous vengeance!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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First Impressions of Civilization

BY OHIYESA—A SIOUX INDIAN

(CHARLES A. EASTMAN, M.D.)

I HAVE often been asked, Was it not wonderful to you when you first saw the lofty edifices of great cities, the locomotive, the steam-engine, and the like? Yes, it was so, in a way. Yet it is not mere immensity of structure which appears almost supernatural to the savage and overwhelms him. One reason for this may be that the natural features of our country, the gigantic granite cliffs and mountains, the wonderful walls and towers of the Bad Lands, are much grander to our minds, coupled with the idea of the Great Mystery behind them all.

Then, also, there are many painstaking animals which build so wonderfully well and artistically! Some of them are much smaller than man; for instance, the ant, the spider, the swallow, the beaver, muskrat, and others. Some dam and bridge large streams, and others suspend their homes in the air. To our simple minds the ability shown by these little creatures appears even more remarkable than the constructive genius of the white man.

In matters of observation I was as keen as a Rocky Mountain sheep, and my mind was as sensitive to impressions as the film of the camera. I had an enthusiastic love for scenic beauty. I still care little about written poetry, but the poet could scarcely enjoy more than I have always done the poetry of nature.

So far as the natural philosophy of the red man is concerned, I was well trained from childhood. But I was bewildered by the scientific, economic, social, and political systems of civilization and their practical application—the sanitation and government of great cities, their food-supply, the utilization of time and space, monetary or financial systems, and, above all of these, the phase of civilization which at first overwhelmed me most was the commerce of the paleface. To the wild Indian, his worldly occupation is a sort of play. The thing which above all else occupies his mind is the Great Mystery. Him he never forgets. In civilization, as it appeared to me at first —"Will it pay? Can I make anything on it?" seemed to be the "Great Mystery" of the white people.

When I first saw the inside of a house, it set me thinking: "Who made this house? Was it the Great Mystery?" (for my mind was trained in that manner of thinking). A powerful curiosity stirred in me—an almost irresistible desire to know just how it was done.

When my father brought me home to Dakota Territory from the wilds of Manitoba, where I had been for ten years living in exile, I was about fifteen years old, and in my own estimation already a warrior. He began to explain to me the "white man's way," and found me at first reluctant to listen.

"You must not fear to work with your hands," said my father, "but if you are able to think strongly and well, that will be a quiver full of arrows for you, my son. That is the white man's way. All of their children must go to school. Those who study best and longest need not work with their hands after that, for they can work with their minds."

I had never yet shrunk from any undertaking, for that was one of the things that I was warned against by my good grandmother as early as I could remember. "Never give up a chase," she would say to me; "never retreat from any good cause on account of danger or hardship." Already my long glossy hair had fallen under the big scissors, and my head felt cold and unprotected. I was very much in the position of the boy who is coaxed to deep water and let loose. I had to swim, and that was the end of it. I tried it, and all has turned out well,

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although there have been some strong currents to carry me down the stream, and at times it has taxed all my moral and physical muscle to keep afloat.

"You may plough the five acres next the river," said my father one day. "I want to see if you can make a straight furrow as well as a straight shot with the bow and arrow."

I am sorry to admit that it was poorly done. My father decided that I had no aptitude for following this particular trail. "You must go away to school," he advised me. "You will learn a great deal in two or three years. Zitkadawashta, or Good Bird (Dr. Alfred L. Riggs), has a good school, where he gathers many young men to teach them in their own tongue and in the English. Above all, he tries to establish them in a true and godly life."

I had already attended for a few months the mission day-school near our home, which was taught by Mr. Philander A. Van Nice, brother-in-law to Dr. Williamson. The latter was our missionary, through whose faithful Christian work my father had become a Christian, and whose admonishment in regard to my future possibilities assisted me throughout my student life. At this my first school I had been struck with the absurdity of having to repeat apparently meaningless words and syllables, but at last I concluded that it must have some use which I had not discovered. I learned to read a little in Dakota and English, but I absorbed very little of the "white man's way."

It may have appeared to my father that I was not receiving his advice very cordially, for he now changed his mode of argument and appealed to the strongest impulses aroused by my earlier training.

"I have no doubt," he began, "that my brother, your uncle, has brought you up with the knowledge and traditions of our tribe, especially those of our immediate band. There is no better band of the Sioux nation in bravery and self-control. Our young men are wont to dare anything. When you leave my log cabin to go away to school, you may consider yourself on the war-path. You will be seeking eagle feathers, my son. If you should not return, your father will weep proud tears.

"I have started in here with some of my people to become farmers and citizens like the white men. This is our school—ours, the old men's! I shall stick to it. I shall not go back to the reservation. I want all my sons to follow the trail which I am trying to make for you."

In a few days a neighbor of ours was on the way to Santee agency, the site of Dr. Riggs's school, and my father engaged a ride for me in his wagon. But when we got to Sioux Falls, which was then only two stores, Peter found many tracks of otter, beaver, and mink up and down the Big Sioux river. This was a temptation no Indian trapper could resist.

"I am sorry," he said to me, "but I must stop here."

I thought the matter over carefully, and finally said to him: "Tell my father that I shall not return until I finish my war-path. I am going to Santee on foot."

I took my blue blanket and extra pair of moccasins and started the next morning early from Sioux Falls. As I ascended the brow of the hill where the main part of the city is now, the sounds of the waterfall seemed to me like human cheers and war-whoops for my lonely war-path on that September morning over the sea of prairie-land. As I crossed the loop of the Big Sioux, a powerful temptation seized me to flee back at once to Canada, there to regain my freedom and wild life. But I had sent word to my father that this war-path must be completed, and I also remembered how he had said that if I did not return he would shed proud tears.

I walked the remaining 110 miles to Santee in three days. On the last day I met Dr. Riggs, whom I did not then know. I spent two years with this remarkable and godly man. Next to my own father, who in his peculiar philosophy gave me good guidance, this man has done more than perhaps any other to make it possible for me to grasp the principles of true civilization. He also strengthened and developed in me that native strong ambition to win out by sticking to what I might undertake.

Associated with him was another man who also influenced me powerfully toward honesty and right living. This was the Rev. Dr. John P. Williamson, the

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veteran and pioneer missionary among the Sioux.

To my mind, as soon as I began to think of these matters, there seemed to be much inconsistency in the dealings of the government with the Indians, and I could not comprehend how a great government should be dishonest, when its religion was so strongly against deceit and selfishness. It also occurred to me that the people who are favored most in this world's goods are the most ungodly kind. All these matters were confusing to me at that time. Yet I still maintained that I must finish my war-path. My father wrote to me in the Dakota language for my encouragement. Zitkadawashta had told him that I was not afraid of books or work, but rather determined to profit by them. "My son," he wrote, "I believe that an Indian can learn all that is in the books of the white man, so that he may be equal to them in the ways of the mind."

My father was very advanced in his views for a full-blooded Indian of that day, and had set the example to his fellow tribesmen in taking a homestead under the United States homestead laws.

Finally Zitkadawashta selected two of the boys to send away to higher schools among the white people. Smith Robinson and myself were the ones chosen. On the eve of my departure I received word from Flandreau that my father was dead, after only two days' illness. He was still in the prime of life and tireless in all his work. It was a severe shock to me, but I felt that I must carry out his wishes. It was clear that he who had sought me out among the wild tribes of the Northwest and set my feet in the white man's road should be obeyed. I did not return to my home, but in September, 1876, I started from Santee for Beloit College, Wisconsin, where I was to begin my serious studies.

At Yankton city I entered the cars for the first time in my life. I remember I made a careful inspection of the locomotive, and my interest in its mechanism was greatly intensified when the whole thing was in motion.

Every hour brought me new thoughts and new discoveries. I never have passed such a day, before or since. Visions came and went like the telegraph-poles as we sped by. More and more we were moving upon regions apparently too small for the inhabitants. Towns and villages grew larger and nearer together, and at last we reached a city of some little size. The streets were crowded. Everybody seemed to me to be in the greatest possible hurry. I was struck with the splendor of the shops and the brilliant show-windows, but the alacrity with which everything was done impressed me most.

As I approached the door of the college president's home, my heart almost failed me. A gray-haired and serious-looking gentleman appeared at the door. This was President Chapin, who received me kindly. He spoke to me freely, but I was scarcely able to answer him, owing to my diffidence and imperfect knowledge of English.

I was now a stranger in a strange country, and deep in a strange life from which I could not retreat. I was like a deaf-mute, with eyes continually on the alert for the expression of faces, and to find them in general friendly toward me was somewhat reassuring. Yet when I was alone in my room at last and all was still, I fancy that no prisoner in the penitentiary can have known a more nerve-trying moment. The scenes of my deliciously free and happy life in a vast wild region unfolded before my eyes, contrasted with the thought that I was now to live within limits and under rules absolutely foreign to me. More than this, I was still in the dark as to the outcome of it all.

I soon recovered my balance and set to work. I absorbed knowledge in every possible way. The more I got, the larger my capacity grew, and my appetite increased in proportion. I discovered that my anticipations of this new life were nearly all wrong. I was suddenly confronted with matters entirely foreign to my experience, which I must develop and solve by mental gymnastics. If a man had come and told me to swim a lake, or run with a message through an unknown country, I should have had some idea of the task. But this new conception of each word as having an office and a place and a specific name, and standing in relation to other words like the bricks and mortar in a house, was almost

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beyond my grasp. As for history and geography, they were legends and traditions to me, and I was soon able to appreciate the pure logic of mathematics. I found my greatest difficulty at this period in the study of words.

At Beloit I spent three years of student life. At the end of this time I fully realized the force of my father's simple but correct view of the future of our race—that we must adopt the ways of the white man. In some matters I was the infant of the college, but in athletics I did my full share. Other Sioux Indians were sent to Beloit Preparatory School, and as I thought it best, in order to perfect myself in English, not to hear my own tongue at all, I preferred to go where there were none to speak it. I was accordingly sent by Dr. Riggs to Knox College, Illinois, from which he himself had graduated.

Knox College is a coeducational institution. It was here that I first had to do with the paleface maidens. I must candidly confess that while I owe much to college boys in my association with them as fellow students, I owe infinitely more to the college girls.

It was here that I first began to look forward intelligently, and finally settled in my own mind that I must become a physician some day.

I had seen more than six years of civilization on the frontier and in the Middle West before I turned my footsteps toward New England. During all this time my ambitions rose higher and higher.

On one of my vacations at home in Dakota I received a letter from Dr. Riggs, who had been thus far my best friend, suggesting that I should take advantage of the Indian scholarship at Dartmouth College—a scholarship established when the college was founded as a school for Indians. This was in line with my highest aspirations, and yet I hesitated. I dreaded to cut myself off from my people, and in my heart I knew that if I did go, I should not return until I had accomplished my purpose. It was a critical moment in my life, but the decision could be only one way. I taught the little day-school at my home through the fall term, and in January, 1882, I started for Boston and Dartmouth.

Up to this time I had very little practical knowledge of the world, and in my inexperience I was still susceptible to the adventurous and curious side of things rather than to their profounder meanings. Therefore, while I was somewhat prepared, I was not yet conscious of the seriousness and terrific force of modern civilization.

It was a crisp winter morning when the train pulled into Chicago. I had in mind the Fort Dearborn incident, and the struggles of the great Black Hawk upon that very ground. It seemed to me as if we were being drawn into the deep gulches of the Bad Lands as we entered the city. I realized vividly at that moment that the day of the Indian had passed forever.

I was met at the station by friends, who took me to walk upon some of the main streets. I saw a perfect stream of humanity rushing madly along. I was surprised to notice that the faces of the people were not happy at all. They wore an intensely serious look that to me was appalling.

I was cautioned against trusting everybody, and told that I must look out for pickpockets. Evidently there were some disadvantages connected with this mighty civilization, for we Indians seldom find it necessary to guard our possessions. It seemed to me that the most dignified men on the streets were the policemen, in their long blue coats with brass buttons. They were such a remarkable set of men physically that this of itself was enough to catch my eye.

When we left Albany I found that we were in country the like of which, I thought, I would have given much to hunt over before it was stripped of its primeval forests and while deer and bears roamed over it undisturbed. I looked with delight upon mountains and valleys, and even the hamlets perched upon the shelves of the high hills. The sight of these scattered farms and little villages assured me of the presence of an earnest and persistent people.

Even the half-deserted New England village, the ruined mill, had an air of saying: "I have done what I could for the progress of civilization. Now I can rest." And all the mountains seemed to say, Amen.

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For the first time I felt a great respect and reverence for the race that I had been taught to regard with suspicion and distrust.

When I reached Boston I was struck with the old mossy granite edifices and the narrow streets. Here, too, the people on the streets hurried along like sheep with the gray wolf on their trail. When I met some of them personally, their conservative ways impressed me as being cold, but I forgot that when I had learned to know them better.

I went to Dartmouth College, away up among the New Hampshire hills. The country around it was rugged and wild—an ideal place for us Indians. My mind ran back three hundred years, when all this region was full of game and the red men lived in plenty and freedom. It seemed as if I had been destined to come to view their graves and bones.

No, I said to myself, I have come to continue that which in their last struggle they proposed to take up, in order to save themselves from extinction; but, alas! it was too late. Had they followed that great Indian, Samson Occum, and kept up with the development of Dartmouth College, they would have brought forth more leaders and men of culture.

This was my ambition—that the Sioux should accept civilization before it was too late. I wished that all of our young men should at once take up the white man's way, and prepare themselves to hold office and wield influence in their native States. Although this hope has not been fully realized, I have the satisfaction to know that some Indians are now in such places, and that before many years South Dakota can be anchored politically by the balance of power held by the Sioux Indian vote between the two political parties in that State.

The staid New England civilization grew upon me gradually. A sound common sense appeared to be the basis of all their actions, whether in politics, religion, business, or love. Recognition of individual and personal worth was generous among them.

At Dartmouth College I found the buildings much older and more imposing than any I had been accustomed to see. There was a true scholastic air about them; in fact, the whole village impressed me as touched with the spirit of learning and refinement.

My understanding of English was now so much enlarged as to enable me to grasp current events as well as the principles of civilization in a more intelligent manner. At Kimball Union Academy, the little ancient institution at which I completed my preparation for college by direction of President Bartlett of Dartmouth, I absorbed much knowledge of the New-Englander and his peculiarities.

I found Yankees of the uneducated class very Indianlike in their views and habits — a people of strong beliefs, plain-spoken, and opinionated. I was much struck with the fact that the students of the academy were very frugal and saving in their habits. Nothing could have been more instructive to me, as we Indians are inclined to be spendthrifts and improvident. It is true that this hardy and moral class of men is poor in land and goods. I had been accustomed to vast fertile prairies and liberal ways. Here they seemed to count their barrels of potatoes and apples before they were fairly grown. I was told that many of the farmers' families never eat a sound apple. They always take the partly spoiled apples for their own use, and save the sound ones for market. Every little brooklet was forced to do a river's work in their mills and factories.

I finished the course here and went to old Dartmouth in the fall of 1883 to enter the Freshman class. It is true that I had associated with college students for several years before coming East, yet I must confess that Western college life is quiet compared with that of the tumultuous East. It was here that I had most of my savage gentleness and native refinement knocked out of me! I do not complain, for I know that I gained more than their equivalent.

I hardly knew what I was coming to, on the first evening we held our class meeting, when, lo! I was appointed football captain of my class. My supporters orated quite effectively on my qualifications as a frontier warrior, and I observed that some of them went so far as to predict that I would, when warmed up, scare all the Sophs off the premises!

These representations seemed to be con-

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firmed when, that same evening, after supper, the two classes met in a first "rush," and as I was not familiar with all the men, I held up the Professor of Philosophy, taking him for one of the Sophomores! This of course gave opportunity to the reporters for the Boston dailies to enlarge upon the incident.

I was a sort of prodigal son of old Dartmouth, and nothing could have exceeded the heartiness of my welcome. The New England Indian for whom it was founded had departed well-nigh a century earlier; and now a full-blooded Sioux, like a wild fox, had found his way into this splendid seat of learning! After the first excitement and novelty had worn away, I began to take, as it were, a sort of inventory of the opportunities which my wanderings had thus far brought me.

By the president and faculty I was treated with the greatest kindness, and often encouraged to ask questions and express my own ideas. My uncle's observations in natural history—for which he had a positive genius,—the Indian standpoint in sociology and political economy, were the subjects of some protracted discussions in the class-room. This became so well understood by my classmates that some who had failed to prepare their recitations would induce me to take up the time by advancing some native theory or first-hand observation upon the subject in hand.

When I had sufficiently mastered the English language, I became intensely interested in literature. Here it was that civilization began to loom up before me colossal in its greatness, when the truth first dawned upon me that nations, tongues, and civilizations, as well as individuals, have lived and died.

There were two men of the past who impressed me very much—my countryman who matriculated there a century before me, and the great Daniel Webster, who came to Dartmouth as impecunious as I was. The Indians have gone forever —no memorial of them left except the Old Pine-Tree, where it was supposed that they met for the last time to smoke the pipe of peace. The college was kind enough to keep the old tree as a relic up to my day, and under its shadow every graduating class smoked a parting pipe.

During my vacations I went to Boston sometimes, sometimes to the mountains and the seashore. My visits to Boston were always made worth while by some new discovery—some art or science of civilization brought freshly to my notice. Aside from the unique charm of old Boston, the park system, the public flower-gardens, the arboretum, the reservoirs,—each of these was a school in itself to me. My first glimpse of the ocean was an event. I looked in amazement upon the vast assemblage of vessels of all sorts and sizes. I had never even imagined the like, and it now appeared that the white man moved with as much freedom upon the water as upon dry land. The commerce of the ocean struck me as one of the most remarkable features of civilization.

I shall never forget my first night at the theatre. I was amazed by the seriousness of the actors, whose personality appeared to be entirely swallowed up in their parts, and the behavior of the audience in its freedom and abandon contrasted strikingly with the manner of those whom I had met in the churches. Here the people seemed to me to take delight in tragedy and even in crime, indifferent to the moral significance of the imaginary events which took such strong hold upon their emotions.

At the seaside hotels I met society people—people of an entirely different sort from those whom I had hitherto taken as American types. I was particularly struck with the audacity and forwardness of the women. At the summer resorts the women seemed to lead their husbands or to be independent of them. Among our people the man always leads.

I graduated at Dartmouth with the class of '87, and immediately afterward spent three years at Boston University, where I took the degree of Doctor of Medicine. Having passed in all nine years in New England, I believe I really understand and appreciate in some measure the solidity and manliness of the New England character. I have never hesitated to compare and criticise, but there has been no question in my mind for many years about the desirability of a liberal education, and the advantages of a civilized life over our earlier and primitive existence.

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A Garden Idyll

BY KATE WHITING PATCH

I

THE GARDEN ON A LATE MARCH MORNING.

DEAR LOVER OF THE BIRDS:

I would come to you with a problem —I who am only a grubber of earth and a trainer of vines—a dweller among plants and hedges. The little feathered neighbors come and go about my garden trees and lighten my labors with their melody, but I do not profess to understand them. You, however, if I read your books aright, have learned something of their languages, and may enter into their joys and sorrows and domestic quandaries. Hence I implore you to aid me on behalf of a poor lady bluebird who hath—or so it doth appear — mistaken my humble dwelling for a bird-house.

I first discovered her upon a certain rainy morning a week since, when she suddenly alighted on the sill of a window near which I was reading and peered curiously at me through the glass. Next moment her mate paused beside her for one violet instant. He saw me; was less confiding; departed. She joined him upon the bough of a near-by apple-tree, and after some confidential converse—bird Greek to my dull ears—the little lady returned and tapped with her bill upon the glass, whispering meanwhile most melodiously.

I raised the sash, but she refused to enter, although at intervals during the afternoon she returned to look in upon me. Next morning I was aroused from slumber by a tapping and fluttering against the window-pane, and the little creature relieved her moments of rest by the tenderest flutelike murmurings that ever gladdened my ear.

What doth she want of me — Bird Lover, canst thou say? Day after day has my low-browed dwelling been thus gently assaulted, yet when I offer surrender it is not accepted.

Yesterday morning being mild and sweet, I threw the windows wide open to sun and air, and withdrew. It was not long before I heard cries of mingled wonder and distress, and following where they led—a little breathless and excited, be it confessed,—I beheld my lady bluebird fluttering against the one closed window in my dressing-room. She had made bold to enter at my chamber window; had winged her way into the smaller apartment, and now would return to the freer world of orchard and garden visible through the glass.

I approached with caution, and she made but slight objection when I closed my hands over her; her sharp eyes peered into mine a little anxiously, and the imprisoned wings fluttered most eagerly as we gained the other window. I opened my hands—she was gone like a flash. Her mate joined her on the wing, both exclaiming excitedly, and they flew swiftly away beyond my ken.

Would I see them again, I wondered. Had my little lady's exploration satisfied her curiosity? Would this strange adventure prevent her return? No! Next morning she was at the sill again, ready to call me to my labors, and every day she peers in at my windows, seeming to demand entrance, yet now refusing my invitations, while her less courageous mate watches her manœuvres from the apple-tree, and appears to be giving instructions from his safer halting-place.

Bird Lover, what would they have of me? I should like to see them comfortably settled—less anxious, less insistent, maybe, of my early uprising. I have thought that were one of my cockerels to station himself at my window each morning with his harsh call to duty I should hate the bird, but who could feel even impatience at this gentle tapping and fluttering, this melodious summons to matins?

Again, what would they have of me? Will you let me borrow of your wisdom?

Who am I? The Gardener, madam.

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But once I was an awkward lad who passed you nosegays of heartsease or sweetbrier across the hedge when you went by to school. It is long since you passed this way, and I suppose you no longer wear pinafores and long braids, yet I am,

Yours faithfully,
ROBERT BENTON, the Gardener.

II

THE BIRD-HOUSE, *April 9.*

DEAR GARDENER,—Do you realize how blessed you are among men—to have held a "lady bluebird" in your hands! The bluebird "with the earth tinge on his breast and the sky tinge on his back." To me he brings the sweetest thrill of the spring time. And you have held *his* little lady in your hands!

I read your story with keen interest, but—are you sarcastic, sir, when you ask me to translate your "bird Greek"? Have my little books made such arrogant claim for me? Heaven forbid!

Yet this seems no very difficult question. Your bluebirds are seeking a nesting-place; no doubt they think a corner of your dwelling would be acceptable. Yet I have never known them to be quite so friendly. Perhaps it is because you live in a garden. Perhaps, again, these are young birds and overconfiding. If I were you I would set up a house for them near the apple-tree they most frequent and see what happens. And be sure you let me know.

Are there many birds in your garden?

I have been trying to remember about the heartsease and sweetbrier. Is the old village as green and peaceful as it used to be?

Yours, cordially,
"THE BIRD LOVER."

III

THE GARDEN, *April 15.*

DEAR LADY OF THE BIRDS:

I have followed your suggestion. I have made a little house, with proper entrance and ample accommodations for one young couple. I am not as agile as at fifteen, but I climbed the apple-tree without aid of a ladder, and affixed the house, somewhat awkwardly, I fear, to a broad limb. I see not why our little friends should ignore it. There is a southerly exposure (as our forefathers always recommended in building), and the apple bough is limber enough to gently rock the cradle of future birdlings. As yet, however, my lady has not discovered my care for her. She still prefers my own abiding-place, when she is not investigating the orchard's possibilities with her mate. They have troubled me by quite frequently visiting, as though with serious intent, the home of my flickers, but they will find that tenement engaged. For several years these shy creatures have honored my oldest, softest-hearted apple-tree with their domestic confidences, and their young have learned to spread their golden wings in my garden. Not even the bluebirds must depose them.

You ask of my feathered neighbors. Of course we have Robin in the Garden. He is a social, cheery chap, and I should miss him sorely if he forsook my paths and failed to cheer my rainy days. When one likes to toil in his garden on a misty evening, Robin is most companionable. I like to meet another fellow who can sing in the rain.

The Oriole hangs his gray cradle in my elm-tree tops, and the Song-sparrow favors my hedges.

Then we have many birds who are mere visitors in the Garden. Little warbling things will be here soon. Last year the Tanager spent a morning flitting from one shrub to another, and the Grosbeak who wears a rose upon his breast, sometimes called while I was at work. The Woodpecker has visited me through the winter, and still hovers about the orchard; the faithful little Chickadee never wholly forsakes one who plants a row of sunflowers for his autumn breakfast table.

There, Lady, I have presented the birds of my garden. Your trained eye and ear would, no doubt, detect many another songster within a brief hour. My eyes are trained to the detection of opening bud rather than flashing wing, yet I might discover to you some secret of the hedgerow.

The village is green and peaceful for those who still abide here. Are the birds of New England unworthy of your interest? and are you a deserter of deserted villages?

The Bluebird is tapping at my window.

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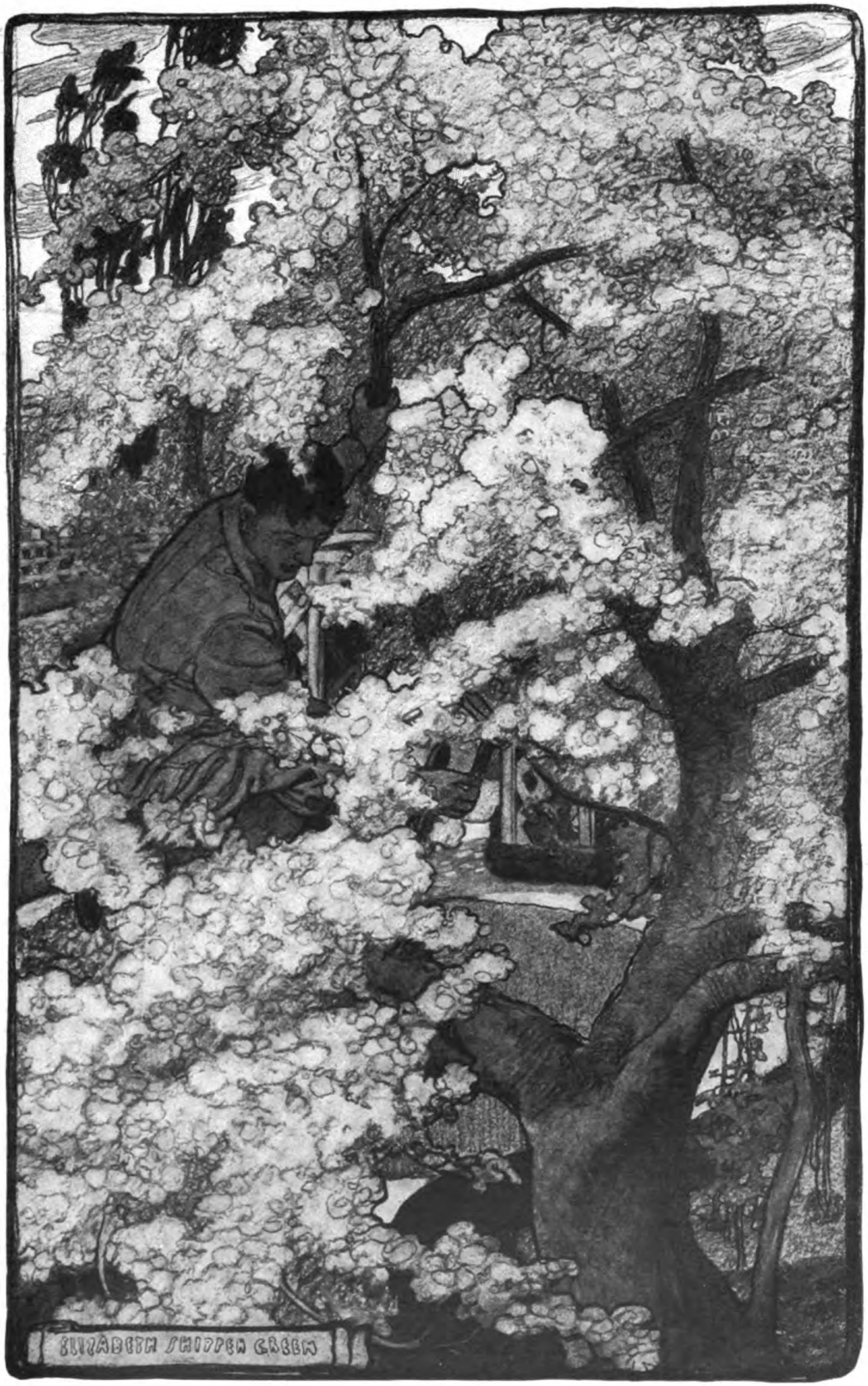

I CLIMBED THE APPLE-TREE WITHOUT AID OF A LADDER

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I think she would send a message to the Bird Lover.

Farewell. THE GARDENER.

N.B.—You did not answer regarding the pinafores.

IV

THE GARDEN, *April 18.*

The bluebirds are looking at the house! I detected them while at work over my rose-beds. They seem mildly curious, and show some signs of interest. I hope they will approve the location.

My daffodil borders are awake!

R. B.

N. B. — Did I offend in mentioning the pinafores?

V

THE BIRD-HOUSE, *April 20.*

I hope they *will* take it, but there is no counting on a bird's decisions. The bluebirds have often disappointed me by failing to carry out their apparent intentions—and mine. How heedless of me to inquire about the birds in your garden instead of the flowers! Tell me of the hedgerows and borders and bedding plants—isn't that what you call them? How beautiful to live in a garden! I wish I could see the daffodils,—only I should insist upon calling them daffy-downdillies, as I did when I was little. I think the bluebirds will be most short-sighted if they do not accept your hospitality. My love to the daffodils.

"THE BIRD LADY."

P. S. — Yes, I am still addicted to pinafores.

VI

THE GARDEN, *April 20.*

Are you sure, dear Bird Lady, that this is not a wandering spirit that taps so persistently at my window-pane?

Are wandering spirits granted wings so celestial? Do you believe her just a plain bluebird?

I confess her persistent appeals for my companionship are almost uncanny. I would grant her peace if the gift lay with me; I feel like apologizing to her for my dull understanding. Help me!

R. B.

VII

THE BIRD-HOUSE.

I have just opened the box, Mr. Gardener, and now my Bird-House is joyous with the sunshine from your garden. The blessed daffodils! so beautiful, so brave and golden—glad prophets of the spring time! How good, good you were to spare them from your borders. They delight me now, and, because of the fulness of present joy, they will delight me by and by, by flashing

"upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude."

Thank you. I never had so many daffies before.

I am puzzling over the wandering spirit of your garden. Poor little birdie! Isn't it agonizing not to understand? Why can't we learn of *them* as did the child Hiawatha? Have we travelled too far away from the earth?

Perhaps the Bluebird has a message for you. Who knows! Do you remember how the old Greeks believed in signs and portents? But, alas! there is now no oracle at Delphi to interpret the visions.

It is sunset-time. How the level rays must flash across your jonquil borders! They caress my jarful on the table here.

We say good night to you—my daffies and I. "THE BIRD LADY."

(I am proud of the title!)

VIII

THE GARDEN, *May 1.*

DEAR LADY,—I believe they have taken possession! There is much twittering in the apple boughs while I work near by, and the Spirit haunts me less often. Will maternal cares ease her restless wings, think you? R. B.

IX

THE BIRD-HOUSE, *May 30.*

I have just returned from the woods, dear Gardener, my arms full of blossoms. Have you anything in your garden to rival the woodland riot of bloom? Here are lady's-slippers and violets, windflower and wild lily-of-the-valley, and ferns as delicate as my grandmother's lace. Oh, such loveliness!

I went out to the woods for my birds, but they eluded me, so I turned to the blossoms. That is an advantage you have over me—you who learn the secrets of the Kingdom of Flora. Blossoming things cling to Mother Earth with brown root fingers even while they aspire heavenward; they cannot escape you; but birds have wings.

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WE SAY GOOD NIGHT TO YOU—MY FLOWERS AND I

What a wonderful gardener she is—"Nature, the dear old nurse."

I love to let myself be a child with her—to "wander away and away," ears eager, eyes wide, clinging to her comfortable finger as she reveals the marvels of the universe.

Such a day as I've had! I thought of you in your garden and wondered if you loved the woods as well. Of course you do. I'm sure of it. And you're the Gardener just because you love it—aren't you? You never told me, but I know. How simple life would be if we all chose a work that was lovely to us in the doing. It is so stupid to think that toil and duty must be ugly and disagreeable.

And is there an Eve in your Garden? You never told me. Is she one of the girls I went to school with? At any rate I trust there are no serpents—only bluebirds. And how are the dears? It was to ask after them that I began this letter, but the woods have gone to my head, and I could think of nothing else. Do they like the little house—the birds—and is She less a haunting spirit in consequence? I am sure she portends some sweet, rare thing for you. Do study the old legends. "THE BIRD LADY."

. . . . . .

The Gardener finished reading the letter he had just opened and laid it down on the writing-table, a whimsical smile lighting his grave eyes. Then he got up and strode over to the window. A sudden shower had driven him indoors, and the rain-drops still beat against the pane. A branch of lilac, heavy with fragrant plumes, swayed close to the glass, and, below, the lilies bent to this baptism.

The Gardener looked out into the rain-swept garden, but his thoughts did not rest there. Across the sweetbrier hedge he seemed to see the laughing face of a girl—a girl with long brown braids and a white, ruffled pinafore.

He swept his hand across his eyes at last and turned back to the room with a shrug of his broad shoulders, as though to shake off visions. He was tall and

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THE RAIN HAD CEASED, SUDDENLY, AS IT HAD COME

rugged, and his brown, smooth-shaven face told tales of intimacy with the sun and wind. His hair was tossed back from a thoughtful forehead, and his steady gray eyes looked out from under level brows. He wore the workman's blouse, open at the throat and turned back at the wrists, but the long brown hand with its tapering fingers bespoke the artist rather than the artisan, though the color and earth stains suggested, perhaps, a happy combination of both.

He flung himself into a chair near the low shelves and glanced over his books as though in doubt of the desired volume. Emerson, Jefferies, Thoreau, Marvell? He turned away with an impatient sigh. No, he would not read.

His gaze travelled about the familiar room. How dear it had been to him in these years of aloneness! How he loved its good proportions, its absence of clutter; the low shelves—the work of his own hand; the plain substantial writing-table and chairs; the broad hearth, above which he had carved:

Those that dwelt among plants and hedges;
There they dwelt with the King for his work.

It had been the text of his days. He had chosen this humble life because he loved it, and because he believed that among the plants and hedges he could best fulfil his destiny and serve the King. And his days had been full of peace and content. The early morning hours among the dewy garden things had been a matin hour always; the hours of labor had been sweet and good; and when evening came, in the low-ceiled quiet room, the garden just outside, he had passed memorable hours with the inspiring friends who inhabited his book-shelves.

But now—what spirit of unrest had come to possess him? The room seemed suddenly bare and empty and silent, and the human heart within him turned away from the silence with a cry of puzzled hurt.

He approached the window again and threw it open. The rain had ceased, suddenly, as it had come, and the sweet

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fragrance of newly moistened earth greeted his eager nostrils. The early roses drooped drenching heads, the lilies bent with their weight of rain-drops, the swaying lilac let fall its spray upon his brown cheek.

The man drew an eager breath. "Is it not enough," he exclaimed, "the beauty and the fragrance, the plants and hedges, and the work the King has set me?" Yet his heart responded but faintly.

He moved back to the table and was taking up his hat, when a gentle note bade him turn. On the sill of the open window perched the bluebird.

The man watched her with the touch of awe her trusting familiarity ever gave him.

"Will you come in?" he murmured, gently.

The bird seemed to consider the invitation. She turned her pretty head this way and that, and at last, spreading the wings so softly touched with azure, she flew directly to the one thing in the room which spoke of femininity—a low rocker standing by the hearth. It had been his mother's chair, and about it all the gentlest memories of his boyhood clustered. He had brought it there from the old home because he could not part with it. "One day," he had said, "my wife will sit here;" but hitherto no one had come to occupy the low seat. Now the lady bluebird rested on the slender chair-back, balancing herself delicately to the slight motion she had started.

The Gardener watched her with a strange stirring at his heart. "Art thou the serpent that has entered my Eden?" he murmured. "It is since your coming—surely—that my days have been insufficient. What do they say, the wise ones,—that the first bird claimed as ancestor an aspiring serpent? Why should man despair of angelhood if a crawling serpent's yearning spirit may at last mount on azure wings! Little serpent-angel, is it mischief or blessing you would bring into my garden?"

The bird's feathered throat stirred with a tender note that thrilled through the silent room like a woman's voice. Then she spread her wings and again sought the garden.

The man followed her. The apple boughs above the little bird home were

"THERE IS A GARDEN IN HER FACE
WHERE ROSES AND WHITE LILIES BLOW"

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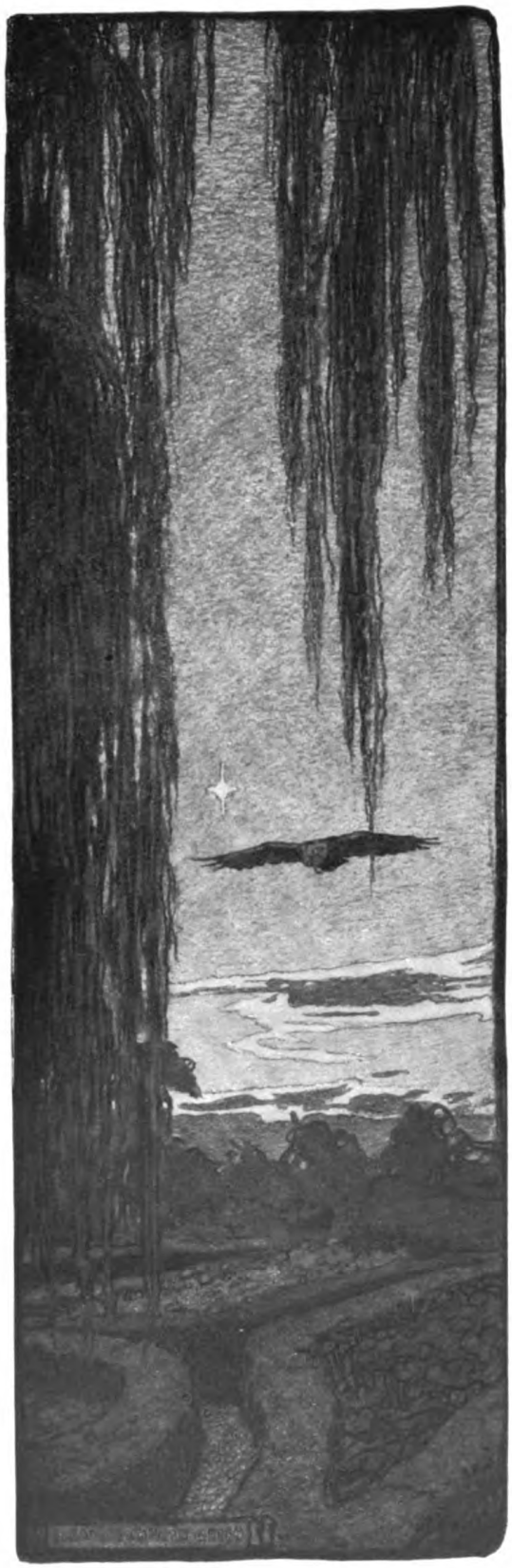

THE GRAY PEACE OF TWILIGHT BROODED OVER THE GARDEN

dripping, but all was safe and dry within, and the Gardener's attentive ear caught a new sound—a weak chirping and twittering as of untried voices, and above it the gentle reassuring murmur of motherhood.

His heart bounded. "The birdlings!" he cried.

A flash of azure through the boughs, and Mr. Bluebird came hurrying, made bold by his paternal duties. A moment and he was gone. Then the little mother emerged. She saw the man of the garden, and glanced down at him as one who would say, "The dream of the spring time is fulfilled."

The Gardener stood silent beneath the tree, watching them come and go—the happy birds!—and a turbulent longing filled his heart. What was all the past peace and contentment of his days to this? "Lady Bluebird," he said, aloud, as the bird again paused in her glad flitting to cast a glance at the lonely mortal,—"Lady Bluebird, I would give the whole of my kingdom which I hold so dear to know the mysterious joy which throbs in your breast."

Then he turned away and walked up and down the garden paths, and the dreams had their way with him. Why had the walks been made so smooth but that a woman's foot might tread them? The roses and lilies were fair, "but," he repeated to himself,

> "'There is a garden in her face,
> Where roses and white lilies blow.'"

Why had the garden grown in beauty but to perfect itself for the coming of a Queen? Why had the blossoms grown so tall but that some far day they might be ruthlessly pulled by little, warm, moist hands?

Again he paused to listen for the tender murmurings among the apple boughs, and turned away at last to pluck a handful of half-open buds from the sweetbrier hedge. He reentered the vine-covered cottage, and walking to the hearth, laid the roses in the little rocking-chair where the bluebird had alighted.

"'Where waitest thou, Lady I am to love?'" he said, half aloud.

On the writing-table lay the letter he had read an hour before. He sat down and drew pen and paper toward him.

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"DEAR LADY OF THE BIRDS:

"I have grown wise," he wrote. "You were right; her coming was 'a sign'—my Bluebird's. At last she has revealed herself to me; rather, she has revealed me to myself. I thought that I knew life's symphony, but there is a note I have missed—the note which gives harmony and meaning to all the rest. I first heard it in the tender murmur of my Bluebird, and my ears were opened. No, dear Lady, there is no 'Eve in my Garden.' My wife has not yet come home. If you should meet her in the world beyond my hedges, will you tell her that I weary at her lingering? Her chair waits beside the hearth and the gate stands ever ajar. We will be right glad, the garden folk and I, when she comes home.

"The little bird folk in the apple-tree hurry to and fro on sweet errands, knowing the ecstasy of a dream fulfilled. My plants and hedges also know the joy of blossoming-time. I only wander lonely in the garden. But I too have my dreams. Did you ever know loneliness? It is a new malady with me. And all because I have listened to the Bluebird.

"It is dusk now in the garden. The mingled fragrance of rose and lilac comes gently through the open windows, and along the walk beneath the Bluebird tree the lilies shine pale and golden.

"I believe you would love my garden. Nature has worked with me, teaching many lessons, and some of the wood's children have consented to live here in sheltered corners. I love it; it is a part of my life; yet something from without is calling me. Is it the voice of my wife, I wonder? If she come not soon I must close the garden gate behind me and go out into the world to seek her. The woodland hunger is upon me too. Your words have aroused it. To-morrow will find me a rover.

"The Bluebird has brought me unrest. Is she also the harbinger of future gladness?"

He threw down the pen and wandered again to the window. The gray peace of twilight brooded over the garden; the flowers seemed motionless; low in the west the evening star shone white. The fluttering among the apple boughs had ceased, but he knew that in her leafy shelter the bluebird spread protecting wings above her young. Underlying the hush of approaching night the pulse of life beat strong.

The man drew a deep breath. "I wonder will my wife come home?" he said.

Progress

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

THE night grows lone and still and deep;
Close round the Clearing strange eyes creep;
And by his fire sleeps undismayed
The woodsman of the altering blade.

The wolf's brood know not whence he came,
Nor whither fares; but at his flame
(From where To-morrow's axe shall swing)
The long howl of brute hate they fling!

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A Group of Hawthorne Letters

JULIAN HAWTHORNE

DURING the years 1851 to 1864 Hawthorne wrote upwards of a hundred and fifty letters to his friend and publisher, W. D. Ticknor. Most of them bear dates between 1853 and 1860,—the years of Hawthorne's European residence, first as American consul at Liverpool, afterwards as a sight-seer in Italy, and again in England. They are written in the freest and frankest manner: a more unreserved expression of character and opinions there could hardly be. They touch on all topics,—politics, politicians, literary acquaintances, incidents of consular life, private domestic details, social comments, international questions, the wrongs of American sailors, Lord Mayors' dinners, his own and other persons' books, his dislikes, likes, whims, and impressions—an informal autobiography, in short. Ticknor, besides being Hawthorne's publisher, and perhaps his most intimate friend, acted during these latter years of his life as his business attorney in Boston, receiving and investing his savings from the consular salary. These investments and remittances are, therefore, fully discussed in the letters, and a sort of jest is kept up all along concerning the "pile" which the romancer aimed to make. Indeed, the humor of the letters is something which must ever be kept in mind by the reader, lest he be misled into accepting as sober truth the extravagances of a witty and humorous man chatting unrestrainedly and in confidence with his friend.

In the aggregate, these letters give a view of Hawthorne's nature such as has not heretofore been accessible to the public; they will considerably modify the conventional idea of him. They were unearthed from the box in which they had lain for a generation, by the present owner of them, a few months ago, and kindly placed at my disposal.

Hawthorne was acquainted with most of the intellectual celebrities of his day; but his chosen intimates, the men he loved, were Horatio Bridge, William Pike, Henry Bright, Francis Bennoch, Franklin Pierce, and William D. Ticknor. With the exception of Pierce, they are unknown to the world; and Pierce, as a man, was one of the most simple, transparent, and genuine persons that ever lived. But these were the men whom Hawthorne took to his heart; the celebrities he kept at arm's length,—he liked, respected, admired, appreciated them, but he did not want much of their society.

One of the curious features of the letters is their repeated references to good cheer and conviviality. Hawthorne, as is known, was one of the most abstemious of men in the use of all stimulants, even tea and coffee. But it was his whim (among intimates) to assume the swagger of a boon companion, and to profess inordinate delight in eating and drinking.

He likewise draws a comedy picture of himself as an unappreciated statesman, and discusses with inexhaustible drollery his hopes and fears of fortune. "My best dress coat," he writes, on receiving his appointment as consul, "is rather shabby (befitting an author much more than a man of consular rank), so when you next smoke a cigar with Driscoll"—the Boston tailor of the period—"I wish you would tell him to put another suit on the stocks for me,—a black dress coat and pantaloons; and he may select the cloth." When emoluments began to flow in, in Liverpool, he always accompanied his remittances with some word like this: "I suppose Barings have advised you of the deposit of three hundred pounds; if it were three thousand, I would kick the office to the devil and come home. I am sick of it, and long for my hillside, and—what I never thought I should long for—my pen. When once a man is thoroughly imbued with ink, he can never wash out

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the stain. I wish to heaven I had made my whole pile, and were off to Italy! . . . Redding has published a list of the moneyed men of Massachusetts. I consider myself one of them; send me the pamphlet, for I ought to be acquainted with my brethren." Also: "The Secretary of the U. S. Treasury has issued a circular directing that consular certificates to invoices shall no longer be required at Custom-houses. This will go near to knock my business in the head, and you will see me at the Old Corner much sooner than we supposed. For God's sake, bestir yourself, and get everybody to bestir themselves, to restore matters to their former footing. I am not half ready to begin scribbling romances again yet. The truth is this is a devilish good office, if those jackasses at Washington (of course I do not include the President under that polite phrase) will but let it alone."

"I send by this mail a despatch to General Cass," he writes, in 1856, "on receipt of which he will feel much inclined to turn me out of office. It refers to a letter of his to Lord Napier on the subject of the treatment of our seamen, in which he displays a shameful degree of ignorance of a matter which it is his duty to understand. If he does not grow wiser, it will not be my fault. I have serious thoughts of writing a pamphlet, or even a book, on the subject of American seamen; and it might be made entertaining by bringing in sketches of people and incidents that have come under my notice; besides being a work imperatively called for by the present state of our merchant marine."

There is a keen but not unkindly edge of criticism concerning the politicians with whom he came in contact; he knew his politician pretty well, having studied him in the old Salem days. Buchanan, who was Minister to London at this time, had declined to respond to an appeal Hawthorne had made to him about the relief of the shipwrecked seamen and soldiers of the ship *San Francisco*. He afterwards met Hawthorne in Liverpool: "He has been here since Tuesday. I had the old fellow to dine with me, and like him better than I expected; so I hope you have not found it necessary to publish my letter on the *San Francisco* business; for though I made it bear lightly on him, it would undoubtedly have made a feud between us. But he takes his wine like a true man, and loves a good cigar, and is doubtless as honest as nine politicians out of ten. But Somebody must have lied most damnably!"

After Buchanan's return to America, Dallas was sent out in relation to the matter of British influence in Central America: "March 15th, '56.—Mr. Dallas arrived two days ago. He seems to be a very respectable old gentleman; but I should not take him to be an able diplomatist, and he certainly has a very difficult business to handle. Buchanan was worth ten of him, and even he made no great hand of it." After a few weeks: "Our relations with England seem to me to bear a better aspect than for some months past. Frank Pierce never did a better thing than in recognizing Walker's government; it has brought John Bull to his bearings, and, with his customary growling and grumbling, he is going to back out. Crampton ought to have been dismissed more promptly; but it is better late than never. Most people here think that Dallas will be sent home, and, I believe, he is himself uneasy. I hope he *will* be sent home, because it will be such a very foolish act on the part of the British government; but I am of opinion that they will let him stay." Later: "You see I was right in my opinion that Dallas would not be sent home. Pray do not be so hopeless about our political concerns. We shall grow and flourish in spite of the devil. For my part, I keep a steadfast faith in the destinies of my country, and will not be staggered, whatever happens. We have gained a great triumph over England, and I begin to like her better now; Englishmen have given up forever the haughty tone they have hitherto held towards us. Give Frank Pierce credit for this; for it was his spirit that did it."

Political feeling between the two countries continued to run high, however, and brought out sharp expressions of opinion. "After all the slander against Americans," says Hawthorne, "there is no people worthy to take even second place behind us, for liberality of ideas and practice. The more I see of the rest

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of the world, the better I think of my own country (not that I like it very enthusiastically, either!), and, thank God, England's day is past forever. I have such a conviction of the decline and fall of England, that I am about as well satisfied as if it had already taken place. I will disown Frank Pierce if he backs down one inch (but I am sure he never will), and I would rather see America sink (in which case I will come back and sink with her) than have her give up her just rights. But there is no danger of her sinking! . . . I *hate* England; though I love some Englishmen, and like them generally, in fact. I shall be true to my country, and get on with John Bull as well as I can. The time will come, sooner or later, when the old fellow will look to us for his salvation. He is in more danger from his allies than we are either from them or from him. The truth is, I love England so much that I want to annex it, and it is by no means beyond the scope of possibility that we may do so,—though hardly in my time. I would far rather have it than Cuba. There are several weeks of the year when, so far as weather is concerned, I would not change the island for Paradise. I shall never take root anywhere, unless I establish myself in some old manor-house, like those I see here. The United States are fit for many excellent purposes, but they certainly are not fit to live in. Yet the advantages of living in England are concentrated in London,—leave that out, and I would rather be in America—that is to say, if Presidential elections and all other political turmoil could be done away with—and if I could be deprived of my political rights, and left to my own individual freedom."

Hawthorne was never seriously the enemy of any human being; but he could talk about some who bored him rather tartly at times. "Grace Greenwood sailed for America yesterday," he writes. "I fear she has left her heart in England; though whether in possession of a single individual, or of the whole nation, is more than I can tell. Her book, I suppose, is a republication of her letters in *The Era,* and in that case you will not make much money out of them. Ink-stained women are, without a single exception, detestable."

Another ink-stained sister fares better. "I recollect bestowing some vituperation on female authors lately," he remarks; "I have since been reading *Ruth Hall,* and, I must say, I enjoyed it a good deal. The woman writes as if the devil was in her; and that is the only condition under which a woman writes anything worth reading. Generally, they write like emasculated men, and are only to be distinguished from male authors by greater feebleness and folly; but when they throw off the restraints of decency, and come before the public stark naked, as it were—then their books are sure to possess character and value. Can you tell me anything about this 'Fanny Fern'? If you meet her, I wish you would tell her how much I admire her." Of yet another he thinks better, and worse: "These are admirable poems of hers; but the devil must be in the woman to publish them. It seems to let out a whole history of domestic unhappiness. What a strange propensity it is in these scribbling women to make a show of their hearts, as well as their heads, upon a bookseller's counter, for anybody to pry into that chooses! However, I, for one, am much obliged to the lady, and esteem her beyond comparison the first of American poetesses. What does her husband think of it?"

He is more genial towards men writers, his own friends especially. Longfellow published "Hiawatha" in 1856, and Hawthorne writes: "I heard in London a strong and confident assurance that Longfellow is coming over this summer. Are there any grounds for this report? If he cares about being lionized, let him come *now;* for his reputation can never be higher, or hotter. I wish he would come. His 'Hiawatha' seems to be perfectly original—the annexation of a new dominion to our poetical territories; and he seems to have caught the measure and rhythm from the sough of the wind among forest boughs. It puts him higher in my estimation of his originality, and I love to see him still on the ascent. It gives me great pleasure to hear of the great success of 'Hiawatha'; on this side of the water, too, it is received with greater favor, I think, than any of Longfellow's former works, and has gained him admirers among those who have

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hitherto stood aloof. Nevertheless, the following lines have been sent to me:

Hiawatha! Hiawatha! sweet, trochaic milk and water!
Milk, and water—Mississippi, flowing o'er a bed of sugar!
Through three hundred Ticknor pages, with a murmur and a ripple:
Flowing, flowing, ever flowing — dam the river! Damn the poet!

Everybody seems to be seized with an irresistible impulse to write verses in this new measure. I have received a lampoon on myself (in manuscript) of as much as a hundred 'Hiawatha' lines, some of them very laughable."

There is only one mention of Whittier, suggested by the book of his prose essays which Ticknor had sent to Hawthorne: "His book is poor stuff. I like the man, but have no high opinion of either his poetry or his prose." And of Lowell, only this: "He is very little known in England; I take the 'Biglow Papers' to be the best thing he has written." His references to English writers are few: "I wrote to De Quincey, but received no answer, till at last a letter came from Miss De Quincey in Ireland. It seems the old gentleman has shut himself up in Edinburgh to follow his literary avocations (and eat opium, I suppose), and all letters that go to his other address are sent first to his daughters in Ireland, and thence transmitted to him, unopened. Miss De Quincey conjectured that, from the seal and postmark, this letter might be from me, and so wrote to enquire the contents. A book, which you sent him, still remains on hand; for his daughter hints that he opens no letters or packages, in his present mood." . . . "I send some copies of Allingham's poems for you to distribute to people tinctured with poetry and such nonsense. Do ask Whipple to give them his gracious consideration. There is great merit in some of the pieces. 'Cross-examination,' for instance, is wonderfully pithy. I can't say I have read them all, for I dislike poetry." . . . "I saw Leigh Hunt, whom I like very much, partly, perhaps, because he is half an American. I wish you could do for him some of the good offices which you do for other English authors, by republishing his works. It is strange that he has not a greater popularity on our side of the water, since he possesses many of the literary characteristics which we are quick to recognize. His poetry I know very little about, and should not care much about reading it; but his prose essays are as fine as anything in the English language." . . . "I saw in London, among about a thousand other noticeable people, your author, Charles Reade — a tall, stoutish, fair-haired, light-complexioned man, thirty years old or upwards. He did not make a very strong impression upon me. I like his books better than himself; not that I saw any fault in him, either." . . . "Mr. Monckton Milnes wants me to send him half a dozen good American books which he has never read or heard of before. For the honor of my country, I should like to do it, but can think of only three which would be likely to come under his description—namely, *Walden, Passion Flowers,* and *Up-Country Letters.* Possibly Mrs. Mowatt's Autobiography might make a fourth, and Thoreau's former volume a fifth. The books must be not merely good, but original, with American characteristics, and not generally known in England."

Of Hawthorne's loyalty to his friends there are many illustrations, but I must be content to give one only. Just when he had begun to get a little more money than he needed to spend, his friend Bridge happened to be in need of a loan: "My old friend Bridge writes me that he will have occasion for $3000 within two or three months; and he wishes to borrow it of me. My relations with Bridge are of such a nature that I would lend him every cent I had, even if I were certain of never getting it again; but this investment of the money will be as safe as any other, and therefore there is no reason why he should not have it. Let him have it, therefore, on any security he may offer, or on no security, if he should offer none." . . . "Consult his convenience as to the time, and do not let me hear of any difficulty." . . . "I shall follow your advice as to not lending any more money, so far as I can and ought. But when the friend of half a lifetime asks me to assist him, and when I have perfect confidence in his honor,

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what is to be done? Shall I prove myself to be one of those persons who have every quality desirable in friendship, except that they invariably fail you at a pinch? I don't think that I can do that; but, luckily, I have fewer friends than most men, and there are not many who can claim anything of me on that score." Bridge got the three thousand dollars, and the last of the loan was repaid after Hawthorne's return to Concord.

An interesting incident in the story is Hawthorne's relations with Delia Bacon, author of the Baconian theory of Shakespeare's plays; but the passages are too full for insertion here. He wrote the preface for her book (the publisher would publish it on no other terms), made the arrangements for its publication, and paid all the bills, while carefully providing that Miss Bacon should not be made aware of having incurred this obligation to him. The book fell flat, and Hawthorne was never reimbursed.

I will now make some extracts relating to his own literary work and projects.

In 1851 he writes, of the volume of his *Snow Image:* "I send the preface to the new volume of Tales. If a perfect copy of 'Major Molineux' cannot be found, I think the imperfect copy had better be sent to me, and I will rewrite what is missing. I intended that the sketch of 'Daffydowndilly' should be included in the volume; and I believe it will be necessary, in order to make up the due number of pages. It is as good as any of them." In 1852: "I received a note from Fields, informing me of his hopes of getting two hundred pounds for the Romance"—*Blithedale.* "I don't believe he will." Ten days later: "He has succeeded in getting the two hundred pounds. It will come in good time, for I shall have to draw pretty freely." Writing from Liverpool: "I am sure the last story in your edition of *Tanglewood* ends with a sentence about the departure of the Argonauts after obtaining the Golden Fleece—Orpheus playing on his harp, and the vessel skimming over the water. I left the conclusion to the reader's imagination." . . . "I am glad to hear you are going to republish the *True Stories.* I don't remember any corrections to be made, and would rather spare myself the trouble and weariness of looking through the book; let it go as it is. I was delighted with Whipple's notice of *Tanglewood.*"

"You put me to my trumps by asking me for additional matter for the *Mosses,* for I considered myself exhausted on that score long ago. Nevertheless, there is 'Feathertop'—which is about as good as any of them. Let that go in. It has just occurred to me, moreover, that in the *New England Magazine,* when published by Park Benjamin, many of the stories appeared which are now collected in the *Twice-Told Tales;* and the publication of them was commenced with about ten or more pages of introductory matter, which, I think, will do very well to publish as an article in the *Mosses.* It should be separated from all extraneous stuff (which, if I recollect rightly, can easily be done), and may be called 'Passages from a Relinquished Work'—or something of that kind. I believe the title was 'The Itinerant Story-Teller.' There are other detached passages of mine scattered through Park Benjamin's volumes of that magazine, and Fields would readily recognize them. Let him do as he pleases about inserting any or all of them,—only being careful to put in nothing that he does not feel absolutely certain about. The beginning and the conclusion of the 'Itinerant Story-Teller' are written quite up to the usual level of my scribblings. If I had the magazine at hand, I could patch up an article in five minutes; and Fields can do it just as well, and without any trouble at all. If he has already sailed, Whipple will doubtless do it. Do not put the patched-up article at the end of the volume, but somewhere about the middle, where it will not attract so much notice. The passages from the 'Story-Teller' aforesaid formed part of a work, the whole of which was never published. Do not print any more of it than will be sufficient to meet the exigency of the case; though really, as far as I can remember, it is no bad stuff."

"October 12th, '54.—You speak of another book from me. There is no prospect of that, so long as I continue in office. Thank you for the two volumes of the *Mosses.* My books will now almost fill a shelf, and I hope to lengthen the list a little yet. There is the germ of a new romance in my mind, which will be all

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the better for ripening slowly. Besides, America is now wholly given over to a damned mob of scribbling women, and I should have no chance of success while the public is occupied with their trash—and should be ashamed of myself if I did succeed. What is the mystery of these innumerable editions of *The Lamplighter,* and other books neither better nor worse?—worse they could not be, and better they need not be, when they sell by the hundred thousand. I wish I could make a book calculated for schools. Can't you think of any?"

"August 1st, '55.—It will not take me a great while to get a thorough acquaintance (as thorough as a foreigner can ever get) with England; for, by living as they do, I have come to understand them differently from what Americans usually can. I think my journals (which are getting to be voluminous) would already enable me to give you a book which would compare well enough with Grace Greenwood's *Haps and Mishaps.* But I don't mean to publish any such book. It would bring a terrible hornet's nest about my ears."

"Feb. 12th, '57.—In Italy, perhaps, I shall begin to do literary work again; for I feel some symptoms of it already." . . . "As regards the announcement of a book, I am not quite ready for that yet. If I could be perfectly quiet for a few months, I have no doubt that something would result, but I shall have so much to see while travelling in Europe that I think I must confine myself to keeping a journal. Unless I return home next summer, however, I shall make a serious effort to produce something."

"March, 1859.—I told you in my last that I had written a Romance. It still requires a good deal of revision, trimming off the exuberances, and filling up of vacant spaces. But I think it will be all right a month or two after I arrive in England. I shall do my best upon it, you may be sure; for I feel that I shall come before the public, after so long an interval, with all the uncertainties of a new author. If I were only rich enough, I do not believe I should ever publish another book, though I might continue to write them for my own occupation and amusement. I have another romance ready to be written as soon as this one is off the stocks." (He is speaking, first, of the *Marble Faun,* and then, probably, of the book which took final form as the *Dolliver Romance.*) . . . "I have been continually occupied with my book, which required more work to be done upon it than I supposed. Mrs. Hawthorne (the only person who has read it) speaks very much in its favor; but I sometimes suspect that she has a partiality for the author. Smith and Elder have signed an agreement to publish it, and pay me six hundred pounds on the assignment of copyright.

"We have been spending the summer at Redcar, the most secluded spot I ever met with, and therefore favorable to literary labor. We had not a single visitor or caller while we were there."

"Dec. 1st.—I finished the Romance some weeks ago. By Fields' advice, I have given the book the title of *The Romance of Monte Beni,* but Smith Elder, and Co. thought it not a captivating title. Their choice need not govern yours; I should like to call it *St. Hilda's Shrine.* . . . Smith and Elder are determined to take a title out of their own heads—*'Transformation'!* I beseech you not to be influenced by their bad example. Call it *The Marble Faun.* If you are in any doubt about it, ask Whipple to read the book and choose or make a title for it,—but do not let it be *Transformation.*"

In July, 1860, Hawthorne returned to America, and settled in the old house in Concord. There were still four years of life before him, but his literary work was nearly done. The civil war and the illness of his elder daughter sapped his powers. "I doubt," he says, in 1861, "whether I shall ever again be so well as I used to be in England. If I had established myself by the seashore instead of in this inland town, it might have been better. It is folly for a mortal man to do anything more than to pitch a tent. I wish they would push on the war a little more briskly. The excitement had an invigorating effect on me for a time; but it begins to lose its influence. But it is rather unreasonable to wish my countrymen to kill one another for the sake of refreshing my palled spirits; so I shall pray for peace."

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The Bitter Cup

BY CHARLES B. DE CAMP

CLARA LEEDS sat by the open window of her sitting-room with her fancy work. Her hair was done up in an irreproachable style, and her finger-nails were carefully manicured and pink like little shells. She had a slender waist, and looked down at it from time to time with satisfied eyes. At the back of her collar was a little burst of chiffon; for chiffon so arranged was the fashion. She cast idle glances at the prospect from the window. It was not an alluring one—a row of brick houses with an annoying irregularity of open and closed shutters.

There was the quiet rumble of a carriage in the street, and Clara Leeds leaned forward, her eyes following the vehicle until to look further would have necessitated leaning out of the window. There were two women in the carriage, both young and soberly dressed. To certain eyes they might have appeared out of place in a carriage, and yet, somehow, it was obvious that it was their own. Clara Leeds resumed her work, making quick, jerky stitches.

"Clara Leeds," she murmured, as if irritated. She frowned and then sighed. "If only—if only it was something else; if it only had two syllables. . . ." She put aside her work and went and stood before the mirror of her dresser. She looked long at her face. It was fresh and pretty, and her blue eyes, in spite of their unhappy look, were clear and shining. She fingered a strand of hair, and then cast critical sidelong glances at her profile. She smoothed her waist-line with a movement peculiar to women. Then she tilted the glass and regarded the reflection from head to foot.

"Oh, what is it?" she demanded, distressed, of herself in the glass. She took up her work again.

"They don't seem to care how they look and . . . they do wear shabby gloves and shoes." So her thoughts ran. "But they are the Rockwoods and they don't have to care. It must be so easy for them; they only have to visit the Day Nursery, and the Home for Incurables, and some old, poor, sick people. They never have to meet them and ask them to dinner. They just say a few words and leave some money or things in a nice way, and they can go home and do what they please." Clara Leeds's eyes rested unseeingly on the house opposite. "It must be nice to have a rector . . . he is such an intellectual-looking man, so quiet and dignified; just the way a minister should be, instead of like Mr. Copple, who tries to be jolly and get up sociables and parlor meetings." There were tears in the girl's eyes.

A tea-bell rang, and Clara went downstairs to eat dinner with her father. He had just come in and was putting on a short linen coat. Clara's mother was dead. She was the only child at home, and kept house for her father.

"I suppose you are all ready for the lawn-tennis match this afternoon?" said Mr. Leeds to his daughter. "Mr. Copple said you were going to play with him. My! that young man is up to date. Think of a preacher getting up a lawn-tennis club! Why, when I was a young man that would have shocked people out of their boots. But it's broad-minded, it's broad-minded," with a wave of the hand. "I like to see a man with ideas, and if lawn-tennis will help to keep our boys out of sin's pathway, why, then, lawn-tennis is a strong, worthy means of doing the Lord's work."

"Yes," said Clara. "Did Mr. Copple say he would call for me? It isn't necessary."

"Oh yes, yes," said her father; "he said to tell you he would be around here at two o'clock. I guess I'll have to go over myself and see part of the athletics. We older folks ain't quite up to taking a hand in the game, but we can give

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Copple our support by looking in on you and cheering on the good work."

After dinner Mr. Leeds changed the linen coat for a cutaway and started back to his business. Clara went up-stairs and put on a short skirt and tennis shoes. She again surveyed herself in the mirror. The skirt certainly hung just like the model. She sighed and got out her tennis-racquet. Then she sat down and read in a book of poems that she was very fond of.

At two o'clock the bell jangled, and Clara opened the door for Mr. Copple herself. The clergyman was of slight build, and had let the hair in front of his ears grow down a little way on his cheeks. He wore a blue yachting-cap, and white duck trousers which were rolled up and displayed a good deal of red and black sock. For a moment Clara imaged a clear-cut face with grave eyes above a length of clerical waistcoat, on which gleamed a tiny gold cross suspended from a black cord.

"I guess we might as well go over," she said. "I'm all ready."

The clergyman insisted on carrying Clara's racquet. "You are looking very well," he said, somewhat timidly, but with admiring eyes. "But perhaps you don't feel as much like playing as you look."

"Oh yes, I do indeed," replied Clara, inwardly resenting the solicitude in his tone.

They set out, and the clergyman appeared to shake his mind free of a preoccupation.

"I hope all the boys will be around," he said, with something of anxiety. "They need the exercise. All young, active fellows ought to have it. I spoke to Mr. Goodloe and Mr. Sharp and urged them to let Tom and Fred Martin off this afternoon. I think they will do it. Ralph Carpenter, I'm afraid, can't get away from the freight-office, but I am in hopes that Mr. Stiggins can take his place. He hasn't played much, though. Did you know that Mrs. Thompson has promised to donate some lemonade?"

"That's very nice," said Clara. "It's a lovely day for the match." She was thinking, "What short steps he takes!"

After some silent walking the clergyman said: "I don't believe you know, Miss Leeds, how much I appreciate your taking part in these tennis matches. Somehow I feel that it is asking a great deal of you, for I know that you have—er—so many interests of your own—that is, you are different in many ways from most of our people. I want you to know that I am grateful for the influence—your cooperation, you know—"

"Please, Mr. Copple, don't mention it," said Clara, hurriedly. "I haven't so many interests as you imagine, and I am not any different from the rest of the people. Not at all." If there was any hardness in the girl's tone the clergyman did not appear to notice it. They had reached their destination.

The tennis-court was on the main street just beyond the end of the business section. It was laid out on a vacant lot between two brick houses. A wooden sign to one side of the court announced, "First ——— Church Tennis Club." When Clara and Mr. Copple arrived at the court there were a number of young people gathered in the lot. Most of them had tennis-racquets, those of the girls being decorated with bows of yellow, black, and lavender ribbon. Mr. Copple shook hands with everybody, and ran over the court several times, testing the consistency of the earth.

"Everything is capital!" he cried.

Clara Leeds bowed to the others, shaking hands with only one or two. They appeared to be afraid of her. The finals in the men's singles were between Mr. Copple and Elbert Dunklethorn, who was called "Ellie." He wore a very high collar, and as his shoes had heels, he ran about the court on his toes.

Clara, watching him, recalled her father's words at dinner. "How will this save that boy from sin's pathway?" she thought. She regarded the clergyman; she recognized his zeal. But why, why must she be a part of this—what was it?—this system of saving people and this kind of people? If she could only go and be good to poor and unfortunate people whom she wouldn't have to know. Clara glanced toward the street. "I hope they won't come past," she said to herself.

The set in which Clara and the clergyman were partners was the most exciting of the afternoon. The space on either side of the court was quite filled with

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spectators. Some of the older people who had come with the lengthening shadows sat on chairs brought from the kitchens of the adjoining houses. Among them was Mr. Leeds, his face animated. Whenever a ball went very high up or very far down the lot, he cried, "Hooray!" Clara was at the net facing the street, when the carriage she had observed in the morning stopped in view, and the two soberly dressed women leaned forward to watch the play. Clara felt her face burn, and when they cried "game," she could not remember whether the clergyman and she had won it or lost it. She was chiefly conscious of her father's loud "hoorays." With the end of the play the carriage was driven on.

Shortly before supper-time that evening Clara went to the drug-store to buy some stamps. One of the Misses Rockwood was standing by the show-case waiting for the clerk to wrap up a bottle. Clara noted the scantily trimmed hat and the scuffed gloves. She nodded in response to Miss Rockwood's bow. They had met but once.

"That was a glorious game of tennis you were having this afternoon," said Miss Rockwood, with a warm smile. "My sister and I should like to have seen more of it. You all seemed to be having such a good time."

"*You all—*"

Clara fumbled her change. "It's—it's good exercise," she said. That night she cried herself to sleep.

II

The rector married the younger Miss Rockwood. To Clara Leeds the match afforded painfully pleasurable feeling. It was so eminently fitting; and yet it was hard to believe that any man could see anything in Miss Rockwood. His courtship had been in keeping with the man, dignified and yet bold. Clara had met them several times together. She always hurried past. The rector bowed quietly. He seemed to say to all the world, "I have chosen me a woman." His manner defied gossip; there was none that Clara heard. This immunity of theirs distilled the more bitterness in her heart because gossip was now at the heels of her and Mr. Copple, following them as chickens do the feed-box. She knew it from such transmissions as, "But doubtless Mr. Copple has already told you," or, "You ought to know, if any one does."

It had been some time apparent to Clara that the minister held her in a different regard from the other members of his congregation. His talks with her were more personal; his manner was bashfully eager. He sought to present the congeniality of their minds. Mr. Copple had a nice taste in poetry, but somehow Clara, in after-reading, skipped those poems that he had read aloud to her. On several occasions she knew that a declaration was imminent. She extricated herself with a feeling of unspeakable relief. It would not be a simple matter to refuse him. Their relations had been peculiar, and to tell him that she did not love him would not suffice in bringing them to an end. Mr. Copple was odious to her. She could not have explained why clearly, yet she knew. And she would have blushed in the attempt to explain why; it would have revealed a detestation of her lot. Clara had lately discovered the meaning of the word "plebeian"; more, she believed she comprehended its applicableness. The word was a burr in her thoughts. Mr. Copple was the personification of the word. Clara had not repulsed him. You do not do that sort of thing in a small town. She knew intuitively that the clergyman would not be satisfied with the statement that he was not loved. She also knew that he would extract part, at least, of the real reason from her. It is more painful for a lover to learn that he is not liked than that he is not loved. Clara did not wish to cause him pain.

She was spared the necessity. The minister fell from a scaffolding on the new church and was picked up dead.

Clara's position was pitiful. Sudden death does not grow less shocking because of its frequency. Clara shared the common shock, but not the common grief. Fortunately, as hers was supposed to be a peculiar grief, she could manifest it in a peculiar way. She chose silence. The shock had bereft her of much thought. Death had laid a hand over the mouth of her mind. But deep down a feeling of relief swam in her heart. She gave it no welcome, but it would take no dismissal.

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About a week after the funeral, Clara, who walked out much alone, was returning home near the outskirts of town. The houses were far apart, and between them stretched deep lots fringed with flowered weeds man-high. A level sun shot long golden needles through the blanched maple-trees, and the street beneath them was filled with lemon-colored light. The roll of a light vehicle approaching from behind grew distinct enough to attract Clara's attention. "It is Mrs. Custer coming back from the Poor Farm," she thought. It was Mrs. Everett Custer, who was formerly the younger Miss Rockwood, and she was coming from the Poor Farm. The phaeton came into Clara's sight beside her at the curb. As she remarked it, Mrs. Custer said, in her thin, sympathetic voice, "Miss Leeds, won't you drive with me back to town? I wish you would."

An excuse rose instinctively to Clara's lips. She was walking for exercise. But suddenly a thought came to her, and after a moment's hesitation, she said: "You are very kind. I am a little tired." She got into the phaeton, and the sober horse resumed his trot down the yellow street.

Clara's thought was: "Why shouldn't I accept? She is too well bred to sympathize with me, and perhaps, now that I am free, I can get to know her and show her that I am not just the same as all the rest, and perhaps I'll get to going with her sort of people."

She listened to the rhythm of the horse's hoof-beats, and was not a little uneasy. Mrs. Custer remarked the beauty of the late afternoon, the glorious symphonies of color in sky and tree, in response to which Clara said, "Yes, indeed," and, "Isn't it?" between long breaths. She was about to essay a question concerning the Poor Farm, when Mrs. Custer began to speak, at first faltering, in a tone that sent the blood out of Clara's face and drew a sudden catching pain down her breast.

"I—really, Miss Leeds, I want to say something to you and I don't quite know how to say it, and yet it is something I want very much for you to know." Mrs. Custer's eyes looked the embarrassment of unencouraged frankness. "I know it is presumptuous for me, almost a stranger, to speak to you, but I feel so deeply on the matter—Everett—Mr. Custer feels so deeply— My dear Miss Leeds, I want you to know what a grief his loss was to us. Oh, believe me, I am not trying to sympathize with you. I have no right to do that. But if you could know how Mr. Custer always regarded Mr. Copple! It might mean something to you to know that. I don't think there was a man for whom he expressed greater admiration—than what, I mean, he expressed to me. He saw in him all that he lacked himself. I am telling you a great deal. It is difficult for my husband to go among men in that way—in the way *he* did. And yet he firmly believes that the Kingdom of God can only be brought to men by the ministers of God going among them and being of them. He envied Mr. Copple his ability to do that, to know his people as one of them, to take part in their—their sports and all that. You don't know how he envied him and admired him. And his admiration was my admiration. He brought me to see it. I envied you, too—your opportunity to help your people in an intimate, real way which seemed so much better than mine. I don't know why it is my way, but I mean going about as I do, as I did to-day to the Poor Farm. It seems so perfunctory.

"Don't misunderstand me, Miss Leeds," and Mrs. Custer laid a hand on Clara's arm. "There is no reason why you should care what Mr. Custer and I think about your—about our—all our very great loss. But I felt that it must be some comfort for you to know that we, my husband and I, who might seem indifferent — not that — say unaffected by what has happened,—feel it very, very deeply; and to know that his life, which I can't conceive of as finished, has left a deep, deep print on ours."

The phaeton was rolling through frequented streets. It turned a corner as Mrs. Custer ceased speaking.

"I—I must get out here," said Clara Leeds. "You needn't drive me. It is only a block to walk."

"Miss Leeds, forgive me—" Mrs. Custer's lips trembled with compassion.

"Oh, there isn't anything—it isn't that—good night." Clara backed down to the street and hurried off through the dusk. And as she went tears dropped slowly to her cheeks—cold, wretched tears.

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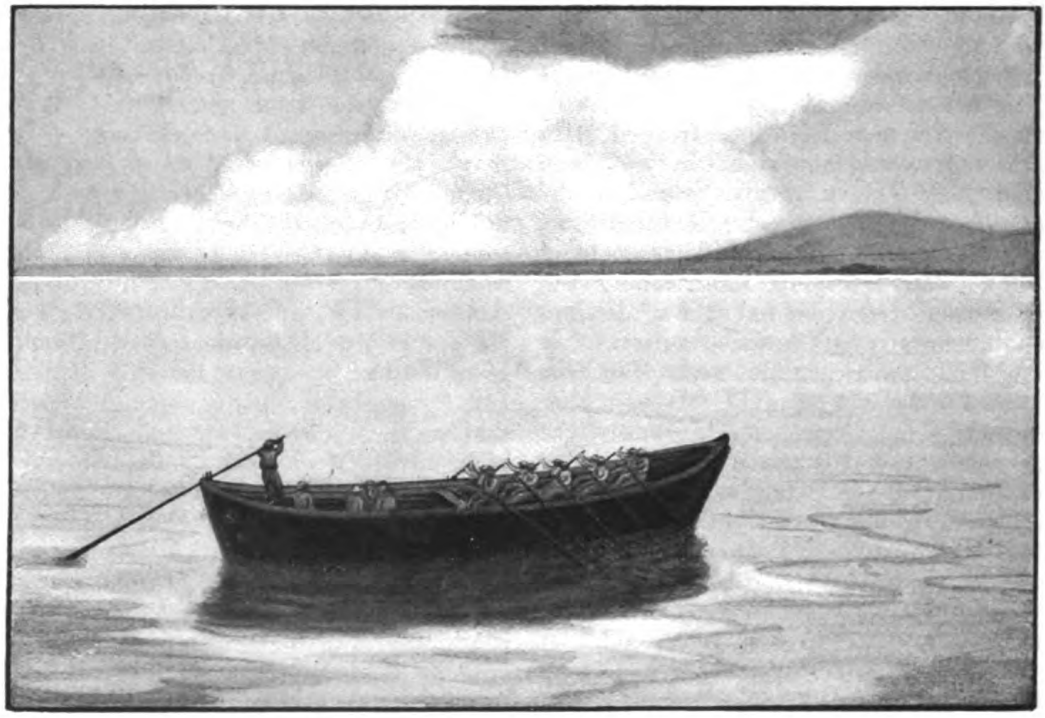

GOING ASHORE FROM THE STEAMER—OFF QUILCA

Crossing a South-American Desert

BY CHARLES JOHNSON POST

THERE were three of us—Beard (civil engineer), myself, and Agamemnon (our servant)—bound for a certain unmapped and unexplored portion of Bolivia.

Our route lay from Quilca, in Peru, across the one hundred miles of rainless desert that stretches along the whole west coast of South America; then we were to make a connection with the mail-train that crawled twice a week over this desert to Arequipa.

The stand-by bell of the *Limari* tinkled from her engine-room, our baggage and freight were safely stowed in the wallowing Peruvian lanchas alongside, and the Bolivian mail followed. The Captain of the Port and the Inspector of Customs balanced down the swaying gangway and dropped into the gig alongside. We followed.

Before us stretched the long, barren line of rocky coast, fading away in the soft mist of a Peruvian winter. For it is winter here, damp and chill, in September. Directly ahead is a narrow, ragged break in the cliffs. Inside is Quilca, the side door to La Paz.

We cross the barrier of half-concealed rock before us, and soon we are in the smooth waters of the cañon beyond. On either side the red volcanic bluffs rise for perhaps two hundred feet, their faces scarred and seamed or beaten into grotesque forms by the Pacific of ages past. Up this defile we rowed for several hundred yards, then we rounded a ragged promontory, and the full glories of the metropolis of Quilca burst upon us. A broken flight of steps led from the water, and, back of it all, two thin straggling lines of woven-cane huts bounded the solitary street. Two houses, more dismally pretentious than the rest, with mud walls and corrugated-iron roofs, marked the

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local seat of government. In the distance rose the red volcanic hills, dull, flat, and shadowless under the clouded sky of the tropical winter.

We had cabled from Lima for horses and a pack-train to meet us and bring us over the desert to San José, where we could get the train to the interior.

The morning after our arrival we were awakened by the clatter of the pack-mules as they passed our quarters, and the "Hola, hola! Huish, huish!" of their arrieros. It was our train.

In the middle of the lone street the arrieros were busy lashing our smaller packages in rawhide nets. Scattered about in the sand were the larger cases of freight—prospecting machinery and mining hardware—amounting to a little over a ton in weight; and still under the guard of Agamemnon in our quarters of the night was the personal equipment—trunks, instruments, rifles, shotguns, cartridges and powder and shot—making nineteen hundred pounds more. And blocking the only thoroughfare of Quilca were the twelve pack-mules—long-haired, disconsolate animals, with pepper-and-salt complexions, save where patches of bare hide showed the chafing of the pack-ropes. They looked as though our own regulation army load of one hundred and sixty pounds per mule would be far too great. And they were to divide four thousand pounds among them.

It was eleven o'clock in the forenoon when the last diamond-hitch was thrown and the last pack lashed in place. The arrieros swung their long, knotted rawhide thongs, the saddle-galled bell-mare clanged as she led the way, and we climbed into our saddles and fell in behind the straggling mules as they led the way up the dismal street and out into the desert.

The trail rose sharply as it left Quilca, and then wound around to the right, where it joined the old desert road used by the Spaniards after their conquest, and for centuries before that by the Incas in their barter with the coast. On each side rose white walls of rotten rock, higher than our heads as we rode by, the path between them worn down by plodding hoofs for untold ages. Upon this path the rock was ground to a fine white powder that rose in clouds and covered us until we looked ahead as through the mists of a fog. Vaguely, over the walls, the ragged volcanic hills silhouetted against the sky.

We kept on ascending between these winding walls, at length emerging on a narrow table-land—the top of the cliffs we had seen from the decks of the *Limari*. A short distance over the level ground, and then from the farther edge we looked down on the flat, stony bottom of the Vitor Valley—a ragged gorge that wound a tortuous course through the desert. A narrow trail with short, sharp angles zigzagged down a steep gully to the bottom. The mules carefully picked their way down among the loose stones, halting inquiringly at times to choose perhaps a shorter cut. If it seemed to their instinct feasible, they gathered their hind legs under them, their front hoofs sticking stiffly out in front, and slid down on their bellies, in a cloud of dust, and carrying with them a small avalanche of loose shale as they landed in a section of the trail below. You sit back in your saddle—all saddles in these parts have cruppers and breastplates to prevent your sliding over the animal's ears as you go down or slipping off behind as you go up a mountain path—and as you watch the tossing line of packs below, the speculation forces itself as to the consequences of a mule's misstep. That it is not all idle speculation is shown by the scattered skeletons below in the valley, bleached to varying degrees of dull white.

We do not descend to the pavement of river-washed stones on the bed of the valley. Twenty yards above, the trail leads abruptly off to the left into a narrow ditch worn in the face of the cliff, which in places has been scooped out to allow for the width of the packs, leaving an insecure overhang of rock above.

For miles we followed the contour of the valley, clinging to the steep slopes and the sides of the cliffs that hedged it in. Then down a clayey bank the trail started diagonally across the bottom of the valley to the farther side. Occasionally we would come suddenly on a little clearing where two or three Indians, grisly through the ashen grime, were burning charcoal — little twigs scarcely bigger than one's finger. We came out at the farther side of the

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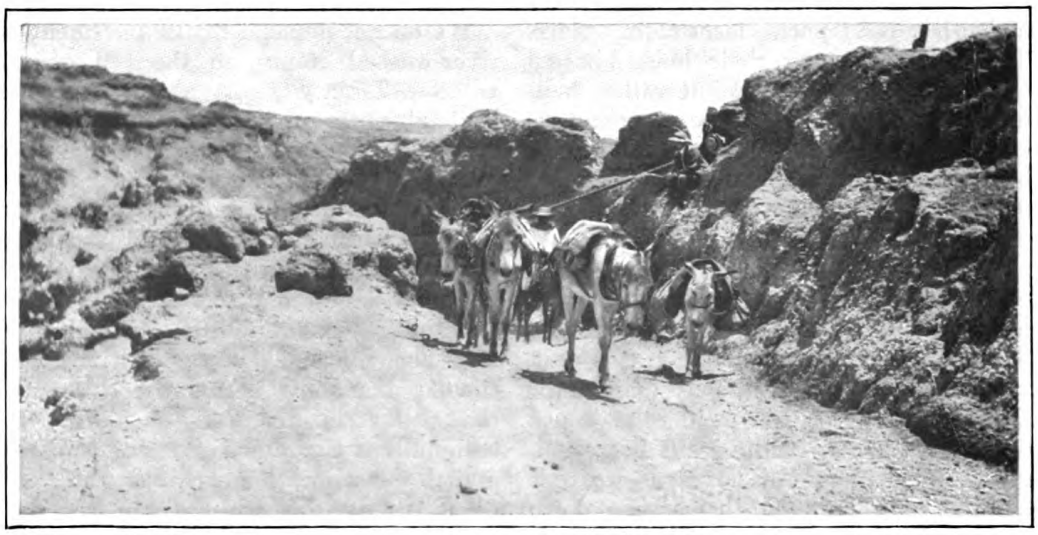
valley against the cliffs of the mesa beyond. On the little stony flat before them, three straggling huts of woven cane with thatched roofs of barley straw marked a lonely hacienda. A few dirty Indians and their slatternly wives lounged about. A short distance beyond, the trail led over the steep talus at the base of the cliffs; then on up through a narrow wedge-shaped crevice that wound back and forth in short ascending turns, till it disappeared over the edge of the mesa a thousand feet above. For miles on either side it was the only break in the cliff; and as we looked at the stiff prospect ahead of us, the rocky descent of a few hours before seemed like gentle morning exercise in the Park.

For a short distance the trail ran straight up over the loose shale; then the real ascent began. Ten yards to the right, then ten to the left, and steeper with each change. The mules humped their backs and scratched along on the toe of the hoof, choosing their foothold with the nice precision of a cat crossing a sprinkled street. Two turns to the right, then two to the left; then a rest of half a minute, when without urging they would recommence the ascent. Slowly and tediously we climbed, and finally rode out on a broad, level plateau that stretched away and merged with the desert hills of the distance. Below us toiled our pack-train, tediously weaving back and forth on the zigzag trail. As each section reached the level ground, the arriero dismounted and went among his animals, talking mule-talk, and easing loads to a better balance or tightening the stretched cinches. All the unkempt, hairy sides were heaving with heavy breaths. A few lay down—a bad sign in a pack-animal. But in twenty minutes every mule was apparently as fresh as ever, wandering about and foraging on the stiff, wiry bunch-grass of the arid soil. And when we started they stepped off easily under their loads, with their long ears briskly flapping. The two small arrieros left us here and returned to Quilca, for the chief difficulties were passed, and the rest was but persistent plodding over the desert to San José.

The trail over the plateau had been worn in parallel furrows like the thin strip of a newly ploughed field. Each mule chose his furrow and insistently walked there, resenting the effort of any of the others to get in ahead of him. When a collision occurred you could hear the rattle of nail-kegs and the clatter of shovels, picks, and hardware a half-mile off as they butted and shoved for the right of way. Our two remaining arrieros rode in the rear, muffled in their gaudy woollen ponchos. Occasionally a lean arm would shoot out from under its folds and the knotted thong bite the flank



ON THE DESERT TRAIL NEAR QUILCA
Showing pathway worn through the decomposing rock

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THE MISSION CHURCH OF THE DESERT
From a sketch by Mr. Post

of some lagging mule. These mule-drivers' thongs are long, braided strips of rawhide spliced into the curb-rein—they use no snaffle—ending in a heavy knot. Its twelve or fourteen feet lie coiled in the bridle-hand until called into service. Then with a twist of the wrist it feeds rapidly out through the right hand, humming like a sawmill as it circles round his head, and landing with a thwack that generally corrects the indisposition for which it is intended. Often the arrieros imitate its vicious hum, and it will frequently prove sufficient.

The trail was distinct enough—there was no fear of wandering away from it—a slender ditch worn in the bed of the arroyo. Here and there a ragged little hole dug in the soft walls of white rock marked the lonely home of some desert badger; and again we would ride past whole colonies of them. In these badger villages the holes fairly honeycombed the sides of the trail and the bluff walls of the arroyos, and the shuffling claw-marks of the badger trails scarred the dust in all directions. There were no other signs of life; not even the scaly windings of a lizard were to be seen, and the sparse patches of bunch-grass had long since disappeared.

Mile after mile we pushed up these narrow valleys. The badger-holes disappeared, and strange desert growths began to appear from time to time. As we had ascended, the clouds had seemed to lower, and now we could see on either hand the light mists floating about us.

One more steep loomed ahead. We pushed through the damp strata of mists clinging to its sides, and came out on the flat land above in the long level rays of the setting sun. Below us, over the clouds, it cast its cold, blue shadows

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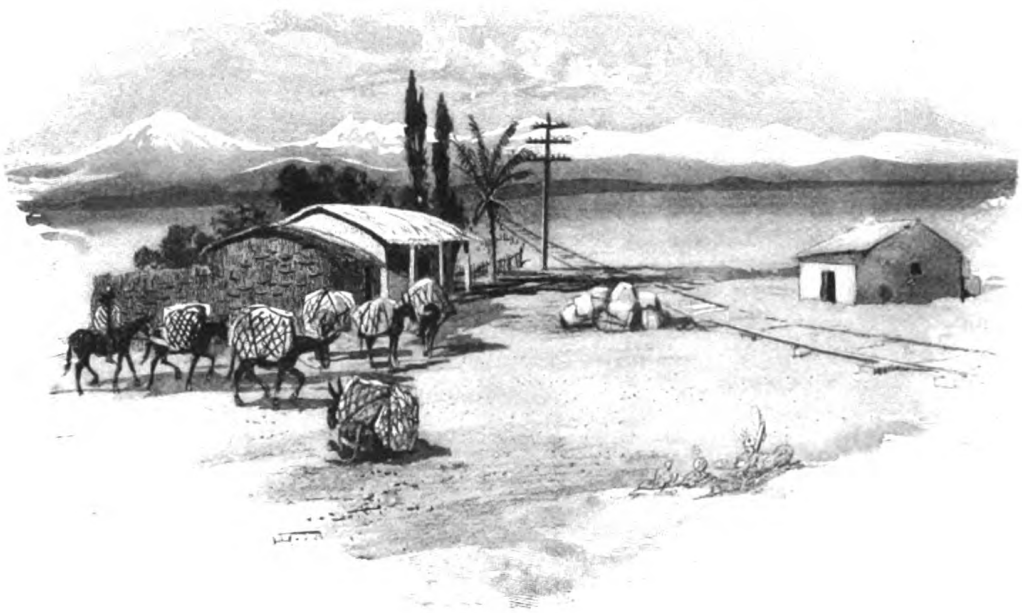

SAN JOSÉ, PERU
From a sketch by Mr. Post

and sparkling high lights, transforming those shifting, unstable vapors into rippling waves of golden foam. To the east the whole desert glowed with color. The long furrows of the trail wove themselves in patterns of orange and purple. Rolling shadows, rich in their changing violets, faded slowly and softly away in the horizon or lost themselves among the ragged mountains that stretched away to the left. Gorgeous reds and scarlets, madders, oranges, crimsons—every brilliant color of the palette—spread in glowing masses, changing with each minute of the dying day. The saddle-stiffness, cracked lips, and parched throat, dry with the alkaline dust, were forgotten—even the dismal clank of the bell-mare slowly toiling in the lead mellowed to a far-off chime—and in those few brief moments of the vanishing day we felt the subtle desert spell.

The shadows grew colder, and merged one into another; the desert dimmed, a few stars glistened, and, as though a door had closed behind us, we passed into the night. Twilight is short in the tropics. Down by the horizon on our right the Southern Cross slowly lighted up—four straggling points of light that feebly struggled with the blazing stars about them. We closed in behind the swaying shadow of the mules, from which came the subdued rattle of packs and creaking cinches, that were the only sounds to disturb the dark stillness. It was but a little way now; in another hour we would be in camp.

Out of the shadow ahead came the clash of picks and shovels, the rattle of a load as it struck the sand, and the swaying shades of the mules divided around a black mass stretched on the trail. It was the first note of exhaustion. For twelve hours the mules had plodded at the same steady gait, rested only by the halt on the cliff, miles back, and the wonder of it was that, with their loads, none had dropped before. As we rode up we could see against the faint starlit ground the sprawling silhouette of the beast, lying as he fell, the long, expressive ears limp on the desert sand. The arrieros dismounted and pried him on his feet again, and patiently he hit the trail. In the next half-hour four

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more went down. At one time half our mules were down, and we strung out over the desert for two miles picking them up.

A few minutes later we swung off to the right, stumbling through a series of broken ditches—the remains of the old Inca irrigation systems that ran for miles back into the Andes. Then we dropped down steep winding paths, our shoulders scraping against walls of sand as we turned to the right or left around the corners. The mules apparently understood that a camp was not far ahead, and seemed fresher. Soon we rode out on a flat, sitting straight in our saddles once more, with the hard rattle of stones underfoot and the cool wet sound of running water just ahead. Then the noiseless, padded ground of a corral, and the mules lay down and we climbed out of our saddles. It was the camp at last.

A dried old Indian appeared from somewhere, and by the light of his tallow dip I made out the time—half past three in the morning. We had come seventy-six miles without water or rest.

At a little after six we were awake. The sun was rising above the cliffs that lined the valley, though the chill of the night air still lingered. Coffee awaited us in the openwork cane hut of the Indian proprietor of this hacienda, and as soon as we finished it we would start. In the daylight we could see that we were in a broad level valley. Through the centre of the valley ran a brook —a portion of the same Vitor River of the day before, but now dwindled to a tiny thread. About us clustered a few buildings with low walls of broken stone from some Inca ruin. A short distance off was the mission church of the desert, announced by a cross of two twigs tied with a strip of rawhide and surmounting an excrescence of broken stones evidently intended as a steeple. We drank the thick, black coffee, for which the Indian refused both money and presents, and at seven o'clock we started.

It was all white sand now, and everywhere the same hot, white glare hedged us in. There was not a breath of air, and as the sun rose higher it beat down with a constantly growing heat. Then once more out on the flat desert above. For endless miles it stretched, quivering in the heated air of the morning. Away down in the east the long line of the ragged, snow-covered Andes loomed up, their summits thrust through the low banks of clouds along the horizon. All signs of a trail had disappeared. The little furrows left by the passing pack-trains were filled in by the hot desert winds that blow always from the west. It is the unvarying steadiness of these winds that causes the curious crescent-shaped dunes of sand found on this desert. There were thousands of these shimmering in the long distances of the heated glare, from little ones just blown into existence and not six inches from tip to tip up to great banks forty feet high and with two hundred feet between the horns. Superheated puffs of air blew from them that struck like a breath from the first run of molten slag. The heat crept between your closed teeth and dried your tongue. When you spoke it was from the throat, and the words seemed to shrivel in your mouth.

For twenty miles we plodded over the scorching glare, and then, far ahead, a small dark patch appeared. Slowly it developed and became a dull, dusty green—scraggly palms and a few peach-trees; then a railroad station with a hot galvanized-iron roof. It was San José.

In the half-hour to train-time our saddles were off and stored, the baggage and freight separated and shipped, and we ourselves stretched comfortably in the shade of the agent's thatched porch. The Arequipa train backed in, and the agent and conductor loaded the one box car, and we followed our outfit in. Through every turn, in every valley as it opened up, were the ruins of the old Inca days—mouldering scenes of ancient greatness—all the way to Arequipa.

From here we strike into the uncharted interior, and it will be many months before we see even such crude civilization as we are leaving to-day.

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The Sphyx

A TRAVESTY IN TWO PARTS

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

PART II

III

IT was on Sunday when I awoke to the realization that I had quitted civilization and was afloat on an unfamiliar body of water in an open boat containing—

1 light steel cage,
1 rifle and ammunition,
1 stenographer,
3 oz. rosium oxyde,
1 hound-dog,
2 valises,

and—a playful wave slopped over the bow and I lost count; but the pretty stenographer made the inventory, while I resumed the oars, and the dog punctured the primeval silence with staccato yelps.

A few minutes later everything and everybody was accounted for; the sky was blue and the palms waved, and several species of dicky-birds tuned up as I pulled with powerful strokes out into the sunny waters of Little Sprite Lake, now within a few miles of my journey's end.

From ponds hidden in the marshes herons rose in lazily laborious flight, flapping low across the water; high in the cypress yellow-eyed ospreys bent crested heads to watch our progress; sun-baked alligators, lying heavily in the shoreward sedge, slid open glassy eyes as we passed.

"Even the 'gators make eyes at you," I said, resting on my oars.

We were on terms of badinage.

"Who was it who shed crocodile tears at the prospect of shipping me North?" she inquired.

"Speaking of tears," I observed, "somebody is likely to shed a number when Professor Farrago is picked up."

"Pooh!" she said, and snapped her pretty, sun-tanned fingers; and I resumed the oars in time to avoid shipwreck on a large mud bar.

She reclined in the stern, serenely occupied with the view, now and then caressing the discouraged dog, now and then patting her hair where the wind had loosened a bright strand.

"If Professor Farrago didn't expect a woman stenographer," she said, abruptly, "why did he instruct you to bring a complete outfit of woman's clothing?"

"I don't know," I said, tartly.

"But you bought them. Are they for a young woman or an old woman?"

"I don't know; I sent a messenger to a department store. I don't know what he bought."

"Didn't you look them over?"

"No. Why? I should have been no wiser. I fancy they're all right because the bill was eighteen hundred dollars—"

The pretty stenographer sat up abruptly.

"Is that much?" I asked, uneasily. "I've always heard women's clothing was expensive. Wasn't it enough? I told the boy to order the best;—Professor Farrago always requires the very best scientific instruments, and—I listed the clothes as scientific accessories—that being the object of this expedition— *What* are you laughing at?"

When it pleased her to recover her gravity she announced her desire to inspect and repack the clothing; but I refused.

"They're for Professor Farrago," I said. "I don't know what he wants of them. I don't suppose he intends to wear 'em and caper about the jungle, but they're his. I got them because he told me to. I bought a cage, too, to fit myself, but I don't suppose he means to put me in it. Perhaps," I added, "he may invite you into it."

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"Let me refold the gowns," she pleaded, persuasively. "What does a clumsy man know about packing such clothing as that? If you don't, they'll be ruined. It's a shame to drag those boxes about through mud and water!"

So we made a landing, and lifted out and unlocked the boxes. All I could see inside were mounds of lace and ribbons, and with a vague idea that Miss Barrison needed no assistance I returned to the boat and sat down to smoke until she was ready.

When she summoned me her face was flushed and her eyes bright.

"Those are certainly the most beautiful things!" she said, softly. "Why, it is like a bride's trousseau,—absolutely complete,—all except the bridal gown—"

"Isn't there a dress there?" I exclaimed, in alarm.

"No,—not a day-dress."

"Night-dresses!" I shrieked. "He doesn't want women's night-dresses! He's a bachelor! Good heavens! I've done it this time."

"But—but who is to wear them?" she asked.

"How do I know? I don't know anything; I can only presume that he doesn't intend to open a department store in the Everglades. And if any lady is to wear garments in his vicinity, I assume that those garments are to be anything except diaphanous! . . . Please take your seat in the boat, Miss Barrison. I want to row and think."

I had had my fill of exercise and thought, when about four o'clock in the afternoon Miss Barrison directed my attention to a point of palms jutting out into the water about a mile to the southward.

"That's Farrago!" I exclaimed, catching sight of a United States flag flying gayly from a bamboo pole. "Give me the megaphone, if you please."

She handed me the instrument; I hailed the shore; and presently a man appeared under the palms at the water's edge.

"Hello!" I roared, trying to inject cheerfulness into the hollow bellow. "How are you, Professor?"

The answer came distinctly across the water:

"*Who* is that with you?"

My lips were buried in the megaphone; I strove to speak; I only produced a ghastly, chuckling sound.

"Of course you expect to tell the truth," observed the pretty stenographer, quietly.

I removed my lips from the megaphone and looked around at her. She returned my gaze with a disturbing smile.

"I want to mitigate the blow," I said, hoarsely. "Tell me how."

"I'm sure I don't know," she said, sweetly.

"Well, *I* do!" I fairly barked, and seizing the megaphone again, I set it to my lips and roared, "My *fiancée!*"

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Miss Barrison, in consternation, "I thought you were going to tell the truth!"

"Don't do that or you'll upset us," I snarled;—"I am telling the truth; I've engaged myself to you; I did it mentally before I bellowed."

"But—"

"You know as well as I do what engagements mean," I said, picking up the oars and digging them deep in the blue water.

She assented uncertainly.

A few minutes more of vigorous rowing brought us to a muddy landing under a cluster of tall palmettos, where a gasoline launch lay. Professor Farrago came down to the shore as I landed, and I walked ahead to meet him. He was the maddest man I ever saw. But I was his match, for I was desperate.

"What the devil—" he began under his breath.

"Nonsense!" I said, deliberately. "An engaged woman is practically married already, because marriages are made in heaven."

"Good Lord!" he gasped, "are you mad, Gilland? I sent for a stenographer—"

"Miss Barrison is a stenographer," I said, calmly; and before he could recover I had presented him, and left them face to face, washing my hands of the whole affair.

Unloading the boat and carrying the luggage up under the palms, I heard her saying:

"No, I am not in the least afraid of snakes, and I am quite ready to begin my duties."

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And he: "Mr. Gilland is a young man who—er—lacks practical experience."

And she: "Mr. Gilland has been most thoughtful for my comfort. The journey has been perfectly heavenly."

And he, clumsily: "Ahem!—the—er—celestial aspect of your journey has —er—doubtless been colored by—er—the prospect of your — er — approaching nuptials—"

She, hastily: "Oh, I do not think so, Professor."

"Idiot!" I muttered, dragging the dog to the shore, where his yelps brought the professor hurrying.

"Is *that* the dog?" he inquired, adjusting his spectacles.

"That's the dog," I said. "He's full of points, you see?"

"Oh!" mused the professor; "I thought he was full of—" He hesitated, inspecting the animal, who, nose to the ground, stood investigating a smell of some sort.

"See!" I said, with enthusiasm, "he's found a scent; he's trailing it already! Now he's rolling on it!"

"He's rolling on one of our concentrated food lozenges," said the professor, dryly. "Tie him up, Mr. Gilland, and ask Mrs. Gilland to come up to camp. Your room is ready."

"Rooms," I corrected; "she isn't Mrs. Gilland yet," I added, with a forced smile.

"But you're practically married," observed the professor, "as you pointed out to me. And if she's practically Mrs. Gilland, why not say so?"

"Don't, all the same," I snarled.

"But marriages are made in—"

I cast a desperate eye upon him.

From that moment, whenever we were alone together, he made a target of me. I never had supposed him humorously vindictive; he was, and his apparently innocent mistakes almost turned my hair gray.

But to Miss Barrison he was kind and courteous, and for a time overserious. Observing him, I could never detect the slightest symptom of dislike for her sex—a failing which common rumor had always credited him with to the verge of absolute rudeness.

On the contrary, it was perfectly plain to anybody that he liked her. There was in his manner toward her a mixture of business formality and the deferential attitude of a gentleman.

We were seated, just before sunset, outside of the hut built of palmetto logs, when Professor Farrago, addressing us both, began the explanation of our future duties.

Miss Barrison, it appeared, was to note everything said by himself, making several shorthand copies by evening. In other words, she was to report every scrap of conversation she heard while in the Everglades. And she nodded intelligently as he finished, and drew pad and pencil from the pocket of her walking-skirt, jotting down his instructions as a beginning. I could see that he was pleased.

"The reason I do this," he said, "is because I do not wish to hide anything that transpires while we are on this expedition. Only the most scrupulously minute record can satisfy me; no details are too small to merit record; I demand and I court from my fellow scientists and from the public the fullest investigation."

He smiled slightly, turning toward me.

"You know, Mr. Gilland, how dangerous to the reputation of a scientific man is any line of investigation into the unusual. If a man once is even suspected of charlatanism, of sensationalism, of turning his attention to any phenomena not strictly within the proper pale of scientific investigation, that man is doomed to ridicule; his profession disowns him; he becomes a man without honor, without authority. Is it not so?"

"Yes," I said.

"Therefore," he resumed, thoughtfully, "as I do most firmly believe in the course I am now pursuing, whether I succeed or fail I desire a true and minute record made, hiding nothing of what may be said or done. A stenographer alone can give this to the world, while I can only supplement it with a description of events—if I live to transcribe them."

Sunk in profound reverie he sat there silent under the great, smooth palm-tree — a venerable figure in his yellow dressing-gown and carpet slippers. Seated side by side, we waited, a trifle awed. I could hear the soft breathing of the pretty stenographer beside me.

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"First of all," said Professor Farrago, looking up, "I must be able to trust those who are here to aid me."

"I—I will be faithful," said the girl, in a low voice.

"I do not doubt you, my child," he said; "nor you, Gilland. And so I am going to tell you this much now,—more, I hope, later."

And he sat up straight, lifting an impressive forefinger.

"Mr. Rowan, lately an officer of our Coast Survey, wrote me a letter from the Holland House in New York—a letter so strange that, on reading it, I immediately repaired to his hotel, where for hours we talked together.

"The result of that conference is this expedition.

"I have now been here two months, and I am satisfied of certain facts. First, there do exist in this unexplored wilderness certain forms of life which are solid and palpable to touch, but transparent and practically invisible. Second, these living creatures belong to the animal kingdom, are warm-blooded vertebrates, possess powers of locomotion, but whether that of flight I am not certain. Third, they appear to possess such senses as we enjoy—smell, touch, sight, hearing, and no doubt the sense of taste. Fourth, their skin is smooth to the touch, and the temperature of the epidermis appears to approximate that of a normal human being. Fifth and last, whether bipeds or quadrupeds I do not know, though all evidence appears to confirm my theory that they walk erect. One pair of their limbs appear to terminate in a sort of foot—like a delicately shaped human foot, except that there appear to be no toes. The other pair of limbs terminate in something that, from the single instance I experienced, seemed to resemble soft but firm antennæ, or perhaps digitated palpi—"

"Feelers!" I blurted out.

"I don't know, but I think so. Once, when I was standing in the forest, perfectly aware that creatures I could not see had stealthily surrounded me, the tension was brought to a crisis when over my face, from cheek to chin, stole a soft something, brushing the skin as delicately as a child's fingers might brush it."

"Good Lord!" I breathed.

A care-worn smile crept into his eyes. "A test for nerves, you think, Mr. Gilland? I agree with you. Nobody fears what anybody can see."

There came the slightest movement beside me.

"Are you trembling?" I asked, turning.

"I was writing," she replied, steadily. "Did my elbow touch you?"

"By the way," said Professor Farrago, "I fear I forgot to congratulate you upon your choice of a stenographer, Mr. Gilland."

A rosy light stole over her pale face.

"Am I to record that too?" she asked, raising her blue eyes.

"Certainly," he replied, gravely.

"But, Professor," I began, a prey to increasing excitement, "do you propose to attempt the capture of one of these animals?"

"That is what the cage is for," he said. "I supposed you had guessed that."

"I had," murmured the pretty stenographer.

"I do not doubt it," said Professor Farrago, gravely.

"What are the chemicals for—and the tank and hose attachment?"

"Think, Mr. Gilland."

"I can't; I'm almost stunned by what you tell me."

He laughed. "The rosium oxyde and salts of strontium are to be dumped into the tank together. They'll effervesce, of course."

"Of course," I muttered.

"And I can throw a rose-colored spray over any object by the hose attachment, can't I?"

"Yes."

"Well, I tried it on a transparent jellyfish and it became perfectly visible and of a beautiful rose-color; and I tried it on rock-crystal, and on glass, and on pure gelatine, and all became suffused with a delicate pink glow, which lasted for hours or minutes according to the substance. . . . Now you understand, don't you?"

"Yes; you want to see what sort of creature you have to deal with."

"Exactly; so when I've trapped it I am going to spray it." He turned half humorously toward the stenographer:

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"I fancy you understood long before Mr. Gilland did."

"I don't think so," she said, with a sidelong lifting of the heavy lashes; and I caught the color of her eyes for a second.

"You see how Miss Barrison spares your feelings," observed Professor Farrago, dryly. "She owes you little gratitude for bringing her here, yet she proves a generous victim."

"Oh, I am very grateful for this rarest of chances!" she said, shyly. "To be among the first in the world to discover such wonders ought to make me very grateful to the man who gave me the opportunity."

"Do you mean Mr. Gilland?" asked the professor, laughing.

I had never before seen Professor Farrago laugh such a care-free laugh; I had never suspected him of harboring even an embryo of the social graces. Dry as dust, sapless as steel, precise as the magnetic needle, he had hitherto been to me the mummified embodiment of science militant. Now, in the guise of a perfectly human and genial old gentleman, I scarcely recognized my superior of the Bronx Park Society. And as a woman-hater he was a miserable failure.

"Heavens!" I thought to myself, "am I becoming jealous of my revered professor's social success with a stray stenographer?" I felt mean, and I probably looked it, and I was glad that telepathy did not permit Miss Barrison to record my secret and unworthy ruminations.

The professor was saying: "These transparent creatures break off berries and fruits and branches; I have seen a flower, too, plucked from its stem by invisible digits and borne swiftly through the forest—only the flower visible, apparently speeding through the air and out of sight among the thickets.

"I have found the footprints that I described to you, usually on the edge of a stream or in the soft loam along some forest lake or lost lagoon.

"Again and again I have been conscious in the forest that unseen eyes were fixed on me, that unseen shapes were following me. Never but that one time did these invisible creatures close in around me and venture to touch me.

"They may be weak; their structure may be frail, and they may be incapable of violence or harm, but the depth of the footprints indicates a weight of at least one hundred and thirty pounds, and it certainly requires some muscular strength to break off a branch of wild guavas."

He bent his noble head, thoughtfully regarding the design on his slippers.

"What was the rifle for?" I asked.

"Defence, not aggression," he said, simply.

"And the camera?"

"A camera record is necessary in these days of bad artists."

I hesitated, glancing at Miss Barrison. She was still writing, her pretty head bent over the pad in her lap.

"And the clothing?" I asked, carelessly.

"Did you get it?" he demanded.

"Of course—" I glanced at Miss Barrison. "There's no use writing down everything, is there?"

"Everything must be recorded," said Professor Farrago, inflexibly. "What clothing did you buy?"

"I forgot the gown," I said, getting red about the ears.

"Forgot the gown!" he repeated.

"Yes—one kind of gown,—the day kind. I—I got the other kind."

He was annoyed; so was I. After a moment he got up, and crossing to the log cabin, opened one of the boxes of apparel.

"Is it what you wanted?" I inquired.

"Y—es, I presume so," he said, visibly perplexed.

"It's the best to be had," said I.

"That's quite right," he said, musingly. "We use only the best of everything at Bronx Park. It is traditional with us, you know."

Curiosity pushed me. "Well, what on earth is it for?" I broke out.

He looked at me gravely over the tops of his spectacles—a striking and inspiring figure in his yellow flannel dressing-gown and slippers.

"I shall tell you some day—perhaps," he said, mildly. "Good night, Miss Barrison; good night, Mr. Gilland. You will find extra blankets on your bunk—"

"What!" I cried.

"Bunks," he said, and shut the door.

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IV

"There is something weird about this whole proceeding," I observed to the pretty stenographer next morning.

"These pies will be weird if you don't stop talking to me," she said, opening the doors of Professor Farrago's portable camping-oven and peeping in at the fragrant pastry.

The professor had gone off somewhere into the woods early that morning. As he was not in the habit of talking to himself, the services of Miss Barrison were not required. Before he started, however, he came to her with a request for a dozen pies, the construction of which he asked if she understood. She had been to cooking-school in more prosperous days, and she mentioned it; so at his earnest solicitation she undertook to bake for him twelve apple pies; and she was now attempting it, assisted by advice from me.

"Are they burnt?" I asked, sniffing the air.

"No, they are not burnt, Mr. Gilland, but my finger is," she retorted, stepping back to examine the damage.

I offered sympathy and witch-hazel, but she would have none of my offerings, and presently returned to her pies.

"We can't eat all that pastry," I protested.

"Professor Farrago said they were not for us to eat," she said, dusting each pie with powdered sugar.

"Well, what are they for? The dog? Or are they simply objets d'art to adorn the shanty—"

"You annoy me," she said.

"The pies annoy me; won't you tell me what they're for?"

"I have a pretty fair idea what they're for," she observed, tossing her head. "Haven't you?"

"No. What?"

"These pies are for bait."

"To bait hooks with?" I exclaimed.

"Hooks! No, you silly man. They're for baiting the cage. He means to trap these transparent creatures in a cage baited with pie."

She laughed scornfully; inserted the burned tip of her finger in her mouth and stood looking at me defiantly like a flushed and bright-eyed schoolgirl.

"You think you're teasing me," she said; "but you do not realize what a singularly slow-minded young man you are."

I stopped laughing. "How did you come to the conclusion that pies were to be used for such a purpose?" I asked.

"I deduce," she observed, with an airy wave of the disengaged hand.

"Your deductions are weird — like everything else in this vicinity. Pies to catch invisible monsters? Pooh!"

"You're not particularly complimentary, are you?" she said.

"Not particularly; but I could be, with you for my inspiration. I could even be enthusiastic—"

"About my pies?"

"No—about your eyes."

"You are very frivolous—for a scientist," she said, scornfully; "please subdue your enthusiasm and bring me some wood. This fire is almost out."

When I had brought the wood, she presented me with a pail of hot water and pointed at the dishes on the breakfast table.

"Never!" I cried, revolted.

"Then I suppose I must do them—"

She looked pensively at her scorched finger-tip, and pursing up her red lips, blew a gentle breath to cool it.

"I'll do the dishes," I said.

Splashing and slushing the cups and saucers about in the hot water, I reflected upon the events of the last few days. The dog, stupefied by unwonted abundance of food, lay in the sunshine, sleeping the sleep of repletion; the pretty stenographer, all rosy from her culinary exertions, was removing the pies and setting them in neat rows to cool.

"There," she said, with a sigh; "now I will dry the dishes for you. . . . You didn't mention the fact, when you engaged me, that I was also expected to do general housework."

"I didn't engage you," I said, maliciously; "you engaged me, you know."

She regarded me disdainfully, nose uptilted.

"How thoroughly disagreeable you can be!" she said. "Dry your own dishes. I'm going for a stroll."

"May I join—"

"You may *not!* I shall go so far that you cannot possibly discover me."

I watched her forestward progress; she

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sauntered for about thirty yards along the lake and presently sat down in plain sight under a grand live-oak.

A few moments later I had completed my task as general bottle-washer, and I cast about for something to occupy me.

First I approached and politely caressed the satiated dog. He woke up, regarded me with dully meditative eyes, yawned and went to sleep again. Never a flop of tail to indicate gratitude for blandishments, never the faintest symptom of canine appreciation.

Chilled by my reception I moused about for a while, poking into boxes and bundles; then raised my head and inspected the landscape. Through the vista of trees the pink shirt-waist of the pretty stenographer glimmered like a rose blooming in the wilderness.

From whatever point I viewed the prospect that pink spot seemed to intrude; I turned my back and examined the jungle, but there it was repeated in a hundred pink blossoms among the massed thickets; I looked up into the tree-tops, where pink mosses spotted the palms; I looked out over the lake, and I saw it in my mind's eye pinker than ever.

"I'll go for a stroll too; it's a free country," I muttered.

After I had strolled in a complete circle I found myself within three feet of a pink shirt-waist.

"I beg your pardon," I said; "I had no inten—"

"I thought you were never coming," she said, amiably.

"How is your finger?" I asked.

She held it up. I took it gingerly; it was smooth and faintly rosy at the tip.

"Does it hurt?" I inquired.

"Dreadfully. Your hands feel so cool—"

After a silence she said, "Thank you; that has cooled the burning."

"I am determined," said I, "to expel the fire from your finger if it takes hours and hours." And I seated myself with that intention.

For a while she talked, making innocent observations concerning the tropical foliage surrounding us. Then silence crept in between us, accentuated by the brooding stillness of the forest.

"I am afraid your hands are growing tired," she said, considerately.

I denied it.

Through the vista of palms we could see the lake, blue as a violet, sparkling with silvery sunshine. In the intense quiet the splash of leaping mullet sounded distinctly.

Once a tall crane stalked into view among the sedges; once an unseen alligator shook the silence with his deep hollow roaring. Then the stillness of the wilderness grew more intense.

We had been sitting there for a long while without exchanging a word, dreamily watching the gentle ripple of the azure water, when all at once there came a scurrying patter of feet through the forest, and looking up, I beheld the hound-dog, tail between his legs, bearing down on us at lightning speed. I rose instantly.

"What is the matter with the dog?" cried the pretty stenographer. "Is he going mad, Mr. Gilland?"

"Something has scared him," I exclaimed, as the dog, eyes like lighted candles, rushed frantically between my legs and buried his head in Miss Barrison's lap.

"Poor doggy!" she said, smoothing the collapsed pup; "poor, p—oor little beast! Did anything scare him? Tell aunty all about it."

When a dog flees *without yelping* he's a badly frightened creature. I instinctively started back toward the camp whence the beast had fled, and before I had taken a dozen steps Miss Barrison was beside me, carrying the dog in her arms.

"I've an idea," she said, under her breath.

"What?" I asked, keeping my eyes on the camp.

"It's this: I'll wager that we find those pies gone!"

"Pies gone?" I repeated, perplexed; "what makes you think—"

"They *are* gone!" she exclaimed. "Look!"

For a moment I gaped stupidly at the rough pine table where the pies had stood in three neat rows of four each. And then, in a moment, the purport of this robbery flashed upon my senses.

"The transparent creatures!" I gasped.

"Hush!" she whispered, clinging to the trembling dog in her arms.

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Half-tone plate engraved by A. Lockhardt

"GOOD GRACIOUS! THE PIES!" FALTERED MISS BARRISON

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I listened. I could hear nothing, see nothing, yet slowly I became convinced of the presence of something unseen,—something in the forest close by, watching us out of invisible eyes.

A chill, settling along my spine, crept upward to my scalp, until every separate hair stirred to the roots. Miss Barrison was pale, but perfectly calm and self-possessed.

"Let us come indoors," I said, as steadily as I could.

"Very well," she replied.

I held the door open; she entered with the dog; I followed, closing and barring the door, and then took my station at the window, rifle in hand.

There was not a sound in the forest. Miss Barrison laid the dog on the floor and quietly picked up her pad and pencil. Presently she was deep in a report of the phenomena, her pencil flying, leaf after leaf from the pad fluttering to the floor.

Nor did I at the window change my position of scared alertness, until I was aware of her hand gently touching my elbow to attract my attention, and her soft voice at my ear—

"You don't suppose by any chance that the dog ate those pies?"

I collected my tumultuous thoughts and turned to stare at the dog.

"Twelve pies, twelve inches each in diameter," she reflected, musingly; "let me see!" She made a few figures on her pad, thought a while, produced a tape measure from her pocket, and kneeling down, measured the dog.

"No," she said, looking up at me, "he couldn't contain them."

Inspired by her coolness and perfect composure, I set the rifle in the corner and opened the door. Sunlight fell in bars through the quiet woods; nothing stirred on land or water save the great yellow-striped butterflies that fluttered and soared and floated above the flowering thickets bordering the jungle.

The heat became intense; Miss Barrison went to her room to change her gown for a lighter one; I sat down under a live-oak, eyes and ears strained for any sign of our invisible neighbors.

When she emerged in the lightest and filmiest of summer gowns, she brought the camera with her; and for a while we took pictures of one another, until we had used up all but one film.

Desiring to possess a picture of Miss Barrison and myself seated together, I tied a string to the shutter-lever and attached the other end of the string to the dog, who had resumed his interrupted slumbers. At my whistle he jumped up nervously, snapping the lever, and the picture was taken.

With such innocent and harmless pastime we whiled away the afternoon. She made twelve more apple pies; I mounted guard over them. And we were just beginning to feel a trifle uneasy about Professor Farrago, when he appeared, tramping sturdily through the forest, green umbrella and butterfly-net under one arm, shotgun and cyanide-jar under the other, and his breast all crisscrossed with straps, from which dangled field-glasses, collecting-boxes, and botanizing-tins—an inspiring figure indeed,—the embodied symbol of science indomitable, triumphant!

We hailed him with three cheers; the dog woke up with a perfunctory bark—the first sound I had heard from him since he yelped his disapproval of me at Citron City.

Miss Barrison produced three bowls full of boiling water and dropped three pellets of concentrated soup-meat into them, while I prepared coffee. And in a few moments our simple dinner was ready; the red ants had been dusted from the biscuits, the spiders chased off the baked beans, and we sat down at the rough, improvised table under the palms.

The professor gave us a brief but modest account of his short tour of exploration. He had brought back a new species of orchid, several undescribed beetles, and a pocketful of koonti seed. He appeared, however, to be tired and singularly depressed, and presently we learned why.

It seemed that he had gone straight to that section of the forest where he had hitherto always found signs of the transparent and invisible creatures which he had determined to capture, and he had not found a single trace of them.

"It alarms me," he said, gravely. "If they have deserted this region, it might take a lifetime to locate them again in this wilderness."

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Then, very quietly, sinking her voice instinctively as though the unseen might be at our very elbows listening, Miss Barrison recounted the curious adventure which had befallen the dog and the first batch of apple pies.

With visible and increasing excitement the professor listened until the very end. Then he struck the table with clenched fist—a resounding blow which set the concentrated soup dancing in the bowls, and scattered the biscuits and the industrious red ants in every direction.

"Eureka!" he whispered. "Miss Barrison, your deduction was not only perfectly reasonable, but brilliant. You are right; the pies are for that very purpose.

"I conceived the idea when I first came here. Again and again the pies that my guide made out of dried apples disappeared in a most astonishing and mysterious manner when left to cool.

"At length I determined to watch them every second; and did so, with the result that one late afternoon I was amazed to see a pie slowly rise from the table and move swiftly away through the air about four feet above the ground, finally disappearing into a tangle of jasmine and grape-vine.

"The apparently automatic flight of that pie solved the problem; these transparent creatures cannot resist that delicacy. Therefore I decided to bait the cage for them this very night— Look! What's the matter with that dog?"

The dog suddenly bounded into the air, alighted on all fours, ears, eyes, and muzzle concentrated on a point directly behind us.

"Good gracious! The pies!" faltered Miss Barrison, half rising from her seat; but the dog rushed madly into her skirts, scrambling for protection, and she fell back almost into my arms.

Clasping her tightly, I looked over my shoulder; the last pie was snatched from the table before my eyes, and I saw it borne swiftly away by something unseen, straight into the deepening shadows of the forest.

The professor was singularly calm, even slightly ironical, as he turned to me, saying:

"Perhaps if you relinquish Miss Barrison she may be able to free herself from that dog."

I did so immediately, and she deposited the cowering dog in my arms. Her face had become suddenly pink.

I passed the dog on to Professor Farrago, dumping it viciously into his lap—a proceeding which struck me as resembling a pastime of extreme youth known as "button, button, who's got the button?"

The professor examined the animal gravely, feeling its pulse, counting its respirations, and finally inserting a tentative finger in an attempt to examine its tongue. The dog bit him.

"Ouch! It's a clear case of fright," he said, gravely. "I wanted a dog to aid me in trailing these remarkable creatures, but I think this dog of yours is useless, Gilland."

"It's given us warning of the creatures' presence twice already," I argued.

"Poor little thing," said Miss Barrison, softly; "I don't know why, but I love that dog. . . . He has eyes like yours, Mr. Gilland—"

Exasperated, I rose from the table. "He's got eyes like holes burnt through a blanket!" I said, "and if ever a flicker of intelligence lighted them I have failed to observe it."

The professor regarded me dreamily; "We ought to have more pies," he observed. "Perhaps if you carried the oven into the shanty—"

"Certainly," said Miss Barrison; "we can lock the door while I make twelve more pies."

I carried the portable camping-oven into the cabin, connected the patent asbestos chimney-pipes, and lighted the fire. And in a few minutes Miss Barrison, sleeves rolled up and pink apron pinned up under her chin, was busily engaged in rolling pie-crust, while Professor Farrago measured out spices and set the dried apples to soak.

The swift Southern twilight had already veiled the forest as I stepped out of the cabin to smoke a cigar and promenade a bit and cogitate. A last trace of color lingering in the west faded out as I looked; the gray glimmer deepened into darkness, through which the white lake vapors floated in thin wavering strata across the water.

For a while the frog's symphony dominated all other sounds, then lagoon and

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forest and cypress branch awoke; and through the steadily sustained tumult of woodland voices I could hear the dry bark of the fox-squirrel, the whistle of the raccoon, ducks softly quacking or whimpering as they whirred in to the reeds, the soft booming of bitterns, the clattering gossip of the heronry, the Southern whippoorwill's incessant call.

At regular intervals the howling note of a lone heron echoed the strident screech of a crimson-crested crane; the horned owl's savage hunting-cry haunted the night, now near, now floating from infinite distances.

And after a while I became aware of a nearer sound, low-pitched, but ceaseless—the hum of thousands of lesser living creatures blending to a steady monotone.

Then the moon came up through filmy draperies of waving Spanish moss thin as cobwebs; and far in the wilderness a cougar fell a-crying like a little child.

I went in after that. Miss Barrison sat before the oven, knees gathered in her clasped hands, languidly studying the fire. She looked up as I appeared, opened the oven doors, sniffed the aroma, and resumed her attitude of contented indifference.

"Where is the professor?" I asked.

"He retired. He's been talking in his sleep at moments."

"Better take it down; that's what you're here for," I observed, closing and holding the outside door. "Ugh! there's a chill in the air. The dew is pelting down from the pines like a steady fall of rain."

"You will get fever if you roam about at night," she said. "Mercy! your coat is soaking. Sit here by the fire."

So I pulled up a bench and sat down beside her like the traditional spider.

"Miss Muffitt," I said, "don't let me frighten you away—"

"I was going anyhow—"

"Please don't."

"Why?" she demanded, reseating herself.

"Because I like to sit beside you," I said, truthfully.

"Your avowal is startling and not to be substantiated by facts," she remarked, resting her chin on one hand and gazing into the fire.

"You mean because I went for a stroll by moonlight? I did that because you always seem to make fun of me as soon as the professor joins us."

"Make fun of you? You surely don't expect me to make eyes at you!"

There was a silence; I toasted my shins, thoughtfully.

"How is your burned finger?" I asked.

She lifted it for my inspection, and I began a protracted examination.

"What would you prescribe?" she inquired, with an absent-minded glance at the professor's closed door.

"I don't know; perhaps a slight but firm pressure of the finger-tips—"

"You tried that this afternoon."

"But the dog interrupted us—"

"Interrupted *you*. Besides—"

"What?"

"I don't think you ought to," she said.

Sitting there before the oven, side by side, hand innocently clasped in hand, we heard the drumming of the dew on the roof, the night wind stirring the palms, the muffled snoring of the professor, the faint whisper and crackle of the fire.

A single candle burned brightly, piling our shadows together on the wall behind us; moonlight silvered the window-panes, over which crawled multitudes of soft-winged moths, attracted by the candle within.

"See their tiny eyes glow!" she whispered. "How their wings quiver! And all for a candle flame! Alas, alas! fire is the undoing of us all."

She leaned forward, resting as though buried in reverie. After a while she extended one foot a trifle and, with the point of her shoe, carefully unlatched the oven door. As it swung outward a delicious fragrance filled the room.

"They're done," she said, withdrawing her hand from mine. "Help me to lift them out."

Together we arranged the delicious pastry in rows on the bench to cool. I opened the door for a few minutes, then closed and bolted it again.

"Do you suppose those transparent creatures will smell the odor and come around the cabin?" she suggested, wiping her fingers on her handkerchief.

I walked to the window uneasily. Outside the pane the moths crawled,

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some brilliant in scarlet and tan-color set with black, some snow white with black tracings on their wings, and bodies peacock-blue edged with orange. The scientist in me was aroused; I called her to the window, and she came and leaned against the sill, nose pressed to the glass.

"I don't suppose you know that the antennæ of that silvery-winged moth are distinctly pectinate," I said.

"Of course I do," she said. "I took my degree as D.E. at Barnard College."

"What!" I exclaimed, in astonishment. "You've been through Barnard? You are a Doctor of Entomology?"

"It was my undoing," she said. "The department was abolished the year I graduated. There was no similar vacancy, even in the Smithsonian."

She shrugged her shoulders, eyes fixed on the moths. "I had to make my own living. I chose stenography as the quickest road to self-sustenance."

She looked up, a faint flush on her cheeks.

"I suppose you took me for an inferior," she said. "But do you suppose I'd flirt with you if I was?"

She pressed her face to the pane again, murmuring that exquisite poem of Andrew Lang's:

> "Spooning is innocuous and needn't have a sequel,
> But recollect! if spoon you must, spoon only with your equal."

Standing there, watching the moths, we became rather silent—I don't know why.

The fire in the range had gone out; the candle flame, flaring above a saucer of melted wax, sank lower and lower.

Suddenly, as though disturbed by something outside, the moths all left the window-pane, darting off into the darkness.

"That's curious," I said.

"What's curious?" she asked, opening her eyes languidly. "Good gracious! Was that a bat that beat on the pane?"

"I saw nothing," I said, disturbed. "Listen!"

A soft sound against the glass, as though invisible fingers were feeling the pane,—a gentle rubbing,—then a tap-tap, all but inaudible.

"Is it a bird? Can you see?" she whispered.

The candle flame behind us flashed faintly and expired. Moonlight flooded the pane. The sounds continued; but there was nothing there.

We understood now what it was that so gently rubbed and patted the glass outside. With one accord we noiselessly gathered up the pies and carried them into my room.

Then she walked to the door of her room, turned, held out her hand, and whispering, "Good night! A demain, monsieur!" slipped into her room and softly closed the door.

And all night long I lay in troubled slumber beside the pies, a rifle resting on the blankets beside me, a revolver under my pillow. And I dreamed of moths with brilliant eyes and vast silvery wings harnessed to a balloon in which Miss Barrison and I sat, arms around each other, eating slice after slice of apple pie.

V

Dawn came—the dawn of a day that I am destined never to forget. Long, rosy streamers of light broke through the forest, shaking, quivering, like unstable beams from celestial search-lights. Mist floated upward from marsh and lake; and through it the spectral palms loomed, drooping fronds embroidered with dew.

For a while the ringing outburst of bird music dominated all; but it soon ceased with dropping notes from the crimson cardinals repeated in lengthening minor intervals; and then the spell of silence returned, broken only by the faint splash of mullet, mocking the sun with sinuous, silver flashes.

"Good morning," said a low voice from the door as I stood encouraging the camp-fire with splinter wood and dead palmetto fans.

Fresh and sweet from her toilet as a dew-drenched rose, Miss Barrison stood there sniffing the morning air, daintily, thoroughly.

"Too much perfume," she said,—"too much like ylang-ylang in a department store. Central Park smells sweeter on an April morning."

"Are you criticising the wild jasmine?" I asked.

"I'm criticising an exotic smell. Am I not permitted to comment on the tropics?"

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Fishing out a cedar log from the lumber-stack, I fell to chopping it vigorously. The axe-strokes made a cheerful racket through the woods.

"Did you hear anything last night after you retired?" I asked.

"Something was at my window,—something that thumped softly and seemed to be feeling all over the glass. To tell you the truth, I was silly enough to remain dressed all night."

"You don't look it," I said.

"Oh, when daylight came I had a chance," she added, laughing.

"All the same," said I, leaning on the axe and watching her, "you are about the coolest and pluckiest woman I ever knew."

"We were all in the same fix," she said, modestly.

"No, we were not. Now I'll tell you the truth: my hair stood up the greater part of the night. You are looking upon a poltroon, Miss Barrison."

"Then there was something at your window, too?"

"Something? A dozen! They were monkeying with the sashes and panes all night long, and I imagined that I could hear them breathing — as though from effort of intense eagerness. Ouch! I came as near losing my nerve as I care to. I came within an ace of hurling those cursed pies through the window at them. I'd bolt to-day if I wasn't afraid to play the coward."

"Most people are brave for that reason," she said, quietly,—"they're afraid not to be."

The dog, who had slept under my bunk, and who had contributed to my entertainment by sighing and moaning all night, now appeared ready for business—business in his case being the operation of feeding. I presented him with a concentrated tablet, which he cautiously investigated and then rolled on.

"Nice testimonial for the people who concocted it," I said, in disgust. "I wish I had an egg."

"There are some concentrated egg tablets in the shanty," said Miss Barrison; but the idea was not attractive.

"I refuse to fry a pill for breakfast," I said, sullenly, and set the coffee-pot on the coals.

In spite of the dewy beauty of the morning, breakfast was not a cheerful function. Professor Farrago appeared, clad in sun-helmet and khaki. I had never before seen him depressed; but he was now, and his very efforts to disguise it only emphasized his visible anxiety.

His preparations for the day, too, had an ominous aspect to me. He gave his orders and we obeyed, instinctively suppressing questions. First, he and I transported all personal luggage of the company to the big electric launch—Miss Barrison's effects, his, and my own. His private papers, the stenographic reports, and all memoranda were tied up together and carried aboard.

Then, to my surprise, two weeks' concentrated rations for two and mineral water sufficient for the same time were stowed away aboard the launch. Several times he asked me whether I knew how to run the boat, and I assured him that I did.

In a short time nothing was left ashore except the bare furnishings of the cabin, the female wearing-apparel, the steel cage and chemicals which I had brought, and the twelve apple pies—the latter under lock and key in my room.

As the preparations came to an end, the professor's gentle melancholy seemed to deepen. Once I ventured to ask him if he was indisposed, and he replied that he had never felt in better physical condition.

Presently he bade me fetch the pies; and I brought them, and, at a sign from him, placed them inside the steel cage, closing and locking the door.

"I believe," he said, glancing from Miss Barrison to me, and from me to the dog,—"I believe that we are ready to start."

He went to the cabin and locked the door on the outside, pocketing the key.

Then he backed up to the steel cage, stooped and lifted his end as I lifted mine, and together we started off through the forest, bearing the cage between us as porters carry a heavy piece of luggage.

Miss Barrison came next, carrying the trousseau, the tank, hose, and chemicals; and the dog followed her—probably not from affection for us, but because he was afraid to be left alone.

We walked in silence, the professor and I keeping an instinctive lookout for

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snakes; but we encountered nothing of that sort. On every side, touching our shoulders, crowded the closely woven and impenetrable tangle of the jungle; and we threaded it along a narrow path which he, no doubt, had cut, for the machete marks were still fresh, and the blazes on hickory, live-oak, and palm were all wet with dripping sap, and swarming with eager, brilliant butterflies.

At times across our course flowed shallow, rapid streams of water, clear as crystal and most alluring to the thirsty.

"There's fever in every drop," said the professor, as I mentioned my thirst; "take the bottled water if you mean to stay a little longer."

"Stay where?" I asked.

"On earth," he replied, tersely; and we marched on.

The beauty of the tropics is marred somewhat for me; under all the fresh splendor of color, death lurks in brilliant tints. Where painted fruit hangs temptingly, where great silky blossoms exhale alluring scent, where the elaps coils inlaid with scarlet, black, and saffron, where in the shadow of a palmetto frond a succession of velvety black diamonds mark the rattler's swollen length, there Death is; and his invisible consort, Horror, creeps where the snakes whose mouth is lined with white creeps,—where the tarantula squats, hairy, motionless; where a bit of living enamel fringed with orange undulates along a mossy log.

Thinking of these things, and watchful lest, unawares, terror unfold from some blossoming and leafy covert, I scarcely noticed the beauty of the glade we had entered,—a long oval, cross-barred with sunshine which fell on hedges of scrub-palmetto, chin high, all interlaced with golden blossoms of the jasmine. And all around, like pillars supporting a high green canopy above a throne, towered the silvery stems of palms fretted with pale rose-tinted lichens and hung with draperies of grape-vine.

"This is the place," said Professor Farrago.

His quiet, passionless voice sounded strange to me; his words seemed strange, too, each one heavily weighted with hidden meaning.

We set the cage on the ground; he unlocked and opened the steel-barred door, and kneeling, carefully arranged the pies along the centre of the cage.

"I have a curious presentiment," he said, "that I shall not come out of this experiment unscathed."

"Don't, for Heaven's sake, say that!" I broke out, my nerves on edge again.

"Why not?" he asked, surprised; "I am not afraid."

"Not afraid to die?" I demanded, exasperated.

"Who spoke of dying?" he inquired, mildly. "What I said was that I do not expect to come out of this affair unscathed."

I did not comprehend his meaning, but I understood the reproof conveyed.

He closed and locked the cage door again and came toward us, balancing the key across the palm of his hand.

Miss Barrison had seated herself on the leaves; I stood back as the professor sat down beside her; then, at a gesture from him, took the place he indicated on his left.

"Before we begin," he said, calmly, "there are several things you ought to know and which I have not yet told you. The first concerns the feminine wearing-apparel which Mr. Gilland brought me."

He turned to Miss Barrison and asked her whether she had brought a complete outfit; and she opened the bundle on her knees and handed it to him.

"I cannot," he said, "delicately explain in so many words what use I expect to make of this apparel. Nor do I yet know whether I shall have any use at all for it. That can only be a theoretical question until, within a few more hours, my theory is proven or disproven; and," he said, suddenly turning on me, "my theory concerning these invisible creatures is the most extraordinary and audacious theory ever entertained by man since Columbus presumed that there must lie somewhere a hidden continent which nobody had ever seen."

He passed his hand over his protruding forehead, lost for a moment in deepest reflection. Then, "Have you ever heard of the Sphyx?" he asked.

"It seems to me that Ponce de Leon wrote of something—" I began, hesitating.

"Yes, the famous lines in the third volume which have set so many wise men guessing. You recall them:

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Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

"DON'T WORRY! I'M ALL RIGHT!" CRIED THE PROFESSOR

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"'And there, alas! within sound of the Fountain of Youth whose waters tint the skin till the whole body glows softly like the petal of a rose,—there, alas! in the new world already blooming, THE ETERNAL ENIGMA *I beheld, in the flesh living; yet it faded even as I looked, although I swear it lived and breathed. This is the Sphyx.'"*

A silence; then I said, "Those lines are meaningless to me."

"Not to me," said Miss Barrison, softly.

The professor looked at her: "Ah, child! Ever subtler, ever surer,—the Eternal Enigma is no enigma to you."

"What is the Sphyx?" I asked.

"Have you read De Soto? Or Goya?"

"Yes, both. I remember now that De Soto records the Syachas legend of the Sphyx,—something about a goddess—"

"Not a goddess," said Miss Barrison, her lips touched with a smile.

"Sometimes," said the Professor, gently. "And Goya said:

"'It has come to my ears while in the lands of the Syachas that the Sphyx surely lives, as bolder and more curious men than I may, God willing, prove to the world hereafter.'"

"But what is the Sphyx?" I insisted.

"For centuries wise men and savants have asked each other that question. I have answered it for myself; I am now to prove it, I trust."

His face darkened, and again and again he stroked his heavy brow.

"If anything occurs," he said, taking my hand in his left and Miss Barrison's hand in his right, "promise me to obey my wishes. Will you?"

"Yes," we said together.

"If I lose my life, or—or disappear, promise me on your honor to get to the electric launch as soon as possible and make all speed northward, placing my private papers, the reports of Miss Barrison, and your own reports in the hands of the authorities in Bronx Park. Don't attempt to aid me; don't delay to search for me. Do you promise?"

"Yes," we breathed together.

He looked at us solemnly. "If you fail me, you betray me," he said.

We swore obedience.

"Then let us begin," he said; and he rose and went to the steel cage. Unlocking the door, he flung it wide and stepped inside, leaving the cage door open.

"The moment a single pie is disturbed," he said to me, "I shall close the steel door from the inside; and you and Miss Barrison will then dump the rosium oxyde and the strontium into the tank, clap on the lid, turn the nozzle of the hose on the cage, and spray it thoroughly. Whatever is invisible in the cage will become visible and of a faint rose-color. And when the trapped creature becomes visible, hold yourselves ready to aid me as long as I am able to give you orders. After that either all will go well or all will go otherwise, and you must run for the launch." He seated himself in the cage near the open door.

I placed the steel tank near the cage, uncoiled the hose attachment, unscrewed the top, and dumped in the salts of strontium. Miss Barrison unwrapped the bottle of rosium oxyde and loosened the cork. We examined this pearl and pink powder and shook it up so that it might run out quickly. Then Miss Barrison sat down, and presently became absorbed in a stenographic report of the proceedings up to date.

When Miss Barrison finished her report she handed me the bundle of papers. I stowed them away in my wallet, and we sat down together beside the tank.

Inside the cage Professor Farrago was seated, his spectacled eyes fixed on the row of pies. For a while, although realizing perfectly that our quarry was transparent and invisible, we unconsciously strained our eyes in quest of something stirring in the forest.

"I should think," said I, in a low voice, "that the odor of the pies might draw at least one out of the odd dozen that came rubbing up against my window last night."

"Hush. Listen!" she breathed. But we heard nothing, save the snoring of the overfed dog at our feet.

"He'll give us ample notice by butting into Miss Barrison's skirts," I observed. "No need of our watching, professor."

The professor nodded. Presently he removed his spectacles and lay back against the bars, closing his eyes.

At first the forest silence seemed cheerful there in the flecked sunlight. The spotted wood-gnats gyrated merrily,

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chased by dragon-flies, the shy wood-birds hopped from branch to twig, peering at us in friendly inquiry; a lithe gray squirrel, plumy tail undulating, rambled serenely around the cage, sniffing at the pastry within.

Suddenly, without apparent reason, the squirrel sprang to a tree trunk, hung a moment on the bark, quivering all over, then dashed away into the jungle.

"Why did he act like that?" whispered Miss Barrison. And, after a moment: "How still it is! Where have the birds gone?"

In the ominous silence the dog began to whimper in his sleep and his hind legs kicked convulsively.

"He's dreaming—" I began.

The words were almost driven down my throat by the dog, who, without a yelp of warning, hurled himself at Miss Barrison and alighted on my chest, fore paws around my neck.

I cast him from me; but he scrambled back, digging like a mole to get under us.

"The transparent creatures!" whispered Miss Barrison.

"Look! See that pie move!"

I sprang to my feet, just as the professor, jamming on his spectacles, leaned forward and slammed the cage door.

"I've got it!" he shouted, frantically. "There's one in the cage! Turn on that hose!"

"Wait a second!" said Miss Barrison, calmly, uncorking the bottle and pouring a pearly stream of rosium oxyde into the tank. "Quick! It's fizzing! Screw on the top!"

In a second I had screwed the top fast, seized the hose, and directed a hissing cloud of vapor through the cage bars.

For a moment nothing was heard save the whistling rush of the perfumed spray escaping; a delicious odor of roses filled the air. Then, slowly, there in the sunshine, a misty something grew in the cage—a glistening, pearl-tinted phantom, imperceptibly taking shape in space,—vague at first as a shred of lake vapor, then lengthening, rounding into flowing form, clearer, clearer.

"The Sphyx!" gasped the professor. "In the name of Heaven, play that hose!"

As he spoke the treacherous hose burst. A showery pillar of rose-colored vapor enveloped everything. Through the thickening fog for one brief instant a human form appeared like magic,—a woman's form, flawless, exquisite as a statue, pure as marble. Then the swimming vapor buried it, cage, pies, and all.

We ran frantically around the cage in the obscurity, appealing for instructions and feeling for the bars. Once the professor's muffled voice was heard, demanding the wearing-apparel; and I groped about and found it and stuffed it through the bars of the cage.

"Do you need help?" I shouted. There was no response. Staring around through the thickening vapor of rosium rolling in clouds from the overturned tank, I heard Miss Barrison's voice calling:

"I can't move! A transparent lady is holding me!"

Blindly I rushed about, arms outstretched, and the next moment struck the door of the cage so hard that the impact almost knocked me senseless. Clutching it to steady myself, it suddenly flew open. A rush of partly visible creatures passed me like a burst of pink flames; and in the midst, borne swiftly away on the crest of the outrush, the professor passed like a bolt shot from a catapult; and his last cry came wafted back to me from the forest as I swayed there, drunk with the stupefying perfume: "Don't worry! I'm all right!"

I staggered out into the clearer air toward a figure seen dimly through swirling vapor.

"Are you hurt?" I stammered, clasping Miss Barrison in my arms.

"No—oh no," she said, wringing her hands. "But the professor! I saw him! I could not scream, I could not move! *They* had him!"

"I saw him too," I groaned. "There was not one trace of terror on his face! He was actually smiling."

Overcome at the sublime courage of the man, we wept in each other's arms.

And that is all. The mystery remains. Expeditions have not solved it. Publicity through a philanthropic and enlightened press may in some unforeseen manner aid in restoring to civilization and to the world a noble martyr to the most exacting, the most pitiless of all mistresses—Science.

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The Seeds of Time

BY GRACE LATHROP COLLIN

NOW that Mary Ann's hand lay in Miss Ophelia's, nothing was of real import. Only the impress of the morning's tribulations remained, and the clasp of the little girl's plump brown fingers upon the slender white ones betokened agitation as well as affection.

In the month of May in the early fifties, Mary Ann Dodd came from the country to visit her town-bred cousins. In the gig her foot-rest was a small black leather trunk, embossed with M. A. D. in brass nail-heads. Within its chintz-lined walls was her wardrobe; and the glory of her wardrobe was dozen upon dozen of pantalets. Pantalets of common yellow nankeen for mornings, pantalets hemstitched for afternoons, but for Sundays pantalets embroidered in deep points. These last, starched to paper-like stiffness and ironed flat, lay compressed and inconspicuous; but applied with broadside effect upon her small plump person provided, in Mary Ann's estimation, no mean adjunct to her costume. Yet on this the first Sunday morning, when the tribe of Dodd was gathered in the front hall, the twins, her cousins and compeers, appeared in Rob Roy poplins whose hems touched their gaiters. The pantaletted interval was a thing of the past.

"I suppose in the country the news hasn't reached you," said a twin. "Yes, pantalets are going out. Mother won't let us change our skirts for school yet—only for best. But I wouldn't mind if I was you. Everybody will know you're from the country and will understand."

Beneath the brown-striped barege Mary Ann's bosom swelled stormily. Holding speech with none, she retreated from landing to landing up the stairs. And when in the soft jangle of the First and Second Congregational Church bells the Dodd corps joined the army of church-goers, Mary Ann walked pantaletless.

It was the sight of her shadow following her obliquely on garden palings that disconcerted her independent mood. From knee to ankle her fat little legs, distorted to impossible length, crossed and recrossed in winking shadows. Her face grew pinker than the pink cambric lining of her white netted bonnet. Would the church steps never be reached? Then where was the Dodd pew? Oh dear, 'way up under the pulpit! And would the Dodds never, never decide upon the alternate distribution of responsible and irresponsible children and file in to their places? Standing in the church aisle, the little girl's cup of abashment was so full that it was about to overflow in tears, when a silver-gray gloved hand was laid upon her shoulder, a face with a pearly radiance between two pale-brown ringlets beamed upon her, and she was led into the pew behind the Dodds.

"Thank you so much, Ophelia," Mrs. Dodd said, proffering a peppermint to the youngest Dodd.

The long green rep cushion stretched unoccupied to the pew's end, where sat a fine, erect old gentleman, who did not alter the pose of his head. Mary Ann was instructed in the decorum that ordained her place to be equidistant on this expanse, and prepared to obey. But the lovely lady kept Mary Ann's hand, and as they sat down, the dove silk skirt, gathered in at the pointed bodice, flowed out, submerging Mary Ann's brown frock in its shining folds.

With the hand-clasp as token of favor, the ordeal of meeting the other little girls in Miss Ophelia's Sunday-school class was endurable. For they were all united in the tender romance of little girlhood—the admiration for that delicate ensample of young ladyhood which Miss Ophelia presented. They shared a pride in the ethereal perfection of her costume, which in the far-distant grown-up future, they promised them-

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selves, they would imitate, regardless of fleeting fashions. A phrase, a tone, a gesture, was dipped in perfection if used by her. An affectation—particularly the smile with eyelashes interlaced—became a pattern. Many were the round faces that tried to catch the expression that lent the final touch of appeal to the long, pale oval of Ophelia Oakley's face.

In the Sunday-school programme each recurring May brought a recurring study of the Book of Jonah. "They that observe lying vanities, forsake their own mercy" fell to Mary Ann in the assignment of verses about the class. Mary Ann's æsthetic admiration for one whose gown fell in so gracious an amplitude deepened into reverence for one whose considerateness apportioned a statement so brief yet so significant. Miss Ophelia meanwhile felt among her gown's mysterious folds and drew from her pocket a small ivory image. With ohs and ahs the little girls gathered round. "These were the idols bowed down to by the people to whom Jonah was sent," said she. "My uncle brought it home from China. He thought it only amusing. But it always distressed my mother. My father keeps it in his desk drawer." Miss Ophelia's goodness, as she sat before them with opened Bible in shimmering silken lap and sardonic image in slender palm, was of another order from the goodness of their mothers in tending the little girls in measles and whooping-cough. It was a quality peculiar to her young ladyhood—a virtue in combination with the mother-of-pearl tints of her temples.

At dismissal, Mary Ann felt a reassuring touch upon her hand. "The little newcomer must see my garden," Miss Ophelia said. While the Dodd twins walked before with tilted heads and swaying skirts, Mary Ann was ushered in at a white gate that swung on a ball and chain and clicked behind them. The garden had little yet to show but spring-time greenery, the red leaf-buds of rose-bushes, and a fragile array of narcissus. The white shell-bordered beds, circles and crescents, lay in mounds of fresh-turned soil. In mute gratitude, Mary Ann recognized the garden as a pretext. Once the churchly procession had passed, she would scamper unobserved back to the Dodd house, and up the stairs to her room and the blessed contents of her trunk. The lovely lady was as good as she was beautiful.

"The lily-of-the-valley bed is my pride," said Miss Ophelia, and encompassed by the swaying silk folds, the child accompanied her across the sunny yard to the L standing in shadow. The L had a door of its own, and a window on each side. It was a smaller edition of the house, white-walled and green-blinded. There was no sign to the effect that it was Judge Oakley's law-office, but even recently arrived little Mary Ann felt that he would know little who knew not that. Close to the white-painted brick foundation, and marked off as if by the oblong of shade cast by the L, lay the lily-of-the-valley bed.

The gate clicked again, and Mary Ann, shrinking into the amplitude of Miss Ophelia's skirt, watched a man cross the garden. To her mind there was a gallantry in his striding up the path and leaping the crescent-shaped bed. There was a courtliness in the flash of the ring on his finger as he brought his hat in semicircle to his knee. Such an attendant was the appendage that completed Miss Ophelia as a paragon.

The child's brown face, in its pink and white fluted border, was upturned to the conversation that was carried on above her head. To her the words had little significance. But the tones of the two voices preserved her ideal of romantic intercourse. He was schooled to wait for Miss Ophelia's replies, and then was given but a word or two. Sometimes the masculine voice, after many inflections, paused to receive in return only a few notes of Miss Ophelia's laugh. In answer to one speech of his, she handed him the ivory image, and he, tucking his shining hat under his arm, turned the little object about in his fingers, smiling the while.

"So you keep him under lock and key in the dark," he said. "That's what happens in this town to outlandish fellows, even if in their native land they think they are gods. Ah, well, Miss Oakley, in our hearts we know we're only poor mortals, unworthy of a touch of your hand, a glance of your eye. But don't think too hardly of us when we are absent and

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A SILVER-GRAY GLOVED HAND WAS LAID UPON HER SHOULDER

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cannot defend ourselves. I could not go without bidding you good-by. Yes—

"'My boat is on the shore
And my bark is on the sea.'"

"Your boat?"

"Well, not literally. I travel by stage. But Byron gives the spirit."

"Byron?"

"Ah, he'd be kept in the desk drawer too, I fear." Then, after a pause, "Will you give me a flower—a lily?"

She stooped in the wide circle of her skirts and broke a stem of white bells in its green sheath. She held it out to him with downcast eyes. As he took it from her hand, he kissed her full upon the lips.

"Oh!" cried Miss Ophelia, shrinking back against Mary Ann. "Oh!"

Mary Ann looked on, interested but unconcerned. He had given her a kiss in return for the flower. She, Mary Ann, would do the same.

"I did not mean to frighten you," he said. "Wait. Next spring when the lilies-of-the-valley come, I will not forget."

He strode across the garden and, bareheaded, held the gate wide for the Judge, who entered, barely acknowledging the salute. In church the Judge had not even looked at Mary Ann. He must be jealous, thought the little girl, of all Miss Ophelia's admirers.

The very air, on a morning in the succeeding May, was pinched and blue. The garden-plots looked denuded instead of unapparelled. The thorny branches of the rose-bushes rasped against each other. A covering, even of snow, would have seemed welcome. Miss Ophelia, her shoulders muffled in a white shawl, and with fingers too chill for dexterity, was tending the lily-of-the-valley bed.

In that austere atmosphere the jingle of sleigh-bells from up the street sounded plausible enough. But Miss Ophelia knew that the sound signified the approach of the dealer in spices, who each year made the tour of the local towns. "We are supplied," she called over her shoulder as the jingle dropped into an occasional clang before the Oakley gate. Surprised, she heard the click of the latch, and rose to see the "spice man" holding out a box to her.

"The stage-driver passed this over to me," said he.

"Why, where does it come from?"

"There wa'n't any message."

She opened the box, a wooden one, with a hasp that swung in a circle. Within was a crowded mat of lilies-of-the-valley.

Judge Oakley came to his office window. "What have you there, Ophelia?" he questioned, judicially.

"Lilies-of-the-valley, father."

"Coals to Newcastle, I should say. Who sends 'em?"

Her fingers penetrated every interstice of the flower stems. "There's no name, father."

"You've dropped your shawl."

"Oh, I don't need it." She caught it up by a corner, and with the box clasped close, crossed the garden. At the gate Mrs. Dodd, summoned by the bells, was parleying with the spice man.

"Good morning, Ophelia," she turned to say. "How well you are looking!"

"It's such a lovely day."

"I don't know when I've seen you with so much color."

"I've been working in the garden. By the way," she continued, evasively, as Mrs. Dodd's eyes sought out the contents of the box, "when next you write to your little niece Mary Ann, won't you send her my love? I've meant to write the child myself, but, to tell the truth, it has quite slipped my mind. How wrong of me—to forget!"

With the fringe of the white shawl dragging behind her, Ophelia ran up the gravel path to the door. "He has not forgotten," she whispered, ecstatically, to the cool silence of the house.

"May I share your pew?"

The frail, black-shawled woman, crouchingly seated by the pew door, looked up with wide, expectant eyes. In the aisle stood another woman, a stranger in the church. There was a distinction in the simplicity of her bearing that would have startled Miss Ophelia into tremulousness were it not for a remembered candor in the brown eyes.

"Why, it's little Mary Ann Dodd!" said she, slipping the palm-leaf fan into the rack as she made room for her guest.

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Half-tone plate engraved by Frank E. Pettit

"WILL YOU GIVE ME A FLOWER—A LILY?"

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"YOU SENT ME THE LILIES-OF-THE-VALLEY?"

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"Do you know it's fifty years since I sat here?" asked Mary Ann.

Miss Ophelia smiled with drooped eyelids, and in reply handed her an opened hymnal.

After the service the two women walked along the street together. At the Oakley gate Mary Ann stooped over. Yes, the ball and chain, although eaten with rust, were still there.

"My little maid goes home to her parents over the Sabbath," said Miss Ophelia, fumbling in the depths of her black silk pocket. She drew out a heavy, smooth brass key that reached almost from finger-tips to wrist.

"You live alone?"

"Quite alone."

"That key looks too heavy for your hand. It reminds me in some way of the little idol that you brought to teach us by. I connect Jonah and Chinese idols to this day."

Miss Ophelia with both hands was fitting the key in the lock. Mary Ann turned and looked about her. The green blinds had faded to a blue, the white walls had taken on a granite gray. Miss Ophelia lifted her face, pearly white within the black bonnet brim.

"Won't you come in?"

"I remember the garden so well," Mary Ann replied, oppressed by that locked silence. "Let us stay out here in the sunshine. The L stands unchanged, although the Judge died—is it thirty years ago?"

"Thirty-seven. Won't you rest in the parlor?"

"I can stay only a minute, thank you. My cousins, the Dodds, are expecting me." She had planned to devote an hour or more to her childhood's admiration; but had not Miss Ophelia already accounted for the incidental gap of fifty years? And to disturb by idle chatter the stillness that had descended upon the Oakley place—a stillness apart from the Sunday hush—seemed desecration. "But I want to show you these photographs." She unfolded a leather case. "I carried it to church in order that I might bring it here. If people noticed it, I hoped they would think it was a Bible. My husband. My three sons. Two are dark like me. Only one, the youngest, is fair like his father."

"The sun shines across the pictures here. Let us go into the shade."

They crossed the garden and stood in the shadow of the L.

"They are lovely countenances," Miss Ophelia said. "You have had a full life, have you not, my dear?"

Mary Ann smiled down upon the upturned face. "Sometimes I think it doesn't matter how full a life is, so long as it isn't empty."

For an instant Miss Ophelia's lashes swept her cheeks with all the reticent coquetry of her young ladyhood. "Mine hasn't been empty," she replied, "only very quiet."

The quietude of the moment was sufficient acquiescence.

"Wasn't there a lily-of-the-valley bed here?" asked Mary Ann.

"It ran out," Miss Ophelia answered; but the two strayed along the boundary shadow. "I believe the plants died of old age, but I am told that the place was too damp for them." The white brick foundation was spotted with olive moss, and the garden-mould seemed to be creeping upward. Only a few pallid leaves remained in the oblong bed.

"The fragrance of the soil is the same," said Mary Ann. "How scents call up old memories! I have not thought of it for years, but now, standing here, it comes back to me—the way a little girl feels toward a woman who fulfils her vision of all that a 'young lady' should be, and my devotion when I sent you that box of lilies-of-the-valley the first spring after I'd visited my cousins the Dodds."

"You—you sent me the lilies-of-the-valley?"

"Yes, and without any name. I was such a romantic little thing, and I fairly worshipped you. Odd, is it not, the things that one forgets, and the things that one remembers, after fifty years?"

"Oh!" cried Miss Ophelia,—"oh!"

Mary Ann bent over the face that in the shadow seemed to reflect the tint of the house wall. Far less than fifty years had sufficed to erase the childish impression of that other morning, when her Sunday-school teacher had received a kiss as thanks for a flower. But with a quavering echo of her laugh Miss Ophelia turned her face away.

"No," she said, "not on the lips."

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Editor's Easy Chair.

IF the reader were frank, we think he would own to having always had a sense of diminished personal importance through the scientific theory of the universe which classed the earth as the comparatively insignificant planet of one of the innumerable stars wheeling through space, and trailing after them each a brood of inhabited or habitable worlds. This conception testified indeed to the boundless energy and inexhaustible powers of the creator, but it diminished man to the relative importance of the least midget that dances in the summer air. One could not, in view of it, feel one's self of much consequence, individually, socially, or nationally. If one accepted it fully, the sort of corrosive shame for one's unimportance which it brought home, really ate one's faith out, so that one could hardly believe in one's self spiritually. The difficulty of imagining a hereafter for the human race as we know it on the earth was immeasurably enhanced by that of providing for the human race as we conjectured it on Mars, on Mercury, on Venus, on Jupiter, on Saturn, and the rest; when it came to the planets of the other suns, themselves without count, the laboring fancy fainted under the burden. Agnosticism spread from the science which invented its name, and the extinguished soul wandered in the spacious solitude like one of the dead stars which circle through the rayless ether.

In an infinite universe, with its myriad solar systems of peopled planets, the mind of man ached forlorn, and would have rapturously hailed a scientific return to the earlier ideal of the earth revolving in the centre of one comfortable little universe, with a sun of its own to keep it warm by day, and a company of friendly stars and planets to cheer it by night; and this is almost quite what has happened now. We are still a globe, in the scientific belief, but the unscientific few who have clung through thick and thin to the old ideal of our being a disk need not be altogether discouraged; we may yet be so. The sun is now found to be in the heavens for no purpose but to light and warm the earth, and so far as the planets of our system, and the planets and stars of the other systems, and the stuff, the flinty particles, the protoplasmic dust of all the suns and planets that ever were, or shall be, have any use, it is to help keep this earthly ball in poise and place, neither too hot nor too cold, with just the right apportionment of air and moisture on its surface, and to make it the home of man, whose kind or whose like has no other home in the infinitude about it.

I

The sciences once supposed gay are often not so entertaining as the sciences once supposed serious; and Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace's treatise, now grown a goodly volume from certain earlier essays in the same direction, on "Man's Place in the Universe," will have, we think, a charm beyond the reach of poetry for the reader who does not mind being set thinking about himself and his destiny. At any rate, we are going to take the chance of commending it to him, and we will own that we have ourselves started from a fresh reading of it in what we have just been saying. It is Dr. Wallace, co-inventor with Darwin of the Darwinian theory, who invites us from what seems a supreme place in science, to take with him the ground which we have been loosely outlining. It is he who proclaims from his commanding height that so far as the universe has been ascertained to have a mind, a heart, a soul, it resides here, and here alone, in the human race. It is he who rescues man from a humiliating sense of his infinitesimality in a boundless and myriad-peopled universe, and imparts to him a reasonable hope that he is not, after all, so infinitesimal, but is really the masterpiece of his creator. It is he who inspires him with fresh courage to hold up his head, to believe in himself and so in his Maker, and supplies him with a new incentive to live forever.

We do not say this is the direct or immediate purpose of Dr. Wallace in writing his book, but we believe that it

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will be one of its effects, and one of its most important effects. Science owed us some such good turn, for one by one it had taken from us those props on which the fainting soul relies, and it had not altogether consoled us by showing us that they were worm-eaten crutches at the best. It had not intentionally removed from us a spiritual faith, but in allying us with the brute, and imbuing us, subtly and pitilessly, with the conviction that might was right through the survival of the physically fittest, it had, in the belief of some of the wisest and best, measurably bereft us of the humanity which the ages had slowly and painfully evolved as an ideal of conduct. In enlarging the habitable universe to a cosmical boundlessness in which we were each as an atom of a molecule it had disabled our trust in the saying that not one sparrow could fall to the ground without the Father's knowing it. To be sure, the notion of a habitable cosmos, which Dr. Wallace has now challenged, was not without its suggestion of an illimitable human solidarity. It gave a fine thrill to fancy one's self bound, by like laws and like ties with the teeming populations of the other planets, to the same central life, but one could not feel for those far fellow-beings any such family affection as is implied by the notion of universal brotherhood. To some mortals this is difficult even in our small terrestrial circumstances. Some of us do not like to own the negro a brother; others have a prejudice against the Jew; and men are even sundered hopelessly by their callings and traditions, so that persons of humble station are sometimes not asked to dinner in the higher ranks of Christian society; it happens now and then that the destitute are suffered to starve and freeze in the largest cities, and no one feels directly responsible. It may be inferred, then, how weak must be the sympathy binding us to the Martians or the Mercurians, or even the Venutians, as they probably called themselves when they were supposed to exist. Such a sentiment could avail nothing against the desolating consciousness of inferiority immanent in every human creature when he was obliged to regard himself not merely as one of many earthly millions, but one of cosmical nonillions in multitude immeasurably beyond the expression of Arabic numerals or algebraic signs. Dr. Wallace, however, restores those who accept his gospel to a possible belief in the brotherhood of man, and he tacitly invites them to resume their former relations with the creator and their fellow creatures of the finny, the furry, and the feathery tribes, not to specify the reptiles, the beetles, and even the abhorred mosquitoes.

II

It cannot be denied that there was much in this old relation to foster the kindliness inculcated by the prevailing philosophy of the old eighteenth century. If this kindliness culminated in what are called the horrors of the French Revolution (probably to distinguish them from the unnamable horrors that produced it), still it must be owned that the philosophy which inspired it was mainly civilizing. In the midst of a creation existing for his use and pleasure, man could not very well be such an ungrateful monster as to deny the claim of inferior life upon his protection and compassion. Children were taught by the softening influences of literature to be considerate and merciful to the harmless things of the air and grass, and poetry, in the humanest poet of the period, declared—

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

Sensibility, a very different thing from sentimentality, became the ideal of culture, and if the eighteenth century could have lasted a few hundred years longer, it might have ended in the golden age. But the nineteenth century had to come in its turn, and it brought with it that tale of wars and woes which almost eclipses the splendor of its achievements in literature, science, and finance. This is speaking largely, of course, for the limits of the different centuries are not very definable. There is not only the question whether they begin at the end of the old century's last year, or the end of the new century's first year, but there

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is a considerable space of time in which the spirit of the one is preparing to become the spirit of the other. Yet that each has its distinctive spirit there can be no doubt, and there are some of the wisest and best who hold that the spirit of the eighteenth century was on the whole civilizing and the spirit of the nineteenth was on the whole barbarizing. The one tended to unite, to fraternize, and to civilize mankind, and the other tended to divide, to provincialize, and to brutalize mankind. Under the specious show of struggles for nationality, for the unification of races, at one time, and at a later time in the guise of conquests for the exploitation of the weaker peoples by the stronger in every part of the world, especially in the free and enlightened part, the nineteenth century was false to the example of the eighteenth, in which the greatest thoughts and deeds of men were for freedom.

With many appearances and evidences to the contrary, there seems to be really a Zeitgeist, which is neither quite angelic nor quite diabolic, but which is mainly of one cast or the other, and this Zeitgeist is distinctly different in the two cycles. In this view, what is chiefly interesting in Dr. Wallace's postulate is the spirit which it evinces, and which is a spirit as diverse from that of the nineteenth century as the spirit of the nineteenth century was diverse from that of the eighteenth. We may therefore call it, not too confidently, the spirit of the twentieth century, and we may possibly discern in this the renewed light of the faith so long in eclipse.

After its tremendous affirmations and negations, the moment came for science when it could no longer affirm or deny so unsparingly, and when it began to say that it denied nothing: that it merely ascertained and registered, but that, so far as it *knew,* all things were possible to protoplasm. It was at this moment, perhaps, that religion began to draw a free breath again. For it cannot be gainsaid that in the realm of thought, which is spiritual as well as mental, science is now sovereign, and will probably always be so. What science says, goes, at least with the unscientific; religion is, above all things, unscientific, and religion had become, in spite of the creeds and churches, subject to science, so that nothing in its inspirations was found so uplifting as the scientific inference of such a philosopher as John Fiske when he came to the rescue of the soul, and proclaimed that if a certain formation in an insect necessarily implied the existence of a plant or flower adapted to the insect's use, then the instinct of immortality in the human race implied as absolutely the existence of a life hereafter for its satisfaction. Till some other scientist, or philosophizer of science, came to prove the contrary, that hope could not be taken from men, and as yet that hope remains to us. Indeed the general trend of science, in recognizing the unity of the universe, is to the support and lasting establishment of that hope.

III

Dr. Wallace in his startling claim of centrality for our solar system, and of primacy for the earth as the sole inhabited or habitable planet, among all the worlds of the universe, says nothing in question of this universal unity. On the contrary, he constantly affirms it. Not only are all men of one blood, but all the things that live are of one blood, animal and vegetable alike. All the suns are akin, and the planets are of the same earth-stuff as our own little orb, and the same earth-stuff as the minutest particle of star-dust that flies and flashes through space. As far as matter is concerned, we are not wanting in society. But when it comes to life, it seems that we are islanded in a measureless solitude, where no life has been or ever will be but our own. When this fact, if it is a fact, is brought home to the consciousness of the race, or such part of the race as does the thinking and feeling for the rest of it, what will be the moral effect? That, after all, is the only interesting question for men who are not engaged in scientific research. We survived under the theory that the—

> bright stars which gem the night
> Were each a blissful dwelling-sphere,

or at least as blissful as our own, and we supported with fortitude the notion that our earthly race was as a drop of water in the ocean of human-being;

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but with what result in personal character, for it must come to that in the end, can we accept the belief that amidst universal death we alone live on the only planet where man can live? Shall we each count his fellow man more precious, more sacred, because there are, after all, only a few millions of us? Shall we bow meekly before the mystery by which we were posited here, in the heart of a system existing for us alone? Or shall we arrogate to ourselves a portentous consequence, not easily predicable of some of us on closer acquaintance, or even on thorough self-knowledge? Shall we, more than in the past, conscientiously hold ourselves responsible for what we say and do? Or shall we go on being greedy, and cruel, and silly and vulgar, quite as if there were myriads of us on every visible and invisible sphere in the firmament, and it did not really matter much what we were in our behavior?

As one modest plural inquirer in so dark a realm of doubt, we own to rather a lively hope that the acceptance of the new truth, if it is a truth, or if it is new, will be for our good. Responsibility was always believed to steady men, and it must be that the acceptance of such a creed will lay new responsibility upon men. In that event one cannot be just the one he was when he supposed there were countless millions of him scattered about in the myriad worlds of the universe. He must feel himself more obviously differenced and individualized, with peculiar duties as well as rights. We all know what the white man's burden has done for him, and how it has exalted and ennobled him in the South, in the Philippines, and potentially in Panama; and it cannot be that when man comes to realize that the whole treasure of mortal life has been intrusted to him here on earth, he will not rise equal to the claim upon him, or at least rather more equal than he has yet shown himself. He will be carefuler of human life, he will try to make it more noble and beautiful, he will not befoul it with vice, or stain it with crime, and he will not waste it in the wars which, as Voltaire said, have made of the earth "a bloody nest of ridiculous murderers." This, at any rate, is our lively hope of him, and we are not much afraid that he will be demoralized by the appalling fact that the universe, so far as it has any imaginable use, has been created for the behoof of his home and himself, and will not even try to live up to it.

Man will, of course, be conscious of the apparent disproportion of the means to the end, but so far as he is scientific man, or merely well-informed man, he will not be ignorant that this is the appearance in the whole geologic history of our own minute globe. At every step of his knowledge won from the rocks he will have had to ask himself—

Are God and Nature then at strife,
  That Nature lends such evil dreams?
  So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life.

. . . . . .

So careful of the type? But no.
  From scarped cliff and quarried stone
  She cries, "A thousand types are gone:
I care for nothing, all shall go."

In the starry heavens he will only find repeated in millionfold iteration the story of the bewildering superfluity, the spendthrift creative force, of nature by which—

. . . out of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear.

In the new view the cosmical field is indeed the greatest field of what seems the universal order of overdoing, but which cannot be overdoing. Out of all that countless skyey host, this tiny ball swings round its sun, the sole bearer of any sort of imaginable life. Why it should be so is not practically imaginable, and the mind reels baffled from the attempt to surmise the reasons for choosing and fashioning the earth to be the unique vessel to bear from everlasting to everlasting the masterwork of the Almighty. For it cannot be but that it was intelligently designed for this end, and purposely created by—

La somma sapienza e il primo amore.

Any possibility of accident is more unthinkable than the reason why the earth should have been so designed, and why all those flaming ministers of ours should be as lifeless as the void through which they wheel, forever blind, whether they shed the radiance of noons remote beyond hundreds of light-years, or only

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reflect the glory of our sun through our own familiar nights.

IV

The new notion of man's place in the universe, which goes back in its novelty to the earliest conjecture of the race, does not make its appeal to the moralist alone. It stirs again the hope, the longing, which has been eloquent or inarticulate in every human heart since the beginning. If a man die, shall he live again? That is the question which asks itself with fresh poignancy in the presence of science rising in her spiral round to the old belief that all the things which are were made for earthly man's behoof. Without the faith of a life hereafter, in some state or place,

> Where kindred spirits reunite
> That death has torn asunder here,

the doctrine, new or old, that our place is in the centre of the universe, embodies a dead fact and not a vital truth. Except that it is stupid for the enlightened man to be wicked, why should we be better rather than worse, in the few years we have or the few years of life we share with our planet amidst the universal death? It was ill enough before, when we supposed ourselves mere atoms of sentience abounding in all the worlds of the universe; but now, when we are required to live up to the conception of behaving like the sole intelligences in the cosmos, we may well feel ourselves wronged if we cannot extort some response to the eternal cry of our hearts. Was it for threescore years and ten, at the most, that we were called from non-being into being, and set here in the heart of all the tributary systems, on a planet chosen above the myriads of mightier worlds to be the home of life so elect as ours? Geology itself has no record of waste like that of our spiritual destruction, always an intolerable thought; but in the perspective now opened to us, the mind staggers at the vision of a wanton omnipotence undoing the greatest wonder of its doing. It is now not merely the little old earthly man, parallelled if not companioned by men of like make on other planets, but a creature of hitherto unimagined significance, who turns to Supernature from Nature when she answers him—

> Thou makest thine appeal to me:
> I bring to life, I bring to death:
> The spirit does not mean the breath:
> I know no more.

This finally brings us in touch with something which we wish to touch reverently. The acceptance of the latest doctrine of man's place in the universe may involve the removal of a stumbling-block in the way of many, very many, devoutly doubting minds which could not answer the grim query: "Why, out of all the worlds of the universe, was a Saviour divinely sent to the earth alone?" The inconceivability of a cosmical Christianity must have had finally much to do with weakening the hold of a terrestrial Christianity upon some of the gentlest and finest spirits; for if all His human creatures, on whatever star, were not equal before Him, He could not be the Father in Heaven to whom men prayed to be saved from themselves. But if we suppose, or if we believe, that there is no inhabited world except this, and that this alone has been brought to life through the nature that brought to death, from everlasting to everlasting, in the whole universe besides, there is no longer the devastating doubt.

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Editor's Study.

ALL life is creative. Increase in growth and increase in generations are but outward intimations of the creative power of life itself. The living world is always in its genitive case; whatever is becoming in it is "begotten, not made." Man has the exercise of an arbitrary volition, of reason, and of a playful and capricious fancy; he is a master of experimentation and invention, and becomes thus a master of natural forces, but all that he gains or makes in this line of progress—his institutions, his equipments, his conquests—are for the things "not made," for the creations of his faith and imagination. The spirit is more than the structure.

I

By this consideration we are impressed with the dignity which belongs to the products of creative imagination. They are the best that is left us from the past in visible form; next and most intimate to life itself, forever lying alongside of life as its ideal counterpart. Blot out this heavenly pattern, and it would be difficult to comprehend how and wherefore the human transcends the animal, or why humanity should ever have advanced from its primitive estate. It is inseparable from all human institutions —if not as their explanation, yet as their greatest implication. Since the emergence of reason Imagination has been the sister and handmaid of Faith. Science, as we moderns understand it, is her only rival, because it is the one other essential form of Imagination, through its coordination of phenomena interpreting the universe. We do not worship the statue, the painting, the book—even the sacred books,—but what these stand for; and they do thus forever stand, whatever else may fail. Those are indeed the dark ages when the great things in art and literature suffer oblivion, and the revival of these implies that kind of renascence in which humanity again finds itself and follows the old and everlasting pattern, once more clearly seen, of the higher life.

In our last month's Study we made a plea for the freedom of genius from all distracting claims of society, public service, and altruism. That plea has its justification only in the supreme excellence of those things which demand of genius its absolute devotion. It is true that genius in its creative manifestation is not confined to art and literature. In the ancient Roman's regard Numa Pompilius was justly accorded as high a place as the greatest poets; he was held indeed in deeper reverence, such as might naturally be expected of a people whose robust ideal was realized in jurisprudence and civil administration, exalted to the level of divine functions ever since this same Numa espoused the nymph Egeria and was inspired by her counsels. This was the splendid service of Rome to the world she saved—herself she could not save—to build for that world, not only in her own day, but for ages to come, institutions which should stand as the stable monuments of a vertebrate civilization. She lived and died for structure. The service of Greece was higher, yielding to modern culture those inestimable treasures in art, philosophy, and literature which make any structure worth having. Nor is this all; the Hellenic inspiration of modern life has, in alliance with the spirit of the races which conquered Rome, transformed the Roman political fabric, retaining its stable order, but establishing civil liberty, independent nationalities, individual security.

The genius which fabricates is of a lower order than that which vitalizes and illuminates the structure. The form of national life, enclosing all other forms, though not the supreme concern of the individual spirit, is of the utmost practical importance in collective progress; and in critical moments it demands the service of every citizen, whatever his rank in the world of letters or of art. We admire rather than excuse Archimedes caught at his experiments when his city is given up to its besiegers. In all ages the noblest spirits have given to the commonwealth a service beyond that exacted by patriotic duty, a service prompted by fidelity to those principles of liberty and public justice for which commonwealths

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exist. Such high servants were the great orators of ancient and modern times, whose speeches remain to us as priceless treasures of literature.

Nevertheless there is genius—like that of Shakespeare — which in its proper operation transcends all the categories of practical life. Milton, who so stoutly protested against the cloistral cowardice of a scholarship which evaded public duties, wrote poetry which belonged to a world absolutely distinct from that which he served with such enthusiastic devotion. In a lesser degree Addison's *Cato* — though in its structure so intimately associating individual fate with the destinies of the state—belonged to that absolute realm of the imagination of which Keats and Shelley and Wordsworth were more native and more eminent denizens. In these later poets, as in Shakespeare, we see how far genius may be detached in its supreme operation from the relations of ordinary life—as remote as dreams are from the wide-awake world which furnishes the mere stuff for their wonderful transformations.

II

This detachment of literature from practical life has various degrees, but is most complete in the greatest works of the imagination, where it becomes an intimacy with life in its essential spirit. Here literature deals with our being rather than with our doing; or rather with what we are as the ground of what we do. The poem or play or fiction which belongs to this high order does not suppress or disparage the heroic deed and the romantic adventure, but brings them to their fountain; yet it may dispense with them altogether, and make its drama wholly subjective.

It is true that this subordination of the dramatic incident is comparatively modern. The older poets and story-tellers emphasized the outward deed; they lacked the deeper resource which culture has disclosed. The development of individualism in our modern life has opened a new field to literature, with infinite possibilities of complex characterization and varied humor within the limits of the individual mood and temperament.

The progressive specialization of social life has given the writer in recent times—for two centuries at least—a distinct place, a kind of artificial detachment from the practical life of the world, and has also vastly increased the number of those devoted to the profession of literature. Many of these have cultivated literature as an art, and have expressed thought and feeling in works whose charm is lasting and impressive; but many more, far more, have flooded the world with profuse verbiage, dull or clever, with varying degrees of worthlessness. It is not strange therefore that among those who survey the whole field, indiscriminatingly massing the signs of literary, social, and political weakness so apparent in a superficial view of our contemporary civilization, a pessimistic impression is likely to prevail—especially since so much of recent literature is not only itself degenerate, but reflects every phase of degeneracy in the unliterary world of the time.

There was toward the end of the nineteenth century much corrosive criticism, which is still at work in the beginning of the twentieth, directed against civilization itself, as something to be repented of, the sin of the race. As a kind of "Latter-day Sermon" this criticism has a certain philosophic value, since it is brought to bear mainly upon the institutions of a society come to its maturity—an animadversion upon that society in favor, by way of comparison, of an earlier period—the *juventus mundi*—when institutions had their origins and when human development is disclosed to us as an ascending movement. The study of this plastic human life is extremely fascinating, introducing us to an age of miracles when the imagined lineaments of the gods but reflect those of the heroes imagined in story and song. We regret the passing of this mighty plasticity into the hardened structure whose prosaic functions displace the miracle; and when we come to the study of this same structure in its decline we only too soon face the twilight of the gods.

The descent is inevitable, and from this consideration we are permitted to derive a philosophical satisfaction. If we pursue the study to the glowing and fading end of evening, the intellectual interest increases at every stage, and we are sensible of a more complex and varied

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scheme of tone, color, and feeling in the afternoon than in the morning of civilization. We see this vividly illustrated in the decline of Rome, which inclusively stood for the decline of ancient civilization. The wolf-nurture, the robust adolescence, the strenuous imperial maturity, have reached their final and full accomplishment, and in the later stages of the consummation the early ambitious effort gives place to a humane and beneficent purpose, more and more conscious of itself to the close of the great cycle. Ease and leisure have been won, and with them a fine human culture, more apparent socially and institutionally than in art and literature just because of the high Roman tension for structural completeness. Even in the frailty of the general fabric there is evidence not merely of the delicacy of sensibility associated with decay, not merely of the morbid hues of a declining day, but of a genuine courtesy and refinement, an exalted philosophy, and an almost modern sense of responsibility, not wholly ethical, but a feeling of duties, to the family, the state,—and even to the whole world, as if the Roman possession thereof devolved upon society an imperial conscience. Almost we seem to detect in this dying Roman world a sense of its duty to die, a kind of sacramental exaltation of its relentlessly approaching paralysis.

III

The pessimistic philosophy to which we have alluded, and which is more especially applied to our modern life, in society, art, and literature, too readily confounds a normal decadence with degeneration.

In the view of this philosophy the only great works in art and literature—great as being the products of a creative imagination — belonged to an older period, when art was more directly associated with life, and when the poet was also the soldier or in some other way a man of action rather than of thought and feeling. Thus Hamlet's self-reproach of the pale cast of thought would be extended in its application to all our modern culture as based upon an undue and one-sided development of sensibility, of an introspective mood inclined to meditative musing and reflection and to abnormal self-analysis. Civilization is overspecialization, the worst symptom of the disease being the detachment of the writer and artist not only from the active life of their time, but also in a certain sense from their work. We are reminded that attachment rather was the signal characteristic of the earlier and greater artists, when art was most creative, most boldly projective—an attachment not of feeling on the part of the artist about his work, but of almost unconscious identification with it; when the burden of the story-teller in prose or verse was the action of which he had been participant rather than a spectator, however sympathetic. Even changes in the language are brought to the support of this reactionary plea. We are reminded of an age so far removed from us in sentiment that the word "fond" meant "foolish," and the word "nervous," which to us suggests neurasthenia, indicated strength.

We thus come into that region of speculation occupied by Lombroso, who diagnoses genius in its modern sense as a malady, and by Nietzsche in the physiological intimations of his philosophy supporting the ancient worship of physical strength. We are asked to believe that the impassioned rhetoric of De Quincey and the brilliant speculation of Coleridge were the morbid sequel of the opium habit; that the exquisite poetry of Keats was the psychical fruit of his physical frailty; that we owe *The Critique of Pure Reason* and *Sartor Resartus* to the dyspeptic habit of their authors, and that the criticism and luminous interpretations of John Addington Symonds were just as surely as the hectic flush the symptoms of consumption. A malady more deeply seated than those acutely manifest in these instances is supposed to have become chronic in the whole race of modern men, depleted by civilization. We recall old myths which date the fall of man from the emergence of his rational consciousness, and are not surprised even by the announcement that man is himself a microbe which, since its first appearance upon the earth, all the forces of nature have set themselves to eradicate, and with no chance of success except finally through their own diminution and recession, followed by the refrigeration of the planet.

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Taking ourselves more seriously, we repeat that it is necessary to distinguish between the degeneration, of which these pessimistic speculations are themselves the most positive signs, and that decadence which is normal, and as evident in the evolution of the physical universe as in human development.

The sun itself is decadent, losing some of its pristine energy with every moment of its radiation for the sustenance of planetary life. The earth, too, has fallen from its first luminous estate into dull opacity; and the physical forces and velocities have suffered diminution to permit the existence of organisms. At every successive stage of evolution there is some new descent and loss, some lower stooping of an order that is, to one that is to be, and in the evolution of each new order at every stage some fresh hiding of creative power for structural excellence. When organic life appears we behold in its development the same natural decadence—a constant recession from the primal types of elemental strength and gigantic size. Beauty of form, grace of motion, and delicacy of organization become more and more evident with every new veiling of the crude violence.

The progress of human civilization follows the same course of decadence in the recession from the barbaric and even the picturesque aspects of a bolder life to the social amenities, the nice ethical adjustments, the subdued harmonies, of a refined human existence. The progress is through constantly greater sequestration with greater private privilege and protection, until the home life reaches its consummate maturity, while the communal power, which in the earlier stages of society was an overshadowing presence, is hardly felt or seen, though its stability and effective general service are increased. Man alone can be moral, and his moral code is a part of his normal decadence.

Do we complain because we are not cave-dwellers and cannot hunt mastodons, or that we do not live in the days of Benvenuto Cellini, when a mortal combat was the common incident of a walk before breakfast? Does the bird complain that it cannot revert to its primal reptile state? When Apollo comes do we mourn the loss of Pan?

But Pan does still haunt our wildwood even since the advent of Apollo. The courage of our savage forefathers still resides in our breasts, as necessary to us as to them, since our surer protection is not immunity; perils indeed accumulate with our progress; our vulnerability increases with our specialization and with the multiplied contacts of our wider range of life. If with the courage of our adventure we have also patience and justice and the modest bearing of well-regulated lives—these virtues bring us no reproach and are worth more than any we may have lost. So in art and literature not only is the cosmic excellence and beauty of those works which belong to the period of highly developed human reason and sensibility a whole heaven above the might and magic of the crude myth and saga of man's earliest imagination in its elemental activity, but when we compare the latest with the earliest products of this highly developed cosmic period we find in them values greater than any that have been surrendered through the veiling of creative power; and it seems evident to us that this veiling has become the very robe of art —nay, more than that, its exquisite embodiment. If in some of the plastic arts, following the Greek type, we have retained in fair measure simplicity of form, with its suggestion of grandeur, in other fields of art we have considered content more than form, availing of the very complexity of our modern life, and also of the manifold illusions which abound in a modulated human world.

Such gains are especially apparent in modern imaginative literature, and while we may concede a progressive normal decadence, the best examples in each generation surpass those of the preceding, losing perhaps something, but securing greater and more significant values.

As we have said, such detachment as there is of creative imagination from the practical affairs of life, from structural functions, brings it into closer intimacy with the life of the spirit. Its inspirations recall men from their pursuit of sordid benefits to an ideal quest. Thus only is possible the perennial renascence of culture which forbids the loss of the soul for the gain of a world. Genius, like Faith, resides at the fountain, which is the life and sweetness of the stream.

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EDITOR'S DRAWER

Her Tailor-made Gown

A MONOLOGUE

BY MAY ISABEL FISK

GOOD morning! Are you ready for my fitting? . . . Well, it's ten o'clock and I had a distinct understanding when I came here that I was not to be kept waiting. . . . I can't help it—I said ten o'clock. I thought at the time if you didn't write it down on one of those card things I never would remember.—But I know perfectly well it was ten o'clock. I never get this sort of thing—you know, that really matters—mixed. Now, when it comes to giving medicines or anything of that kind, I *cannot* get it straight. Last winter when my little girl had the chicken-pox, I got the powders and pills all confused—I was just learning that new embroidery stitch—what *is* the name?—I've forgotten—it doesn't really matter. Of course my mind was all on that, and I didn't want to tell the doctor I had gotten mixed—he'd think I was silly—and he was so good-looking, too. Well, it came out all right as it was, but doctor said, one dose more of the every two hours—which I'd given her every half-hour—and Ethel never would have opened her eyes again. Did you ever hear of anything so ridiculous, and—. . . You *did* give me one of those cards? It's the strangest thing I don't remem—Well, did you ever—here it is in my side bag.—You are right, after all, "Ten-thirty." I wasn't really sure, but I thought I'd better be on the safe side and say "Ten." But I cannot conceive how I could have made such a mistake—it's not at all like m—. . .

No, I wouldn't have time to do any shopping and then come back—I don't intend to buy anything to-day—I'm just looking, and that takes so long and is so tiresome. I might go and get my call over on my sister-in-law—but when she once gets started talking clothes, you never can stop her. Besides, I'd rather counted on dropping in there for lunch—of course I never go for Monday lunch—you know what that means with some people, nothing but warmed-overs! I hate to go to a restaurant alone, and it does count up so when you have a lot of things to buy. No, I guess I'll just wait—yes, I'll wait.

Dear me, how warm and horrid it seems here in the city after coming in from the country. . . . You haven't had any vacation? Well, I suppose you have gotten used to it, then, and don't mind. You see, I have been away two months—I could have stayed another month if I'd wanted to; in fact, Mr. Squires urged me to—he is so good about letting me stay away.—But I thought it was

I was just learning that embroidery stitch

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about time I came back—not that I'm in the least suspicious. Mr. Squires writes me every night when I am away, and I always save the postmarks, so I can tell at what time they were mailed, and at what post-office—I can sort of keep track that way. I love the country. My husband says he never knew any one who cared as much for it as I do. Don't you know, when you are there, even on rainy days and you have to be shut up, you know it's all outside, just the same, while in the city, it isn't. I always feel that way about it. Now, Mr. Squires's mother, she stays with us quite a good deal — in fact, a good deal more than— Well, she doesn't feel that way at all.

I expect my mother will be with us most of the winter this year—I just love to have her—she does all the darning for me and is so good about taking care of the children when we go to the theatre. —That reminds me of an experience I had the other day with one of those hateful box-office men. — And did you ever notice they are never impertinent when men go to buy tickets? They don't dare. I just told him he wouldn't be speaking to me that way, if he was talking to my husband! That did upset him a little. You see, it was like this: The man showed me the seats on the map, and said they were half-way to the *front*, and when we got in them I found they were half-way to the *back!* I was so mad, and I went right out and started to tell him what I thought about it, when he interrupted me so rudely and said, "Madam, you will have to go to the end of the line and take your turn." I just told him I'd sit in the seats first. It was one of those bargain matinées, and they don't care what they give you.

But look the way it humps up

She does all the darning for me

As I said, my mother will be here most of the winter. My husband thinks we ought to have his sister.—That's just the way with men. It's never any trouble and expense to have *their* relatives, but when you want *yours*—it's a different matter. . . . Oh, are they ready for me?

Let me look at that skirt before you put it on.—That never in the world is the piece of goods I selected. . . . No, it is *not*. This does not look at all like the goods I chose—it's the same color, but a much poorer quality. . . . Well, I don't believe it—I was told that tailors did that—change the goods after you have picked it out. . . . I'll try it on, but I know— . . . Yes, that side's all right, but look the way it humps up on this hip. . . . No, it won't—no manner of pressing is going to take it out. That back seam is all skewy—see? All there. . . . You haven't got that even around the bottom. . . . Well,

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it's fully three inches shorter in the back than in the front. . . . I never saw such a botch! I will *not* take it if it doesn't come out right. My husband wouldn't let me. . . . Best workmanship? I never saw anything worse in my life! . . . Of course when you pull it down like that, but I can't have some one dragging it down all the time.—It ought to fall that way itself . . . .

Now, don't do that — you are only stretching the cloth all out of shape. . . . I must say I'm very much disappointed—it doesn't look at all like the picture the young lady showed me and you copied it from. Besides, I don't like those straps running that way—it makes me look too long from the waist down. . . . Well, I never had any one tell me I was short-waisted before! I certainly am not!

I always tell them I'm in a hurry, whether I am or not

Now, I want it very snug around the hips; mind, very snug. . . . The band is not too tight—wait till I hold my breath. There, hurry. . . . Well, you didn't pin it securely enough—it would never have burst open like that. . . . I tell you it is not too tight.—I ought to know.—I always hold my breath before hooking a belt. . . . I do hope you will get the alterations all right. . . . Where's the jacket? . . . Why, I want to try it all on together. . . . Yes, I'll wait if you will be quick.

(She sits. Enter another woman.)

. . . Yes, it is unpleasant, but you always have to wait like this here. . . . Yes, the second time—they utterly ruined my gown last year, so this time I thought they surely would make me a perfect one. I am afraid, though, it won't turn out any better. . . . Yours is what? . . . Brown with green polka-dots—oh, I shouldn't— . . . Yes, yes, indeed, very *odd*. I only came here because Mrs. Tyler—do you know her?—she lives uptown and has blond hair and one child—such a disagreeable, forward boy, too. . . . Oh, you don't—well, she recommended these people so highly to me and urged me to try them. I never could imagine why she took so much trouble, as I know she doesn't like me any better than I do her.

. . . Are you in such a hurry? Have to catch a train? Isn't that too bad. . . . Yes, I'm afraid you'll miss it—such a shame. . . . I always tell them I'm in a hurry, whether I am or not—that's the way I did this morning, though I haven't a thing to do till lunchtime. . . . Let you take your fitting before I finish? Oh, really—why—you know I would be *so glad* to, but, now I come to think of it, I have a number of things I ought to attend to this morning. I'm so sorry. . . . No, I don't think it was cheeky of you a bit.—Perhaps we will meet here again, and I would be *so* glad to oblige you. If it had been *any* other day but this— Here he is with my jacket, now. I'll try my best to make him hurry.

What an abominable cut! Well, I can

She lives up-town, and has blond hair and one child

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I wore it one Sunday morning

tell just by looking at it. . . . Now, I told you so carefully to make it much too broad across the shoulders or it wouldn't be right. . . . Just look at that! I can't get my arms down. . . . Well, the more you cut out the less there will be of it. Yes, it feels more comfortable, but I don't care at all how it feels—I want it to look right. . . . Maybe, but I don't believe it. . . . Just look where the waist line comes— . . . You said that before; but you should be able to make me look long-waisted, whether I am or not.

I told you expressly I wanted it very loose across the chest. . . .

It's simply awful. . . . It gives me absolutely no figure. . . . Well, I told you you could pad it, if you thought it was necessary. . . . I don't care what you do with it as long as you make me look the way I want to look. I am so discouraged I could cry. . . . No, you can't — I know better. There is no use twitching it like that —it won't do a bit of good. . . .

Every time I wiggle it pokes right out at the neck. . . . Are you really positive you can? . . . You know they all say that— I wish I could think— All right. . . . Now, you are absolutely sure the pressing will make it perfect? . . . All right. . . . Very well, to-morrow morning at ten-thirty. Good morning. (Exits. Re-enters.)

I don't believe I am going to like the straps running down. It's going to make me look too tall. You see, I have to make myself as low down as I can — you understand, short,—because my husband is half a head shorter than I am. Last winter I had one of those large black velvet hats with a drooping plume, don't you know, fastened with a buckle. It was one of the most becoming hats I ever had—every one said so—and very expensive. Well, I wore it one Sunday morning when we were going to church, and, walking up the avenue, one of those horrid little urchins came along and called out, "Get on to her nibs with her Fauntleroy!" Mr. Squires insisted it was because the hat was so large it made him look smaller, so I had to cut it down; but you know how that is—it never looked the same. . . . So you will change the straps, won't you, and you are perfectly certain it will be all right? . . . Very well. Good morning.

A Lullaby

BY CAROLINE McCORMICK

GOOD night, oh little love of mine, good night;
The stars are bright,
But in the skies above thee—who can say?—
Haply the slumber stars, more bright than they,
Shall guide thy feet along a flowery way
To morning light.

Dream on, oh little love of mine, dream on;
The day is gone,
But who can tell what sunlit fancies fill
Thy dreamland with delight? So wander still
Across the blessed fields of sleep until
The morrow dawn.

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At the Soda Fountain

"What will it be?"
CAMEL. *"Give me six ice-cream sodas and a hot peppermint. One of my stomachs is a little upset."*

The Difference

BY EMMA BELL MILES

I HAVE a friend of just my age,
  Rose Stirling is her name.
Unless you knew us both quite well,
  You'd think we were the same.

Our hats and cloaks are just alike,
  And just alike our dolls—
We carry these about the yard
  Wrapped in our mothers' shawls.

Our "Now I lay me" every night
  We say upon our knees;
We build playhouses every day
  Upon the roots of trees.

We sit together on the bank
  To watch the boats go by;
And nearly everything we do
  Rose likes as well as I.

But Rose's eyes are blue as flowers,
  While mine are dark, you see;
And other ways I know in which
  She's different from me.

You know that father's fish-pond lies
  Across the pasture there,
Where yesterday we went to walk
  Out in the pleasant air.

Rose went to look for shiny stones
  Up-stream a little way,
And I sat down beside the pond,
  For I was tired of play.

I saw the great slow snow-white clouds
  Come sailing by the hill,
Awhile I almost felt afraid,
  The whole earth seemed so still.

I saw the deep woods far away;
  The sunshine wide and fair;
My shadow in the pond—I leaned
  To touch it with my hair.

Well, sir! It was so great and strange,
  I cannot tell you half;
I didn't say a word to Rose—
  I knew 'twould make her laugh.

I'll go and look again some time,
  And hope that no one knows
(So mind you're not to tell) that I
  Am different from Rose.

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Alack, A Yak!

BY BURGES JOHNSON

'MID pathless deserts I groan and grieve,
In weariest solitudes I leave
My track;
Bemoaning the fate that has christened me,
In spite of my whiskered dignity,
A Yak!

O happy child, with the epithet
Of Abe or Ike or Eliphalet
Or Jack,—
You little wot of the blush of shame
That dyes my cheek when I hear the name
Of Yak!

Better a bok or a slithy sloe,
Or a mythical beast in the starry zo-
Diac,—
A polypod or a pelican,
An auk or an ichthyosaurus, than
A Yak!

And so, through the valleys hereabout
I sob this plea, and the echoes shout
It back:—
For the sake of art, and my pride as well,
When you write my name, will you kindly spell
It Yacque!

Her Idea of It

THE world of little Elizabeth was entirely the world of day. Her nights were spent in the Land of Nod, so that her small soul was in ecstasy when she was given permission to stay up to see the stars. But it was not their twinkling that allured her. A new sickle moon was in the sky, and her eyes travelled straight to it and fastened in baby amazement upon it.

"Oh, papa, see!" she cried, with a little gasp; "God's eyebrow shows!"

A Question

AN old colored minister treated his flock one Sunday to the following story from the Bible: "Jeezabel been up on a wall, an' Ahab come 'long an' say to his men, 'T'row her down.' An' dey t'rowed her down. He say, 'T'row her down seben times.' An' dey t'rowed her down seben times. 'T'row her down sebenty times seben.' An' dey done it. Ob de fragments dey gaddered up twelve baskets full. Now, my bredderin, whose wife she goin' to be in de Ressurrection?"

M. W. ELLIOTT.

"PLEASE, Mrs. Pease, which one of us
Is right?" asked Sallie Strong.
"Jack says you weigh six hundred pounds,
But I am sure he's wrong."

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An Early Reply Requested

MISTRESS. "*Why don't you put off your letter-writing until after breakfast?*"

MAID. "*Please, ma'am, whin me coosin wrote to me he said he wanted me to wroite him an answer as early as possible!*"

Unseasonable

FRANCIS, aged seven, just entering upon his career as a schoolboy found the reading-book a rather difficult problem. At the same time his mother began teaching him the Lord's Prayer. This also presented difficulties.

Soon after, he went with his mother to spend the winter with an aunt, and was immediately put into school. After a day's trial he entered a protest. In a burst of indignation he said, "Mother, I don't like that school! I can't go! Why, what do you suppose they did the first thing? They said the Lord's Prayer! Now, you know that's not *day* work. That's *night* work!"

A. VOSBURGH.

For the Doll's Sake

LITTLE Harriet had been told of a playmate's illness, and her feelings had been worked upon to the extent of lending her favorite doll to console the invalid. Her extemporaneous prayer that evening ran: "Dear God, please make Frances Hall better, for Jesus' sake, for her sake, for my sake. Amen."

In the Winter Night

THE night is cold, the winter blast
Is beating at the cabin door,
But all within is warm and fast—
Then let the wind his anger roar.
The fire is singing round the log,
The board is spread with mug and loaf,
Now merrily the night may jog
Though winter's here, the surly oaf.

The snow in columns whirls away
Like ghostly dervishes that dance,
Upon the pane their shadows play;
The fire assaults them with its lance,
Its flaming sword that guards the home,
Good angel of the altar-place,—
God pity all the souls who roam
Far from the comfort of its face.

Hark! . . . . 'tis the homeless at the door.
In! In! And drink to better days.
Out to the storm you go no more—
The night with snow is all a haze.
Draw chair and table near the fire,
Forget the wind that howls above,
And while the flames go leaping higher,
We'll pledge "To home and brother-love."

LOUISE MORGAN SILL.

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The Maltese Terrier

BY GUY WETMORE CARRYL

MATILDA'S Maltese terrier has a score or more of names,
And plays a leading part in all her energetic games,
But more than all the names and games invented on the globe
He plays the part of martyr, and deserves the name of Job!
The ribbon on his neck is changed a dozen times a day:
The bow's invariably too large, and always in his way,
And often it is much too tight, or so one would conclude,
Remarking the pathetic way in which his eyes protrude.

Matilda has him by the tail before she's out of bed,
And tips him up in hopes he'll learn to stand upon his head!
And, shortly after breakfast, one will meet him in distress,
Half-strangled by the tightness of her biggest dolly's dress.
He's always being sat upon when sleeping in a chair,
He's blamed for every breakage and for every rip and tear,
And his swimming is so comic that the family is fond
Of throwing him at intervals into the fishing-pond!

Matilda's Maltese terrier is "It" at hide-and-seek;
He's sent in fragile birch canoes careering down the creek;
Within a rusty bird-cage he's a raging polar bear;
And they use him for a target, throwing burrs into his hair!
He's an organ-grinder's monkey, with a cord around his waist;
He's a baby in a cradle, with a little cap that's laced;
And he hides in sheltered corners, but Matilda, with a shout,
Secures him by a leg or ear and promptly pulls him out!

But the things that chiefly show him that a terrier's life is hard
Are the methods that Matilda has of proving her regard:—
He's kissed, and hugged, and rocked, and rolled about upon the grass:
He's squeezed in at the middle, like a wasp or hour-glass:
He's brushed, and combed, and curled, and has his ribbon changed, and then
He's squeezed, and rolled about, and rocked, and hugged, and kissed again!
A cynic might suggest—and he could not be greatly blamed—
That Matilda's Mauled-Teased terrier is very fitly named!

PHILLIP. "*Of course my bread had to fall on the buttered side.*"
PHOEBE. "*Mine never does; I butter it on the other side.*"

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Illustration for "The Story of Adhelmar"

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HE FOUND MÉLITE ALONE

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Honfleur the Sedate

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER

AS things go nowadays in Honfleur, I am persuaded that a more drowsily placid little seaport is not to be found on any coast of any sea.

On the flowing tide the fisher boats slip seaward slowly; on the edge of the ebb they come slowly back again; and between tides — when the boats are aground on the oozy bottom of the harbor—their owners line up against the sea-wall and look down at them between their own elbows, while they smoke their pipes in a desultory fashion and in rumbling voices exchange desultory scraps of talk. Once a day—twice a day in summer—there is almost a commotion: when the trig *François 1er* comes in from Havre at the top of high water, and lands and takes aboard passengers in what passes in Honfleur for a hurry in order to be off again for Havre while the tide still serves. Twice a week a little steamer from Southampton passes into one of the basins—they are superb, those acres upon acres of forgotten great stone-walled basins in which whole fleets might, but do not, float—and loads a cargo of Normandy butter and eggs and cheese and vegetables and fowls for the London market, all with an easy slowness and with an abundance of purely conversational talk. Now and then small coasting-vessels drop in—seemingly in a spirit of pure friendliness—and lie idly for a tide or two afloat or aground in the outer harbor before they loll away again to sea. And at irregular intervals—this is quite the most important thing that happens at Honfleur—timber-laden steamships arrive from Norway and at high water go gently into one of the basins: to be unloaded there at everybody's leisure while the unmarked days run on.

In a word, there broods over Honfleur constantly a soothingly dreamlike spirit of repose. Hurry has no place there. Bustle is unknown. Inverting the customs of our breathless twentieth century, the Honfleurais devote what they are pleased to call their energies to checking —if so brisk a term may be applied to their actions—their own speed.

It is my fancy that this lovable little city on the Seine's estuary—nooked into a chine cut in the chalk cliffs by the tiny river Claire—goes so slowly because of its instinctive longing to linger near its glowing future: which a long while since dropped behind it and became its glowing past.

They will tell you with a proper pride, the honest Honfleurais, how promising was their foresight toward civic greatness and maritime importance a brace of millenniums, or thereabouts, ago: when Cæsar sailed out from their harbor to Britain, and so linked their fame and their fortunes with ships and with the sea. The harbor in the mouth of the Claire was called Portus Iccius in those young ages; and the town that grew up about it increased and flourished while savages fished from coracles about that island, fifty leagues up the Seine, on

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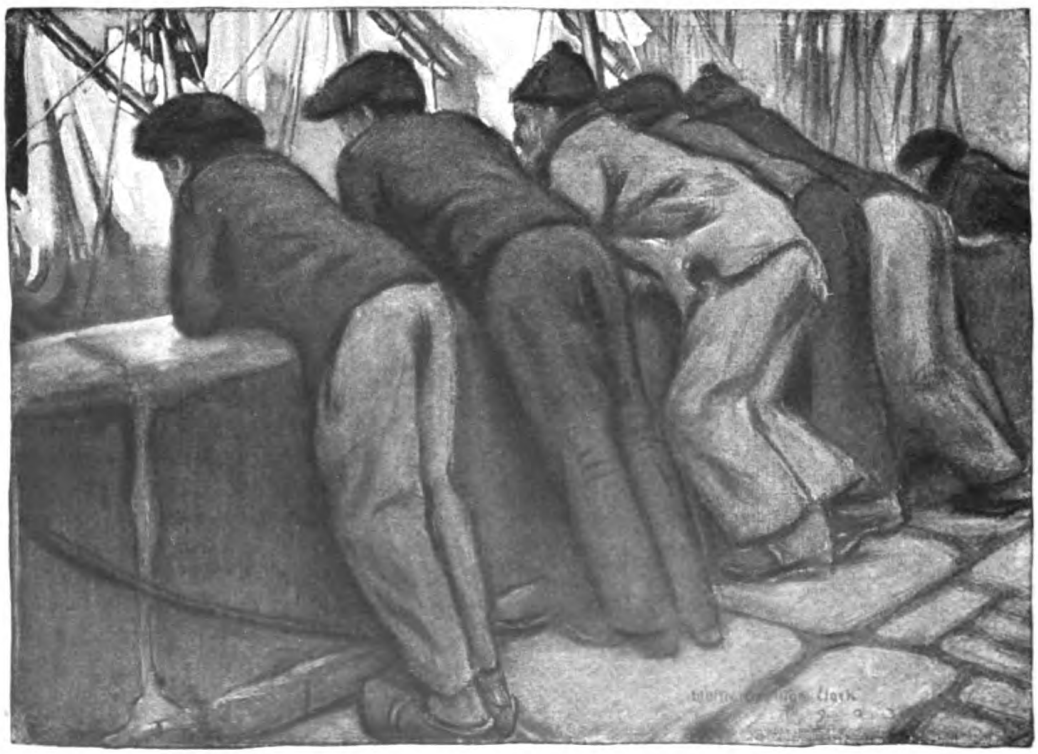
which Paris was to be seated when a little procession of unnoticed centuries had passed. Later, when Portus Iccius had melted away into the water and had become an outlying sand-bank, some strayed Saxons of marauding tendencies made a new settlement—whence they marauded seaward and landward at their convenience—close under the cliff-edge on the slopes above what is called the Old Port now. That settlement was planted in the sixth century. It was the beginning of the present town.

With the development of the port of Havre, over on the other side of the Seine's estuary, came the undoing of the port of Honfleur. The approach to Havre is not, as the approach to Honfleur is, obstructed by a half-mile or so of outlying sand-banks. Because of that difference Havre has grown to be a great commercial city; while Honfleur—notwithstanding the millions which have been spent in the building of its magnificently lonely docks—is but the commercial ghost of what it was in the days, long before docks were dreamed of, when its corsairs and its armed merchantmen were fighting and trading on half the coasts of the world.

In keeping with its fallen fortunes, there is about the town a gentle melancholy that adds to its picturesqueness a pathetic charm. Owing to the inappropriate manner of my arrival, I did not at first perceive this subtle quality of sadness in which is a dash of tragedy. I had come skimming along in a motor-car down the Seine valley to Elbœuf, and thence across the hills to the valley of the Claire, and down the long watergrade and into Honfleur just as the red ball of a sun was dropping behind a cloud-bank on the seaward horizon. Positively, it was the very worst approach that I could have made. Aside from the anachronism involved in driving such an up-to-date vehicle over roads trodden by William the Conqueror — to ride into Chicago in tilting-armor would be the antithetic parallel—I took the little city from behind, and in the unkindly gloom of waning day. It was as though I had entered an old manor-house through the scullery and at dusk.



WAITING FOR THE TIDE

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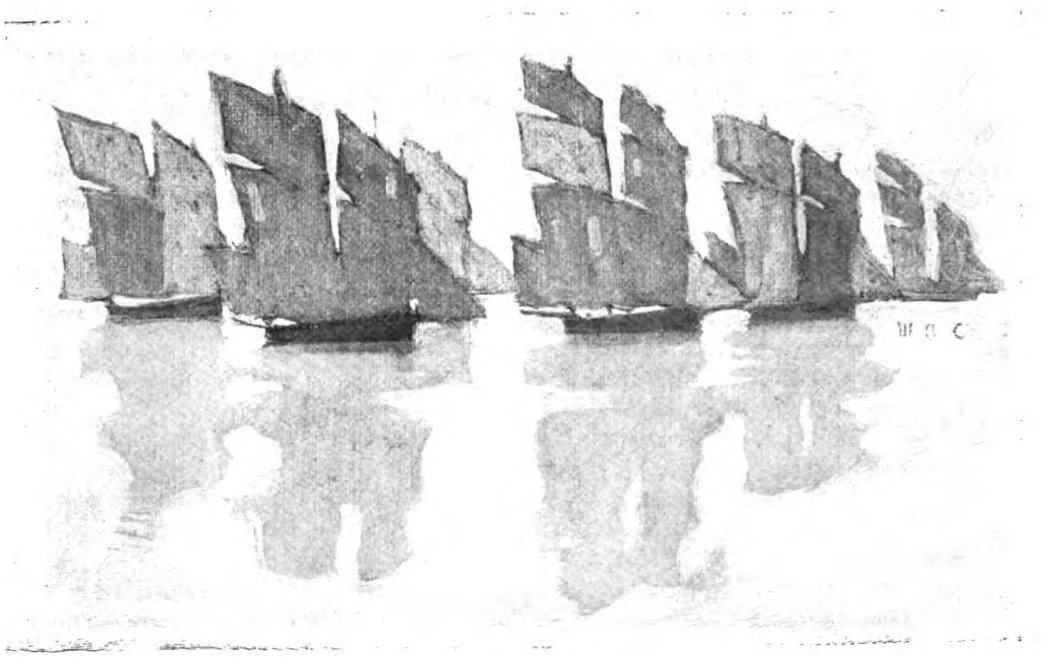

THE FISHER BOATS SLIP SEAWARD

Honfleur is of the sea salty, and to get it at its best it must be approached from the seaward in the full light of day. Preferably it should be seen from one of its own fisher luggers, low-lying in the water and so the more exalting the upjut of its sentinel fragment of a castle, and its wooden spires, and its tangle of high-peaked timbered houses scrambling up the hillsides, and its solemn background of wooded hill-crests cutting sharp against the sky. Regarded from that proper view-point, the little city has a dignified beauty that is in keeping with its gray centuries of recorded history since it was ruled by the Conqueror, and with the longer sweep of its ages since Cæsar took ship there for the northern isles.

La Lieutenance, rising big and bold on the water-front, in a way strikes the key-note of the town. It stands on the quai, commanding the ancient harbor: a structure half palace and half castle that was the official residence of the governor of the port, the King's Lieutenant—until kings and king's deputies went down together in Revolutionary times. Freakish architecture is characteristic of Honfleur, but La Lieutenance—a lank towering building patched against what of old was the city's water-gate, with added patchings of brickwork in its own body, with broken walls showing where parts of it have been destroyed, with a high-pitched roof set over the whole of it like a big extinguisher—is freakish beyond words. But for all its whimsical queerness there is about this tousled wreck of a castellated palace—as there is about the town that it dominates—the saving grace of a withered elegance: the look and the bearing that may be seen in a broken gentleman, whose shabby dress still shows traces of a former modishness, and who in spite of his pinched fortunes still carries himself with an air.

Crowding La Lieutenance close in the matter of freak architecture is the isolated bell-tower of the parish church, Saint Catherine's: a picturesque absurdity in which a partly stone and partly timber substructure is jumbled with a timber superstructure steadied by flying buttresses which frankly are wooden beams. Very many of the heavily beautiful churches of Normandy are capped by flippant wooden spires in which the proportions and the lines equally are at odds with architectural propriety; but this fantastic bell-tower—that is only on

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nodding terms with the church that it belongs to—surpasses all of them in a grotesque extravagance that gives it the look of a windmill gone wrong.

Saint Catherine's, to which the bell-tower stands outpost, is only a little less of a monstrosity. Save for the modern west front, it is built wholly of wood—the timbers hewn, not planed — in the form of two naves with chancels and aisles. Over the naves rise high-pitched slated roofs, and as above them is neither tower nor spire the exterior effect is of two big barns snuggling sociably side by side. The west front, a Doric portico of stuccoed brick, seems almost as though it were intended for a joke; but presumably it was built soberly and seriously in the time of the first Empire, when bastard classicism was all the rage in France. Originally, no doubt, there was a timbered porch on the west front—in keeping with the beautiful south porch that luckily still survives. It is not easy to follow the mental processes of those who sanctioned such a change.

The interior of the church is a little more churchlike, but even in the interior the barn motive is strong. The style is Perpendicular; and this order of architecture becomes distinctly amusing when it is worked out in wooden beams. Even the very interesting carved oak screen of the organ-loft—on the panels of which are angels, and respectable elderly men, and overlight-looking ladies, and a suggestive satyr, all playing away on harps and horns and fiddles and bass-viols—is less beautiful than it is odd. Especially does the eye resent, being accustomed to substantial stone pillars, the slimness of the tall timbers which support the roof—and which give the impression that they are likely to let it fall. But they have held out pretty well so far: and they were set in place close upon half a century before Columbus started on his rambling voyage westward that was the beginning of our America. Four forests have had time to begin in acorns and to end in well-grown oaks since the beams in Saint Catherine's were new. Naturally and properly, the Honfleurais are vastly proud of this very queer and very old church of theirs, and of its still queerer and equally old bell-tower: the like of neither of which—as they tell you with a conscious air of restrained superiority—is to be found in all the world.

On the lintel of the bell-tower doorway—as I noticed while I waited for my knock to be answered—is carved a tiny figure of the blessed Saint Catherine, affectionately cuddling the wheel that worked her martyrdom in the early Christian ages and that gave a name to a popular variety of fireworks in later times. It is a crude little carving; but an odd thrill went through me as I thought of the pride that must have filled the heart of the young journeyman carver as he cut it there, more than four hundred years ago. I wonder how he turned out? Crude though it is, there are good touches in the little figure. Very possibly some of the exquisite woodwork at Rouen may have come from his trained and perfected hand.

The bell-ringer answered my knock and led me up a short stairway to a square room in the heart of the building. He was a man of sixty, or thereabouts; but he gave the impression of being as old as his bell-tower, so heavy were his movements and so slow. I wanted to see the timber-work of the tower, and asked—evidently he was of too lumbering a make to go with me—if I might climb it alone. "It will be more commodious for Monsieur to be guided," he answered. "My Jean here will have much pleasure in attending him." And to this he added, quite simply and naturally: "Monsieur will observe that my poor Jean is blind. But that need occasion Monsieur no uneasiness. Since the time when he was a little boy he has climbed the tower constantly. He goes up the ladders like a cat, and he knows every turn of the way."

What the bell-ringer told was the literal truth. Without a sign of hesitation, the blind man led me at first up a spiral stairway; and then up steep steps which turned and twisted through the beam-work; and then up ladders which still more sharply twisted in and out among the bells. Here and there, at risky shiftings, oak handholds were placed—the wood black and polished with the grip of countless long-dead hands. The blind man climbed more easily than I did; and when we were come at last to a little

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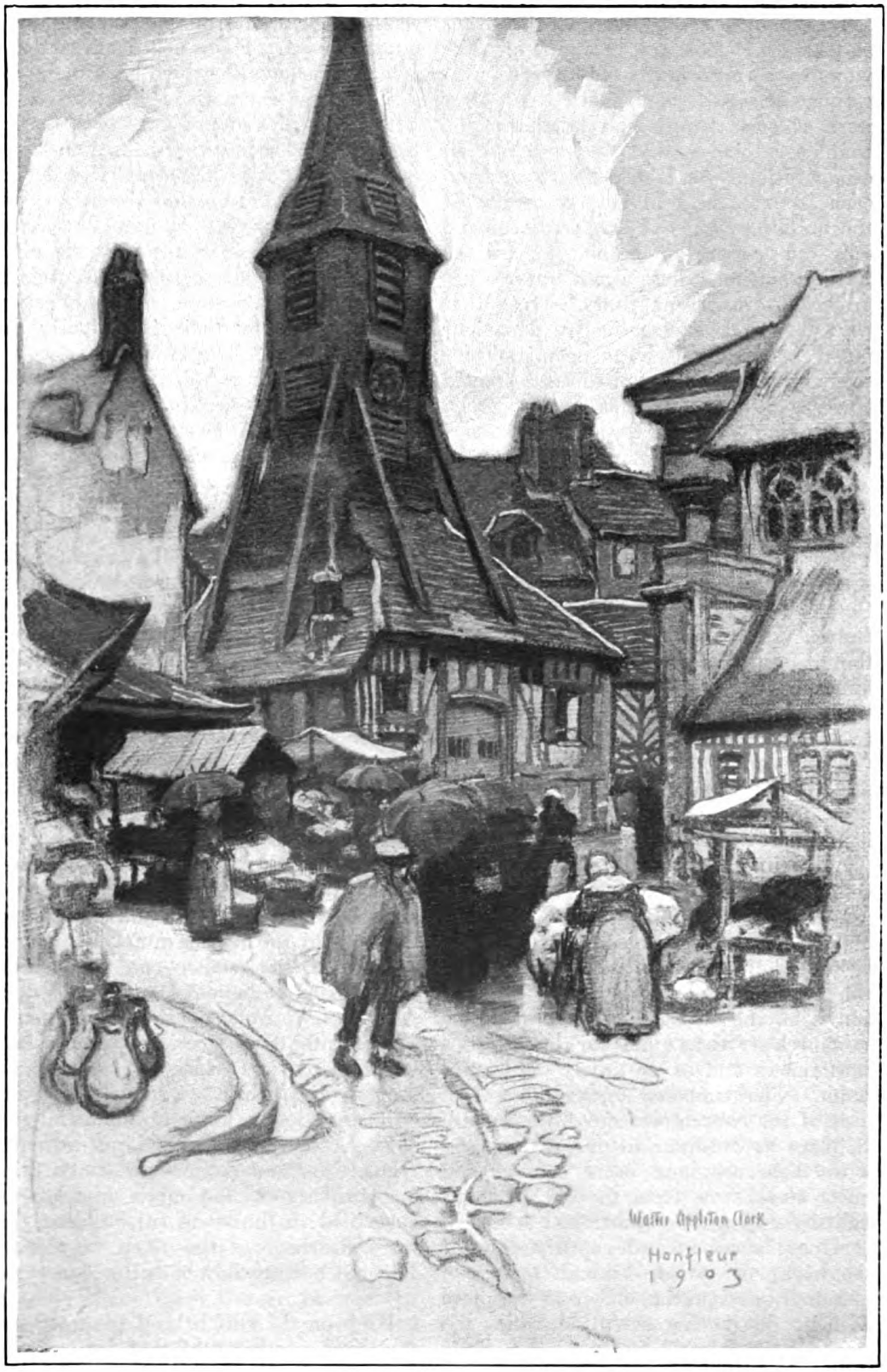

MARKET-PLACE AND BELL-TOWER OF SAINT CATHERINE'S

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chamber above the bells he opened, with a sure touch, four shuttered loopholes and bade me look out from them. The views were very beautiful and very interesting, he said; and added that they were as clear before him as though he could see them still. This was not an exaggeration. As I looked in turn from each loophole he told me the names of the buildings which I saw from it—and only went wrong on the side toward the railway station, where a new quarter has grown up in recent times. Over that way, he said apologetically, Monsieur must excuse him if he made mistakes—so many new buildings had been erected since he went blind. There was so much pathos in it all that I was glad when I had satisfied him by completing my round of the loopholes and he closed them and led me down again by the twisting ladders among the bells.

Over across the Old Port from Saint Catherine's is a chunky little stone church that was built, under the invocation of Saint Etienne, almost precisely six hundred years ago. It has a delighting timbered porch that may be a century or two younger, and a wooden spire so fretful with sharp-pointed outbursts of shingles that it very well might pass in the dusk for a queerly shaped heavenward-bound porcupine.

As a church, the building went out of commission long ago; and it probably would have gone quite out of existence had it not been rescued and preserved by the admirable antiquaries who constitute the Société de Vieux Honfleur. Nowadays, having been lovingly repaired, the ex-church serves as a hall for the Society's conférences and as an annex to its museum. The timbered organ-loft and a part of the churrigueresque altar remain in place as antiquarian curiosities; and with these are long brass cannon and queer small-arms from the old Honfleur fighting-ships; a few portraits; some old carvings; a seventeenth-century view of the town, and so on—enough to give a pleasingly antiquarian flavor to the place without distracting attention while the learned papers are being read and while the learned discussions are going on.

The museum proper created by this excellent Society is so perfect of its kind, and is housed so appropriately, that it sends a glow into every visiting antiquary's heart. There may be others—beside the Carnavalet, which is on too grand a scale for a comparison—that fitly class with it, but I know of only two: that in the ex-Quaker meeting-house on Nantucket, and that which my friend Frédéric Mistral has created recently in the ex-church of Saint Honorat at Arles. Ordinarily, the museums in little cities are filled with all manner of unrelated curiosities, which teach nothing effectively and which by their incongruity disturb the mind. The Honfleur collection is not that way at all. Like the collection at Arles — the line is less firmly drawn on Nantucket — it is limited strictly to articles which illustrate local history; and it is housed in a building, dating from the year 1400, which (as is true also of the buildings in Provence and in Massachusetts) is itself a proper exhibit: having been for some hundreds of years the official residence of the civic chief magistrate, the Bailli; and being still the largest and the most beautiful timbered dwelling in the town. In the ancient rooms are arranged once more the ancient furniture and the ancient fittings severally proper to them; on the walls are hung framed broadsides—pulled from the first Honfleur printing-press, that stands beneath them—and old prints and old paintings of the town; in glazed cases are displayed ornaments, articles of table service, books, weapons; and scattered about the place—giving a touch of rather startling realism—are life-size figures dressed in ancient Honfleur costumes and engaged in such ancient industries as spinning and lace-making—Honfleur was famous for its lace—and even including an old-time baby in an old-time cradle with an old-time mother watching by its side. And all of these things—directly relating to, and collectively constituting an epitome of, the city's history—are enshrined in the beautiful building that for centuries was the city's very heart. It could not possibly be better done.

High on the cliff behind the town is a shrine of another sort that for a longer sweep of centuries has been, and that still is, the city's very soul. This is the chapel of Notre Dame de Grâce de Hon-

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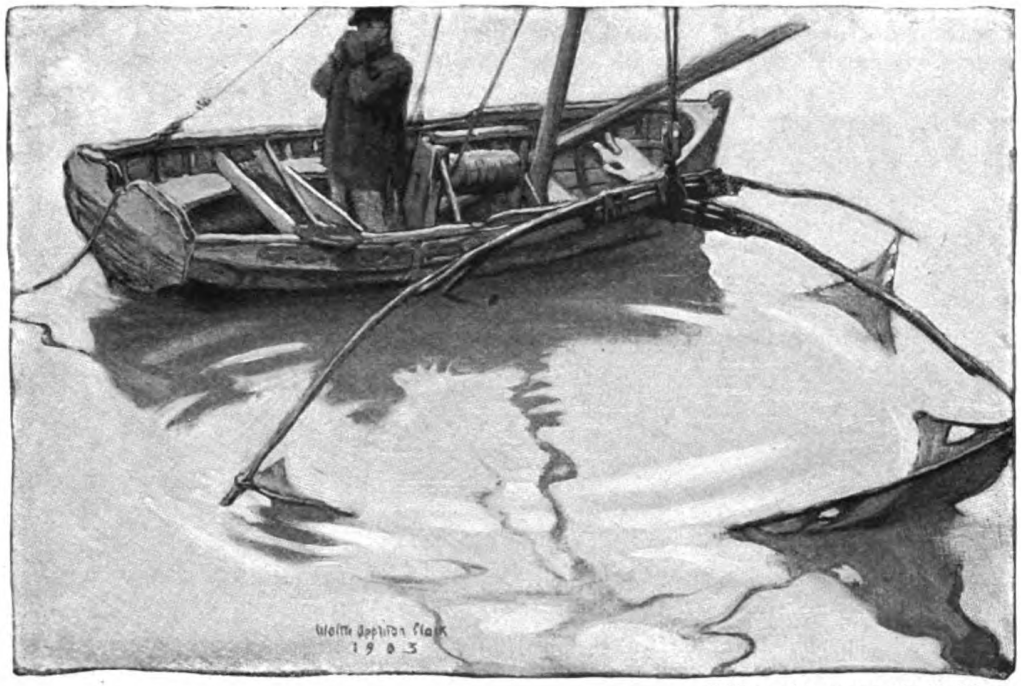

Half-tone plate engraved by H. O'Brien

THE FISHER

fleur, founded—on a spot sacred in still earlier, Pagan, times—by the father of William the Conqueror, Duke Robert the Magnificent, about the year 1034.

The chapel was the outcome of a vow. Tradition tells that Duke Robert, being on shipboard, was assailed by a mighty tempest, and that at the height of it he registered a vow to the Blessed Virgin that he would build three chapels in her honor should she in grace and pity deliver him from that great danger and bring him safe again to land. And the Blessed Virgin in grace and pity gave him the deliverance that he prayed for, and so accepted his vow. Thereupon he built quickly three chapels: one at Harfleur, close beside his own castle, that he dedicated to Our Lady of Pity; one at Caen, that he dedicated to Our Lady of Deliverance; and the third at Honfleur, that he dedicated to Our Lady of Grace. Then was the Blessed Virgin happy in being in that way triply honored, and well pleased with Duke Robert because so punctually he had fulfilled his vow. And because the chapel above Honfleur was founded as a thank-offering for deliverance from sea-danger, Our Lady of Grace became, and has remained always, especially the protectress of those who are in mortal peril upon the sea.

In that way the shrine on the cliff-top, three hundred feet above the waters of the bay, came into existence almost nine centuries ago—and I shrewdly suspect that it took root and flourished there because it superseded the shrine of a kindly Pagan goddess who likewise cured and saved. There has been one long break in its history. In the year 1538 an earthquake destroyed the original chapel and sent almost the whole of it, along with the ground on which it stood, sliding down into the sea. By an obvious miracle the altar, on which was the image of Our Lady, alone remained uninjured; and to that miraculously preserved image came the faithful to make their prayers. But the earthquakes continued, and it was judged best—lest hurt should come to those faithful worshippers—that the altar should be demolished and the holy image removed. Not until nearly a century had passed did the earthquakes and the landslides cease. Then, at last, the present chapel was erected, and was dedicated in the year 1613.

Our Lady of Grace gives succor to landsmen as well as to seamen, and in

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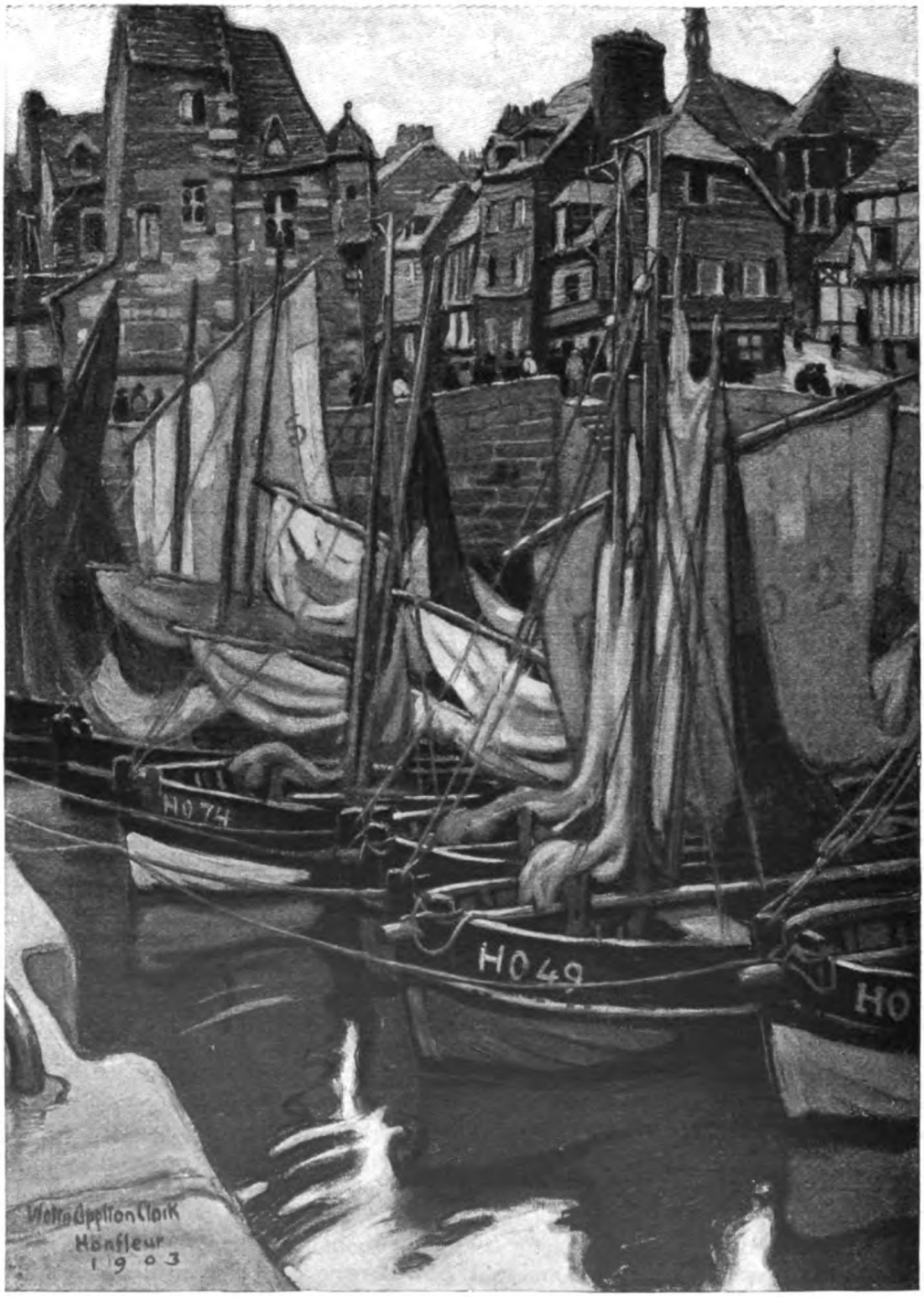

A PART OF THE HARBOR, SHOWING LA LIEUTENANCE

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her chapel are hundreds of ex-voto offerings for miraculous cures and for miraculous deliverances from perils and pains of every sort. But the ex-votos which are in line with her traditional bounty are the most interesting: the offerings of sailors whom she has saved from great dangers threatening on the sea. Some of these are in the form of little ancient ships, carved and rigged with a lovingly painstaking exactness, which hang from the vaulted ceiling or are set upon brackets on the walls. But most of them are paintings—all the better because, as paintings, they are very bad—showing in the moment of their utmost peril the storm-beset ships which Our Lady of Grace has saved.

Under some of these queer and very touching pictures is lettered a brief account of the desperate strait from which they were rescued. For example: "Vow made to Our Lady of Grace by the Captain Loisel and his crew, of the ship *Union* of Honfleur, being between the land and the reefs, in a great tempest, on the 20th of October, 1768, upon the Isles Lucayes, or Bahamas, latitude north 27°, longitude west 81° meridian of Paris, going from Port-au-Prince." But most of them are in this simpler form: "Vow made to Our Lady of Grace by the Captain Jean Legrix and his crew, the 21st of March, 1754"—leaving the picture to tell of the peril from which the ship was saved. And it is not dying out, this custom of faithful prayer and grateful thanks. I found a brightly framed and very vividly painted little picture, showing a fisher boat battling with a tremendous sea, bearing the legend: "Vow made to Our Lady of Grace by Ferdinand Dupont, Patron of the *Young Maurice,* and his crew, at sea on the night of January 27-28, 1901." On most of the older pictures is shown in one corner the figure of Our Lady floating on a cloud of glory above the stormy sea which by her loving grace was stilled; but this pretty touch has not survived in modern times.

To this chapel, through the flowing ages, the Honfleur sailors and fishers have come to make their prayers before going seaward and to make their thank-offerings upon their safe return—in the line that extends across almost nine centuries from Duke Robert the Magnificent to the Patron Dupont. And all of them together, by their faith in the saving mercy of Our Lady of Grace, have made her shrine what I have called it: the soul of Honfleur.

It is with a poetic fitness that the latest sea-offering to Our Lady of Grace comes from the patron of a little fisher boat. In these later times Honfleur's fisher fleet is her only fleet. Her explorers and her traders and her corsairs have vanished, and all their great sea-doings are but ancient memories now. Therefore it is that the little city of to-day goes so slowly about its unimportant affairs of the present, and clings so lingeringly to its once splendid future that has dropped behind it and become its splendid past.

Indeed, I well can fancy—so drowsy are its gently urged activities—that when all the clocks in the world stop together (there being nothing left for them to chronicle) and the shift is made from recorded Time to unrecordable Eternity, the placid Honfleurais barely will note the change. Under those slightly modified conditions, the timber-ships from Norway will be warped into their berths and will be unloaded in a still more leisurely fashion; the market stuff will be put aboard the Southampton boat with a little less show of what is meant for energy; the fisher luggers will pass out and in between the jetties still more slowly; and the fishermen—lined up against the sea-wall and looking down between their own elbows at their own boats astrand in the ooze—will smoke their pipes in a still more desultory fashion and will exchange still more desultory scraps of talk. But beyond such emphasizing of the agreeably sedate characteristics of its inhabitants, Honfleur surely will remain untouched by the fact that Time is at an end.

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The Majesty of the Law

BY MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

VIOLET mountains painted on delicate, far skies; a slant of tranquil gold light across wind-stirred nearer hills; green seas of forest depths that sloped to the lake, and among water-lily leaves a canoe slipping backwards, away, a girl standing in it, steadied by the paddle that broke the water's brown mirror.

"Do sit down," Kildare called from the portage. "You're getting into deep water. You'll tip over."

But the girl laughed. "Not till you go. I want to see you take the turn. I'd hate to have you lost within twenty feet of the lake." For the path that led to the club-house and the railway branched here, at the water's edge, into another, and Kildare was a notoriously poor woodsman. He smiled at the insult.

"Very well. I'll go—but I don't want to," he said. "I'm coming for your birthday, remember. You'll have to ask me not to, to prevent it, so don't forget."

"Don't *you* forget," the girl threw back, and the paddle flashed a stroke, and the bow swung, rustling, through lily-pads. "Don't forget, and don't write that you'd come except for important business engagements. I know what that means. I'll know you don't want to come if you say anything of that sort."

"You may trust me for wanting to come." Kildare's laughing voice had an unaccustomed note. "It would have to be pretty important business to keep me from such a house party—up here in the Canadian woods with—with all of you people."

"It ought to be jolly, oughtn't it?" the girl agreed, brightly, with pleased eyes. "Snow-shoeing, tobogganing, skeeing. It sounds too good to be true, but father wants it, so I think it will be true. Remember, no business excuses! Now go, or you'll be late at the club, and get no dinner before the train."

Kildare wheeled and swung into the forest; but a rod or so beyond, where the dim thread of the portage broke into two, he stopped, and turning again, looked back through swaying green branches. The girl was still standing in the canoe, and as he looked she caught the paddle in one hand and the other bare arm flew up to wave him a good-by.

"Good-by," he called, soberly, and then, heavy-hearted, he had left Lac à l'Isles behind him, and the bright forest way seemed lonely as he trudged along it in the footsteps of the guides, who had gone on, with his pacquetons, to the club.

Two days later, when he went back to his place on the great wheel of the world's work, the city lay listless under the last indignities of the August heat of a September sun. Listlessly, too, at first, he took up his work. It was hard to put his soul on the improvements in gas-stoves when that soul must first be wrenched from visions and memories. Many a time, instead of the roll of the elevator outside his office door, he heard the ripple of water against a paddle, the rustle of a boat through grasses, the plash of a trout jumping to the fly; many a time his eyes, bent to his desk, saw spaces of sunshiny lake, and billowy slopes of birches pricked with spires of spruce-trees, and calm, steep hills around the sky; many a time, breathing the dead heat of city air, he caught wafts of the fragrance of balsam in sunlight, or felt waves of wet mountain mist blowing up the lakes, veiling the hills with silver. And this haunting dream of freedom was a background for recollections more personal. General Dabney's camp in Canada was but a setting for General Dabney's daughter, in a corduroy skirt, paddling a boat, marching through sun-flecked woods, her rifle on her shoulder, casting a fly down whirling rapids, cheerful in discomfort, quick in emergency, simple, self-reliant, sweet-souled, as Mother Earth teaches her children to be who

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listen to her quiet words, whispered where those who love her find her—in the open.

But such reflections, however creditable, however alluring, cannot be indulged in during office hours by a young man anxious to make himself important to his firm. Brian Kildare, Irish in blood, in quick wit, in love of lovely things and of play and laughter, was thoroughly American in energy and ambition. His father and brothers were lawyers; he had chosen a business career against their wish, and he felt keenly that it was "up to him," as he put it, to justify that choice. So he gathered the memories of his three weeks in Canada into a fragrant sheaf, and putting them away firmly under lock and key, applied himself with his might to the gentle craft of gas-stoking.

Yet out of the deep treasure-house of his heart where such thoughts were kept one elusive vision escaped again and again, and slipping past the sentry set, came with sweet treachery to distract him. Through the last hot days of September; through crisp October, whose call, like the horn of a hunter, reached him across city streets, faint and far, but blood-stirring; through clean first frosts of November; into the snowy Christmas month, always when least expected, the picture rose before him. As he lifted his head and gazed across the dingy court, nine floors up, at a girl without a collar who diligently ran a sewing-machine, the sordid scene dissolved, and in its place—through swaying branches he saw it, his picture, as through a frame—shady reaches of water spotted with lily-pads, the yellow-ochre bow of a birch-bark canoe that swung whispering, and, standing erect like a water-goddess, the girl, her dark head wind-blown, her flannel sleeves rolled back, and her bare arm lifted in a gay good-by. He bent over his papers in an access of energy. Indeed it must be important business to keep him from the Canadian trip in January. He would slave till then—a vague reason for harder work, for success, thrilled him with indefinite sweetness, but he put it away firmly. He was not as far as that yet, but he meant to go to Canada, and he put his being into the cut of the new tangential burner in the forthcoming catalogue of the Kitchen Queen.

Saturday morning, the 13th of January, Mr. Conway, the second partner of the firm, came into the office. He looked about him with a mild thoughtfulness which the observant Kildare had learned to interpret as "something doing." In the room, besides himself, were Saunders, his elder by several years, and Reggie Owen, son of the senior partner. Conway considered, casting an absent-minded eye over the three. Saunders was a Scotchman of thirty, capable, laconic. The edges of his cuffs were not fresh, and his necktie looked regretful. Reggie was immaculate and was yawning. Conway nodded pleasantly to Kildare.

"Would you mind coming into my room a minute?" he asked.

Kildare faced the great man a moment later in the impressive quiet of the inner office. This was the first time he had dealt directly with the firm, and he felt a touch of excitement.

"You know the two car-loads of stoves we shipped to Beckstein and Beckstein of Watervliet?" Conway began.

"Yes," Kildare said. "On October fifth."

Conway shot a glance at him too brief to be quite approval, but Kildare was glad he remembered the date.

"There was a guarantee on the burner—that it would not consume more than ten feet of gas an hour. You understand?"

"As we guarantee all our burners," Kildare said, respectfully.

"Exactly. Well, they claim that these have not worked according to the warranty, that they have had complaints. They have sued us. They keep the stoves, but they sue us." Kildare waited. "The case is in our lawyer's hands—your father's firm. Your brother Edward is to try it. It comes on the 15th—Monday. I want you to go to Watervliet with your brother to represent us and take charge of the technical end. You know the mechanics of the Queen, I suppose. Can you do it?" Brian's heart beat rather fast, for this was a greater responsibility than he had been given before. Mr. Conway's incisive voice went on: "It involves two thousand dollars, and is of importance to the reputation of the Queen. Beckstein and Beckstein are a sharp sort, and I don't doubt they will have enough witnesses to swear

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to imperfect working. You must be up on your facts."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Conway," Kildare said, smiling with pleasure. "I'm honored to be trusted, and I'll do nothing short of my best. Better, if I get the opportunity."

The older man smiled too, at the young fellow's earnestness and gratification. He had the Irish charm, this American citizen, and his straightforward eagerness pleased Conway.

"That's the right spirit." He nodded tersely. "Always do a little more than is necessary, and you'll find yourself getting valuable. You've been working well, Mr. Kildare. I'm glad to give you a chance." He turned in his chair and Brian rose.

Watervliet was three hours away, and the two Kildares were to take a train at six on Monday morning to be there for the opening of court. Their case was second on the calendar, and Brian was so anxious to acquit himself rightly in this first step alone that his brother, already known as a lawyer of quickness and resource, went over the affair with him on Sunday night.

"They'll open the case, being the plaintiffs," he said at the end, "and I'll shape my defence more or less on what they do. Silverman is their lawyer, and while he's sharp, he's apt to overreach himself. I'll keep an eye out for that. They can't have a very reputable set of witnesses, for the stove is actually all right, and they must pay people for perjury, more or less." Brian asked a question, but the older brother passed his hand over his eyes wearily. "Go home now, Brian boy," he said. "I've a sore throat, and I must go to bed and get rested."

Brian swung through empty streets, in the black winter's dawn, at half past five the next morning, whistling as if going to a dance. He let himself, by his brother's latch-key, into his brother's house, and his eyes met, as he expected, the gleam of a single electric light from the dining-room. He stepped softly across the hall, but stopped between the curtains at its end, astonished. There was the table with their early breakfast; there was his brother, but in pajamas and a dressing-gown.

"What the deuce, Ned! Why aren't you ready?" He stopped, looking at the other's face.

"I'm ill, Brian. I can't go. I woke up an hour ago and tried to dress, but it was no good. Listen to this croak—imagine addressing a jury! I think I have fever—I ache all over. I'll send for a doctor when it's light."

The hoarse voice ceased, and Brian stared in dismay. "What—what can we do?" he stammered.

"You'd better go up and adjourn the case for a few days—till Thursday or Friday—or next week," the brother went on, painfully. "It's a touch of my old tonsilitis. If I give up now I'll be all right soon."

Brian considered, hesitating. "Thursday or Friday would do," he agreed at last, "but next week— You know I go to Canada for the Dabneys' house party next Monday. The 22d I'm to start."

"Oh, very well," gasped the invalid. "Arrange it as you choose. The court will put it over for two weeks, I dare say. It's Judge Jameson. I don't know him, but they say he's obliging."

The train was late. Kildare went directly to the court-room, and as he entered at one end, half a hundred people rose, out of respect to Judge Jameson coming in at the other. There was a pause while the Judge seated himself, a rustle of papers in the expectant stillness, and he looked up across the big dingy room.

"I shall be able to sit only to-day, for this week," he remarked, in a parenthetic tone. "All cases, therefore, not ready to-day will have to be adjourned till next Monday. At the end of next week court will adjourn for the term. The next term will begin the first Monday in April." And no one knew or cared that the indifferent words had dealt, to one man present, a staggering blow.

Case No. 1 on the day's calendar was called; a moment's bustle, and a high voice, with an uncertain hitch at every few words, was wandering on and on in aggressive, wordy sentences, never arriving, never touching the point. Clear-headed Brian through his trouble caught the futility of the man's argument, and it added annoyance to his dazed unhappiness. If the brute would stop and let

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THE GIRL IN THE CANOE WAVED HIM A GOOD-BY

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him think! He must think, for at the end of this case he must act. He marshalled before him his perplexities.

He could not postpone his case to any day this week—court would not sit. If it were adjourned till next Monday, he could not get to Canada for Miss Dabney's birthday—Thursday. The train which he must take to reach General Dabney's club ran but twice a week, Tuesday and Friday. To catch Tuesday's train from Quebec he must leave home Monday morning. Moreover, the court would adjourn at the end of next week till April. He knew that the other side would not consent to so long a delay; that his brother would not force it. He must give up this opportunity to serve his firm, this lucky chance of advancement,—or he must give up his trip to Canada! He seemed to hear a gay voice saying, "I'll know you don't want to come if you say anything of that sort." It would be just that sort, the very thing she had forbidden as a reason—"an important business engagement." She would be kind and just about it, she would even understand, but facts are so much more prominent than their reasons! Besides, he wanted to see her — he had not seen her all these months,—he wanted to win her friendship, her— He caught himself sharply.

And Devereux Blake was going up—Devereux, who, with his millions back of him, the result of his own energy, with his horses and yacht for occupation, did not need to plan his holidays, but who was certainly a good sort and knew how to be agreeable. Devereux Blake was a rival any man might fear, and Brian had seen him look at Anne Dabney with a strange expression. In modest unconsciousness of his own attraction he thought of the older man with a pang of hopeless admiration. How could a girl hesitate between himself and a chap like that—a man who had made himself a power while still young, who was, besides, a gentleman and a fine fellow? His twelve years' seniority seemed in Kildare's eyes but another advantage. A clever girl like that would prefer the actual to the potential—so he thought. And the thought added one more sting.

"Mr. Kildare?" He looked up to face a stranger, but in his quick friendliness the man missed his surprise.

"Glad to see you," went on the Watervliet lawyer. "I dropped in to see if your case was on,—I heard you were coming up for Owen and Conway. I hoped to run across you."

"Thank you," said Brian, cordial but non-committal. Who was this who knew him so well? He searched his memory.

"Your case is next, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Kildare; "that is—" But the unknown interrupted him.

"We're honored to have such men as you up here, Mr. Kildare. Of course your father's name is famous, but you are making one for yourself also. You managed that affair of Blake against the Rapid Transit people cleverly." The gray head nodded with kindly emphasis, and Brian suddenly knew where he stood.

"Oh, you're making a mistake," he began, but the stranger stopped him in mid-career.

"Not at all, not at all. You're too modest. By Jove! there's a fellow over there I must catch. Good-by, Mr. Kildare. See you again." And he was gone.

Brian, dropping into his seat, smiled. Because of the five years it put to his own age—at twenty-six one adds cheerfully a bunch of years—he liked well enough to be taken for his brother. If only he were his brother to-day! The burden of his trouble settled again on his shoulders—if only he were his brother! How he would put this business through! Suddenly, in a flash, a possibility rose before him. Why not be his brother—why not try the case himself? Ned had gone over the points with him carefully. He knew it from start to finish. He had his own technical knowledge. He had grown up in a family of lawyers; he knew more or less of courts and their ways. With a new, tingling hope he settled himself in his corner and listened intently to the case that was going on. It happened to be for breach of warranty, much on the same lines as Beckstein and Beckstein's suit, and as he followed it his flexible mind—a mind of the same type as Edward Kildare's, of the same type as ex-Governor Kildare's, his father's,—noted hint after hint to guide him.

His spirits rose, and the unreckoning courage which is an Irish inheritance caught hungrily at the plan. What fail-

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ure might mean he thought of not at all. There was to be no failure. Only a fool or a coward would stay in a hole and suffer when a bit of dash, a bit of intelligence, would lift him into air, into happiness, into—Canada! The word was a tonic. The question was no longer what, but how. Absorbed, he followed, criticised, noted the trial taking place. Making objections to questions was a convenient way to dispose of awkward points, he gathered, if the court sustained the objection,—and he remarked that the court usually sustained it when one lawyer in particular made it. He had a manner which seemed to score every time. Brian watched. That trick of saying "I object" with finality of accent, with a quickly suppressed, smiling glance courtwards, as if including the Judge in an inevitable objection to an absurd question, — Brian, considering, thought he could do that trick.

When case No. 2 was called he rose quietly from his dark corner and walked the length of the court-room to his place inside the bar, as calm, as leisurely, as his father might have been. He saw Judge Jameson's glance of interest, and knew that Governor Kildare's son stood at once in the sunlight of a popular father's reputation. His confidence grew, and with it what he felt to be a rather noble filial determination to be a credit to that distinguished father.

He gazed searchingly, deliberately, at the counsel opposing—a small, nervous man—and the steadiness of his gaze, quite unintentionally to Brian, flustered Mr. Silverman. The Judge saw it, and a thought of the coolness of a lawyer who knows his trade shot through his mind; the jury saw it, and their sympathy went to the man who was not afraid of them; the audience saw it, and interest centred in the larger animal who could worry the smaller. And by the occult influence which carries such messages Brian knew, and Silverman knew, that public prejudice was with the former. The advantage that physical qualities can give, often great in court-rooms as in ball-rooms, was overwhelmingly with Brian. A man has not six feet two inches and straight, strong features without effect; a man has not been half-back on the Yale football team, the loved and lost of college athletics for years after, without a certain presence. The raw light that crept reluctantly through high, dirty windows of the Watervliet court-room had seldom fallen on such a strapping, handsome, well-set-up figure, and the pleasantness and uncommonness of the vision did their work. More than one of the roomful, which by now counted seventy-five people, whispered to a neighbor how this was the son of ex-Governor Kildare, head of the big firm down in Barchester, and how the Governor was a mighty fine man and had a way with him, and this one was much the same sort, but handsomer than the old one. And the neighbor nodded approvingly and said he was betting the lad would handle the other fellow.

Silverman, distinctly feeling the current against him, opened his case aggressively, badly. He frightened his first witness into contradicting himself flagrantly, and Brian, a line of excited color in his cheeks, was on his feet in a second.

"I object," his voice rang out, commandingly. He faced the Judge. "Your Honor, I object to having the intelligence of this jury insulted." He stopped short, and stared with an air of boyish protection at the bench of elderly farmers.

It was as if a St. Bernard puppy suddenly defended a tranquil herd of cows. The incongruity caught and pleased the popular taste, and from jury as well as spectators rippled surprised laughter. Judge Jameson pounded with his gavel.

"Order, order!" he said, but the tone was not severe, and he smiled frankly.

Then Brian pointed out, ignorant that he had no right to do so at this stage of the trial, the contradiction. The charm of his dignity was felt, as had been the charm of his impulsiveness, but Silverman was fuming, and the court could not let such startling originality of practice go quite unnoticed.

"Mr. Kildare," said the Judge, civilly, "you will have an opportunity later to call the attention of the jury to any slips in the evidence."

Brian knew he had blundered somewhere, but was a bit dazed as to where. "I beg your Honor's pardon," he said, simply. "The iron was so very hot I struck before I knew it."

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And the Judge's glance was a kindly one for the unused touch of youth and fresh air, and the jury smiled again, and the last state of Mr. Silverman was worse than the first.

The evidence of two witnesses following was put to confusion by the surprising technical knowledge of gas-stoves displayed by this versatile young lawyer. The very narrow margin by which he missed "playing horse" with the victims on the stand, the laughter evoked once or twice more from jury and audience, were condoned by the Judge for his admiration of a man who studied his case so thoroughly. He seemed to know as much about gas-stoves as if he made them for a living. He threw himself with a perfect abandon into explanations of their working. By this time the court-room was his to a man, delighted with the unexpected amusement furnished, and ready to laugh at whatever he said, and Silverman saw with disgust that the jury followed carefully only when Kildare was talking. The stars in their courses fought for the Knight of Wrought Iron. As once he got credit for daring by sheer ignorance of legal usages, so again he got credit for knowledge by an ignorance as undefiled.

Beckstein was on the stand—the Beckstein who had brought the suit against Owen and Conway. His evidence was clear; the jury were paying more attention than Brian liked; Silverman's tone was gaining confidence. Brian, a little worried, but buoyant and full of fight, watched for a chance for a blow with his main weapon—"I object." Question and answer went smoothly in the silence of the court-room. At length—

"How much have you lost altogether by this breach of warranty, Mr. Beckstein?" asked Silverman.

Now Silverman knew, as the Judge knew, that it was for the jury to decide that question, but the wily lawyer hoped to slip it in, to make an impression by Beckstein's answer. After that, if the court reproved him, he cared little. Kildare, in heathen darkness as to the correctness of the inquiry, yet saw instantly it was not well for the jury to have large definite losses in their minds. Before Beckstein could speak he sprang to his feet, towering, big-shouldered, impressive.

"I object," his fresh voice threw across the dull air of the court-room, and, with a swift remembrance of the lawyer in Case No. 1, he turned and flashed the Judge a smiling glance, respectful, comradelike, altogether winning.

To Judge Jameson it meant but one thing—a common knowledge between the able justice and the metropolitan lawyer of a shade of law instantly apparent to them, but which the lower practitioner—so the Judge considered—had missed. The smile that answered Brian's glance, on the fine and keen old face, was scarcely concealed, and the court at once sustained Mr. Kildare's objection.

"You ought to know that question is incompetent," he said, severely, to the crestfallen Silverman, and again he registered a mental note of admiration, this time for the thorough knowledge, for the ready use of it, displayed by the promising young advocate.

After this rebuke Silverman's examination of his most important witness was half-hearted. A certain amount of evidence, however, more or less damaging to Owen and Conway, was the result. Beckstein had told, very definitely and well, the story of allowances that had to be made because of complaints from people who had bought the stoves, of reductions necessitated at later sales. Brian had little chance to hold up to ridicule this steady and keen witness. But the joy of battle was on him; he did not dream of defeat, and he rose to begin the cross-examination with a triumphant smile so plainly genuine that Silverman shivered. What had he in reserve, this dangerous free-lance of the law, bringing methods so unsettling, so startling, so successful, into the routine of a court? If he had known Brian's own wonder as to what he had in reserve, it would have cheered him. So close was the connection at this point for the free-lance that even as he rose, even as he smiled radiantly upon the coldness of Beckstein, he did not know what he was going to say. A long, firm gaze into the plaintiff's eyes had the double result of impressing everybody and of giving Kildare time to think. In the deep corners of his mind he searched, the hunt covered by that fixed, assured smile, and suddenly he found a thought. To his years of

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business experience he owed it that he knew the value of the idea when he met it.

"Mr. Beckstein," said Brian, slowly, "you keep books, of course?"

"Yes," said Beckstein, watchful.

"Your business transactions, your sales, and so on, are entered in them?"

"Y-yes." The assent was reluctant.

"Have you those books here?" Brian's voice was so gentle it made Silverman intensely uncomfortable.

"No," said Beckstein.

"Where are those books, Mr. Beckstein?"

"They are at my office."

"Of course you would not hesitate to show them to the jury?"

"No," said the witness, with a marked lack of cordiality. He had caught the drift.

"Your sales, as you said, the allowances and reductions you told us about so clearly—these are of course entered in your books?"

The "Yes" that followed seemed dragged from the witness.

Brian turned and looked at the bald-faced clock hanging at the far end of the court-room, placidly marking time with hoarse spasms of sound. Then he faced the Judge with a pretty deference of inquiry. "Your Honor, may I ask if you are about to adjourn court for luncheon?"

The Judge nodded as a father may nod to a satisfactory son.

"Mr. Beckstein, the court is about to adjourn for luncheon. Would it be asking too much of you to produce those books when the case is called this afternoon?" The witness, in a silence a trifle sulky, a trifle uncertain, looked at his lawyer. "You will bring the books into court at two o'clock, Mr. Beckstein?" Brian insisted, polite, uncompromising.

Silverman's eyes said something to his client.

"Yes," spoke the latter, and immediately the court was adjourned.

Luncheon at the hotel with a bunch of lawyers was the next ordeal, but the junior partner of Governor Kildare's firm avoided with modesty all mention of his previous cases, of any law at all. The members of the Watervliet bar admired him greatly for that reticence. Brian was glad when he found himself back in the court-room and so much nearer the end. He confronted the man on the stand like a giant refreshed, full of energy and good feeling. Almost was Mr. Beckstein persuaded, as his voice fired the first gun of renewed battle, that its glad tidings must be for him.

But in the mean time something happened—something which almost ended the legal career of the newest Kildare lawyer at its flood—something which, coming suddenly on him, shook to its foundations the gay courage on which his success rested.

Devereux Blake, the rich, the leisurely, Brian's rival with Anne Dabney, had come up to Watervliet on a midday train to see about some horses. He was looking for wheelers for his four-in-hand, and he understood that Judge Jameson's brother, owner of a stock-farm, had likely animals. The train to Westover, the station of the farm, went at four, and Blake in the mean time dropped into the court-room with an idea of getting a word with the Judge, an old friend, and of finding what he knew of the horses. As he came through the doorway he started at the sound of a familiar, cheerful voice filling the room, at the sound of laughter that broke out as it stopped. What was this? Could the likeness between the brothers have confused him—was this Ned Kildare? But he knew that it was not, and he sat down bewildered, wondering why the only Kildare not a lawyer was trying a case in court. He turned to a man sitting by him, following the proceedings with evident enjoyment, and asked a question or two, and in a few words the other gave him a sketch of what had happened in the morning, what was going on now.

"More fun 'n I've had in a coon's age," he concluded his résumé. "That there young Edward Kildare beats all for wakin' things up. He's ben twistin' the witnesses raound his fingers, and every time t'other side looks likely to get in a clip, up he le'ps and fires out 'I object.' And seems like whatever he objects to, the Judge feels the same in his heart. He's got a way with him, sure."

Blake, with a "Thank you," settled into his seat to consider. The case was a case of Brian Kildare's firm, but what business had Brian trying it? It seemed

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that he was posing for his brother—but why? Blake, while he had made his fortune otherwise, had been a lawyer to begin with, and was of an investigating mind. A half-formed idea suddenly met him as he searched for an explanation. He turned to his obliging neighbor.

"When does court adjourn?" he asked.

The farmer was intelligent and remembered what he had heard. "To-day."

"And—I beg your pardon for troubling you so much—but when does it meet again?"

"No trouble at all," the man responded, cordially. "Meets next Monday—the 22d. Then't adjourns at the end of the week till next term—first Monday in April. I've got a good-sized case of my own, so I've remembered accurate."

Devereux Blake sat and thought, and slowly in his mind a guess shaped itself into a suspicion, a suspicion into almost a certainty, that hung on that half-sentence, "Monday, the 22d." For some reason Edward Kildare had not been here to try this case to-day—if it were not tried to-day, it must be postponed till next Monday, and Brian Kildare, representing his firm, must be on hand for the trial. Monday was the day that Brian, with the rest of the house party, was due to start for the Dabneys' camp in Canada.

A little less consecutive, a little more sketchy, but sure and final, was the conviction into which Devereux Blake fitted his facts and his surmises. As at length he understood, minus a few details, the brilliant dash of the game compelled his admiration. But with admiration, forced from him, surged up also, not for the first time, a great wave of jealousy. Brian little thought that the man who appeared to him to have so many advantages felt the advantage all the other way. Blake knew well that his reticent make-up had none of Brian's charm, and he envied the other's youth, his beauty, his careless good-fellowship with the world. He was morbidly sensitive to Brian's attraction, yet his very sweetness of disposition got on Blake's nerves—it would have been a satisfaction to believe him unworthy of his luck. He had all the qualities Blake longed for and missed in himself, and he seemed to the older man likely to win what he longed for more than all—Anne Dabney. Yet Blake did not cherish such feelings unresistingly. If jealousy be one of the meanest faults, it is often the fault of a mind far from mean. Many a soul born into the world with that burning, unseen birthmark bears it through life with an aching desire for generosity and forgetfulness of self. Many a soul, struggling against the evil spark of unquenched fire, loathes with sick disgust the part of himself that is in spite of himself. Those who are jealous need no punishment in another world, so deeply are they punished here.

So Devereux Blake, loving the best, trying to live in pure air, hated himself for, fought against, his jealousy of Brian Kildare. But it died hard. As he listened, while Brian carried off easily and brilliantly this risky escapade, his eyes were steely. This was being done that his most dangerous rival with the girl whom he cared for might have a better chance to win her. It would make a good story, too,—a girl would admire a man who dared take such chances for her sake. Jealousy, a fine artist, painted a picture of Anne's laughing, pleased eyes.

As he sat, outwardly calm, in the same dark corner where Brian had sat in the morning, his mind was a battle-field. A word from him would dispose of his rival. A question to Judge Jameson about Edward Kildare's place being filled by his brother—he knew that would be enough. Even Brian need never know it for other than accident. Moreover, why should he, being public-spirited, let the public be imposed on? Why should any one make a jest of the courts—the sacred fountains of justice? Perhaps it was a duty to expose him. Then where would be Brian's trip to Canada—where would be the fine story of boldness and success? So argued the demon of envy, and the good spirit turned on him. "Devereux Blake," it seemed to say, "are you a sneak-thief? Will you steal spoons next? Would you descend to meddling?" But the devil's argument, all the same, began again, hammering at honor and breeding.

At length Blake drew a pad from his pocket, and scribbling on a leaf of it, caught the eye of an attendant and sent the folded paper to the Judge. Judge Jameson, reading it, looked up, smiling, searched the court-room with a glance,

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and nodded to Blake to come up inside the bar. He made a place, and Blake sat down beside him; but Brian, in full tide of cross-examination, his back half turned, had not noticed the interlude. Affairs had gone on in the minutes while Devereux Blake was struggling unseen in the seat under the court-room gallery.

"You have brought your books, I suppose, Mr. Beckstein?" the lawyer for the defendant had inquired, in his young, genial tones.

The witness seemed slow to answer. "No," he said, at length, "I have not."

Brian gazed at him as at a dear but erring child. "You have not?" he repeated, apparently surprised and hurt. "Why not?"

"They are locked up in my safe," the witness said, as one who recites a lesson.

"Why not unlock them?" Brian suggested, brightly, and the jury and the spectators laughed, and Silverman frowned. Was this law, this "funny business"? That uncertainty was the least of Brian's troubles. Law or gymnastics, it was all one to him if he might hoodwink the court, win the jury. "The best of us forget simple things sometimes," he remarked in an explanatory way to the jury. "Mr. Beckstein has forgotten to unlock his safe. Now that's odd. But then, I knew a man who forgot his name." Brian was quick to know when he had been funny long enough. "Mr. Beckstein, why did you not unlock your safe and bring the books?" he asked, in practical accents.

The merchant, relieved to escape from the raillery which reduced him to uneasy silence, spoke up: "My head bookkeeper has the key."

"And where is your head bookkeeper?" Brian demanded, with what seemed friendly solicitude.

"He's away."

"Where?" The questions were prodded at him annoyingly.

"He's gone"—there was an effort—"he's gone fishing."

"No!" Brian's gaze wandered thoughtfully to the high, bare windows, beyond whose dingy panes hung now a thickening screen of falling snow. "Fishing! Just think! He must be very fond of it," the cordial, interested tones went on. "When did he go?"

"On the 23d of December." Mr. Beckstein was fortifying himself with a fresh invoice of injured dignity, but the examining lawyer's good-nature was impervious.

"Where did he go?" he asked, as if eager to join the sportsman.

Mr. Beckstein answered this with finality, with triumphant hauteur. "He went to Florida."

"Oh!"

There was something in the monosyllable, a boyish frankness of surprise, a simple pleasure in the answer to a riddle, that tickled the listeners. From the Judge down, everybody laughed — everybody, that is, but Silverman and his client.

"Well, I'm glad he's gone where he won't take cold," said Brian. "I thought it might be pretty chilly around here," and again laughter forced his next sentence to wait.

When it came there was another breeze of amusement. "Is he fond of fishing?" Kildare asked, as if making conversation.

Beckstein responded sulkily enough. "Yes," he said, and there was more than one chuckle at the sulkiness.

"What does he take in Florida—what sort of fish?" Still the society tone.

The badgered witness looked at his lawyer for help, but Silverman was probing for a method in this madness, for the plot in this curious examination.

"Bass," said Beckstein, reluctantly.

"Bass," Brian repeated, slowly, reflectively. "Bass."

There was a deep silence in the court-room. The clock ticked with suffering hoarseness, the audience waited, attentive, breathless, and once again Kildare's solemn young voice repeated impressively that single word:

"Bass."

It was as if the syllable held a wordless horror. Beckstein felt a stain of disgrace creeping upon him that his head bookkeeper took bass. Silverman, fidgeting, wished, and knew not why, that he had told the man to say tarpon. The heavy stillness grew to be a strain before Brian broke it with a brief, quiet sentence.

"I think that is all," he said.

Beckstein, with a sigh, got up from the stand, walked across the floor, and took his seat at the table by his lawyer,

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Half-tone plate engraved by J. H. Grimley

"YOUR HONOR! . . . THE COUNSEL FOR THE OTHER SIDE IS RIDICULOUS"

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when suddenly Brian had an afterthought.

"There is something more," and the words caught Judge, jury, and spectators into a fresh interest, the unhappy witness into a fresh uneasiness.

Kildare turned to the Judge with a glance of apology for the delay, and his gaze fell upon Devereux Blake sitting beside him. The young man's voice broke off, his eyes opened wide, and the color left his face. For a long half-minute, while the spellbound onlookers watched in surprise, he stood so, staring at Blake's inscrutable face calmly regarding him. Then those who had seen the check thought it must have been imaginary, for the color came rushing back, and with it his ease of manner. He said, steadily enough,

"I wish to have the last witness upon the stand again for a moment." Unwillingly Beckstein came back. He had no desire to furnish further merriment. "I understood you to say just now, Mr. Beckstein, that your head bookkeeper takes bass?" inquired Brian, sadly, as if reluctant to believe that humanity could sink so low.

"I did say so," snapped Beckstein, angrily.

"Yes,"—Brian's tone was full of gentle gravity. "The further question I wished to ask you was this—does he use flies or bait?"

Then there burst a storm of unashamed laughter from all over the room. The jury were roaring, the Judge shaking without disguise. Silverman, beside himself, was on his feet.

"Your Honor," he shouted, "I object. The counsel for the other side is—is ridiculous." At that there was another peal, and Silverman's face was black with rage. "It isn't law—it's monkey-shines. I don't believe he knows any law,—he hasn't said a word of law to-day," he declaimed. "This court, this—this case is a serious thing," and again a hail-storm of pelting laughter fell on the unwilling wit. "He has held the dignity of this court up to—up to ridicule—all day. He has—" But the Judge interrupted.

"The dignity of this court is for me to defend, Mr. Silverman," he said, coldly; and then he turned to Brian. "Mr. Kildare, your last question was immaterial," and he beamed benevolently as he said it.

Brian, docile and respectful, but his manner full of suppressed mischief, smiled back with appealing confidence. "Your Honor knows," he said — and the audience hushed each other to hear him say it,—"your Honor knows, being a famous fisherman yourself, what a light it throws on character to know if one uses flies or bait."

And the Judge, laughing again irresistibly, brought down his gavel to quiet the court-room.

Beckstein, unnoticed, found refuge in his seat, and Silverman, gathering himself as he might, said, "I rest," which ended the case for the plaintiff.

Then Brian rose like a big bar of sunshine shot up through the grayness of the place, as sure of his welcome, as cheering, as sunlight itself.

"Your Honor," he said, easily, "in view of the evidence which Mr. Beckstein has just given, I think it unnecessary for me to call any witnesses. I will sum up at once."

He pushed back a thick lock of black hair carelessly and smiled on the scene in general, and in that unconventional smile was his claim on the next man's good-will, which the next man always honored. He spoke a few straightforward sentences about his gas-stoves, the honesty and the skill of their manufacture. He gave two or three figures, two or three facts, two or three illustrations which showed unmistakable complete knowledge of his subject. Then suddenly his tone changed.

"The love of nature," said Brian, poetically, "is a very beautiful thing"—and he said it to a slightly astonished court-room. "It calls men from home and family; it calls them from business, from the need of toil, from the desire of gain. It calls in the beautiful summertime and it calls alike in the bleak days of winter. And whenever it calls, then, leaving all, they must go. So we need not wonder, we ought rather to sympathize and admire, that our friend, Mr. Beckstein's head bookkeeper, seized by that yearning of the nature-lover, the fisherman, dropped everything and—as we might put it—scuttled for Florida." Brian had to wait a moment for silence

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at this point. "It must have been hard for him to go just then—I want to impress that on you, gentlemen of the jury. It was near Christmas, and his little family needed his help for the holiday preparations. That must have been a strain on a father's heart." Brian knew he took risks as to the bookkeeper's married or single state, but the jury, he considered, would not know any more than he did. "This case, important to his employer, to his own business interests, was coming on, but the divine madness snatched him, and he simply had to go fishing. Remember, gentlemen of the jury, he *had* to. Of course it is inconvenient that he took the key of the safe where the books were kept, for without those books Mr. Beckstein could not prove his case; but—" a smiling gesture finished the sentence. "Who are we, what is this case, this court, that it should interfere with a fishing trip?"

In the middle of things, as it seemed, Brian sat down.

Then poor Silverman, swimming against the current as needs must, summed up, with almost pathetic invective and straining sarcasm, but hardly any one listened. In a few words Judge Jameson charged the jury. The twelve middle-class, inexpensive personalities filed out, were gone five minutes, and filed in again.

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon your verdict?" asked the clerk of the court.

The foreman stood up. "We have."

"What do you find?"

"We find for the defendant," said the foreman, and there was a rustle and murmur all over the court-room that the slowest might not take for anything but satisfaction.

"My father wished to be remembered to you, Judge," said Brian, five minutes later, "and I want to thank you on my own account for your goodness to me."

"A pleasure, Mr. Kildare," the Judge said, cordially. "I was afraid you were going to make me lecture you once or twice, but you know your business—you kept inside the line. I've had a more amusing day than I'm lucky enough to have often. And you tried your case well,—it is only an experienced lawyer who can be so unconventional. Now come up to dinner. Mrs. Jameson will be delighted, and I'm keeping Mr. Blake overnight."

But Brian, with a glance at Blake, with an embarrassed look that the Judge saw but did not understand, thanked him and declined. He must get back on the next train—he had just time; a hurried, grateful grasp, another perplexed look at Devereux Blake, and he had rushed off to the station. He could not accept the hospitality of a man whom he had spent the day in deceiving. He was troubled, too, about Blake. That he had not betrayed him to the Judge so far seemed evident, and Brian knew enough law to feel sure that the case, once decided, would stand. But he was not at all sure what would happen, what sort — how much of a scrape he would be in if Blake, not realizing, should by some slip tell the Judge now. That he should do it with malice never once entered Kildare's mind. But he might not understand, might think it too good a joke to keep, and if the firm heard from the outside— But they should hear at once, from him.

In the mean time, "That young lawyer has a future before him, Mr. Blake," Judge Jameson said, as the two walked through the winter twilight.

"He has," Blake answered, quietly.

"I should call him a brilliant fellow." The Judge laughed reminiscently. "He handled the jury with great skill. I don't know when I've had such a lively day. Original, startling a bit, yet always the trained practitioner. Quite a remarkable combination." He turned on Blake. "Do they not consider him a rising lawyer in Barchester?" he demanded.

Now was Devereux Blake's time to play his hand. There was a visible hesitation before he answered, in a voice that sounded a bit hard. "I think Mr. Kildare is considered, and is, a very fine chap in every way," he said, slowly.

Mr. Conway looked up as Brian walked into his private office. "Ah! you've come to report about Watervliet," he said, pleasantly. "You went up yesterday?"

"Yes," Brian answered soberly, "I went up."

"And you got the case postponed, I suppose?"

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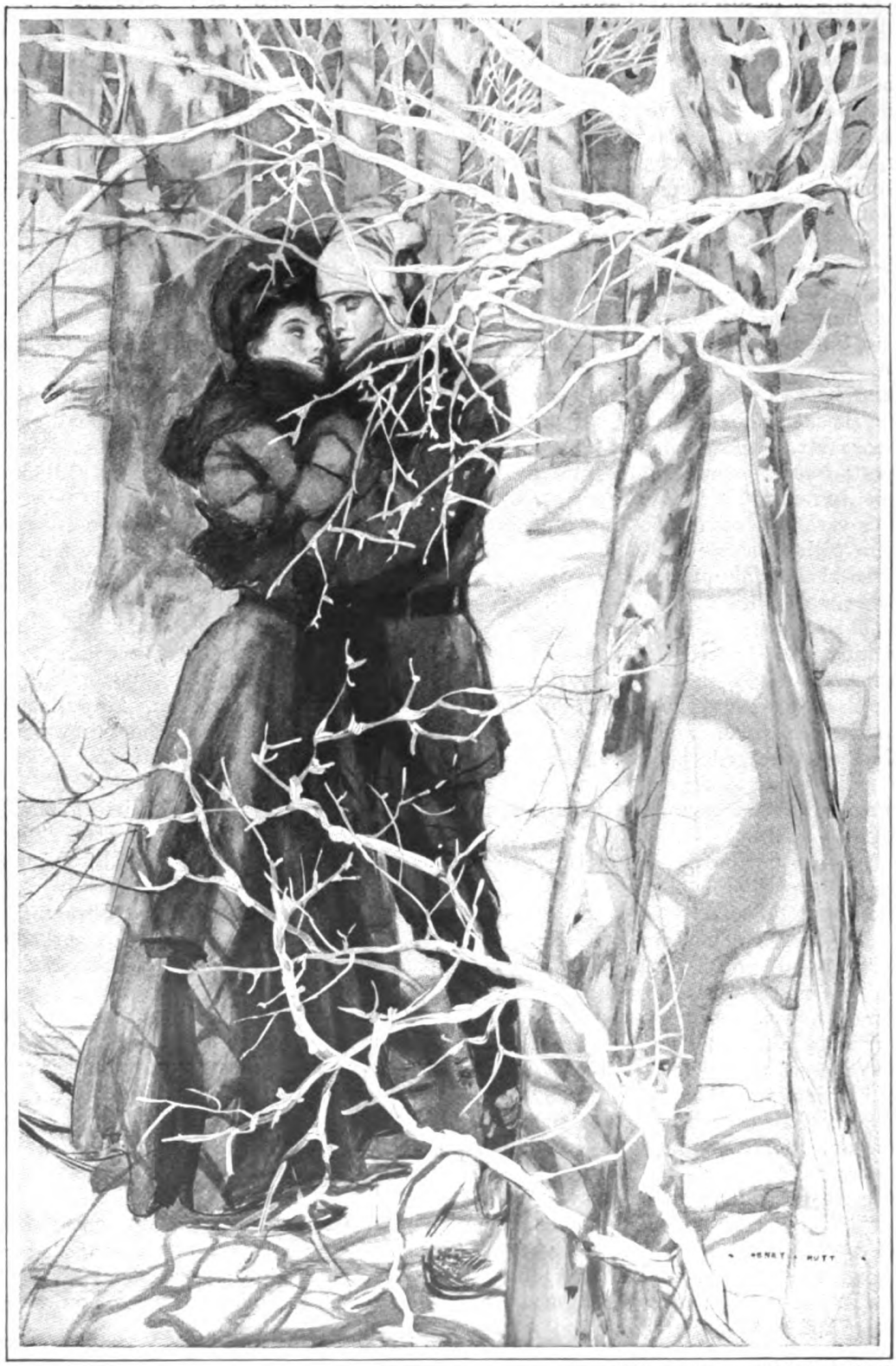

Half-tone plate engraved by A. Lockhardt

THEY WERE ALONE IN THE STILL, GLITTERING WOODS.

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"No."

"You didn't?" Mr. Conway's tone was displeased. "Why not?"

"Because"—the young man's heart was in his throat—"because—I tried it."

"You — what?" Mr. Conway looked bewildered. "What do you mean by saying you tried the case?"

"Just that," said Brian. "I tried it, and I won it."

For half an hour, that was a critical time to young Kildare, he recited the events of that field-day. When he had done there was a long silence, and Mr. Conway gazed out of the window reflectively.

"Mr. Kildare," he said at length, "I must tell you that you ran a great risk. If you had lost the case, we should have dismissed you. As you won it, and won it, I gather, with a brilliancy suggestive of your father, things are quite different. Very different. You may have heard that nothing succeeds like success. It is eminently so in business. A man who does more than his best is worth money to this firm. It is my advice to you not to take such chances again, but the chances you took yesterday—successfully—will have recognition. In a day or so you will be notified in what form."

There was a celebration and a great bonfire the night of Anne Dabney's birthday, out on the snow-buried, frost-crusted lake in front of her father's camp in Canada. From the gay, shifting group of people who stood about the great pile of blazing logs streamed grotesque shadows that lengthened and shortened fantastically, with sudden, noiseless jumps, yards and feet at a time. The shadow of the lady of the lake was farthest back of all; it lay very still against the snow, as, to the lively tinkle of banjoes, a dozen voices sent ringing into the crisp air the chorus of a song written in the girl's honor. And, as they sang, another shadow, a tall one and broad, swayed silently across a yard of light between, until the two, the girl's shadow and the big one, blurred softly together. Anne's heart beat madly as, in the uncertain half-darkness, she felt Brian's hand close over her own—it was so new yet that her happiness frightened her. For the inevitable had happened the day before when the two were alone for an hour in the still, glittering woods, — white, purple-shadowed, sun-spotted, tracked with myriad footprints of unseen wild creatures. The lower world of underbrush was put neatly away under a great snow sheet; the high forest was clean-swept. Long branches bent with snow; gleaming icicles swayed, glittered from them like millions of diamonds catching the cold sunlight. It seemed right to Anne that the wonderful thing should happen in this wonderful place. She stared at Brian and guessed in vain how it could be that the man of all the world should care for her. When they walked back to the camp, gliding along on snow-shoes silently, blissfully, some memory of the existence of a world came back to them.

"If it hadn't been for my legal career," Brian said, "I shouldn't have dared ask you yet. I got my promotion for that fluke, you know. If I hadn't got it, I should have thought I must wait. I've Blake to thank for it in a way, for if he hadn't kept a level head and a quiet tongue it would have been up with me. He's a grand chap, old Blake."

But Anne paid little attention to the virtues of "old Blake," for thinking of the new wonder that Brian loved her.

They had meant to keep their secret from even General Dabney for this one week, but it happened to be Devereux Blake who, coming up behind them unseen, caught a glimpse of the little furred fingers folded in the big ones. And at the moment they turned and saw that he saw. With a sudden bursting of the old bonds of selfishness, with a rush of the generous good-will he had fought so long to feel, he put his hand gently on the younger, happier man's shoulder.

"I'm glad for you both," he said. And then, not knowing how the white heat of renunciation had burned out the jealousy in his soul, or how the light of it shone in his eyes, he smiled at the girl he loved as she stood with her hand in another man's.

"I wish you joy," he said, gently, "not only for to-day, but for all the days of your life."

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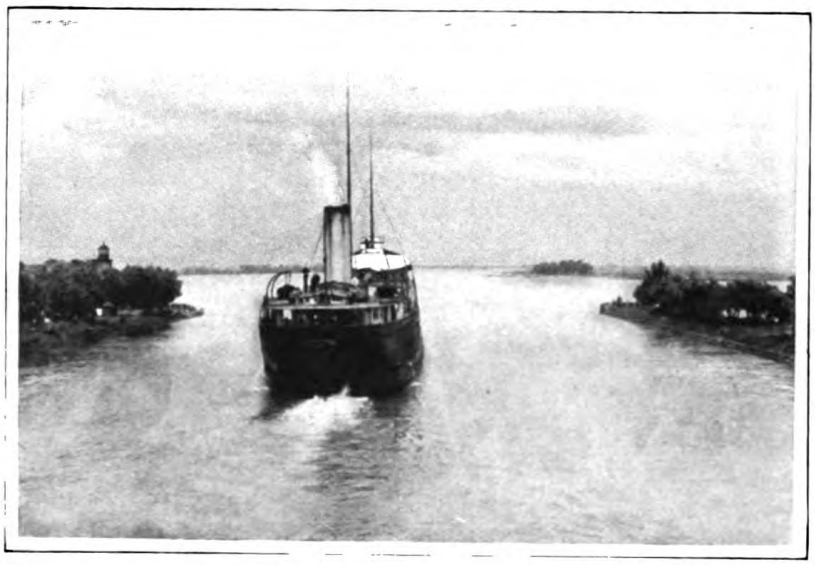

SHIP-CANAL, LAKE ST. CLAIR

Through Inland Seas

BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL

Photographs by Frances B. Johnston

WE found waiting at the noisy dock in Buffalo a great white steamer, more like an ocean vessel than any inland boat we had ever seen — stanch, massive, rich in the appointments of luxurious travel. We boarded her and watched the hurry of night life on the wharf—the arrival of an agitated old lady with bundles, her face full of the feminine terror of being left; a little bow-legged sailor, one of our crew, who hurried into a tavern for a last cheering draught; and finally a cool gentleman in a straw hat, who had arrived in a furiously driven coupé just as the gangplank was about to be withdrawn, and who placidly stepped aboard, leaving the driver and his horse panting. Then we were off.

In the morning we were making smooth, rapid headway over Lake Erie. The shore had become a mere cloud, the vast plain of fresh water glittered blue in the sunshine, and the air was cool but soft, making mere existence a delight. On the after-deck, with its comfortable awning, from which we could look for miles over the sapphire water, a group of ladies sat at their fancy work as composedly as if they were enjoying a sunny piazza at home. The husband of one of them, spectacled and sunburned, held a skein of crimson wool while she deftly wound it into a ball. Another embroidered with birdlike movements of her plump white fingers. A lady with a silk shirt-waist and pearl beads was saying: "You know I never talk about anybody, but do you know she never answered his letter? Not one line. Did you ever hear of such heartlessness? I haven't any patience with her myself—not one bit. . . . Have you read this story? It's awfully good. It ends up just the way I like them to end—everything lovely and the goose hangs high, don't you know?" and the pearl beads danced merrily up and down with her laughter. On the port side, a stout gentleman, disturbed by the gay talk, looked up from his nap with a glare in the direction of the women, and gathering up his belongings, departed in dudgeon to the forward deck. Over in the shadow cast by the life-boats two women sat conversing in low tones.

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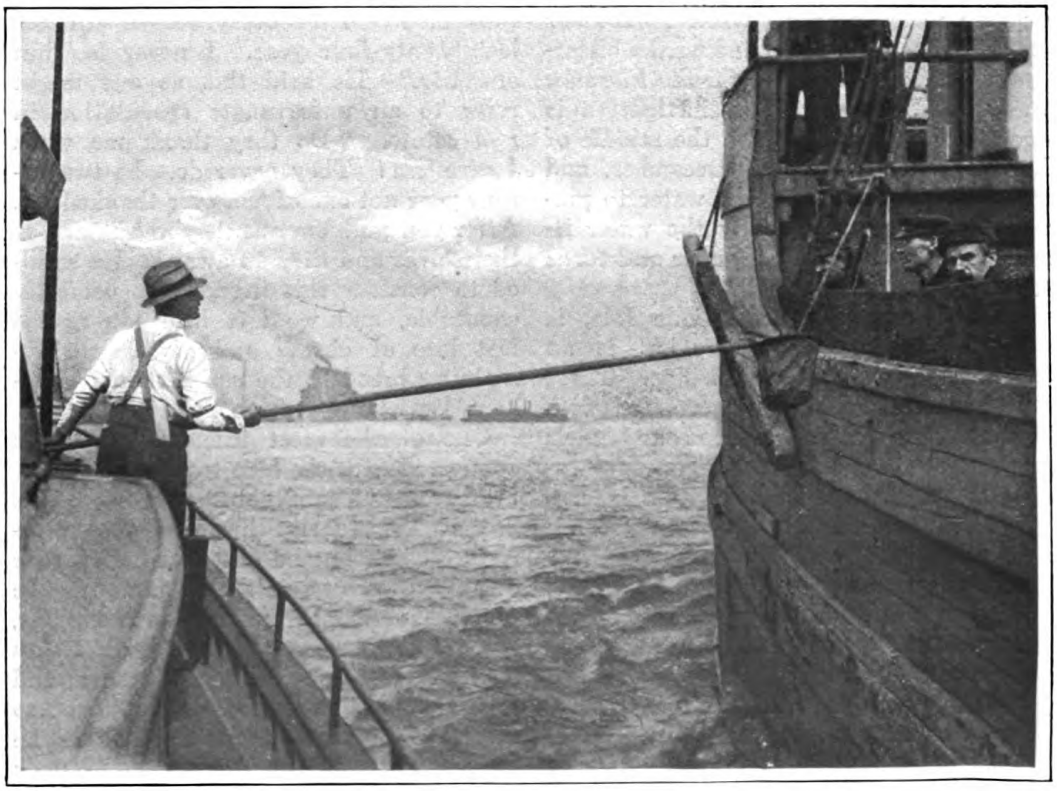
"I never will leave them again," said the younger one with the marine glasses lying idle in her lap,—"never. I don't know how I did it this time—the darlings."

"But you never did it before, Helen," said the elder woman, soothingly, "and it's high time you did. It's better for children to be parted from their mothers occasionally, and you know it. It gives you a better chance, and them a better chance, for you to get away and take a new and broader view of things. You get into a rut, like everybody else, and it's bad for you; and you'll be home in a week or so. Oh, see that exquisite water! It is almost tropically beautiful!"

"I suppose they're just getting on their dear little afternoon dresses now," said the younger woman, plaintively. But the other was gazing at the water in temporary oblivion.

When night came it was so cool that most of the passengers withdrew to the brilliantly lighted saloon, where a round-faced young man with a tenor voice began to sing ballads. One of these had a wistful refrain about "children on their mother's knee," and we saw the young woman with the marine glasses rise and walk out to the deck, where she stood alone in the starlight. Her older companion did not follow her, but gently handed her a handkerchief as she departed.

The following day, as we entered the beautiful Detroit River and approached the city itself, our next landing-place, a tiny steam-tug painted gray and black like a postman's uniform, and bearing the inscription "*Florence B.*—U. S. M.," came puffing out from shore, and launched a small boat, in which sat a solitary but humorous-looking man clad in a light shirt and the trousers of a mail-carrier. He rowed briskly to the side of a colossal freight-boat, tossed a rope aboard, and extended to her deck a pole bearing a small bag, which was quickly emptied by an alert sailor and refilled with outgoing mail. For this was the only marine postman in the world—"Bill" Yates, faithful servant of Uncle Sam, and probably also the only mail-carrier who risks



THE MARINE POSTMAN TRANSFERRING LETTERS

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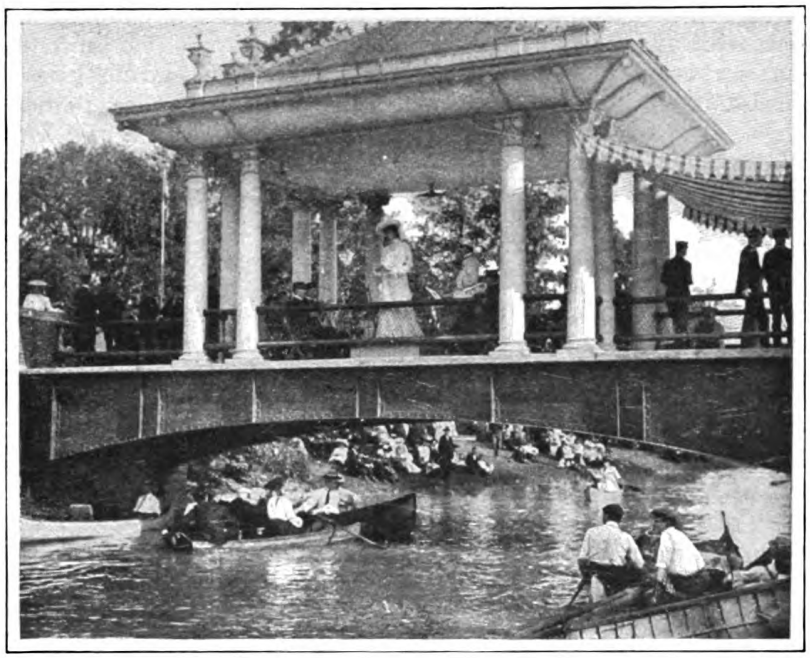

AN AFTERNOON CONCERT AT BELLE ISLE

his life in the performance of duty. The danger lies in making fast day and night to huge moving vessels, in being exposed to the scalding water from their exhaust-pipes, and in enduring the bitterness of the cold weather; for the *Florence B.* is on duty as long as navigation is open, from, approximately, the middle of March to the middle of December, and must keep her ropes in the water to prevent freezing, until finally the water itself can bear the cold no longer and turns to ice.

Detroit's famous park, Belle Isle, is not within the city itself, but is an island reached by a long bridge. There was a tiny but gay canal crowded with light canoes in which boys and girls laughed and chatted, the Japanese parasols of some of them lending a bizarre effect to the already foreign-looking scene; and under the tall trees sat *al fresco* luncheon parties at comfortable rustic tables provided for the purpose, with happy families clustered around them, and a general air of everybody being thoroughly at home and at ease, without either formality or undue freedom.

The waterside of Detroit is as cleanly and attractive as all watersides should be and are not, and its wharves are definitely pleasant. It was on one of these that we met kindly old "Andy" Sims. He was sitting in the shadow of the warehouse, taking his lunch of bread, cheese, and something of the "soft drink" aspect out of a bottle. At his feet three cats, more or less scrubby in appearance, ate their separate meals of bread and milk, while Andy, looking blandly upon his pets, told his experiences.

"Yes," he said, finishing his cheese from one hand and stroking a purring cat with the other,—"yes, I've saved four or five lives every season fur the las' twenty-four year. I never los' but one life." He said this as one might refer to an unfortunate speculation in real estate. "Do they thank me when I save 'em? They never do. In twenty-four year not one of 'em ever thanked me. After you pull 'em out they're 'shamed of theirselves and they go away." He seemed to consider this ingratitude perfectly excusable, and we left him taking his last bite of cheese and giving the remaining bread to the cat that had clambered insistently to his knee.

One of the most interesting persons connected with the lake traffic is a sort of brother to the landlubber cowboy. He is practically the lariat-thrower of these prairielike lakes, but he does not lasso cattle or anything so trivial. His game may be a wharf or an eight-thousand-ton freighter, and he never misses his cast. He makes no pretence to anything picturesque, and it is doubtful if he would care to be so described; but picturesque he is as he swings the rope in the air from dock to vessel, or *vice versa*. He may be in trim sailor garb, member of the

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crew of a luxurious passenger-steamer, or merely clothed in the easy-going garments of the man who wears them merely as a means of covering.

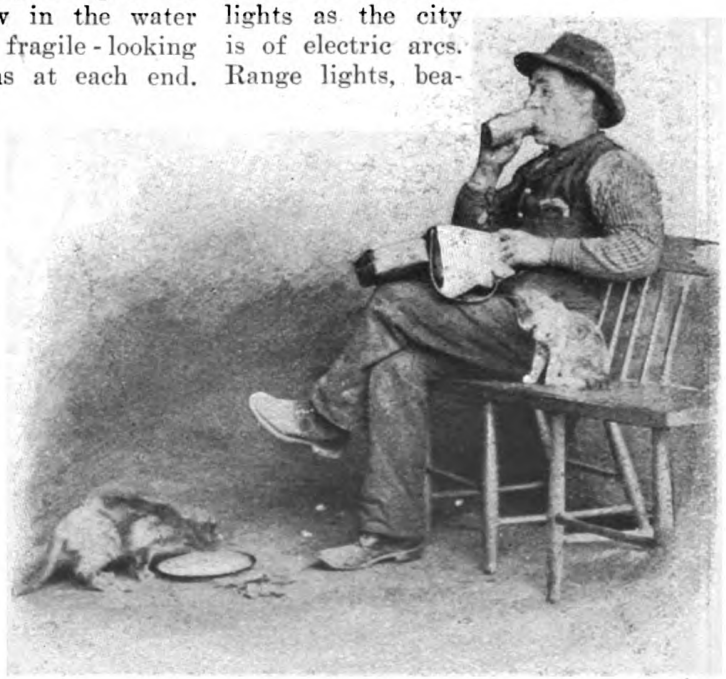
The lariat-thrower is of no particular nationality. He may be an American, or Canadian, or Irish, or Swedish, or German, or almost anything; but after he has worked a while on these vast inland waters, the lakes put their stamp on him, and he becomes a lake man. He does his work with a certain calmness and ease, a philosophical mastery of things without excitement. If you talk with him, you will find that he knows much more than he seems to know. Sheehan, whose picture the artist has caught as he threw his lariat, discoursed upon world-wide topics.

"It's foolish for us to try to taych the Chinese annything," he said, "whin they're thousands of years old and set in their ways. Better kape our missionaries home, I say. We need 'em here, and monny of 'em, too."

The more rough-and-ready, and so more interesting, of these men are connected with the freighters and smaller steamers.

Life on the freighters in bad weather is no smooth existence, especially if they are "whaleback"—a sort of cigar-shaped iron or steel craft lying low in the water like a monitor, with fragile-looking white turrets and cabins at each end. Some of them are merely "tows," and do not travel under their own steam—"wagons" they are scornfully termed by the sailors of better craft. They are snouted forward, which has won them in addition the opprobrious name of "pig," and in more than one way the name is applicable; for these great, inert creatures have a capacity of six or eight thousand tons of iron ore or copper ingots, which is fed to them through wide mouths gaping across their brown bodies, and which they appear to consume with greedy rapacity as it flows down to them through enormous chutes attached to the 1500-foot iron-ore docks at Duluth. Now and then a man working on the dock falls from a collapsed ore-car into the chute and down with the ore through eighty feet of terrible descent into the monster freighter yawning below. It is strange indeed that he is never killed, but is fished out from the gravel-like ore lying in the dark belly of the boat and treated for nervous shock, and is soon back at his work again.

There is a social atmosphere on these inland seas that seems quite like that of country roads. The passengers and crews of passing boats recognize each other by bows and waving of hands, hats, and handkerchiefs; and not in a perfunctory but a cordial way betokening their genuine interest. The big boats sometimes give the little ones a "lift," as country wagons pick up an overtaken pedestrian; and the revenue cutter's launch, upon which a courteous lieutenant of the service was our most kind host, gave a "lift" in this way to a tiny boat in which a government beacontender was going his rounds, caring for his various lights as a lamplighter does in the city. The lakes are almost as full of these warning lights as the city is of electric arcs. Range lights, bea-



"ANDY" SIMS

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cons, fog-bells, storm-signals,—there is no end to them, nor to the brave, steady souls who keep them alight and never falter in the long and lonely performance of this duty. For the lakes are rich in capes, islands, and dangerous channels, beautiful as a dream by day—a dream of blue water and lustrous green isles wooded to their edges—but treacherous by night; and the light-keepers of the Great Lakes deserve a volume to themselves. Later, on the dock at Mackinac Island (pronounced Mackinaw), we met the light-keeper of the St. Helena light—a bronzed, squarely built man of French and Indian ancestry, who spoke excellent English with a slight roll of the *r*. His grandfather, a Frenchman, had worked for the Hudson Bay Company when he came here in a birch canoe from the north nearly a hundred years ago; and his descendant, the light-keeper, had the manners of a Frenchman, modified to a dignified gravity by his Indian heredity and perhaps the solemnity of his work. For he told us of storms—those sudden wild lake storms—and of cries in the night, and half-drowned people washed ashore, to be tenderly cared for by him and his wife until they died, or lived and went away on the next passing boat, to be nevermore heard of by the light-keeper.

The marine milkman, who supplied passing boats with milk, appeared one morning at a wharf where we tied up. We found him interesting because he differed from his city prototype in that his customers came to him to be served. He was round and fat, and his neck was adorned with a bright red and green necktie as he sat on a bench before his island-like milk-shop, and met life with a smiling countenance and that air of one who is at ease and has plenty of room to which we of the crowded East were beginning to grow accustomed.

THE LARIAT-THROWER

"Yes, I'm the marine milkman," he said, smiling broadly at the title we gave him. And when we essayed the olden

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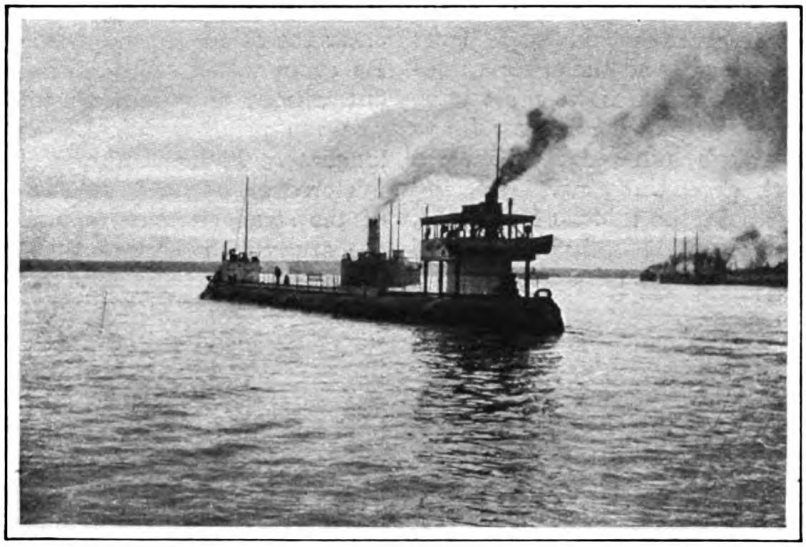

ONE OF THE WHALEBACKS

pleasantry of which the city milkman is the immemorial victim, suggesting that he seemed amply supplied with fresh water for the purposes of trade, he laughed as if he had never heard this witticism before, and as one with a clear conscience.

After leaving Detroit we had sailed slowly and majestically out of the Detroit River into St. Clair Lake, which is like turquoise matrix with its violet and green shadows on an expanse of tender blue. The passengers were now clustered in eager groups on the forward deck, the men explaining to their womenfolk the wonders of the St. Clair Ship-Canal, which we were now approaching. Even the lady with the marine glasses seemed gathering a quiet interest, though I heard her say:

"How Robert and Dorothy would enjoy this! . . . I wonder what they're doing now? What time is it, Ellen? Two? Then I know what they're doing. They've finished luncheon, and Bobbity's going out to play prisoner's base. I hope he won't run too hard; it must be warm at home. And Dorothy's sitting in the window-seat up-stairs with her paper dolls and the puppy, and probably Mildred's in, and they're going to have a tea-party later for the dolls, and—"

"What a large sea-gull!" said the one she called Ellen.

"Oh yes, but it's not Dorothy and it's not Bobbity," replied her companion, mournfully.

"I should hope not," said Ellen, emphatically,—"suspended in mid-air!"

We were moving slowly, our decks drenched in sunshine. Soon we saw

A BUSINESS BOY OF "THE SOO"

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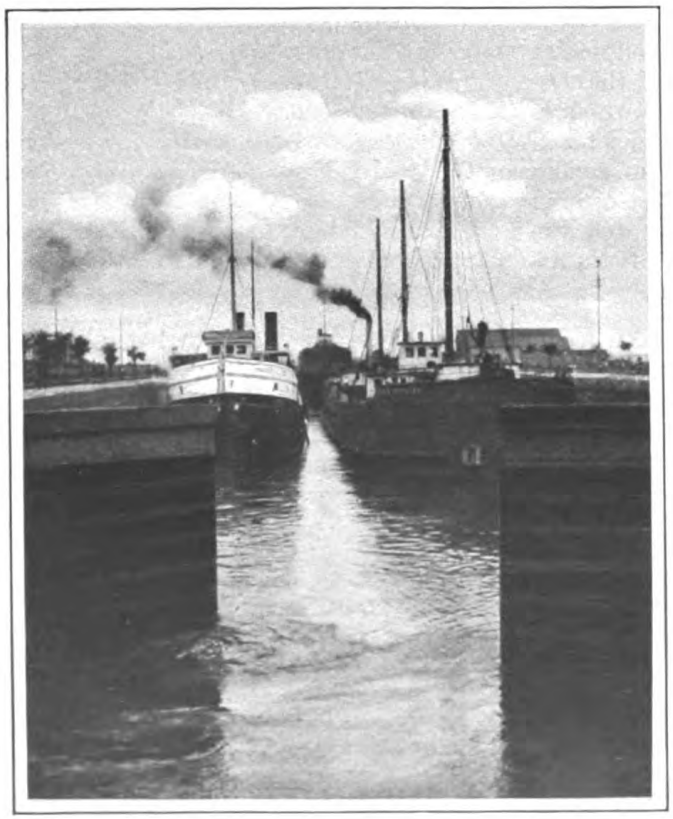
ahead of us two long and narrow parallel strips of green earth, with trees growing upon them, and enclosing a mid-lake canal through which we must pass. This was the celebrated St. Clair Ship-Canal, eighty-two hundred feet long, a notable work of engineering. Entering this quiet slip in the midst of the lake, we passed between twin lighthouses of red brick, with green blinds and black cupolas, and homelike white palings shutting off the omnipresent water. Petunias, ox-eyed daisies, and bachelor's-buttons throve in the long, narrow gardens, and in one was a rocking-chair, and in the other a grindstone and lawn-mower; but there was a deathlike quiet everywhere, and nobody to be seen as we glided on between the scrub-willows and poplars growing as well as they could in the artificial ground. Kingfishers darted around the lighthouse towers, their orange beaks glittering in the sun, their dark-gray wings showing green beneath. At the end of the canal were more lighthouses, precisely like the others, and there was a giant freight-boat waiting to enter the canal as soon as we passed out. Its cabin was a small railroad car without wheels, and we were told that this was the private freighter of a railway magnate. Ladies in light-hued gowns fluttered about its decks and in and out of the strange-looking cabin, and waved gracefully to us as we passed.

We entered the little Venice of the lakes—the Flats of the St. Clair River, where numbers of tiny canals intersected innumerable islands as the streets of a city intersect its blocks, and where poplars, willows, flowers, picturesque low cottages, club-houses, canoes, skiffs, and launches made up a curiously un-American scene. Occasionally there was a bit of marsh-grass in the blue water, dwindling away to thin spears; and rustic bridges spanned narrow ribbons of water and lent an air of pleasuring to the picture.

In one of the most picturesque locations stands the hospitable inn of Joe Beurrenoir. It is a rambling wooden structure, with broad verandas full of chairs, and a lawn under the trees, where there are more chairs and tables, around which Joe's guests sit for hours, drinking moderately and puffing cigars and cigarettes. On each side runs a small canal spanned by a rustic bridge, with a canoe or two waiting as carriages wait before ordinary hotels; for the inn's "stable" is a boat-house. You can step into the clear, clean water of the canals any moment for a bath. Your telephones are megaphones, through which you converse hilariously with neighboring cottages and clubs bounded by other canals, or with the occupants of innumerable passing steamers and freighters. Your waiters are Beurrenoir's pretty daughters, who are deft and given to smiling, and do not look as if they were related to



CLOSING THE GATES OF AMERICAN LOCKS ("SOO" CANAL)

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HOME OF A LIGHTHOUSE-KEEPER

their round, stout, and somewhat haughty father. For Beurrenoir has made money. His frog and chicken dinners, which he cooks himself with the satisfaction of the true artist, have made him famous, and he knows it. So he wears an imperial, and twirls it with the air of one who has succeeded in his highest aims.

We were reminded, as we approached Mackinac Island, of what Harriet Martineau had said of the "wild and tender" beauty of this place; and as we came nearer, and saw at the base of its green, gently rising ascent a sail stained with Venetian red against the blue bay, it seemed to us no youthful and immature country to which we were sailing, but something old and serene and tinged with we knew not what of brooding romance and mystery. When later we had ascended the wayward roads that lead up the heights, past the ancient fort and the venerable Indian Mission, and the old white, wide-spreading hotel that used to be the headquarters of the Hudson Bay Company—and around which seven and eight thousand Indians in full regalia were sometimes assembled in former days to sell their pelts to the company, but where now great lilacs grow by the windows, and stout patrons sit complacently on the broad piazzas,—when we had passed all these and penetrated the forest of the arbor-vitæ trees that spice the air as from a million censers, but with a fragrance more freshly poignant than any incense, we found no revelations awaiting us, but only a deepening of the mystery. For here dwelt Gitchie Manitou, the Mighty Spirit, whose wigwam, when he departed from it, turned to stone, and rises now from the forest in a majestic cone for all to see. Here, too, we found the cottage where lived Constance Fenimore Woolson's "Anne"—a small dwelling half hidden in the forest shadows. Over all the island was a cloudless blue sky, and around us the brilliant water sped away league upon league into the misty distance.

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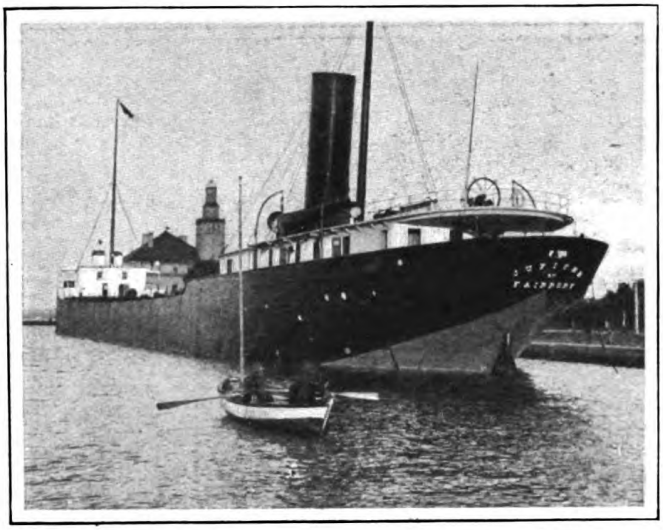

DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE
A four-thousand-ton freighter and a fisherman's boat "locking" through the American "Soo"

At the juncture of Lakes Superior and Huron lies Sault Sainte Marie, familiarly called "The Soo." Old and little, simple and significant, this town, with a manner as somnolent as the air of Irving's Sleepy Hollow, performs a magnificent part in the commerce of the world. For past "The Soo," through the immense government locks that bring the imperial Superior to the level of Huron by chaining the falls of the St. Mary's River, sails in eight months more than twice the commerce of the Suez Canal, where navigation is open all the year, and one-sixth of the entire commerce of the United States. And the work of raising and lowering millions of tons of vessels with their cargoes is accomplished with such ease and silence that the marvel of it grows hourly as the spectacle is observed.

Looking across the locks from the American side — there are three locks, two American, one Canadian — you see at your feet a strip of lush grass, then a wide flagged walk, then the clear blue water in the lock. Beyond the farthest stone flagging are the emerald and crystal rapids, and beyond them the green Canadian shore, with its clustered frame cottages, stone power-houses and pulp-mills, and still farther northward the thickly wooded hills.

Near at hand you receive an impression of colossal vessels slowly rising or sinking at your feet, of unseen machinery working its invincible will under the massive masonry, of columns and streamers of smoke against a blue sky, of occasional blowing off of steam, quiet remarks from seaman to seaman, tossing of heavy head and stern lines, and a riotous foaming of hyacinthine water as it tumbles in or out of the locks and sends the boat up to Lake Superior's level or down to that of Huron. It costs the government about five dollars each time a boat is locked up or down, whether it be a small sail-boat loaded with huckleberries or fresh eggs, or an eight-thousand-ton freighter; or perhaps a dignified vessel of many tons condescending to lock through in company with an impudent little rowboat occupied by Indian fishermen. There is no toll charged; all that the government requires is a registry of name and freightage. As you face the locks, behind you lies the little town, where you are sure that every household is taking a siesta, quite undisturbed by the fact that a steel freighter may be passing filled to the hatches with the largest load of iron ore ever taken down the lakes, the fame of whose achievement will be discussed later in a hundred smelting-works all over the country. Not that "business" is all asleep in "The Soo," where a laundry company, with a true Western sweep of view, advertises that it washes "everything from a napkin to a circus tent."

We discovered that all the small boys who inhabit the lake regions are characterized by an alert and businesslike demeanor, and a courtesy to ladies which made them seem more like men in miniature than the children they really were. The marine newsboy, who supplied the latest papers to the steamers, freighters, "tows," barges, "wagons," launches, and other craft passing perforce through the locks, climbed on and off the vessels

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as easily as his city brother crosses a street; was ever ready for business at the right moment, yet equally at our service to have his picture taken, or tell us, if need were, the story of his brief but active life. Another business boy of "The Soo" was halted in the street and requested to wait till our artist joined us, that we might have a picture of him seated in his tiny wagon drawn by its Newfoundland dog, and by means of which he was performing errands for the shop that employed him. He waited with perfect amiability, though we were uncomfortably aware of his inner impatience, and no sooner had the camera snapped than he was off like the wind, calling back pleasantly in response to our thanks. His was one of many real dog-wagons encountered at "The Soo." In winter the dogs are much in use for drawing sleighs, to which are harnessed from one to six or more of them, according to need.

At the edge of the town we found a small bit of Holland—a house, a strip of garden, a pond large enough for one boat to turn around in without grazing the shore, a cow and chickens, and four flaxen-haired children as reigning lords of this Lilliputian domain. Their father was one of the many lighthouse-keepers we met, and a cheerful grandmother cared for the motherless children. To get the children and the cow in proper relative position for the picture was a work of rare *finesse;* but when it was finally arranged, the little boy was more interested in the correct attitude of the cow than in his own, of which misplaced concern on his part the picture bears evidence.

From "The Soo" we crossed the river to the Canadian "Soo," and made several short excursions into Canada, including a brief railway journey that plunged us suddenly into the wildest hill-country. Here long reaches of mountain and valley were thickly grown with spruce-trees rising greenly, pinnacle after pinnacle, as far as the eye could see, and cascades and lakes and trout-streams watered a land as romantic and untamed as was ever immortalized in song or story. The low log huts of the wood-cutters and an occasional group of miners' cabins humanized the otherwise trackless range of rich green mountain country. In its heart, far off the track of daily life, lives an elderly Englishman who has been equal to the sacrifice of every luxury except his London *Times*. At the end of each year the entire annual supply of the paper is sent to him, and every morning of the ensuing twelvemonth he reads a copy at his rude breakfast-table —a copy a year old, it is true, but bearing the day and date with a brave show of timeliness. By this simple means is he reconciled to exile in the wilderness.

But now the steamer again awaited us, and on we sailed, leaving romantic Huron for broad, majestic Superior, reluctantly passing Marquette unseen, and cutting through a tiny peninsula of Wisconsin by the Portage River, whose waters are colored by the rich copper deposits, and where the Calumet and Hecla mines radiate an Aladdin-like fame of riches. With Duluth, young, vigorous, energetic, high-perched on its windy promontory, whence it distributes grain and iron and copper to the whole world, came the end of a journey which, with its succession of natural scenes, varying from the terrible beauty of Thunder Bay to the Venetian loveliness of the St. Clair Flats, is one of which Americans may well be proud.

As we stepped ashore at Duluth, the young lady with the marine glasses followed close behind us. She was saying:

"Oh yes, yes, Ellen dear, it *is* a beautiful trip, and I know it has done me a great deal of good; but you can't imagine, dear old Ellen, how I have missed Bobbity. Do you know, I—yes, I feel as if I could hardly stand it another minute. Ellen, I— *Couldn't* we go home faster by rail?"

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"Johnny Sands"

BY MARY TRACY EARLE

AT the library table sat the head of the family, staring in strained preoccupation at a sheet of paper on which it was his intention to write a letter as soon as he could decide what to say. So far he had only written the date and "My dear Rossiter,—" the rest was all hidden behind some distant cloud, imperceptible to others, which his troubled, sharpened eyes tried to pierce.

The child was creeping from shelf to shelf near the top of the library. Apparently she was held in place by the attraction of the books, for the precarious edges of the shelves on which she found footholds did not offer noticeable support. The head of the family paid no more attention to her than if she had been a fly creeping over his books. He had learned that she was safe in precarious places. If she had taken to walking on the ceiling he would have given her no special notice, as long as she walked silently. The one condition of her presence in the room while he was busy there was that she should make no noise.

No one but the child herself knew that she had converted Pamphlet Box No. 10 —"Numismatics," into her own private bank, nor that in some rearrangement of the books it had been moved from its customary place, carrying with it as many dollar bills as pamphlets, as well as various bas-reliefs of Liberty and the American eagle, on half-dollars and quarters, safely lodged between descriptions of old Greek coins.

As she hunted for this lost treasure she clung with one hand to the slender posts between the shelves, and with the other she managed to open many an attractive-looking book which had no bearing on her search. Among them was a book of old songs; they were without printed music, except the rollicking jiggle of the words, but she was not deterred by ignorance of tune; one of them tickled her fancy, and she began to chant it on a suppressed, monotonous note, as if a very large fly were buzzing, or a cricket trying to sing under its breath.

The head of the family spoke irritably, without turning,—"Don't make that noise, Stella."

The chant fell to an inaudible stirring of the lips, and the child moved silently forward. But presently a new stopping-place offered, and she paused to commit the song to memory, ready for some future opportunity of intoning it high and shrill:

"A man whose name was Johnny Sands,"

she read, bending so close into the book that when she nodded to mark the metre, her small nose tapped the page approvingly,—

"A man whose name was Johnny Sands
He married Betty Hague,
And though she brought him gold and lands
She proved a terrible plague.
For, oh, she was a scolding wife,
Full of caprice and whim.
He said that he was tired of life,
And she was tired of him.
Says he—"

"Stella!" the child's father cried, and this time he turned round.

Stella's face flushed crimson, and she looked down miserably at her father. From the far-off corners of the room a suppressed, monotonous chant seemed to be dying out. "I—I won't do it again," she faltered, wishing she could make him understand that she had no knowledge of the methods by which the song she had been silently chanting in her mind had become audible.

Her father gave his shoulders an impatient shake, as if he were trying to rid himself of irritation as a dog shakes off water. Then he dipped his pen, held it poised, and looked off above it out of the window and down the snowy slope which led away from the house. The trees on

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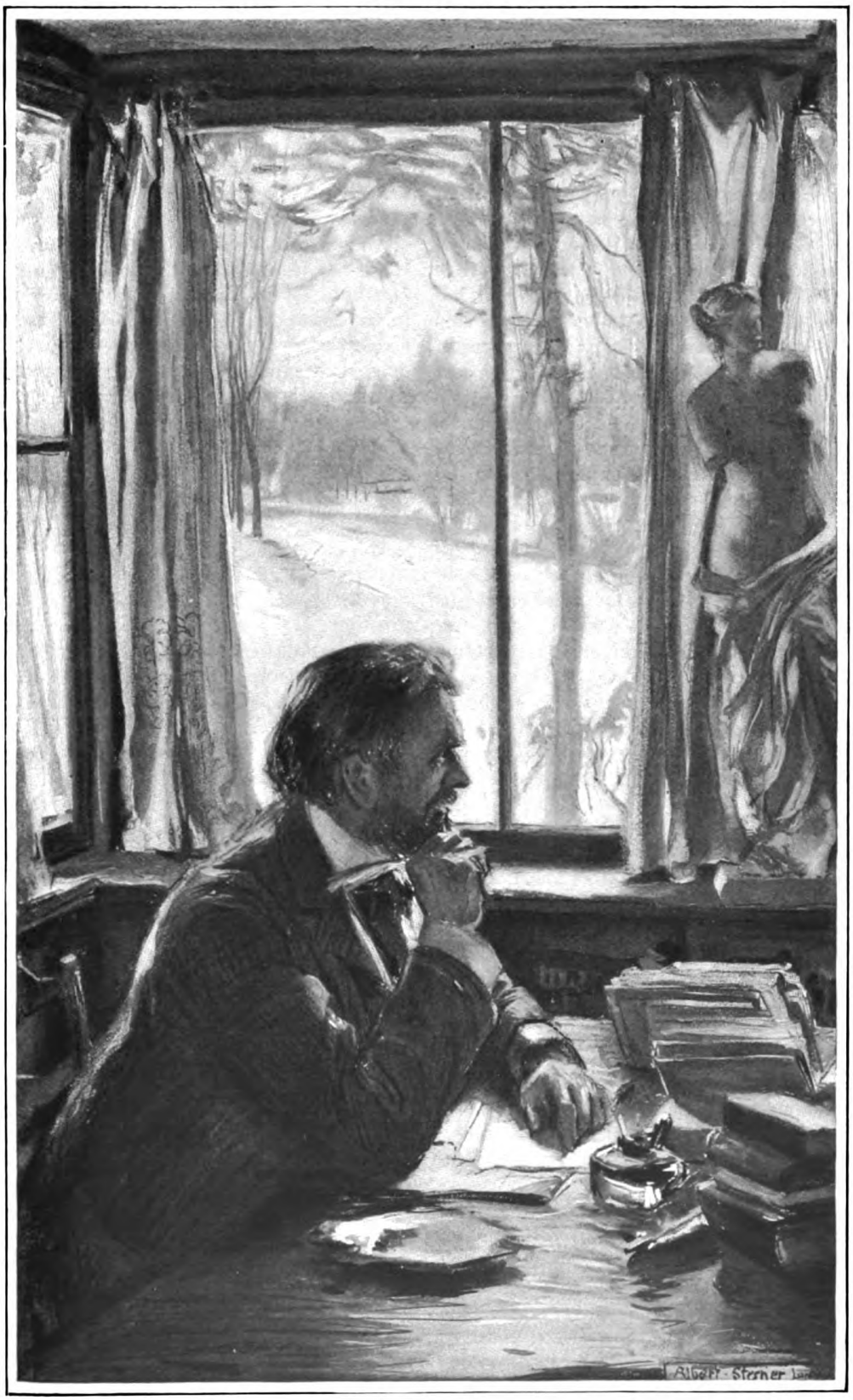

IT WAS HIS INTENTION TO WRITE A LETTER

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the slope stood meekly under wonderful white trappings, and the brook at the foot of the hill had drawn a white cover over its bed and gone to sleep. Beyond the brook rose a lower slope on which stood the house where the child's married sister, Gertrude, lived with Rossiter, who had once been one of a procession of admirers, but was now Gertrude's husband. The head of the family looked at this house and drew a deep sigh. Then he dipped his pen afresh, and began writing with slow, determined, well-deliberated strokes, as if each word had been thought out and weighed in advance:

"My dear Rossiter,—More than once, when Gertrude has come to me asking for money, I have tried to explain to her the extent of my resources and the limit which the established necessities of my own household put upon my ability to help in maintaining another household upon almost as high a scale of expenditure. As she fails to take my explanations seriously, and continues to ply me with requests for rather large sums, I find myself obliged to refuse her latest petition, and, in order that my reasons for doing so may be quite clearly understood, I find it wiser to make my answer direct to you.

"You will understand lack of means as a thoroughly cogent reason for my failure to remit the amount asked for in Gertrude's note of yesterday; but, even if I were not harassed by the problem of adjusting an undiminishing rate of expense to a diminishing income, there is to me an even stronger reason which I must urge against the course which you and Gertrude are following. Having entered into the responsibilities of marriage with no counsel but your own impulsive wish,—I might almost say whim,—it would seem to me that you would feel in honor bound to establish and maintain your home in a style bearing some proportion to the income which you yourself can provide. Perhaps I am largely to blame, from having given you too much help in the beginning, but I could not bear to let the results of my daughter's unconsidered rashness fall too harshly upon her."

He paused, and turning to the beginning of the letter, began to read it over, concentrating his mind upon each sentence, sometimes nodding his head gravely, sometimes altering a word or a phrase.

The child had progressed farther along the shelves, and at last had found Pamphlet Box No. 10—"Numismatics." Her search was ended, but for a moment she looked in doubt from the awkwardly large box to the bulky volume of songs. It would be impossible to make her way to the floor carrying both; so, wedging the box between her body and the shelves, she opened the book to commit the last of "Johnny Sands" to memory:

"Says he, 'Then I will drown myself;
The river runs below.'
Says she, 'Pray do, you silly elf,—
I wished it long ago.'
Says he, 'Upon the brink I'll stand;
Do you run down the hill,
And push me in with all your might.'
Says she, 'My love, I will.'"

The head of the family dropped his pen and sprang up. His lips were drawn into a compressed line, fine wrinkles had gathered in the corners of his eyes, there was a sharp vibration in his voice.

"Again?" he asked.

The pamphlet-box fell with a crash to the floor, and Stella came so near to following it that her father started forward, stretching out his arms. When he stopped, the box lay at his feet, its contents scattered out of it,—learned brochures, dollar bills, a generous hoarding of small coins.

"What is all this?" he demanded.

Vague alarm filled the child. "I—I was hunting for my money," she stammered, peering down to see if the box were injured. "I want to give my money away."

"Come here," her father said.

To creep down the shelves when one was frightened was like creeping down a jagged cliff. The head of the family might have brought her the ladder, but neither he nor she thought of that as she made her slow, tremulous descent. At last she reached the floor. Her father had gathered up the money and put the pamphlets back into place. He was sitting in his chair at the table, and he drew her up to him with an encircling arm.

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"Here are twenty dollars," he said. "Are they yours? How do you come to have hidden away such a sum as this?"

Stella felt that she had done something very wrong. "I—I've collected it," she said, faintly.

"Collected it?" her father repeated. "People don't owe money to little girls like you."

It did not occur to him that she meant she had collected it as people collect gems or fossils—indeed as he himself collected coins,—and she knew no way of explaining except by detail.

"The professor gave me a dollar twice," she said, "and Rossiter gave me one, and mamma often gives me money not to trouble her, and—"

It was easy to see how a child of prudent habits might accumulate, but Stella had never been rated as a prudent child. "How does it happen that you haven't spent it all?" asked the head of the family.

She hesitated. Then she lifted her eyes timidly to his. "Because Gertrude is so poor," she said.

He reached out and, half unconsciously, laid his tightly doubled fist on the letter he was writing. "Do you mean that Gertrude asks *you* for money?" he questioned.

The disapproval of his tone rasped across her nerves. "Ger — Gertrude doesn't know I have any money," she half sobbed; "but I know she needs every cent she can lay her hands on—I heard her say so to Rossiter."

"Then she shall never lay her hands on your little hoard," he said, sweeping it into one of the drawers of his table and locking the drawer. "You would not want to do Gertrude an unkindness, would you?" he added, seeing the blank disappointment of her face. "You would not want to help in making her thoughtless and troublesome and extravagant,—an—an irresponsible, selfish woman?"

"Mamma spends lots of money," Stella quavered, "and nobody but grandmamma ever scolds *her*."

It was a random shaft, but it reached a mark that flinched. "We are speaking of Gertrude," he answered, evading her point with nervous crudeness. "Some day I hope you will understand why it would not be kind to her to give her your money, but we need not discuss it now. I wish you to take this note to Rossiter. There will be no answer, so come home at once."

When the child was gone he went to the shelves and selected several books. These he placed in neat and logical order on the table. When he sat down he opened one, then he polished his glasses, drew a tablet for notes and extracts within reach, and tried to read. His mind proved too disordered to concentrate itself upon printed words. Thoughts of his wife, of Gertrude and Rossiter, of Stella storing away money for her sister as a squirrel hides nuts, came between him and the page, and across them all flitted the doggerel:

"'For fear that I should courage lack,
And try to save my life,
Pray tie my hands behind my back.'
'I will,' replied his wife."

The tune in his mind was quite different from that of Stella's chant. He tried to ignore it, but it continued:

"All down the hill his loving bride
Now ran with all her force
To push him in; he stepped aside,
And she fell in, of course.
Now splashing, dashing like a fish—"

He rose and began pacing up and down the room, his books forgotten, the hackneyed rhythm convoying his mind far into the past.

Once when he was a little boy he had been sent away from home during the protracted illness of his mother. He had been cared for in the family of a neighbor, and had found himself the petted youngest child of a family far more demonstrative than his own. He had even been sung to sleep — he and Clarissa, who was the youngest of the real family, though a year older than he.

As he paced to and fro he could feel himself once again a very small boy in a very big white bed, while everything else in the room was hidden in a twilight shadow. Across the hall, Clarissa was tucked away in another big dim room, and between the two doors sat Clarissa's father, the professor, singing "Johnny Sands" in a deep, soft, sleep-alluring voice. Why it had ever been chosen as a lullaby would be hard to say, except

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that its name suggested the "sandman," but for some reason the two children had agreed upon it as their favorite bed-time song, and, until they grew too sleepy, they helped Clarissa's father sing it, their clear treble voices piping up to right and left of him out of the two white beds in the two ever-darkening rooms. Even in memory the peace of it almost pervaded him; he paused in his walk and smiled to himself; then he went back to his table, pushed aside his books, and opening a drawer, took out a great dog-eared ledger which bore his own name printed childishly across its face.

It was a diary, begun when he was very small and kept irregularly for many years. Over some of the earlier records he had had to stop again and again to spread out his aching fingers. Many of them contained plans for his future as well as comments on his current life.

"Home is not as nice as this house," he read in one place. "When my mother and father say No they mean iT, but Clarrissas MOther and fAther can be ReAsoned with. Perfessor teaches me greek and hOw to sing Johnny Sans. Clarrissa and I are glad he let her drownd. WHen I am big I shall marry clarrissa becAuse we Like each Other so much."

This long entry, instead of satisfying his zeal for journal-writing, apparently whetted it, for the interval of time was short before the next record:

"I found a little Indian arrow head today. Perfessor says what I find shows how folks used to live. I know all the GreeK letters now and I sing Johnny Sans evry nite when we go to bed. Clarrissa says I don't sing right. She wants me to sing evry word just when she and perfessor do. I can NOt. I have to hear them sing so as to know what word comes next. perfessor says I learn Greek faster. My father thinks I am too little to learn it. He says I will forget all the letters next year. I will not."

After that nothing followed for two months. Then the volume was opened for a brief statement: "I am not at perfessors any more. My mother is well. Clarrissa and her mother and perfessor have gone visiting. My mother says she never heard of singing to such a big boy. I write the greek letters evry day so as not to forget. I spose he sings Johnny Sans to Clarrissa evry nite."

With that writing the queer lullaby fell out of his records for a long time, and Clarissa's name ceased to recur under each date; for she stayed away so long that when they met they were shy with each other. He was growing to be a boy with a reputation for indifference to maintain, and she a girl with increasingly girlish reserves. Even the difference in their ages amounted to more than it had when the same jiggling measure trotted them both to sleep; and the gap between them continually widened. Clarissa's friends, particularly her boy friends, were all older than she; at first he resented it, then he ceased to care. His head was filling itself so full of Greek and Latin and archæology that they overflowed into his heart. The professor guided him. The professor's title starred his pages like one of the inevitable parts of speech, and sometimes he tried to write out his appreciation of this friend and philosopher.

"Seems to me if I hadn't known the professor I shouldn't know anything," he declared once; and again, "I'd rather know all the professor knows than be the richest man in the world."

But the heart of a boy, supply it as he may with knowledge, is not filled. "Sometimes," he wrote once, after commenting on the mysterious phases of his own being—"sometimes when I'm deep in some book that I've been wanting to get hold of for a long time, I suddenly have a very strange feeling about it. What I wanted to know doesn't seem worth while any more, and to have it within reach, and yet not want it, makes me lonesome. I should like to ask the professor how to keep from feeling that way, but I'm ashamed to. I know he never felt like that in his life."

This was written at sixteen, and not very long after came an entry in which he spoke of meeting Clarissa in the woods. It was summer. He was lying under a tree reading, when, without really hearing anything, he looked up. There was Clarissa, walking very softly, listening to a bird sing. "She motioned to me to be still," he wrote, "and I motioned to her to sit down at the foot of my tree. The bird kept on a long while, and we

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SHE SANG "JOHNNY SANDS" IN AN UNSTEADY VOICE

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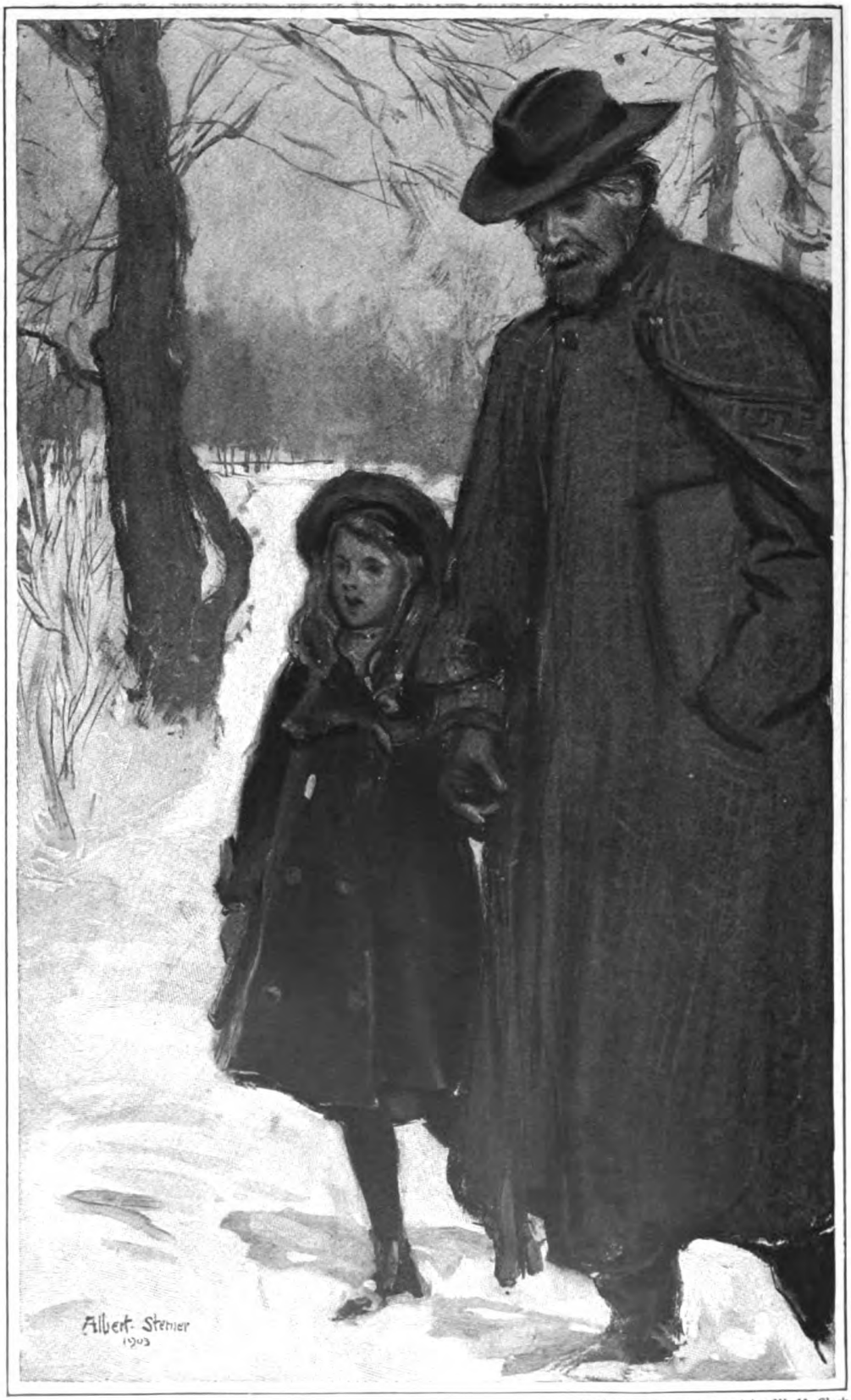

Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

THEY WALKED ON, SINGING TOGETHER

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didn't say anything. I wanted to ask her why she didn't join me in the way she used to, but I was afraid it wouldn't be so pleasant if we talked. I thought when the bird stopped she would go, but she didn't right at once. I don't believe we said six words. There didn't seem to be anything we wanted to talk about, but I have thought since of several things I should like to say."

After that he often noted having seen or met Clarissa, but, until two years later, they never came so near to their old footing as in that silent meeting in the woods. The next record of any moment was made in his eighteenth year. It had been decided that Clarissa was to go abroad to study music, and the day of her departure was close. He often had glimpses of her as he came or went to her father's study; he never stopped to talk with her; but now she stopped him one day to ask if he were not coming to see her, instead of her father, once before she left, to bid her good-by.

"And of course I must go," he wrote that night in his journal, "but I hate to. I don't know what we'll talk about, I'm sure."

When he finally called on her, feeling more shy and awkward than he had supposed it possible to feel in the professor's house, there was little necessity to talk, for Clarissa sang to him, selecting difficult song after song that he had never heard. He did not know music well enough to turn the pages for her, but whenever she paused, he said with all the unction he could summon:

"That was very beautiful. I enjoyed that very much."

Finally she swung round on the piano-stool. "Why do you say that?" she asked. "To-morrow you will not know what I have sung."

"They—they are all so unfamiliar," he stammered, blushing hotly.

"Then listen," she said, and turning back to the piano, she sang "Johnny Sands" in a constrained, unsteady voice.

His record of it read oddly across a space of nearly thirty years. "I wish I knew what she was thinking about," he wrote. "I suppose she was homesick at the idea of going away so far. Her voice shook as if she were about to cry, but when she was done she looked over her shoulder at me and laughed, so I saw she didn't want me to notice how she felt. A girl isn't self-controlled like a man. She can't help showing out her emotions. I was unhappy myself, but I didn't show it. I always am unhappy when I think how much better friends we were as children than we are now. I got away as soon as I could. It would have been better if I hadn't gone at all. She will go off and forget that I ever existed. I suppose she has already forgotten what we promised each other once, but I thought of it every instant while she sang 'Johnny Sands,' and if she hadn't laughed— Oh, I'm a fool, that's all. I must just make up my mind to remember, while she forgets, and keep the hurt of it to myself all my life."

Yes, that was strange reading after thirty years; for his remembering had taken the form of marrying another girl long before Clarissa came home from abroad. "Mabel is the most beautiful, the most fascinating woman I have ever seen," he wrote in his diary before his marriage. "How it happens that she whom every one adores should have listened to me I do not know. But I could not have lived without her, and perhaps she felt that. Perhaps there was something of divine pity in her yielding—" And that was strange reading, too, in the light of middle age. "Divine pity—" his lips curved a little as he read, and suddenly his eyes filled with tears. With what folly, with what blind trust he had chosen, and how soon afterwards he had begun to suffer and rebel in spirit!

"If Mabel could only understand," he found that he had written again and again during the early years of his marriage; and once he added: "I am distracted, desperate. My own income is limited, my salary from the college very small and not likely to increase soon, yet from the first Mabel has refused to listen to me as to the spending of her little fortune,—has refused to understand that when it is gone I shall be unable to supply her with one-tenth of what she has spent each year since our marriage. And now, in these financial troubles, the remnant of her means is threatened.—But this is not the worst. Our little child, our little Gertrude, is three years old now—as beautiful as her mother, and

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as wilful, I fear. When she shakes her tiny pretty head and refuses to obey us, my heart sinks. If I try to enforce obedience, trouble with Mabel follows. I can only look away, bury myself in my books, and try not to see; but God knows I feel *responsible* for that little human soul."

Other pages of the book fluttered over. "It has come at last," he read. "We have said good-by to each other. Mabel will not let me keep the child, and it is just as well, no doubt. They are so alike. She might grow up and speak to me as Mabel does. I have suffered enough. I will not even ask myself what is to become of them. I shall give them all my means. I cannot advise Mabel. She will not listen to me. I have done what I could."

He lifted his eyes as if startled. It was a long time since that cry had dumbly escaped from him. Day by day, week by week, dust from the routine of life had dropped upon his memory. He had buried himself in his books, he had looked away, until usage had smoothed the jagged reunion of Mabel's life with his. It was a strange thing to have lived on with Mabel after that day of separation—to have lived on and gained a power of indifference which had served him almost as well as peace.

"I wish I could cross out that last entry," was what he wrote next in the book. "I had no right to lose patience. It is by such things as I have to bear that the strength of a man is tried,—that God tests him to see whether he is really a man or not. . . . The undercurrents of a life are so strange, so strong, so hidden sometimes. Clarissa is home again at last,—not a great singer as she hoped, but a great woman, a good woman. I think she is one of those people whose childish affections never die, only grow stronger with time. One has only to look in her face to see how true and brave she is. I met her that day when I was leaving home. The surprise, the shock of seeing her after so long,—it was all like a strong light thrown on me. She inquired about Mabel and Gertrude, and I don't know what I told her. I don't know how I got away from her. When I went back Mabel was surprised,—more touched than I thought she could be. She came with tears in her eyes and put out her arms to me. I held her close.—So many things to live through again—so many things to bear.—And she will never understand.—She could not guess how my heart ached. Oh, poor child!"

He bowed his head over the book and sobbed with the lost pain of his lost youth. He had suffered very little in the later years. When patience was about to fail he had turned away his face. Meanwhile, Gertrude had grown up, and Stella—a shy interrogation—had come to question his mature life. To-day she had seemed like a question direct from the happiest time of his childhood, the time when he had been most loved and understood. Had he been patient, after all? Had he kept his promise to himself, or had he shirked it, taking refuge with his books?

A marred page, beginning, "My dear Rossiter," stared up at him, and the hard phrasing of his letter came back word by word. For a while he thought deeply. Then, putting his diary into security, he gathered Stella's money from the drawer into which he had locked it, went downstairs and out-of-doors, and took the path toward the house beyond the brook.

As he hurried through the snow, his thoughts turned to Rossiter with a great desire to put out the hand of fellowship. How had he failed to see that they were comrades travelling the same road? A face had caught the fancy of each,—almost the same face,—and each had chosen on the impulse of his fancy. Had he himself done anything to make Gertrude a wise yokefellow for Rossiter? The years of her girlhood passed before him, and he saw himself sitting apart. A smile, a playful word, he had given her at times, but never a word of intimate counsel. His life as he had finally lived it was very different from the life he had vowed, when he went back to Mabel, that he would live. He was surprised to see how different. It seemed to him that under the wreckage of unfulfilled hopes, of impossible aspirations, his conscience had lain numb.

Yet even in this moment of bitter self-accusal his heart lightened with the belief that there was still time. He was on his way to undo the harshness of his letter to Rossiter, to speak of his own life, his own mistakes, to beg the younger man to

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be patient always, yet strong enough to be patient without indifference. He forgot the unchanging disadvantage of an unselfish nature when mated with a selfish one. He forgot that indifference sometimes is a needed armor. The thought of the letter pricked him to reach Rossiter before its message should have cut too deep. He pressed forward,—a man yielding happily to self-indulgence, but failing to recognize it under this guise of reparation.

Suddenly he stopped. He had been too bent upon his own thoughts to notice how the print of a child's feet kept diverging from the path to visit tempting snow-covered mounds; how delicate, snow-weighted grasses had been gathered, and thrown down after their illusion had dropped from them,—how a child's vivid curiosity had paused again and again to gratify itself by the way. But now the sound of Stella's monotonous chant reached him through the crystalline stillness of the air:

"Then splashing, dashing like a fish,
'Oh, save me, Johnny Sands!'
'I can't,' says he, 'though much I wish,
For you have tied my hands.'"

He looked far ahead and saw the child's red-clad, elfin figure dancing on the snow-covered foot-bridge across the hidden brook. He gave a shout. In the midst of her chant she heard it, and came running back, the undelivered letter in her hand, a swiftly growing sense of recalcitrance in her heart. Evidently her father had seen how she loitered, probing wayside mysteries; evidently he had followed her to hurry her forward, to remind her that when one goes on errands it must be by the directest route and without pause.

She reached him and stood panting. "I—I was going," she said. "Only—only I wanted to see things. Only things looked so strange and interesting under the snow."

Without saying anything, he took the letter from her. This was worse than she had feared. She looked up at him for a moment, then her eyes fell. She was a slow, untrustworthy messenger; he had not accepted her excuse.

He cleared his throat. She trembled, and her cheeks burned with more than the biting of the cold. She had done wrong and she knew it. It was worse to be waiting for reproof than to have it come unexpectedly, without recognizable cause.

At last he spoke. "If you must sing 'Johnny Sands,' you'd better learn how," he said, and, to her bewilderment, he began to sing it as if its jingle had taken possession of him too.

"Now, you join in," he said, after he had sung it once. He took her hand and they walked on, keeping time to his voice. Her heart beat high. She did not realize that she was singing just one word behind him in her effort to sing as he did. She only knew that there are moments of elation in this puzzling world.

When they reached the house beyond the brook her bewilderment increased. Her father drew from his pocket the little store of money which he had locked away.

"I don't believe a present from you will harm Gertrude, after all," he said. "You might give it to her while I talk with Rossiter."

Stella eyed the money with a generous ardor for bestowal, but hesitated; the discrepancy between her father's present attitude and that of an hour ago needed adjustment. The multitudinous inconsistencies of grown-up people could not always be ignored; sometimes one must baldly question.

"Won't it make her selfish — and— troublesome?" she asked.

Her father smiled down into her clear, near-sighted eyes, which were always trying to see so far. "If it does, you must be patient with her," he said, gravely, and without further explanation he put the money into her hands and passed on into the house.

As she followed, clasping her gift tight and planning what she should say to Gertrude, her steps unconsciously fell again into the measure of the song, and through her parted lips, like a faint discordant echo, came the chant:

"'I can't,' says he, 'though much I wish,
For you have tied my hands.'"

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Life and Diseases of Metals

BY E. HEYN

Professor at the Technical Experiment Station of the Royal Polytechnic School, Berlin-Charlottenburg

THE traveller whisked along by the rapidly moving train over bridges, triumphs of the engineering art, little dreams of the mysterious powers brought into play in the iron arms supporting the bridge he is crossing, the single parts of which may be compared to the muscles of the human body; little recks he of the immense responsibility of the engineer in his endeavor to so graduate the bearing capacity of each separate part that no one part shall be exposed to more strain than it can bear. He is ignorant of the fact that insidious disease may be lurking in each iron part, the breaking out of which may make the most carefully laid plans of the constructing engineer illusory and seal the fate of the structure itself. He looks upon iron as lifeless matter.

We are accustomed to draw the line very sharply between animate and inanimate beings, the latter very aptly termed "Nature's dead stepchildren." But do such sharply defined limits coincide with the present progress of scientific investigation? The fact of the transitions between the vegetable and animal worlds being very gradual makes it difficult to properly classify representatives of both found on the dividing-line. We recognize in the living development of the vegetable and animal worlds, from the lowest to the highest stages, very gradual progress. Are we not thus naturally led to seek such gradual transition between the so-called inanimate and inorganic world and organic living beings? Of course we cannot expect to find such graduation between representatives of the inanimate world and the highest-developed members of animal life, but we must seek such transition along the confines of inorganic nature and plant life.

How does a plant differ from a lifeless mineral or metal? The plant possesses the capability of growth, of absorbing nourishment, and the power of propagation. We deny such powers to inorganic bodies like minerals and metals. And yet a mineral can grow! By introducing an infinitesimal alum crystal into a solution saturated with alum the crystal will continue to grow. By introducing two sheet-copper strips into a solution of copper (*e. g.*, blue vitriol) and allowing an electric current to pass through the liquid from one strip to the other, the latter strip will be found to assume a continuous growth. This proves beyond doubt that growth exists in the inorganic world. But, it is objected, in the growth of the alum crystal and the copper strip artificial conditions have to be created in order to bring about a state of growth, while plant growth is spontaneous. This objection, however, does not hold good. The fact of plants consisting chiefly of elements such as carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, and of mineral matter is merely an accident, such bodies existing partly in the atmosphere, in inexhaustible quantities, partly in the soil in which the plant is rooted, the proper conditions existing *a priori*. Should, however, any of the aforementioned components be wanting, we should have to supply them artificially, precisely as in the growth of the alum crystal and of the strip, to enable the plant to grow.

The necessity of applying fertilizers for the purpose of attaining certain kinds of plants is simply an artificial process for supplying conditions necessary to growth. But to the production of snowflakes by the growth of ice crystals exposure to special atmospheric conditions is equally necessary. The majestic glaciers in our mountains are the accumulated growth of tiny ice crystals.

The act of preparation which the high-

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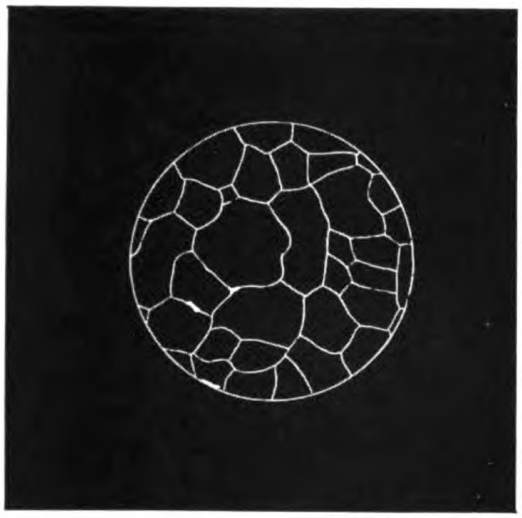

Fig. 1.—Annealed soft-steel wire, magnified 300 fold

Fig. 2.—Structure of copper wire magnified 360 times

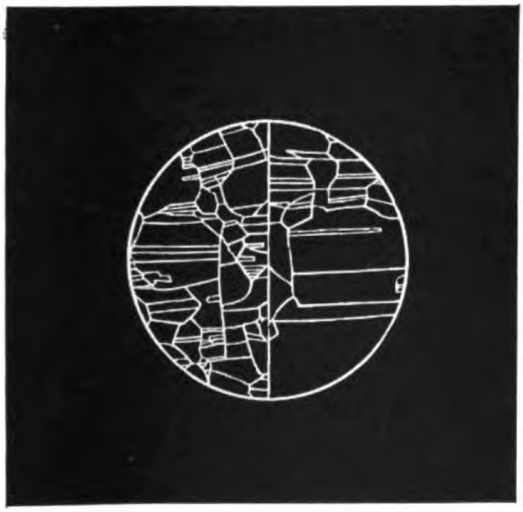

Fig. 3.—Development of crystals in copper wire

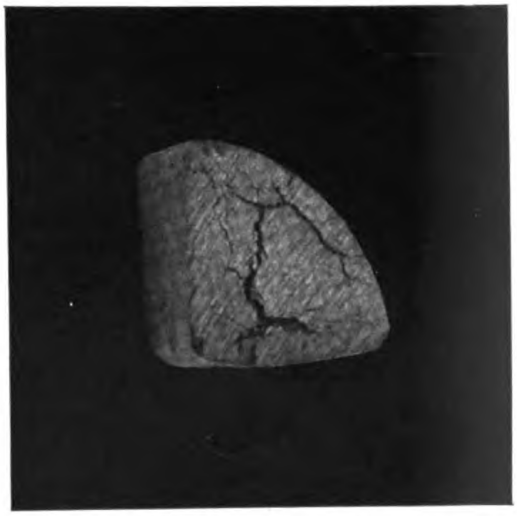

Fig. 4.—Copper burst asunder by disease

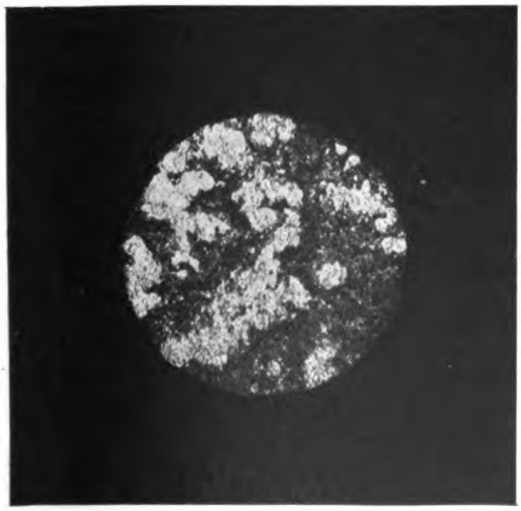

Fig. 5.—Structure of tool-steel properly hardened

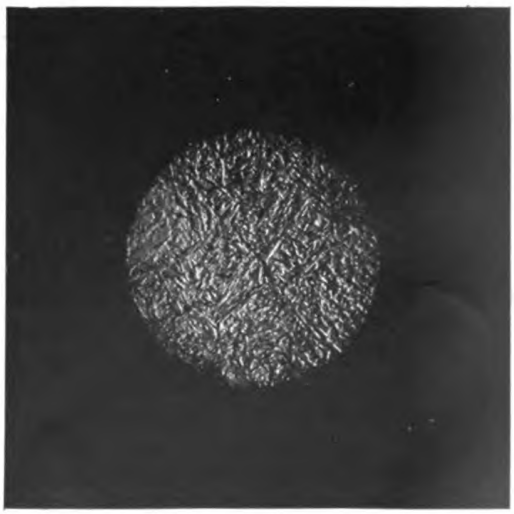

Fig. 6—Structure of tool-steel diseased by overheating

TYPICAL EXAMPLES OF STRUCTURAL CHANGES IN METALS

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ly developed plant is compelled to pursue is, of course, denied inorganic bodies. If, however, we observe the procreative process in the lowest orders of plant life, as characterized by a simple division or expulsion of cells, we shall experience no difficulty in recognizing a transition to the world of inorganic matter. Each particle of a piece of alum broken off has an independent power of growth when surrounded by conditions conducive to such growth—*i. e.*, by suspending it in a solution saturated with alum; that is to say, if, under favorable conditions, we enable water and the original components of alum to come into contact with the crystal germ.

The similarity in the composition of our metals (belonging to the inorganic world) and the composition and growth of vegetable and animal parts is surprising. Fig. 1 represents a 300-fold magnified section of annealed soft-steel wire. Does the picture not remind us of the tiny microscopic cells which make up the texture of plants? The similarity is so striking that the well-known scientist Osmond has in part made use of the same as a basis for his cellular theories of iron and steel. The single particles of which metal is composed are generally styled "crystals" and not "cells." Similar in its structure to iron, copper consists of thousands of little crystals, as shown by the microphotograph in Fig. 2, representing the structure of a copper wire magnified 360 times.

This cellular, or, more properly speaking, crystalline, structure of metals is by no means rigid and unchangeable; on the contrary, it is astonishing how much life is, under certain circumstances, displayed in a piece of copper or iron. Of course such life processes do not work so imposingly as analogous processes in the vegetable kingdom. In the case of metals we are obliged to call in the aid of the microscope in order to observe such life processes, whereupon a surprising and multifarious change is afforded the eye. Also, the conditions under which such processes are going on are in certain respects analogous to those displayed by plant life. When the poet paints to us in glowing colors the joyous return of spring, after winter's dark night and the awakening of nature, the latter donning her most attractive garb, such enthusiastic delineation is, in a prosaic rendering, nothing more nor less than saying that the warm rays of the sun in the spring increase the temperature of the earth and atmosphere. Such rise in temperature is one of the necessary conditions for the life process of plants, which may repeat itself periodically or come to an end in one cycle. Thanks to the warmth afforded by the sun's rays, from the matter supplied from the soil and atmosphere the plant is enabled to build up cell after cell. In the case of metals much greater changes of temperature are necessary than for releasing life processes in plants. Whereas the life of the plant is limited to comparatively slight changes in atmospheric temperature, metals and inorganic bodies in general retain their vitality within far greater limits of temperature.

For instance, by heating a piece of copper an impulse is given tending to release the active internal powers of this seemingly lifeless metal. The eye of the investigator observes how its single cells or crystals begin to grow, though the piece of copper externally does not undergo any change as to form or size. The cells or crystals, originally small, combine to form larger crystals, this process continuing until a maximum value of size of the crystals, corresponding to a certain temperature, is attained. Whereas at the beginning of the heating process growth proceeds very rapidly, it gradually becomes slower and slower according as the size of the crystals approaches the maximum value named, finally coming to a standstill. Any further increase of temperature is accompanied by a further growth of the crystals, until a new limit, corresponding to the new temperature, is gradually reached. Fig. 3 illustrates this process. The left half of the illustration, magnified twenty-nine times, represents the structure of a copper wire after having been exposed half an hour to 1015° C. of heat. The right half of the figure shows us the same wire after being exposed two and a half hours to the same degree of heat—1015° C. The growth of the crystals thus resulting is apparent. If we imagine these crystals, in general

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of irregular proportions and somewhat differing from each other in size, as cubes, the average length of the edges of such cubes would in the unheated condition be some 0.008mm. After half an hour's exposure to 1015° C. of heat, the average size of the crystal grains would correspond to a cube of 0.189mm. length of edge; and finally, after two and a half hours' exposure to the same temperature, we should get a length of edge amounting to 0.257mm. Observe the rapid growth of the crystals during the first half-hour, and the materially slower growth during the two subsequent hours. Similar processes are found in the other metals, especially in iron. Iron in general is the metal forming the transition between the inorganic and organic world. The life processes shown in iron, under varying conditions, are exceedingly manifold and, of course, of a more complicated nature. Iron, according to the manner of heating, cooling off, etc., can often assume such various forms, presenting so many different qualities, as to sometimes be difficult to recognize.

Let us for a moment imagine the working of a piston-rod, transmitting the steam pressure on to the piston of a locomotive, or some other engine or machine, to the connecting-rod, according to the direction the piston is moving, now carrying along with it the attached and resisting mechanism, now pressing the latter before it. In the one case a tensile stress is exerted on the piston-rod, in the other pressure is brought to bear upon it. Such interchangeable movements necessarily act upon the cells or crystals of which the steel of the rod is composed, which former either, under tensile strain, stretch slightly, like the human muscles, only to contract on the strain being removed, again assuming their original form and position, or under the effect of pressure are compressed, expanding again to original size after the pressure is removed. The processes are entirely similar to those in the muscles of the arm, only that the muscles in the iron piston-rod are so small as not to be visible to the naked eye. Should the strain exercised on these muscles exceed a certain limit, they will not return to their original form, but will, as it were, remain stretched or contracted. If, owing to excess of load, such change of traction and pressure should frequently occur, the small muscles will gradually become distorted and destroyed and the rod will break. The metal must first be exactly tested as to its powers of endurance before being put to use.

Unfortunately, also in the case of metals, to err is human. Such a metal may have stood such test, but may, during the further process of working up, fail to come up to the standard demanded of it at the time such test took place. In short, the capacity of such metal may, owing to symptoms of disease, be seriously impaired and rendered incapable of satisfying the demands made upon it.

The diseases of metals manifest themselves in a very varied manner. Knowledge of such diseases has progressed especially during the last few decades, although the technical physician is no nearer effecting a radical cure than his colleague of the medical faculty is to the curing of ills that flesh is heir to. In order to prove to the reader under what difficulties the engineer of the present day is laboring in this respect, we will cite a few examples of such diseases of metals.

Many metals show symptoms of poisoning, rendering them unfit for use. Thus steel can, by means of small quantities of hydrogen and under certain circumstances, be very seriously affected. Let us take two steel bars of the same material, both heated to a red heat, one surrounded by air, the other exposed to the influences of hydrogen or hydrogen gas, chilling both bars in water after heating; we shall find the bar heated in hydrogen to be brittle, whereas the other bar, heated in air, will turn out to be far superior. The hydrogen has in this instance acted like poison upon the heated steel, and very small quantities of such poisonous matter will suffice to produce very violent effects. The disease in question can be radically cured, it only being necessary to anneal the poisoned bar, repeating the process by heating exposed to air. The poisoned steel, by being allowed to lie for a long time, will, without any further expert treatment, show signs of improvement to a certain degree, the poison gradually

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leaving it. A better treatment still is boiling in water or oil, which process may be compared to using warm compresses in the case of human beings.

Similar symptoms of poisoning, caused by hydrogen or gases containing hydrogen (as gas for lighting purposes), are apparent in copper when exposed to red heat. Not every kind of copper is susceptible to this poisoning in equal degree. Copper perfectly free of cuprous oxide is entirely exempt from poisoning. Most of the various coppers of commerce, however, contain cuprous oxide, formed during the smelting process while exposed to atmospheric influences. In such coppers, containing cuprous oxide, hydrogen causes a terrible disease on the copper being heated red hot. The copper bursts asunder and is permeated by cracks, as shown in Fig. 4—natural size. This disease is practically incurable, and can be eradicated by resmelting only. The results work destructively according to the amount of cuprous oxide contained in the copper.

Metals can become diseased from improper treatment, as, for instance, copper and steel when exposed a certain length of time to temperatures exceeding fixed limits. The copper in consequence loses a great part of its ductility and bending qualities. In steel the disease can become so virulent that a steel bar so infected can, on falling on the ground, break to pieces. The technical expert calls such disease "overheating."

Every tool-manufacturer knows how easily common tool-steel is apt to become diseased when, before hardening, it has been exposed to too high temperatures. In bad cases the disease will cause the steel to crack on being tempered. In light cases the cracks ensuing are not visible, but cause the edges of the steel to break off in use, besides giving rise to constant contention between consumer and producer of tool-steel. Recent investigation has succeeded in fixing certain sure characteristics to aid in determining the existence of this disease and to decide where to place the blame. Here the microscope affords us aid. The two microscopic photographs Figs. 5 and 6 will serve to make this plain to the reader. Fig. 5 shows the structure of a piece of tool-steel after passing through the proper hardening process. Fig. 6, on the other hand, gives an idea of the structure of the same steel when, in consequence of overheating before tempering, it has become diseased. The illustrations are enlarged 750-fold. The difference between the two will be readily apparent.

Figs. 5 and 6 do not represent fractures, which, owing to the manner of the inequalities, would not admit of being so strongly magnified. The figures represent polished surfaces. A neatly smoothed cutting surface through the metal is polished and this polished surface treated by a proper etching reagent. The surface thus prepared is observed under the microscope, whereby the etched opaque polished specimen itself serves as an illuminating mirror. In this manner we can magnify 2000-fold. These processes, first employed by Sorby and A. Martens, to-day form the base for the proper investigation of diseases of metals and their various stages of life, which processes have been further elaborated by scientists like Osmond, Robert-Austen, and others.

Thus a microscopic pathology of metals has been developed, similar to the microscopic pathology employed by Virchow in his study of human diseases. Both branches of science resort to the same means in attaining their end, with the only difference that in the case of the former the diseased or healthy cellular tissue or structure of metals is made the subject of investigation, in the latter the cellular tissue of parts of the human or animal body. Both branches of science convincingly teach us how the great and wonderful is often to be found in the small and seemingly insignificant; as from the investigation of these tiny cellular parts of animals or metals do we owe our knowledge of diseases which, in the one case directly and in the other indirectly, threaten mankind. By virtue of such knowledge, resulting from a diagnosis of the threatening peril, man is gradually led to devise efficacious means for combating the same, and in this manner humanity is rendered a signal service in two fields, seemingly so different, but really intimately related to each other.

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The Story of Adhelmar

BY JAMES BRANCH CABELL

I

WHEN Adhelmar had ended the tale of Dame Venus and the love which she bore the knight Tannhäuser, he put away the book and sighed. The Demoiselle Mélite laughed a little and demanded the reason of this sudden grief.

"I sigh," said he, "for sorrow that this Dame Venus is dead."

"Surely," said she, wondering at his glum face, "that is no great matter."

"By St. Vulfran, yes!" Adhelmar protested; "for the same Lady Venus was the fairest of women, as all learned clerks avow; and she is dead these many years, and now there is no woman left alive so beautiful as she—saving one alone, and she will have none of me. And therefore," he added, very slowly, "I sigh for desire of Dame Venus and for envy of the knight Tannhäuser."

Again Mélite laughed, but she forbore to question him concerning the lady who was of equal beauty with Dame Venus.

It was an April morning, and they sat in the hedged garden of Puysange. Adhelmar read to her of divers ancient queens—the histories of Lady Helen that was the leman of Sir Paris, the Trojan knight, and of the Lady Melior that loved Parthenopex of Blois, and of the Lady Aude, for love of whom Sieur Roland slew the pagan Angoulaffre, and of the Lady Cresseide that betrayed love, and of the Lady Morgaine la Fée, whose Danish lover should yet come from Avalon to save France in her black hour of need. All these he read aloud, suavely, with bland modulations, for he was a learned man.

For the rest, Sir Adhelmar de Nointel was known as a valiant knight, who had won glory in the wars with the English. He had rested for a fortnight at Puysange, of which castle the master, Reinault, the Vicomte de Puysange, was his cousin; and on the next day he proposed to set forth for Paris, where the French King —Jean the Luckless—was gathering his lieges about him to withstand his kinsman, Edward of England.

Now, as I have said, Adhelmar was cousin to Reinault, and, in consequence, to Reinault's sister, the Demoiselle Mélite; and the latter he loved—at least, as much as a cousin should. That was well known; and Reinault de Puysange had sworn very heartily that it was a great pity when he had affianced her to Hugues d'Arques. They had both loved her since boyhood—so far their claims ran equally. But while Adhelmar had busied himself in getting some scant fame and a vast number of scars, Hugues had sensibly inherited the fief of Arques, a snug property with fertile lands and a stout fortress. How, then, should Reinault hesitate between them?

He did not. For the Château d'Arques, you must understand, was builded in Lower Normandy, on the fringe of the hill-country, just where the peninsula of Cotentin juts out into the sea; Puysange stood not far north, among the level lands of Upper Normandy; and these two being the strongest castles in those parts, what more natural and desirable than that the families should be united by marriage? Reinault informed his sister bluntly of his decision; she wept a little, but did not refuse to comply.

So Adhelmar, come again to Puysange after five years' absence, found Mélite troth-plighted, fast and safe, to Hugues. Reinault told him. Adhelmar grumbled and bit his nails in a corner for a time; then laughed shortly.

"I have loved Mélite," he said. "It may be that I love her still. Eh, St. Vulfran, why should I not? Why should a man not love his cousin?"

Adhelmar grinned, while the Vicomte twitched his beard and desired him at the devil.

But he stuck fast at Puysange, for all

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HE SANG FOR HER AS THEY SAT IN THE GARDENS

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that, and he and Mélite were much together. Daily they made parties to dance, and to hunt the deer, and to fish, but most often to sing songs together. For Adhelmar made good songs. As the old chronicler wrote of him:

> Hardi estait et fier comme lions,
> Et si faisait balades et chançons
> Rondeaulx et laiz
> Tres bien et bels.

To-day, when he had ended his reading, Adhelmar sighed again, and stared at his companion with hungry eyes, wherein desire strained like a hound at the leash.

Said Mélite: "Was this Lady Venus, then, very beautiful?"

Adhelmar swore an oath of sufficient magnitude that she was.

Whereupon Mélite, twisting her fingers idly and evincing a sudden interest in her own feet, demanded if she were more beautiful than the Lady Ermengarde of Arnaye or the Lady Isabeau of Brieuc.

"Holy Ouen!" scoffed Adhelmar; "the ladies, while well enough, I grant you, would seem but callow howlets blinking about that Arabian Phœnix that Plinius tells of, in comparison with that Lady Venus that is dead!"

"But how," asked Mélite, "was this lady fashioned that you commend so highly?—and how can you know of her beauty that have never seen her?"

Said Adhelmar: "I have read of her fairness in the writings of Messire Homer and Stesichorus and of other clerks. And she was very comely, neither too little nor too big; she was fairer and whiter and more lovely than any flower of the lily or snow upon the branch, but her eyebrows had the mischance of meeting. She had wide-open, beautiful eyes, and her wit was quick and ready. She was graceful and of demure countenance. She was well-beloved, but her heart was changeable."

"That is well," said she, flushing somewhat, for the portrait was like enough, "but you tell of a woman, not of a goddess."

"Her eyes," said Adhelmar, and his voice shook, and his hands, lifting a little, trembled with longing to take her in his arms,—"her eyes were large and very bright and of a color like that of the June sunlight falling upon deep waters; and her hair was of a curious gold-color like the Fleece that the knight Jason sought, and curled marvellously about her temples. For mouth she had but a small red wound; and her throat was a tower builded of ivory."

But now, still staring at her feet and glowing like Aurora new-stolen from the arms of Tithon, the Demoiselle Mélite bade him desist and make her a song. Moreover, she added, untruthfully, beauty was but a fleeting thing, and she held it of little worth; and then she laughed again.

Adhelmar took up the lute that lay beside them and fingered it for a moment, as though wondering of what he would sing. Then he sang for her as they sat in the gardens:

> "It is in vain I mirror forth the praise
> In pondered virelais
> Of her that is the lady of my love;
> No apt nor curious phrases e'er may tell
> The tender miracle
> Of her white body or the grace thereof.
>
> "The vext Italian artful-artless strain
> Is fashioned all in vain:
> Sound is but sound; and even her name, that is
> To me more glorious than the glow of fire
> Or dawn or love's desire
> Or song or scarlet or dim ambergris,
>
> "Mocks utterance. I have no heart to praise
> The perfect carnal beauty that is hers,
> But as those worshippers
> That bore rude offerings of honey and maize
>
> "Of old towards the stately ministers
> Of fabled deities, I have given her these,
> My faltering melodies
> That are Love's hapless, stammering messengers."

When he had ended, Adhelmar cast aside the lute and groaned, and then caught both her hands in his and strained them to his lips. There needed no wizard to read the message in his eyes.

Mélite sat silent for a moment. Then: "Ah, cousin, cousin!" she sighed, "I cannot love you as you would have me love. God alone knows why, true heart, for I know you for a strong man and a brave knight and a faithful lover; but I do not love you. There are many women who would love you, Adhelmar, for the

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world praises you, and you have done brave deeds and made good songs and have served your King very potently; and yet"—she drew her hands away and laughed, a little wearily—"yet I, poor maid, must needs love Hugues, who has done nothing. This love is a very strange, unreasoning thing, cousin."

Again Adhelmar groaned. "You love him?" he asked, in a harsh voice.

"Yes," said Mélite, very softly, and afterward flushed and wondered dimly if she had spoken the truth. And then, somehow, her arms clasped about Adhelmar's neck, and she kissed him,—from pure pity, as she told herself; for Mélite's heart was very tender, and she could not endure the anguish in his face.

But Hugues d'Arques, coming suddenly out of a pleached walk, stumbled upon them just then and found the picture distasteful. He bent black brows upon them for a moment.

"Adhelmar," said he at length, "this world is a small place."

Then Adhelmar rose to his feet. "Indeed," he assented, with a wried smile, "I think there is scarce room in it for both of us, Hugues."

"That was my meaning," said the Sieur d'Arques.

"Only," Adhelmar pursued, somewhat wistfully, "my sword just now, Hugues, is vowed to my King's quarrel. There are some of us who hope to save France yet, if our blood may avail. In a year, God willing, I shall come again to Puysange; and till then you must wait."

Hugues conceded that, perforce, he must wait, since a vow was sacred; and Adhelmar, knowing that he had small natural appetite for battle at that or any other time, grinned. After that, in a sick rage, he struck Hugues in the face and turned about.

The Sieur d'Arques rubbed his cheek ruefully. Then he and Mélite stood silent for a moment and heard Adhelmar in the courtyard calling his men to ride forth; and Mélite laughed; and Hugues scowled.

II

The year passed, and Adhelmar did not return; and there was much fighting during that time, and Hugues began to think that the knight was slain and would trouble him no more.

So Adhelmar was half forgot, and the Sieur d'Arques turned his mind to other matters. He was still a bachelor, for Reinault thought the burden of the times in ill accord with the chinking of marriage-bells. They were grim times for Frenchmen; right and left, the English pillaged and killed and sacked and guzzled and drank, as if they would never have done; and Edward of England began to subscribe himself *Rex Franciæ* with some show of reason.

In Normandy men acted according to their natures. Reinault swore lustily and looked to his defences; and Hugues, seeing the English everywhere triumphant, drew a long face and doubted, when the will of God was made thus apparent, were it the part of a Christian to withstand it? Then he began to write letters, but to whom no man at either Arques or Puysange knew, saving One-eyed Pierre, who carried them.

III

It was in the dusk of a rain-sodden October day that Adhelmar rode to the gates of Puysange, with some score men-at-arms behind him. They came from Poictiers, where again the English had conquered, and Adhelmar rode with difficulty, for in that disastrous business in the field of Maupertuis he had been run through the chest, and his wound was scarce healed. Nevertheless, he came to finish his debate with the Sieur d'Arques.

But at Puysange he heard a strange tale of Hugues. Reinault, whom he found in a fine rage, told him the story as they sat over their supper.

It had happened, somehow, that the Marshal Arnold d'Andreghen had heard of those letters that Hugues had taken to writing; and he, being no scholar, frowned at such doings, and waited presently with a company of horse on the road to Arques. Into their midst, on the day before Adhelmar came, rode Pierre, the one-eyed messenger; and it was not a great while before he was bound hand and foot, and d'Andreghen was reading the letter they had found in his jerkin. "Hang the carrier on that oak," said he, when he had ended, "but leave that largest branch yonder for the writer. For, by the splendor of God! I will hang him there to-morrow!"

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So Pierre swung in the air erelong and stuck out a black tongue at the crows, who cawed and waited for supper; and presently they feasted while d'Andreghen rode to Arques, carrying a rope for Hugues.

For the Marshal, you must understand, was a man of sudden action. It was but two months before that he had taken the Comte de Harcourt with other gentlemen from the Dauphin's own table to behead them that afternoon in a field back of Rouen. It was true they had resisted the *gabelle,* the King's immemorial right to impose a tax on salt; but Harcourt was Hugues's cousin, and the Sieur d'Arques, being somewhat of an epicurean disposition, found the dessert accorded his kinsman unpalatable.

It was no great surprise to d'Andreghen, then, to find that the letter Hugues had written was meant for Edward, the Black Prince of England, then at Bordeaux, where he held the French King, whom he had captured at Poictiers, as a prisoner; for this prince, though he had no great love for a rogue, yet knew how to make use of one when occasion demanded it—and as he afterward made use of Pedro the Castilian, he was now prepared to make use of Hugues, who hung like a ripe pear ready to drop into his mouth.

"For," as the Sieur d'Arques pointed out in his letter, "I am by nature inclined to favor you brave English, and so, beyond doubt, is the good God. And I will deliver Arques to you; and thus and thus you may take Normandy and the greater part of France; and thus and thus will I do, and thus and thus must you reward me."

Said d'Andreghen: "I will hang him at dawn; and thus and thus may the devil do with his soul!"

Then with his men he rode to Arques. A herald declared to the men of that place how the matter stood, and bade Hugues come forth and dance upon nothing. The Sieur d'Arques spat curses, like a cat driven into a corner, and wished to fight, but the greater part of his garrison were not willing to do so in such a cause; and so d'Andreghen took him shortly and carried him off.

In his anger having sworn by the splendor of God to hang him to a certain tree, d'Andreghen had no choice in his calm but to abide by his oath.

The Vicomte de Puysange concluded his narrative with a grim chuckle. "And I think we are very well rid of him, cousin," said he. "Holy Maclou! that I should have taken the traitor for a true man, though!"

"And Mélite?" asked Adhelmar, after a little.

Again Reinault shrugged. "In the White Turret," he said; then, with a short laugh: "Eh, God, yes! The baggage has caterwauled for this shabby rogue all day. She would have me—me, the King's man, look you!—save Hugues at the peril of my seignory!"

Adhelmar stood as in thought for a moment, and then laughed like a wolf. Afterward he went to the White Turret, leaving Reinault smiling over his wine.

IV

He found Mélite alone. She had robed herself in black, and had gathered her gold hair about her face like a heavy veil, and sat weeping into it for the plight of Hugues d'Arques.

"Mélite!" cried Adhelmar, very softly. And the Demoiselle de Puysange rose with a start, and seeing him standing in the doorway, ran to him, with helpless little hands fluttering before her like frightened doves. She was very tired, and the man was strength incarnate; surely he, if any one, could aid Hugues and bring him safe out of the grim Marshal's claws. For the moment, perhaps, she had forgotten the feud that existed between Adhelmar and the Sieur d'Arques; but at any rate I am very sure that she knew Adhelmar could refuse her nothing. So she ran toward him, her cheeks flushing arbutuslike, and already smiling a little through her tears.

Ah, thought Adhelmar, were it not very easy to leave Hugues to the dog's death he merits and to take this woman for my own? For I know that she loves me a little. And thinking of this, he kissed her, very quietly, as one might kiss a frightened child; afterward he held her in his arms for a moment. Then he put her from him gently, and swore in his soul that Hugues must die that this woman might be his wife.

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"You will save him?" Mélite asked, and raised her face to his. And there was that in her eyes which caused Adhelmar to muse for a little on the nature of women's love, and afterward to laugh harshly and swear a great oath.

"Yes!" said Adhelmar.

He demanded how many of Hugues's men were about. Some twenty of them had come to Puysange, Mélite said, in the hope that Reinault might aid them to save their master. And she swore that her brother was a coward for not doing this; but Adhelmar, having his own thoughts on the subject, and thinking in his heart that Hugues's skin might easily be ripped off him without spilling a pint of honest blood, said, simply: "Twenty and twenty is twoscore. It will serve."

Then he told her that his plan was to fall suddenly upon d'Andreghen and his men that night, and in the tumult to steal Hugues away; after that, as Adhelmar pointed out, he might easily take ship for England, and leave the Marshal to blaspheme Fortune in Normandy, and the French King to gnaw at his chains in Bordeaux while Hugues toasts his shins in comfort at London. Adhelmar admitted that the plan was a mad one, but added, reasonably enough, that needs must when the devil drives. And so firm was his confidence, so cheery his laugh—he managed to laugh somehow, though it was a stiff piece of work—that Mélite began to be comforted somewhat, and bade him go and Godspeed.

In the main hall Adhelmar found the Vicomte still sitting over his wine.

"Cousin," said Adhelmar, "I must ride hence to-night."

Reinault stared at him for a moment; then a great wonder woke in his face. "Eh, so?" said he, very softly. Afterward he sprang to his feet and clutched Adhelmar by both arms, his voice playing him strange tricks. "No, no!" Reinault cried, hoarsely. "No, Adhelmar, not that! It is death, lad,—sure death! It means hanging, boy!" the Vicomte pleaded, tremulously, for, grim man that he was, he loved Adhelmar.

"That is like enough," Adhelmar conceded.

"They will hang you—the King and d'Andreghen," Reinault whispered, in a shaking voice; "they will hang you high as Haman."

"That, too," said Adhelmar, "is like enough, if I remain in France."

"Eh! will you flee to England, then?" the Vicomte scoffed, bitterly. "Has King Edward not sworn to hang you there, eight years past? Was it not you, then, cousin, who took Almerigo di Pavia, that Lombard knave whom he made governor of Calais—was it not you, then, who delivered him to Geoffrey de Chargny, who had him broken on the wheel? Eh, Holy Maclou! you will get small comfort of Edward!"

Adhelmar admitted that this was true. "Still," said he, "I must ride to-night."

"For her?" Reinault asked, and jerked his thumb upward.

"Yes," said Adhelmar—"for her."

Then Reinault stared in his face for a while. "You are a fool, Adhelmar," said he at last, "but you are a brave man. It is a great pity that a good-for-nothing wench with a tow head should be the death of you. For my part, I am the King's vassal; I shall not break faith with him; but you are my guest and my kinsman. For that reason I am going to bed, and I shall sleep very soundly. It is likely I shall hear nothing of the night's doings—no, by St. Maclou! not if you murder d'Andreghen in the courtyard!" Reinault ended, and smiled, somewhat sadly. Afterward he kissed Adhelmar on both cheeks and left him. Men viewed death more lightly in those days.

Adhelmar rode off in the rain with his men. He reflected as he went upon the nature of women and upon his love for the Demoiselle de Puysange; and, to himself, he swore gloomily that if she had a mind to Hugues she must have him, come what might.

Mélite, at her window, heard them depart, and stared after them for a while with hand-shadowed eyes; then the beating of the hoofs died away, and she turned back into the room. Adhelmar's glove, which he had forgotten in his haste, lay upon the floor, and Mélite lifted it and twisted it idly in her hands.

"I wonder—?" said she.

Then she lit four waxen candles and set them before a great mirror that was in the room. Mélite stood among them

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HE CLIMBED THE STAIRS SLOWLY, FOR HE WAS GROWING FEEBLE

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and looked into the mirror. She seemed very tall and very slender, and her loosened hair hung heavily about her beautiful, shallow face and fell like a cloak around her black-robed body, showing against the black gown like melted gold; and about her were the tall, white candles tipped with still flames of gold. Mélite laughed softly and raised her arms above her head and laughed yet again.

"After all," said she, "I do not wonder."

Mélite sat before the mirror and braided her hair, and sang to herself in a sweet, low voice, brooding with unfathomable eyes upon her image in the glass, while the rain beat about Puysange, and Adhelmar rode forth to save Hugues that must else be hanged.

Sang Mélite:

"Rustling leaves of the willow-tree
Peering downward at you and me,
And no man else in the world to see,

"Only the birds, whose dusty coats
Show dark i' the green—whose throbbing throats
Turn joy to music and love to notes.

"Lean your body against the tree,
Lifting your red lips up to me;
Kiss me, love, with no man to see!

"We will be content for a season:—Yea,
Kiss me, sweet, for the evil day
Draws nigh when love shall be cast away;

"When you will remember the willow-tree
And this very hour, and will call to me—
Me, whose face you will no more see!

"So swift, so swift the glad time goes;
And Death and Eld with their countless woes
Draw near; and the end thereof no man knows.

"Lean your body against the tree,
Lifting your red lips up to me;
Kiss me, love, with no man to see!"

Mélite smiled as she sang; for this was a song that Adhelmar had made for her at Nointel, before he was a knight, when both were very young.

V

It was not long before they came upon d'Andreghen and his men camped about a great oak, with One-eyed Pierre swinging over their heads like a pennon. A shrill sentinel, somewhere in the dark, demanded their business, but without receiving any answer. For at that moment Adhelmar gave the word to charge.

Then it was as if all the devils in Pandemonium had chosen Normandy for their playground; and what took place in the night no man saw for the darkness, so that I cannot tell you of it. Let it suffice that in the end Adhelmar rode away before d'Andreghen had rubbed sleep well out of his eyes; and with him were Hugues d'Arques and some half his men. The rest were dead, and Adhelmar himself was very near death, for he had burst open his old wound and it was bleeding under his armor. He said nothing of this.

"Hugues," said he, "do you and these fellows ride to the coast; thence take ship for England."

He would have none of Hugues's thanks; instead, he turned and left him to whimper out his gratitude to the skies, which spat a warm, gusty rain at him. Then Adhelmar rode again to Puysange, and as he went he sang softly to himself:

"D'Andreghen in Normandy
Rode forth with grace and chivalry;
But God for me wrought marvellously;
Wherefore, I may call and cry
That am now about to die,

"Domine! Domine!
Gratias accipe!
Et meum animum
Recipe in cœlum!"

VI

When he had come to Puysange, he climbed the stairs of the White Turret—slowly, for he was growing very feeble now—and so came again to Mélite.

"He is safe," said Adhelmar, somewhat shortly. Then he told Mélite how Hugues was rescued and shipped to England, and how, if she would, she might follow him at dawn in a fishing-boat. "For there is likely to be warm work at Puysange," Adhelmar said, grimly, "when the Marshal comes. And he will come."

"And you, cousin?" asked Mélite.

"Holy Ouen!" said Adhelmar; "since I need must die, I will die in France, not in the cold land of England."

"Die!" cried Mélite. "Are you hurt so sorely, then?"

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He grinned like a death's-head. "My wounds are a little matter," said he, "yet must I die for all that. The English King will hang me if I go thither, as he has sworn to do these eight years, because of that matter of Almerigo di Pavia: and if I stay in France, I must hang because of this night's work."

Mélite wept. "O God! O God!" she cried, two or three times, like one wounded in the throat. "And you have done this for me! Is there no way to save you, Adhelmar?"

"None," said Adhelmar, and took both her hands in his, very tenderly. "Ah, my sweet," said he, "must I whose grave is already digged waste time upon this idle talk of kingdoms and the little men who rule them? I have but a little while to live, and I would fain forget that there is aught else in the world save you and that I love you. Do not weep, Mélite! In a little time you will forget me and be happy with this Hugues whom you love; and I?—ah, my sweet, I think that even in my grave I shall dream of you and of your great beauty and of the exceeding love that I bore you in the old days."

"Ah, no, not that!" Mélite cried. "I shall not forget, O true and faithful lover! And, indeed, indeed, Adhelmar, I would give my life right willingly that yours might be saved!" She had forgotten Hugues now. Her heart hungered as she thought of Adhelmar who must die a shameful death for her sake and of the love which she had cast away.

"Sweet," said he, "do I not know you to the marrow? You will forget me utterly, for your heart is very changeable. Ah, Mother of God! you will forget!"

"No; ah, no!" Mélite whispered, and drew near to him. Adhelmar smiled, a little wistfully, for he did not believe that she spoke the truth; but it was good to feel her body close to his, even though he was dying, and he was content.

But by this the dawn had begun to break, and Mélite saw the pallor of his face and knew for the first time that he was wounded.

"Indeed, yes," said Adhelmar, when she had questioned him, "for my breast is quite cloven through." And when she had drawn off his corselet, she found a great cut in his chest that had bled so much that it was plain that he must die.

Mélite wept again and cried: "Why had you not told me of this?"

"To have you heal me, perchance?" said Adhelmar. "Ah, love, is hanging, then, so sweet a death that I should choose it, rather than to die very peacefully in your arms? Indeed, I would not live if I might; for I have proven traitor to my King, and it is right that traitors should die; and I know that God can give me naught more desirable in life than I have known this night. What need, then, to live?"

Mélite bent over him; for as he spoke he had lain back in a great carven chair set by the window. She was past speech by this. But now, for a moment, her lips clung to his, and her salt tears fell upon his face. What better death for a lover? thought Adhelmar.

Yet he murmured somewhat. "Pity, always pity!" he said, very wearily. "I shall never win aught else of you, Mélite. For you have kissed me once before, pitying me because you could not love me. And you have kissed me now, pitying me because I may not live."

But Mélite, clasping her arms about his neck, now whispered into his ear the meaning of this last kiss, and at the honeyed sound of it his strength came back for a moment and he strove to rise. The level sunlight fell full upon his face, which was very glad.

"God, God!" cried Adhelmar, and spread out his arms toward the dear, familiar world that was slowly taking form beneath them — a world grown doubly dear to him now; "ah, my God, have pity and let me live a little longer!"

As Mélite, half frightened, drew back from him, he crept out of his chair and fell face downward at her feet. Afterward his hands stretched forward a little toward her, and then trembled and were still.

Mélite stood looking downward, wondering vaguely if she would ever know either joy or sorrow again. And so the new day found them.

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Reproduction of Plant Life

BY ELLIS A. APGAR

IN the vegetable kingdom we see continuous changes from buds to flowers and from flowers to fruit. The final and more important work of tree, shrub, or herb, however, is the ripening of the seed. This small and apparently lifeless body is the connecting link between succeeding plant generations.

The story of the fertilization of the flowers has often been told. The pollen-dust, when ripe, is transferred from the stamen to the stigmatic portion of the pistil. Here it is held in place while a change occurs that is as wonderful as anything nature has to show us. From the minute pollen-grain a growth as delicate as gossamer extends itself down through the intricate cellular tubes of the pistil, and the act of fertilization is completed.

The wind is usually the agent for transferring this pollen-dust from the stamen to the pistil. Sometimes such difficulties intervene that the flower, in order to secure this transfer, must call for the assistance of some member of the animal kingdom. The bee is always ready to respond to such a call, provided satisfactory inducements are offered. This is easily arranged, for the flower is a connoisseur in the preparation of a dish highly relished by her desired guest. This interesting exchange of favors may be seen upon the milkweed at any time during the floral season.

There are many species of this plant. Some are richly colored, while others are quite modest in their decorations. Whether showy or otherwise, however, this flower is not a favorite. It is saturated with a milky juice, and those who handle it can scarcely avoid having their fingers and gloves somewhat soiled. While the milkweed may thus suffer in its reputation on account of habits it cannot possibly avoid, it can claim near relationship to some members of the floral world that are welcomed into the best society. The wax-plant is one that may be mentioned. Its long, twining vine is decorated from end to end with dense clusters of pink-colored, waxlike flowers. They are star-shaped, and so filled with nectar that the sweet liquid seems to flow from every pore. It is a native of East India.

Another relative is the Madagascar jasmine. Its flowers resemble pearls in their purity, and are very effective in conservatory cultivation. The stapelia, or starfish-flower, belongs also to the same order of plants. The blossom is large, and fashioned like its familiar namesake of the sea. Thus the same pretty design serves a double purpose, appearing both on land and the waters. The claim of our modest milkweed for social recognition, therefore, may at least be considered as equal to that of our friend Mr. Brown, who owes all his importance to the fact that among his near relatives there are included a Governor and a Congressman.

Our interest in this plant, however, is not on account of its beauty or the want of it, or because of its distinguished relatives, but is due rather to its peculiar construction and strange habits. The great seed-pods in the fall are sure to attract our attention. The central core of the pod is covered with flat, disklike seeds that overlap each other with all the beauty of arrangement seen in the scales of a fish. Each seed has a tuft of silken hairs attached to one end. When ripe, these tufts expand, and serve as parachutes that carry the seeds long distances from the parent plants.

The flowers of the milkweed are exceedingly numerous; a single plant may have a thousand or more. As each flower has two seed-cases, we might expect to

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find two thousand or more pods on this plant in the fall. The number we are likely to find will be half a dozen or less. How can we account for such waste in this process of seed-making? A careful examination of the flower with reference to its construction and habits may enable us to answer our question.

These flowers are arranged in clusters of considerable size, but a single blossom is quite small, not being larger than the end of an ordinary lead-pencil. The pistil in the centre is flat on the top, five-sided, and pointed below. To the lower end the two cases, that should develop into seed-pods, are attached. On the five sides of this pistil are five stigmatic spots ready and eager to receive the pollen of the flower and to transfer its influence to those cases below for the purpose of fertilization or seed-making.

Around this pistil and closely adhering to it are five stamens, arranged in a circle. These organs have scarcely any resemblance to the corresponding parts of other flowers. They are short, flat, and narrow, and each one is provided with three wings, one on each edge and one at the top. The ten lateral wings join at their edges, and thus form five vertical slits. The five wings at the top are triangular in shape. They fold over the upper end of the pistil, completely covering it and hiding it from view. On the inner face of each stamen are two pockets, making ten in all. These may be considered as the jewel-cases of the family. In them, beautifully arranged and carefully concealed, are the ten pollen-masses, which are more precious to the flower than the rarest diamonds are to a princess. Pollen is usually in the form of dry dust, which is exposed in the flower, and is easily transferred from the stamen to the pistil by the wind. Here, as if fashioned by a skilful caterer, this pollen has been compounded with some glutinous substance and formed into thin, pear-shaped cakes. Each pocket or jewel-case contains one of these cakes.

These pollen-masses are yoked or linked together in pairs. This is probably the most curious feature of these remarkable flowers. In this Siamese Twin arrangement a pollen-mass is not joined to its companion in the same stamen, as we would naturally expect, but to its nearest neighbor in the stamen across the slit or chasm that intervenes between them. Each flower has thus its ten pollen-cakes yoked together in five pairs. These yokes curve upward and appear to be hinged at the top.

In the fertilization of flowers for the production of seed it is absolutely essential that the pollen shall come in contact with the stigmatic portion of the pistil. The conditions in our milkweed appear to be such as to render this union absolutely impossible. The pollen-masses have no means for lifting themselves out of their pocket-cases and reaching the hidden stigmas above. This task would be equivalent to that of a man raising himself over the fence by the straps of his boots. These flowers within themselves, therefore, are absolutely helpless. They cannot do the work necessary for the continuance of their species, and the case seems to be one of plant "suicide."

I am sometimes tempted to believe that nature takes pleasure in thus arranging a complicated problem or puzzle for the purpose of showing her ingenuity in its solution. Let us ascertain, if possible, how this one is solved. Around this helpless family group five tiny nectar-cups are arranged. A rich feast is thus prepared and invitations to friends are issued. The bees are quick to respond. They come in swarms. They soon find, however, that the arrangements for the entertainment are somewhat defective. There is no place for them to sit or to recline comfortably while sipping the nectar. They have been guests of the aristocratic orchids, and they are thus familiar with the usages prevailing in the best floral society. In those rich homes an elegant platform or divan is prepared for the bees to rest upon, and they are thus able to sip the sweets that are offered with ease and comfort. Here in the home of the milkweed the feast partakes more of the nature of a lunch-counter repast.

The bees, however, are so fond of sweet things that they are not disposed to forego this feast on account of any deficiencies in the arrangements. With their six legs they clasp the flowers as best

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MILKWEED

Also, flower enlarged with parts removed, showing two nectar-cups and one bee-trap, one pair of yoked pollen-masses, and bee's leg with pair of pollen-masses attached

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they can, while in rapid succession they sip the nectar found at the bottom of the circling cups. Now their troubles begin. It dawns upon them that they have been shamefully tricked. Around each flower five traps have been set for the entanglement of their legs. Almost with every move they make they are caught in the slits where the wings of adjoining stamens come together. They are thus kept actively busy at both ends. While with their mouths they are sucking the honey, they are pulling, jerking, twisting, and squirming to get their legs free from these wicked traps. Are they to be congratulated or pitied? Enjoyment and pain seem to be served up to them in about equal proportions.

This whole matter has been planned in advance by the flowers. As the bees pull up their entrapped legs they frequently hook fast to these connecting yokes, and in doing so they necessarily draw the attached pollen-masses out of their pockets. In this movement those masses come in contact with the stigmatic spots on the pistil. Fertilization, however, may not here be accomplished, for the stamens and pistils belonging to a flower seldom ripen at the same time. By this means close-fertilization, to which nature strongly objects, is easily prevented. Upon leaving their first flowers these bees often present a comical sight. Their legs are decorated with the clinging masses which, as souvenirs, they carry with them from the feast. We have already noticed that the yokes connecting these masses in pairs are hinged at the top. These hinges, apparently, are sensitive to touch, and when the yokes are upon the legs of the bees they fold together and are not easily removed.

Upon visiting other flowers, where possibly the stigmas are fully ripe, the bees accomplish the purpose designed. Here is the same leg-entanglement as before, but now the pollen-masses extracted from flowers already visited are brought in contact with the stigmas of the new ones, and cross-fertilization, in harmony with nature's designs, is secured. In these struggles the bee is sometimes held so tightly that escape only becomes possible by sacrificing one or more of its legs. These dislocated members are often seen when the cruel flower traps are placed under a glass for examination. When we consider the difficulties involved in a scheme of cross-fertilization so complicated as this, we have no reason to wonder that it requires several hundred flowers to insure a single seed-pod. The greater wonder is that any seeds are produced.

SPRIG OF THE JAPANESE CYPRESS

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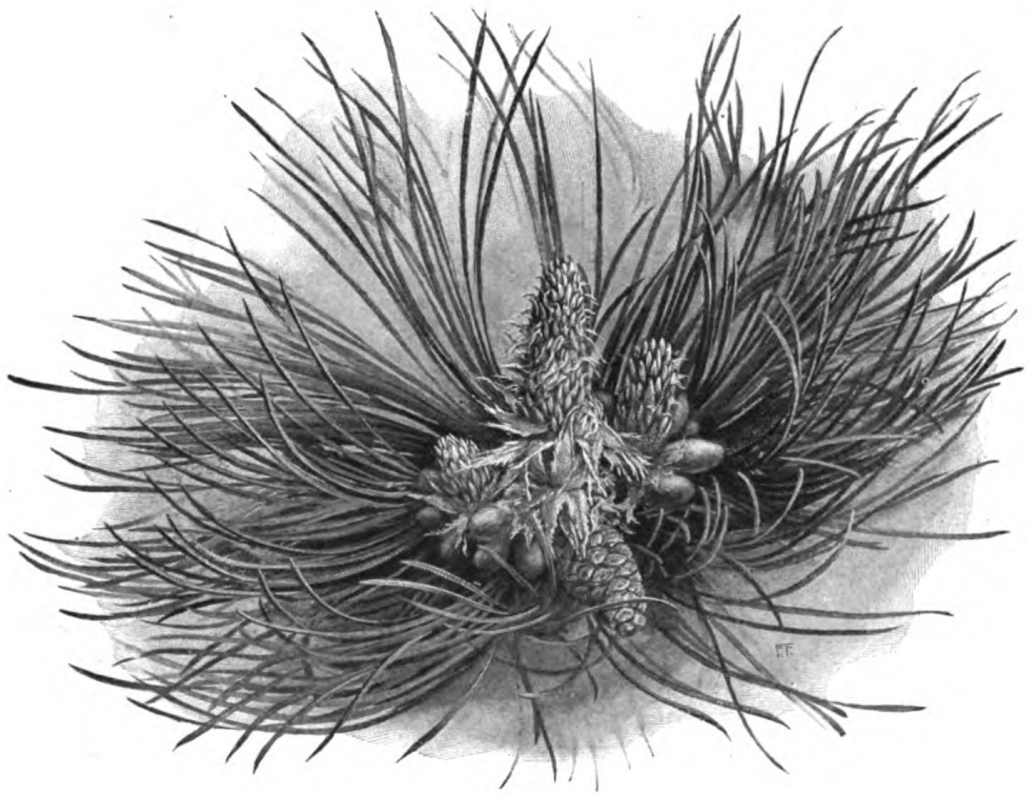

BRANCH OF THE RED PINE

In contrast with the milkweed and its complex scheme for fertilization we have the pine, that is equally remarkable, because of the extreme simplicity of its floral structure and of the ease with which the pollen is transferred from the stamens to the pistils. There is no calyx and no corolla. The male flower consists only of an aggregation of sacks filled with pollen-dust. The female flower is the cone with its woody scales. The ovules lie naked at the base of the scales. The pollen-dust, therefore, is relieved from all that complicated process of sending its hairlike growth down through the mysterious intricacies of the stigma and style. These grains, without assistance, fall directly upon the exposed ovules, and fertilization is at once accomplished.

CONE OF THE RED PINE

The sprig of Japanese cypress shown in the illustration contains both the male and the female flowers as they appear in the autumn, and also the mature cones that developed from the flowers of the preceding year. The terminal growth of a branch of the red pine, as it is seen in early spring, is also illustrated. How many are the operations that are there going on at the same time! The old leaves, representing the growth of previous

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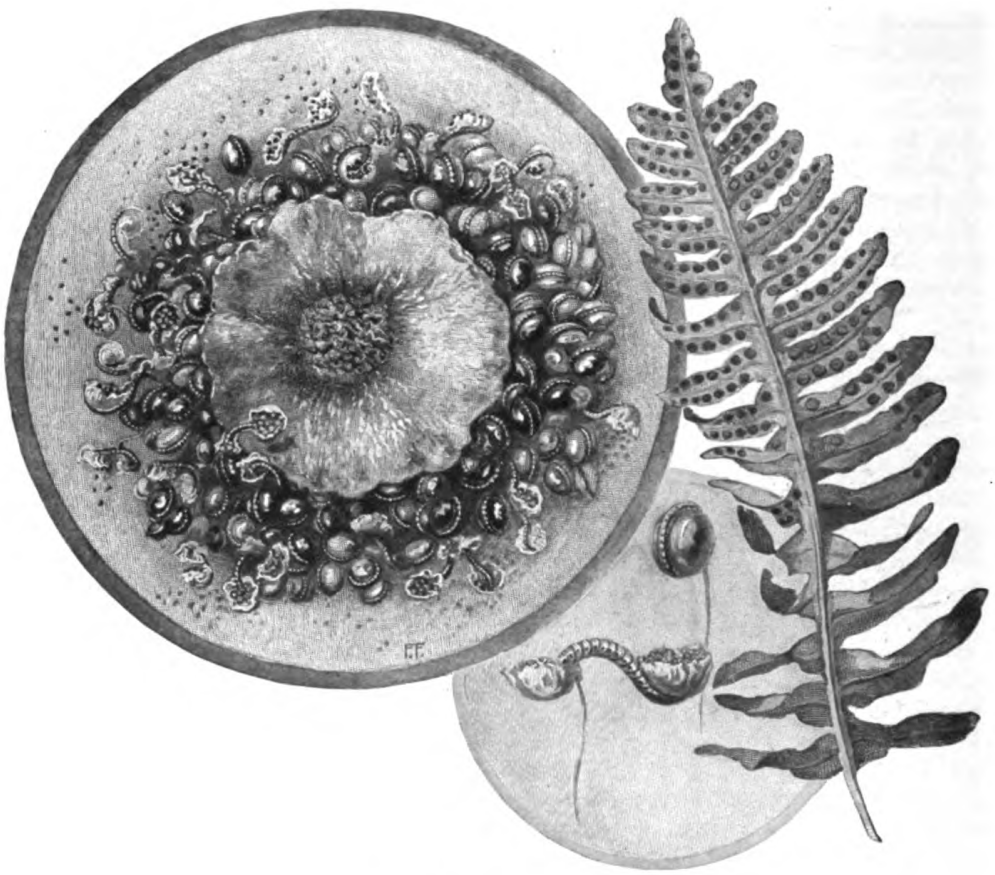

SPORE-CASES IN ACTION

Fern, showing fertile dots; also, a separate mass of ringed spheres, highly magnified, discharging their spore-grains; and two winged spheres, still more magnified, one closed, the other open

years, are still held in place. Their work is not yet complete. The new baby leaves, compactly arranged in cylindrical masses, have made their appearance. We also see the immature cones and the intensely red clusters of pollen-sacks. Here is diversity of work, but no confusion. A mature cone of a year's growth has fallen to the ground.

There are methods of reproduction in the vegetable world still more primitive than those of the pine. The fern may be taken as an illustration. Here we search in vain for any floral parts. Not only is there no trace of calyx or corolla, but the stamens, the pistils, the pollen-dust, and the ovules are also lacking. These plants are not only flowerless, but stemless as well. They consist of leaves only. These leaves, however, are so varied in form and so delicate in structure that they need no further embellishments to command our admiration. When they first appear above ground they are coiled up like the spring of a clock. This coil unrolls as growth continues, till the leaves are fully expanded.

Having no flowers with stamens, pollen-dust, pistils, etc., we are naturally curious to know how reproduction can possibly be accomplished. On the lower surface of some of the mature leaves we find curious markings, in the form of lines and dots. These are not flowers, but they serve the same purpose.

One of the dots, not larger than the head of a pin, is found, when sufficiently magnified, to be composed of a mass of tiny spheres, numbering fifty or more. These spheres are membranous and almost transparent. Each one is bound around by a narrow band or ring. These rings, examined under the microscope, are exceedingly beautiful. They con-

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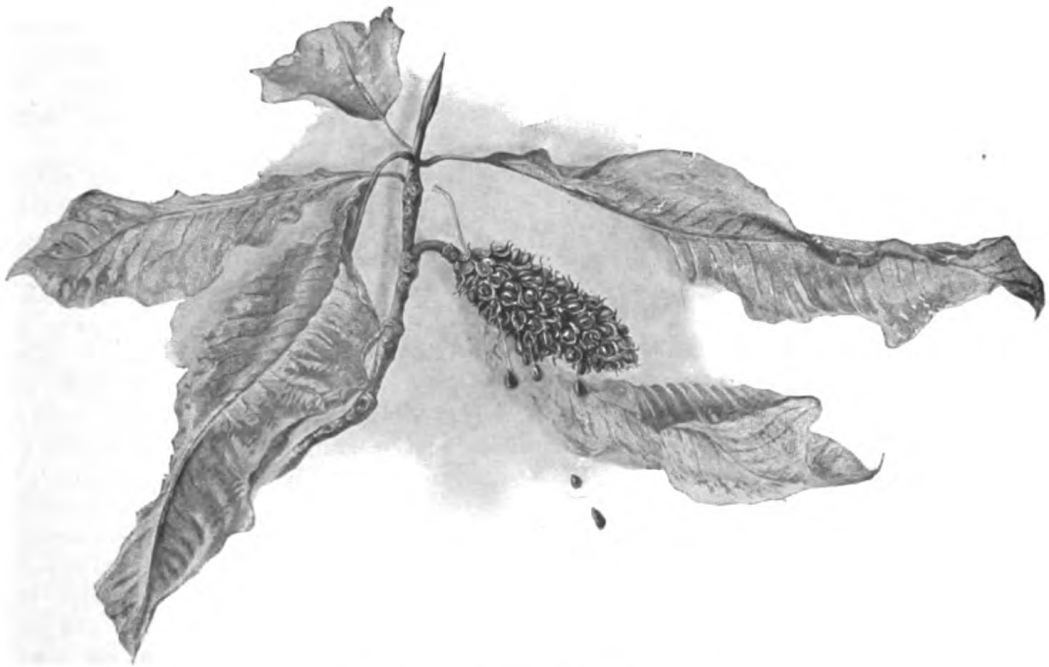
sist of segments or joints numbering from twelve to twenty, and in coloring and polish they appear like rich amber. These ringed spheres are filled with minute granular bodies called spores, which serve an important purpose in reproduction.

The spore-grains appear to be hermetically sealed within the spheres. They must be released, however, before they can serve the purpose designed by nature. This release is accomplished by a piece of mechanism that is truly wonderful. Let us place a mass of mature spore-cases in the field of the microscope. We soon observe a slight agitation among the joined rings. This agitation increases till the whole collection seems to be alive by their mysterious movements. In order to note more carefully the nature of these movements we will confine our attention to one of the spheres. The ring separates at one of the joints near the point of attachment to the leaf of the fern, and by slow movement it begins to stretch itself out at full length. In doing so the membranes are split completely across and loosened partially at the rings. The sections of these membranes now fold slightly inward and form two pockets, one at the base of the severed ring and one at the outer extremity. In these two pockets the spore-dust that filled the sphere is still detained. The ring continues its slow outward movement, farther and farther, till it has almost doubled back upon itself. When this is accomplished something seems to give way, and the ring, acting as a spring, resumes its original position with a snap, and the spore-dust, that has been held in place with so much care, is forcibly hurled away, reminding one of pebbles thrown from a sling.

In order to secure the discharge of every grain of precious spore-dust, this slow outward movement and the return snap are repeated two, three, and in some cases even four times, but with reduced energy at each repetition. When we look upon a large number of these joint-rings, all in motion at the same time, the scene is truly exciting. They seem like mimic athletes engaged in some exhibition of strength. This is not sport, however, but earnest work. Like the farmer, they are sowing their seed to insure a new crop. This whole operation, from its beginning to its end, seems to be directed and controlled by some form of intelligence that belongs to the animal rather than to the vegetable kingdom.



THE MAGNOLIA WITH RIPE SEED-POD

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If we examine this spore-dust that has been scattered in this wonderful manner, we find the grains all alike. There is no trace of sex. These spore-dots on the under surface of the fern leaf, therefore, are not flowers. After remaining upon the ground a short time, they develop into small, green, disklike bodies. If we place one of these disks, lower side up, in the field of the microscope, we discover upon it two sets of organs quite different in appearance. While these organs, we have seen, bear no resemblance to the stamens and the pistils of flowers and are not known by the same names, they serve the same purpose. Fertilization is here accomplished, the disk that bore the fructifying organs dies, and the new fern, possessing all the characteristics of its ancestors, begins its growth.

WINTER BUD OF THE RHODODENDRON
Magnifying glass shows interior parts safely stored

The flowers of the magnolia are usually white and very large. The seed-pods of this tree, however, are more interesting than the flowers. They remain attached to the branches all winter. Each seed, with its black, shining coat, has a snug apartment in the pod. These seeds, when ripe, or nearly so, are not permitted to drop directly to the ground according to the usual fashion. Each one is attached to its own special cavity by a bundle of exceedingly fine threads. These threads are all coiled up in spiral form. When the time arrives for the seeds to leave their quarters these spirals lengthen, and the seeds are held suspended in the air for several days. They apparently require this exposure to bring them to perfection.

We have no shrub that makes a greater display, when in bloom, than the rhododendron. A single flower cluster consists of twenty or more separate blossoms, each with its calyx, corolla, stamens, pistil, and ovules. The scaly terminal bud shown in the illustration is formed in autumn, and remains on the shrub in a dormant condition all winter. A careful analysis reveals the astonishing fact that all those sepals, petals, stamens, pistils, and ovules belonging to it are there stored away in perfect condition. The opening of the flower in the spring means only the expansion and enlargement of these organs.

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The Weaver

BY MARY APPLEWHITE BACON

HER baby was buried on Sunday—with less of demonstration than was usual on such occasions in the mill community. As she walked between her husband and her mother-in-law behind the little coffin she looked very small and young—inconsequent, indeed, except for the restrained grief in her unprotected face and for its unusual beauty; but something in her demeanor checked Jim Mabry's noisy outcries, and his mother's lamentation for the child had never gone further than to say the little thing was better off where it had gone. And so the crowd, willing to be sympathetic, had been deprived of what it regarded as its rightful excitement where excitements were few and proportionately prized. The next day, while old Mrs. Mabry busied herself about the kitchen and yard, Ellen sat in their one bedroom without moving or speaking, her face turned away from the low, home-made cradle. Her thoughts had no distinctness, but somewhere in their blind pressure she recognized as acute the wish that poor people's houses were not so small, and that there were some other place than this one room for the empty cradle. Sometimes the stillness seemed too heavy, too unreasonably prolonged, and it seemed hardly a sufficient explanation to remember that Jim had gone to town to drink off the depression of yesterday, and that the neighbors were all at work in the mill.

She went to work herself the next morning, for the first time since June. For a while the compulsion of her task seemed bliss after Monday's anguished inactivity. It was bliss, too, to feel that the tremendous din of the machinery, the pulsing of the heavy floors, the crashing motion of the countless looms, were bearing her onward as in some terrific whirlwind, she knew not whither, but drowning with its roar the ceaseless voice crying in her heart. All too soon habit asserted itself against the brief solace. Warp and shuttle and harness resumed the aspect of things familiar as the breath of life; the deafening thud and crash dropped into their old unchanging rhythm—became, indeed, the enclosure of a vast silence; her hands and feet moved with their accustomed aptitudes, parts merely of the all-effacing mechanism around and above her;—and thought had its opportunity once more, and she suffered as she had suffered in the silent dwelling beside the empty, rough-hewn cradle.

After two or three days came the effects of physical weakness. She was not fit for work, and her limbs began to ache, her head throbbed, and pains like threads of fire shot through her body. Through the sultry August mornings she lived only for the sound of the midday whistle which should bring a half-hour's respite, and in the afternoons, panting for breath in the hot, moist atmosphere, she could have fought with the dragging hours to hasten the coming of darkness and release. But at least none should know that she suffered. Pale faces — though less pale than hers—were not uncommon in the mill, and the noise of the machinery made prying or even friendly questions impossible if she chose not to hear. At noon in the general rush for freedom she could remain unobserved and eat from the little paper parcel the bit of bread and bacon she had brought from home. But by Saturday she had too little appetite to eat in the foul air of the weave-room, and dragged herself down the steep stairs to a corner of the yard. Delia Huff found her there crouching on a low seat, the little parcel of lunch unopened, her face bent over on her knees to escape the glare beating up from the white, hard-trodden soil.

"Marryin' ain't all folks thinks it is, is it?" Delia said, compassionately. "I tell 'em all I'm gonter sfay like I am."

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Ellen raised herself and looked unsteadily for a moment at the lank figure before her in the slatternly dress. Then her laugh sounded on the hot stillness and caught the ear of a group of men coming up on the outside of the enclosure.

"It suits me all right. I don't know how it is with them that's never had the chance."

There was a baffled expression on the other woman's yellow, harsh-featured face, but her reply was not what Ellen expected: "I wus sorry you lost yo' baby. Hit wus the third one, wa'n't it?" She had the mill-worker's voice, high and strident, but the compassion lingered in her eyes.

"Wa'n't it the third one?" she repeated, as Ellen made no answer.

"Yes, the third," Ellen said. Her small lower jaw seemed to set itself with an effort at firmness, and she went on indifferently: "It's the way things have to be. Some live to be old men an' women, an' some has to go when they're little." The mill whistle drowned her words, but her voice had broken at the last.

Men and women and crowding children were thronging the narrow paths between the shabby houses and the factory. She hurried across the yard to the door, her head and shoulders erect. "Walks like she wa'n't more'n sixteen," one of the men at the gate said.

But later, as she moved from loom to loom, her body seemed to be all weakness and pain. Her head throbbed with a strange dizziness which she found it hard to fight against. The floor of the great weave-room, its grime strewn with thin curling lint, and the endless rows of bands and wheels which revolved above her seemed to be coming together to crush between them looms and weavers. The warm, moist air lay upon her like a weight. The incessant up-and-down motion of the harness became a torture to her vision.

The afternoon waned. On one of her looms the sixty-yard cut of sheeting was complete. She stooped and disengaged it, but the heavy web was more than she could carry, and she stood it on end till she could gather her strength. Suddenly the dull pain in her body became acute agony—the whirling wheels and the vibrating floor were coming together at last; the darkness she had been praying for had come too, without even the sunset between. She fell senseless along the narrow passway between the looms.

Delia Huff and an old woman with bony hands and a skin like parchment hurried to her. "It wus this awful hot weather," the old woman screamed above the noise of the machinery.

Delia Huff shook her head. Mill people's faces are not quick to show changes of emotion, but there was something of indignation in hers as she leaned over the slight form rising and falling with the pulsations of the lint-strewn floor. One of the men lifted Ellen in his arms and carried her down the three flights of stairs to the ground, and another bore her to her home. It was not hard to do; she was very light.

The physician who usually practised among the mill people could not be found, and a young man was brought from the town just across the river. His manner was so professional and he seemed so independent of advice that old Mrs. Mabry obeyed his few directions in silence. It was not till he was about to leave that she volunteered the information she was thirsting to give. "Her baby wouldn't 'a' been but five weeks old to-day, an' she went back to the mill Tuesday," she said, nodding towards the bed. "Mayby she'd ought to 'a' waited a while longer."

"She had no business being there at all," he said, curtly, gathering up his leather cases and going out.

A minute later the mill whistle blew, and from the crowd thronging noisily out of the wide gates a stream of girls and women was diverted and filed along the narrow path towards the poor shanty from which the doctor had just driven away. One or two of the women threw up their long calico aprons over their bare heads to protect their eyes from the level rays of the sun—being Saturday, the mill had closed earlier than usual; others picked the loose cotton and shreds of yarn from their garments as they hurried along. A woman was relating in loud, insistent tones just how Ellen had looked and done when she fell. Delia Huff turned away from her into one of the side alleys and went to her own home.

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There were only two rooms to the Mabrys' house. The line of women filled the one in which Ellen lay, and moving around to the back door, crowded into the kitchen, jostling one another, but not boisterously, for a sight of the still figure on the bed, and then turning away to make place for others. Ellen did not heed them. Her physical surroundings reached her consciousness as from a distance of thousands of miles; the pains that still shot through her seemed now to be not sensation, but minute white threads which she conceived of as crossing and recrossing one another. The young physician's fine, clean clothing, his gentle touch, and the fresh color in his cheeks blurred through her thoughts, but the curious faces around her bed and the rustle of moving figures were as nothing to her dimmed faculties.

The next day a few of the women came back, others with them who, with some resolution, had held to their original intention of going to town for their Saturday purchases even after Ellen's seizure. These sat around the room now with a vague feeling that they had missed something in not being present when the event was new. But there was some compensation in discovering, although without any worse motive than curiosity, how the woman lying on the bed had broken. It had not shown when she was in the mill, for there she was always ready to mislead attention with a laugh or a jest. It was wonderful how this utter passivity revealed the aging of a face which yesterday had not seemed so ravaged for a millwoman of twenty-two who had already buried three children. "She was about the first girl in the fact'ry any of us ever noticed as bein' anything out o' the common in the way of looks," one of the women said. And another recalled that Taylor Wood, now superintendent, had said that with her pretty face and yellow hair she was like the sweet wild roses that grew by the bridge on the way to town. But that had been before Aurelia Patat came.

The visitors had all gone, either to preaching or to their early dinner, when Dr. Abbey came at noon. No one had tidied the room; Ellen's clothes, clean, as all that she could make so was, still hung across the foot of the bed, the faded pink sack and skirt flecked with cotton, and shreds of lint still clung to her long yellow hair. But all this he did not observe, seeing only half unconsciously the fine mould of her features, and noting the pallor but not the appealing sweetness of her delicate mouth. He was occupied deeply with the peculiarities of her malady, and wrote his prescriptions with serious care, too little experienced among the poor to know the futility of expecting they would all be filled.

Monday morning Jim Mabry took his wife's place in the mill. In truth, there was almost nothing to eat in the house, and the prospect of her returning to work seemed remote. A few days in the weave-room gave him credit at the company's store, and Thursday he lay off to rest. But the still figure on the bed was a silent tax on his sympathy, his mother had gone to town, and the hot afternoon dragged heavily. About four o'clock Aurelia Wood came, standing inside the open door for a moment, while her full black eyes took in, with contemptuous pity, the poor furnishings of the room and its inmates. Jim Mabry dragged himself up in much embarrassment from the sagging rocker, while his gaze travelled stupidly over the visitor's striking face and showy attire. Ellen had apprehended both at a glance, and had drawn up the faded bedspread to her throat, hiding her coarse nightgown from sight.

Aurelia walked to the bed and looked down at her. "I heard you was real bad off," she said. "You must be getting better." She was judging from the flush of color that had come to Ellen's face and the armed resistance in her eyes.

The husband adopted her opinion. "She is better," he said, dismissing the situation.

Aurelia took the rocking-chair he pushed towards her and shook out her red skirts and many ribbons. "I reckon I ought to 'a' been over to see you before this," she said to Ellen, "but you know I can't keep up with what goes on over here now since Taylor an' me have moved outside the grounds."

The desire to assert herself against the easy arrogance in tone and words was the only definite wish the sick woman had felt since the doctor had first eased her pain, and she groped anxiously for some

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adequate reply. But for some reason the man felt honored in being allowed to approve of such prosperity. "I reckon you-all like it better acrost the river," he said.

"We find it more convenient to town." The reserve of the answer more than implied the speaker's contempt for the conditions in which her hearers lived.

Ellen steadied her small mouth and chin. "I reckon after a while you will forget you ever worked in a mill yourself," she said. The poor arrow fluttered feebly and fell wide of the mark, but the effort to send it had left her cheeks ashen and set the weak heart to beating frightfully.

Aurelia looked at her coolly. "I wasn't raised to work in a fact'ry," she said, "but if I hadn't worked that one year I never would 'a' met Taylor. Of course as long as he is super I will feel some interest in the hands." And this arrow was barbed and found its way home.

For some reason the young physician looked disturbed when he came that night. "She isn't doing as well as I expected," he said, sharply, to the mother-in-law, who followed him to the door. "Did you get that food preparation that I ordered for her?"

The old woman returned to the room and, with virtuous confidence, produced the prescription from the clock-case. "The man told Jim hit wus a dollar 'n' a ha'f," she said, smoothing out the folded square of paper between her bony fingers. The doctor accepted the explanation without argument and went his way.

He tried to think, in the weeks that followed, that his patient was improving. At least the tired body was taking the rest of which it had been deprived since childhood; but he knew it was broken as well as weary, and tried not to expect too much. At first Ellen would ask him to set a day when she could go back to the mill, but after a while she herself perceived that the thought of returning had slipped away from her and came only at intervals from some great distance, like the song of the farm-hand which she sometimes heard through the little window from the far-off field where he was at work.

During a three days' storm in September the rain beat in upon her bed, and with the cold this gave her she began to have fevers in the day and a cough that racked her through the night. Towards morning she would fall asleep, only to have the shriek of the mill whistle waken her in a fright that brought beads of sweat to her forehead and lips. At her desire the doctor came less often, although he managed to provide her with the little nourishment she was able to take. The fumes of the frying bacon in the next room and the smell of cheap coffee three times a day came to be torture to her weakness; but there were a few hours of respite from one meal to the next, and then her thoughts, with nothing else to occupy them, would go back over the years of her life as over a book read for the first time.

Her childhood she saw through an illusion which made it seem almost happy. She forgot the black winter mornings when in her little thin calico gown she struggled, half asleep, through the frost and rain towards the many-windowed factory walls red-lit in the darkness; forgot the longing she used to have in the early spring to be outdoors amidst the bursting life, the languor of the lengthening days, the fierce heat of summer; forgot even the dreadful year when she had been on the night-shift, fighting agonizingly with sleep as she walked up and down the narrow aisle tying the broken threads of the whirling spindles.

But she had not forgotten the little girl whose side in the spinning-room had joined her own, the child friend she had so dearly loved,—gone to some other mill long, long ago. And she remembered the blue dress that had been bought for her out of the money she had earned, and the toy sheep some lady at the mission Sunday-school had given her at Christmas—beloved like some living creature, and kept until her first baby had held it joyously in his little hands, taking it with him at last in his waxen fingers down into the darkness. And she could almost feel again the breath of the summer evenings when, with something of daylight still left after the long day's work, she and the other children would go down into the meadow and walk barefoot in the sweet cool grasses beside the river.

"They were happy days then," she said

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to her mother-in-law, trying to share the bliss of her thoughts.

But the old woman seemed not to care to listen. Why should one go back to something so long ago done with?

She liked less to recall the time when she was older and had been sent to the weave-room. A little distinction seemed to follow her wherever she went; but, as she remembered it now, she had not cared for being called the prettiest girl in the mill. It had been happiness enough to know that there were only kindly faces around her, to feel the glance of Taylor Wood's eyes when he came near her, to walk with him on Sunday afternoons. And then Aurelia Patat had come. Aurelia, who knew how to dress and talk like the people across the river in town; Aurelia, whom the women hated and the men fought over, who could make the rest of the girls seem only sport for her sharp tongue and not worth any man's looking at; Aurelia, who had shamed her openly for not knowing how to read and write—though when, indeed, should she have learned?—and who had driven her to believe that Taylor Wood might grow tired of an ignorant wife, himself such a scholar, and then had married him herself, quite before the mill had faded the red from her cheeks or made her haughty head and shoulders droop with languor till they should grow amiss.

Even in the solitude of her room the sick woman blushed hotly as she recalled how afterwards Aurelia had tried to mate her with Ben Hulsey, as being, indeed, much below Taylor Wood, but still the second-best chance in the mill; and how, in her frenzy of rage and suffering, she had married Jim Mabry,—lowest of the low even in a cotton-mill. Married and supported him; stopping work for only the briefest time possible before her children were born, leaving them to the care of his mother, and returning to the mill when she could hardly stand,—only lest he might leave her as so many other mill-hands left their wives, and she be compelled to bear the shame of desertion in the presence of Taylor Wood and Aurelia.

Her little babies! She could scarcely so much as distinguish their faces in memory, they had lain for so short a while upon her breast. Sometimes she tried to think how they would look if only they could have lived, of what it would be to have them playing around her bed now when there was so much time for her to watch them;—to have so much as one, the last, the little daughter, lying on her pillow, the tiny face against her cheek; and then she would turn her own face to the wall and weep,—silently, lest her husband or his mother might see her tears.

But all these things lost themselves again in that past which was so surely slipping away from her forever; and in the steady sapping of her mental as well as bodily strength, memory itself weakened and desire awoke—one desire, rooted somewhere back among the denials and sorrows of those ended years, nurtured now of her sick fancy, and filling utterly the little handbreadth that remained.

After winter had set in the doctor came but once a week, bringing with him what medicines she needed and asking the fewest of perfunctory questions; but she fed upon the growing light of kindness in his bright young eyes as one in slow starvation takes weakly of food. He came on a December day when old Mrs. Mabry was away from home and Jim again at work in the mill. Ellen was asleep, and he rebuilt the fire on the dingy hearth, and taking one of the defaced chairs by her bed, waited for her to waken. The small crowded room, inadequate to conceal any of the exigencies of the poor lives it sheltered, had long ago invaded his perceptions and his pity. Except for the fitful gusts of wind there was deep stillness outside the house and in, but Ellen's weak breathing could not be heard. He looked down at the small delicate face and felt, as he had felt so often, its appealing beauty and charm. What experiences lay back of that worn countenance—and she was younger than himself, and formed for all that was fairest in life! For an instant some strange power overmastered all the differences between them—her humble birth and poverty and sickness, his own rich possessions in life, present and to be,—and a vague questioning, concerning something which might have been, stirred within his breast. But even as it rose to consciousness, the dim emotion was absorbed in the tender pity which none might forbid. Ellen opened

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her eyes and he laid his professional touch on her wrist.

"It will not be very long now, Dr. Abbey?" she said.

"Perhaps not," he answered, quietly.

She was silent, but he read her transparent face. "Is there something that you want, Mrs. Mabry, something that I could do for you?"

With an effort she recalled and steadied the fancies with which her mind had been toying, but she could not mention them to one so different from herself.

"I have a sister," he interposed, eager to spare her weakness and timidity. "Would she understand what it is you wish better than I can? Would you like for her to come?"

A faint light came into her face. "A little money would not matter very much to you, Dr. Abbey—"

"Not anything at all, if it can make you more comfortable. Will you tell my sister how it can?" He knew that she thought of those above her own poor station as being able to do whatever they chose, and her appeal had in it only that lovely trust in him which a child might feel towards an elder brother. The quiet confidence in her eyes moved him almost to shame that what he had done for her in her illness should meet with so touching a reward.

"Shall Selene—shall my sister come to-morrow?" he asked, again.

"Yes, to-morrow," she assented, sighing softly, as though relinquishing in fact what she had already relinquished before in her thoughts.

Selene Abbey came the next day, younger even than her brother, and a little bewildered, but she took her seat close to the poor bed, and the sick woman seemed to rest satisfied in the proximity of her youth and fairness. "My brother has been sorry for you to suffer so long," the girl said at last. "He thought there might be something that I might do to make you more comfortable. Won't you tell me if there is?"

Ellen smiled faintly. "It is nothing that I want now," she said. "I have all I need, and I am used to the pain. It is like getting used to the tiredness in your back and feet when you are all day in the mill. No, it is nothing now; it is something I want you to do by and by."

And then, in a low, almost chanting voice, and as having fixed its details through numberless repetitions, she named her strange request. For an instant Selene's girlish piety was shocked at what seemed to her mere levity in the face of the great issue close at hand. And then the ravaged young face in its framing of yellow hair on the coarse pillow, and the poor, comfortless room, with all they implied of this woman's past history, smote upon her heart; through the open door she saw the low-browed man and his unkempt mother stooping like beasts over their coarse food;—a rush of sudden tears beat against her eyes.

"Dear Mrs. Mabry," she said, "everything shall be just as you have said. I thank you for telling me. And I will do it all myself; don't fear but that I shall."

The impulse to defend her commission from even the momentary scruple with which she herself had received it was strong within her that night as she told her brother what it was that Ellen desired her to do. She hastened with her apology. "We ought not to expect just the same religious feeling—" she began.

But he stopped her. "Don't, Selene," he said; "we both—understand."

The ground was white with snow when, two weeks after, a mill-hand came in the early dawn to say that Ellen Mabry had just died. Dr. Abbey was at the next house with a sick child, and Selene let the messenger take her over to the mill village in her brother's buggy, her heart thrilling to the stillness of the Sabbath morning, the strangeness of her errand, and the mystic and unwonted beauty clothing the world around her.

The lowly village was taking its one morning of rest; only the footprints of the man who had borne the message had broken the whiteness of the narrow streets. Old Mrs. Mabry met Selene at the door with an anxious face. "Ellen charged me not to send for any of the neighbors, but only for you," she said, evidently relying upon her visitor's superiority to justify afterwards her submission to such a request. "I reckon you 'n' me together can do what's to be done," she began again, anxiously, when they had gone in.

"I think we can, Mrs. Mabry," Selene answered.

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She clothed the slight form in the white raiment which Ellen had craved, but the garments were more and costlier than she had asked for. The dress was simply made, of fine white wool, and plaitings of tulle softened the emaciation of the delicate face and hands. The long fair hair was combed to its full length, as Ellen had wanted it to be, and lay a pale lustre on either side of her face and form.

The mother-in-law looked on in silence. It was when Selene was drawing the white slippers on Ellen's feet that the pathos of what the girl was doing pierced to her dull brain. "She never saw any but once," she whispered. "Did she ask to have them, too?"

"Yes," Selene said, and the woman sank down by the bed, tears flowing from her leaden eyes.

"When you first commenced I thought it was all just a foolish waste," she said, brokenly, but with no words in which to express what she saw to be the significance of her daughter-in-law's desire. She leaned over the white-shod feet and held them against the frayed gown which covered her breast.

It was not long until the house was filled with people, the mark of the mill upon them all; and in the centre of this circle of faces, curious, compassionate, or childishly pleased, was the white figure of the dead, wearing at last the symbols of competence and honor which life had denied her.

A chair had been set for the husband near his wife's body, but he stood a little way from her at her feet, his heavy face sunk forward on his breast. As he stood there Selene made a cluster of lilies-of-the-valley from the flowers her brother had brought, and carried them to him. "Go and put them into her hand," she whispered. But he shook his head.

The girl could not speak while her brother drove back with her through the white streets, from which the people were passing into the churches; but as he went with her into the house, she turned and wept upon his breast.

"It was right to do what she wished," she said, oppressed to let him share with her the perplexity in her young heart, "and none of it was too good for her youth and sweetness; but, oh, Wallace, as she lay there in all that unfamiliar adornment—" She wept again.

"What is it, Selene dear?" he asked.

"I can't explain it, Wallace," she said, brokenly, "but, oh, somehow it seemed to make her so *alone* from all the rest, to put even her husband so far away from her."

"He was already far away from her, Selene," her brother said; but the strangely patterned web of life perplexed his own heart also.

The Flower and the Leaf

BY ERNEST RHYS

WINTER and his blast
Cause a man to cower,
And by the winter-fire sit fast
Many an hour.

But May and her fair kind,
The Flower and the Leaf,
Burgeon in a sad man's mind,
Change his grief.

Then for one brief hour
He may sing,
With the green leaf and the flower,
And the Spring.

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"To" and the Infinitive

BY THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY

Professor of English, Yale University

IN his life of Sir Stafford Northcote, Mr. Andrew Lang records with pride the noble stand taken, not by any mere individual Englishman, but by the English government itself, on an occasion when the purity of the speech was threatened. Negotiations for a treaty were going on at Washington between the United States and Great Britain. The subjects for discussion and settlement were of the utmost gravity. Controversy existed about the *Alabama* claims, about the Canadian fisheries, about the San Juan boundary, besides other matters, of minor importance indeed compared with the foregoing, but nevertheless of importance in themselves. On numerous points under consideration there was naturally wide difference of opinion. Proposals and counter-proposals were constantly exchanged. According to the account given in the biography, a difficulty, wholly unnecessary, fell to the lot of the English commission. In addition to the inevitable disputes with its opponents it found itself a good deal annoyed and hampered by instructions from the home government.

At last an agreement was reached. It involved certain concessions to the American demands to which, in the opinion of some, assent should never have been given.

There was one point, we are told, upon which the home government was sternly inflexible. "For it," says Mr. Lang, "much may by literary persons be forgiven them." It telegraphed that in the wording of the treaty it would under no circumstances endure the insertion of an adverb between the preposition *to* (the sign of the infinitive) and the verb. Mr. Lang feels justly the heroic nature of this act. Much might be yielded on questions in dispute which all knew would ultimately involve expenditure of money, and indeed implied at the time admission of previous wrong-doing; much might further be yielded in the case of certain things which the biographer himself seems to regard as points of honor. Still, on these minor matters it was thought advisable to give way. So much the more must our tribute of admiration be paid to the English government for remaining as immovable as the solid rock when it came face to face with the great question of severing the close tie that binds to the infinitive the preposition *to*. "The purity of the language," observes Mr. Lang, "they nobly and courageously defended."

Of the serious nature of this assault upon the integrity of the speech Mr. Lang has the keenest appreciation. The biography mentioned above is not the only place in which he has expressed an opinion similar to that just quoted. In 1890 he brought out a lecture which had been delivered by him at the South Kensington Museum. It was entitled "How to Fail in Literature." In the course of it he assures the one who is aiming at such a desirable result that he cannot be too reckless of grammar. There is always a certain vagueness in utterances of this sort when taken by themselves. Ever since the schoolmaster started on his journey abroad, there have been about as many kinds of grammar as there are kinds of schoolmasters. It is therefore pertinent to inquire whose grammar is meant. All of us keep a private assortment of rules of our own, and according as men conform or fail to conform to them we test the linguistic soundness or frailty of our neighbors. Fortunately Mr. Lang comes to our help in this instance, and illustrates recklessness of grammar by saying that one "should always place adverbs and other words between *to* and the in-

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finitive." He concedes indeed that there are persons who are guilty of this atrocity who have attained popularity. But though they may have succeeded in alluring the public to buy their books, they have failed in literature; and it is about literature that he is speaking. This dictum contributes something towards solving what has always been a perplexing problem. It may be difficult to determine exactly what literature is; but we are now furnished with a short and easy method of determining what it is not. Writings which contain an adverb inserted between *to* and the infinitive may be enjoyed by the herd, but they are not literature.

But even the herd have rights which the most superior person is bound to respect. It is no unreasonable requirement on the part of its members that they shall have pointed out to them the precise character of the peril which led the English government to hurry nobly and courageously to the defence of the English tongue from the crafty assaults of the American commissioners, who, by the very fact of being Americans, were necessarily engaged in devilish devices for corrupting the speech. Let it be conceded that the practice censured is improper. But why is it improper? What is the nature of the particular havoc wrought to the language by the insertion of a word or words between *to* and the infinitive? On this point the objectors to the usage in question, along with the severity of their attitude, maintain a silence so profound that the suspicion inevitably suggests itself that they communicate no information about it, they advance no arguments against it, because they have neither information to furnish nor arguments to present. Of expressions of personal opinion, however, both of the usage and its users, the supply is ample. It consists mainly in the application to each of derogatory epithets and phrases. The word-order is termed a barbarism, a solecism. It is held up as a glaring example of the corruptions which are invading our speech.

But again the question comes up, Why is it a barbarism, a solecism, a corruption? On this point a scrupulous reticence is maintained. Since, then, we have no arguments to meet, we must content ourselves with the consideration of assertions. Of these the constant charge of its being a corruption holds the foremost place.

Yet the truth is that the practice of joining to the simple infinitive the preposition *to* was itself a corruption originally. In our early speech *to* belonged strictly to the gerund, or, as it is sometimes called, the dative case of the infinitive. Of this practice we have now in our tongue no small number of examples. Locutions like "rooms to rent" or "houses to let" are genuine representatives of the original usage, though the verb has been shorn of the ending which once proclaimed its distinctive character. But with us *to* was not at first prefixed to the infinitive proper, though there were other early Teutonic tongues in which such was the case. We still retain traces of the primitive linguistic virtue we once universally possessed. After certain common verbs, such as *bid, make, let, hear,* and a number of others, we rarely or never use *to*. It is not the normal construction. To say, "I saw him *to* do it," would strike every one as unidiomatic. It would surely kindle the indignation of those who devote all the leisure at their command to the preservation of the purity of the speech.

Let us imagine, then, what must have been the feelings of the purist of the twelfth century—for the purist, like the poor, we have always with us—when he saw the preposition *to* transferred from the gerund, to which it properly belonged, and prefixed indiscriminatingly to the infinitive proper, where it had no business to be. He doubtless foresaw in the act the approach of the ruin which was soon to overwhelm the tongue. But there was at that time no government to hurry to the rescue of the imperilled speech. The powers that be were then talking French and cared nothing for English. There was no one of sufficient authority to organize a successful opposition. In consequence the distinction between the use of the infinitive with *to* and without *to* broke down entirely. Accordingly, when in the fourteenth century a great literature began to be created, it found fastened upon the language this monstrous impropriety. It was there. It could not

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be dislodged; and, further, there was no desire to dislodge it. For the usual result had followed. Vice, the poet tells us, is so hideous that the moment we see it we hate it; but if we see it often enough, we begin with enduring it and end by embracing it. So it has been in this case. Devotion is but a weak name for the affection now felt for a usage which in its origin was a corruption. In the eyes of many the tie that unites *to* and the infinitive surpasses in closeness and sanctity the matrimonial relation. It is regarded by them as so essential that the existence without it of a verb in this mood is hardly suspected. It is to this conception, or rather lack of conception, that we doubtless owe that most extraordinary specimen of grammatical terminology which gives to the separation of the preposition from the verb the name of "split infinitive."

It is plain from this historical survey that the prefixing of the preposition to the regular infinitive had in its origin all the distinguishing marks of a corruption. But it is by no means plain that the insertion of an adverb between *to* and the verb can be so designated. The burden of proof assuredly lies upon him who makes an assertion to that effect. For let us consider the abstract propriety of the usage. The infinitive, we all know, is a verbal noun. Between other substantives and the prepositions governing them words are constantly introduced. Indeed we are frequently compelled to insert them in order to convey our meaning fully. When we remark, for illustration, that "he sent a letter to the friend of his youth," no one could possibly regard as improper the insertion of the definite article and the possessive pronoun between the prepositions and their objects. Why, then, should this verbal noun enjoy the distinction, denied to all other nouns, of having the attendant *to* directly connected with it in every case? What dignity hedges it about? It is all the harder to comprehend because the preposition in the position indicated has in the large majority of instances lost its proper prepositional force. Some grammarians, indeed, have treated it in such cases as an adverb. Others have designated it by the vague generality of "particle." There is certainly ground for the difficulty they have experienced in its characterization. Prefixed to the gerund it meant something. But with the simple infinitive it merely precedes; it does not govern. It has become little more than a mechanical device to indicate that the verb following is in the infinitive mood; and this it would indicate whether joined to it directly or separated from it by a word or words. It is, however, so valueless in itself that when it is omitted, as it regularly is after certain verbs, its absence is not even felt.

Enough has been said to dispose of the charge of corruption brought against this usage. But besides this, we are told that it is an innovation. This of itself could never be deemed a convincing argument for its avoidance. If an innovation is a desirable one, it is to be welcomed and not to be eschewed. But the principal difficulty with this objection is not its fallaciousness, but its falsity. More than twenty years ago the late Fitzedward Hall—that terror of those indulging in loose and unfounded assertions about usage — showed conclusively that the practice of inserting words between the preposition and the infinitive went back to the fourteenth century, and that in a greater or less degree it has prevailed in every century since. He had not been the only one to observe the fact, but he was the first to announce it; and, above all, the one to establish the truth of it by a wealth of illustrative extracts that nobody had previously taken the pains to bring together. His essay settled definitely that whatever be the sanctity that attaches to grammatical constructions from age, it belongs in an eminent degree to this particular one which purists are now often accustomed to stigmatize as a modernism.

In the light of the facts just given we can therefore feel justified in looking with indifference upon the charge of corruption brought against this usage. That is a distinction which every grammatical form must have enjoyed sometime during its existence. We can further treat with scant ceremony the charge of innovation. That owes its origin to ignorance of the facts. But there remains another and much more serious accusation. It is the one inti-

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mated and indeed almost directly asserted in the opening paragraphs of this article. It is there implied that the practice has never met with the sanction of good writers. If true, this would be a convincing reason for its avoidance. A usage deliberately rejected by all authors of excellence is to be shunned, no matter if thousands of a lower class employ it unhesitatingly. But the same difficulty attends this assertion as attended the previous one. It is not in accordance with the facts. It was most effectively disposed of in the paper of Dr. Hall, to which reference has just been made. He showed that the practice had not only existed in every century from the fourteenth to the present, but that in every century it had been indulged in by good writers. Let us throw out of consideration the passages he furnished from the works of authors who, however highly esteemed in their own generation, are to us hardly so much as a name. Still, without reckoning these, the examples he adduced are not to be sneered at for their number any more than for the quality of those contributing them. They begin with Wycliffe in the fourteenth century. He is found employing such locutions—of which I have modernized the orthography—as "to this manner treat," "to never have received," "to evermore trow," and others of a similar nature. The following century was one not much given to literature of any sort; but examples of the usage are furnished by two of its most distinguished names—Bishop Pecock and Sir John Fortescue. Then follow Lord Berners and Tyndale in the sixteenth century; and in the succeeding centuries Sir Thomas Browne, Bentley, Defoe, Dr. Johnson, Burke, Southey, Coleridge, Lamb, De Quincey, Matthew Arnold, Charles Reade, and Ruskin. Coming down to the names of men of to-day, Dr. Hall gave examples from Herbert Spencer and Leslie Stephen, to name two out of several from whom he cited illustrations of the practice.

It can hardly be denied that this is a very respectable gathering of men who have failed in literature. Some of them might even meet the approval of the "literary persons," as Mr. Lang terms them, whose hearts swelled with joy at the opportune succor brought by the British government to the imperilled speech. But these are not all the well-known authors who have been guilty of this linguistic crime, if it be deemed a crime. To the list given by Mr. Hall can be added examples from the writings of Benjamin Franklin, Byron, Keats, the Brownings, Lowell, and Oliver Wendell Holmes. Even the great poet of Scotland has to be included among the offenders. It was Burns who, in one of his most famous pieces, spoke of Wallace as one

> Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride.

Doubtless many more names could be added to the catalogue given were an extended examination made of the usage of the prominent writers of our literature in reference to this particular point. Especially would this be the case if we directed our attention to those of the nineteenth century.

Even as it is, such an array of imposing authorities might at first sight be deemed sufficient to settle the question. But let us be just. A discussion of this sort ought not to have for its aim a one-sided presentation of the facts. All that has been said has been truly said; yet it is right to add that in one sense it is utterly unfair. It tends to give the impression that there has never been any genuine reason, based upon the practice of great writers, for finding any fault with the usage here under consideration. This is far from being the case. For while the custom of inserting an adverb between *to* and the infinitive goes back to the fourteenth century, while, furthermore, it has been found in every century since, it is not until a comparatively recent period that it has been found frequently. From the middle of the sixteenth century down to the beginning of the nineteenth the probabilities are that the practice has against it the weight of authority. On this point, as on so many similar ones, there has never been an exhaustive examination of the works of our foremost authors—hardly even an approximation to it in a single case. Accordingly, all assertions of this nature must be taken subject to correction. Still, so far as investigation, necessarily

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imperfect, justifies the making of any statement whatever, it seems safe to assert that the usage in question has been avoided by the large majority of the great writers of our speech. Perhaps it would be better to say that the thought of resorting to it has never occurred to them. Furthermore, it may be observed that most of those who have employed it in the past have done so rarely. With our present inadequate knowledge no hard and fast rules can be laid down. In the fifteenth century Dr. Hall found frequent instances of it in the writings of Bishop Pecock. In the Elizabethan period Donne used this word-order without hesitation. On the other hand, but one instance was pointed out in Dr. Johnson, and but one in Macaulay. It is of course to be kept in mind that the employment of the infinitive without any adverbial modifier is almost immeasurably more frequent than its employment with one. Against a single example of the latter usage in any given work can always be found scores of the former.

But with the information we have, it is fair to assume that the best writers of our literature have never taken kindly to the practice under discussion. The objection to it, based upon this general disuse, is therefore one which cannot be set aside lightly, still less dismissed contemptuously. If the feelings in regard to the practice which held sway in the past continued to prevail in the present, the only course open to him who is solicitous about conforming to the best accepted standards of expression would be to refrain from its employment. But these feelings no longer prevail. As constantly happens in the history of language, the old order of things is changing. Usage which can impose a restriction can also take it off, if it so chooses. That in this case it is choosing to take it off is perfectly plain to the student of speech, whose business it is to note things as they are, and not as in the eyes of grammarians they ought to be. The practice of inserting an adverb between the infinitive sign and the infinitive has steadily increased during the last fifty years, and goes on increasing still. Even a slight examination of the best and the worst contemporary literary production, both in England and America, will make clear that the universal adoption of this usage is as certain as anything in the future well can be. That to some it is and will continue peculiarly offensive there is no question. That is indeed a point upon which they will not neglect to keep us fully informed. But the ranks of those who employ the construction will be steadily swelled by new recruits who will use, not only without scruple, but without thought, a method of expression which they meet with everywhere in print and hear everywhere in conversation. The mere weight of numbers will eventually settle the dispute. The time indeed will come when men will be unaware that there has ever been any dispute about the matter at all.

But until that time comes there will continue to be on this point both diversity of opinion and diversity of usage among educated men. Some even who approve of this denounced word-order in theory and recognize the inevitableness of its universal employment are certain to be so affected by the linguistic traditions in which they have been brought up as to refrain from resorting to it in practice. Among writers at all periods there are those who shrink from the new, even when they look upon it as desirable in itself. On the other hand, there are those who accept without hesitation any neologism whatever, if they think that thereby they can secure additional clearness and expressiveness. The varying attitude of modern authors towards this particular usage is strikingly exemplified in the works of the two great representative poets of the Victorian era, Tennyson and Browning. No one possessing an atom of discretion will venture to maintain a universal negative unless he has carefully gone over the whole ground in dispute. I therefore content myself with observing that if Tennyson ever inserted an adverb between *to* and the infinitive, it has escaped my notice. Such abstention on his part from a usage which in his time had become comparatively common would be in accord with the conservative tendencies he generally exhibited in matters of grammatical construction. Whatever innovations he made were in the way of reviving the obsolete or introducing the dialectic.

But with Browning the case was far

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different. The practice so violently condemned by many, among whom are doubtless some of his admirers, was one to which he was peculiarly addicted. His fondness for it is manifested in both his earlier and later pieces. Take, for illustration, the tragedy of *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon*. In that play we find "to *merely* have reproached," "to *plainly* make the charge," and "to *only* signify." It is, however, more convincing as well as more satisfactory to test Browning's attitude towards the usage by his prose. In poetry the necessities of the measure may sometimes force a writer to commit what he himself will confess to be a fault; but nevertheless a fault voluntarily committed in order to produce a striking beauty. But in prose no excuse can be pleaded on this score. In that the writer who resorts to any disputed practice does so with his eyes open, does so deliberately, not to say defiantly. Now in Browning's play of *A Soul's Tragedy* the second part is written entirely in prose. With the question of this usage in mind, the following extracts from this comparatively short piece clearly indicate his opinion of the matter:

> I had despaired . . . of ever being able to *rightly* operate on mankind through such a deranged machinery as the existing modes of government.

> It becomes a truth again, after all, as he happens to *newly* consider it, and view it in a different relation with the others.

> I only desired to do justice to the noble sentiments which animate you, and which you are too modest to *duly* enforce.

In the whole of this second part there are just six instances of adverbs qualifying the infinitive; in three of these, as we observe, it precedes it directly.

Browning's course is so illustrative of the later attitude of men generally towards this usage that it may well serve as an introduction to an account of its wider modern extension. "Paracelsus," his first acknowledged work, was published in 1835. In this poem appeared several instances of the insertion of an adverb between the preposition and the verb. This of itself is fairly conclusive evidence of the headway which the usage had already gained. There is every reason to believe that this method of expression was then employed by the poet unconsciously. It probably never occurred to him at the time that any objection had been or could be made to the practice. Later in life, with the clamor raised about it, he could hardly have remained in this happy ignorance; though if knowledge came, it did not affect his action. At all events, the unconsciousness of linguistic criminality, which he seems to have felt at the beginning of his career, was shared in by no small number of his contemporaries.

The usage, though long before in existence, did not apparently begin to obtrude itself upon the attention of the public until the latter part of the eighteenth century. Notice was then occasionally taken of it in the reviews; but so far as my own observation goes, it was treated as a singularity and not denounced as an enormity. No fault seems ever to have been found on this account with Madame d'Arblay by any critic, though she gave ample occasion for it by the frequency with which she resorted to this particular arrangement of words. Thus the usage, little heeded, gained ground steadily. By the middle of the nineteenth century it had become comparatively common. Then the champions of purity of speech suddenly woke up to the gravity of the situation. Following the time-honored fashion of locking the stable door after the horse has been stolen, they started a systematic crusade against the practice. It has been kept up with little interruption from that day to this. At no period indeed has the attack upon the usage been so virulent as during the past dozen years; and at no period has its futility been so apparent. The purists had been aroused from their torpor too late, if indeed their awakening at any time would have made any difference in the result.

One further point remains for consideration. What are the reasons which have led to the wide extension of this practice in modern English? To the trained observer of the development of expression they are quite obvious. This particular change in the order of the words is but an illustration of that conscious or unconscious effort always going on in language to give greater precision

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or strength to the meaning. The users of speech feel, whether rightly or wrongly, that they can secure either added clearness or added force by putting the qualifying adverb directly before the verb it qualifies. There are numerous instances where the adoption of the word-order usually followed occasions a certain degree of ambiguity. Scores of illustrations could be found from the works of well-known writers. Let us take, for example, one from the dedication to Lyttelton of the novel of *Tom Jones*. "I have endeavored strongly to inculcate," wrote Fielding, "that virtue and innocence can scarce ever be injured but by indiscretion." In this sentence does *strongly* modify *endeavored* or *inculcate*? It can do either properly; and though little doubt exists in this instance, cases are always likely to occur in which the sense will be distinctly uncertain. Furthermore, the separation of the adverb from the verb seems to many to deprive expression in some measure of strength. "To adequately illustrate the subject" is to the popular apprehension a more forcible way of expressing one's self than to say adequately to illustrate it, or to illustrate it adequately. The inherent right or wrong of the apprehension does not come under consideration, nor how men ought to feel about the matter. What they do feel has been the all-controlling influence which induces them in many instances to change the order of the words, and has made them unsatisfied even with placing the adverb after the infinitive. This latter, too, is in some cases impossible.

It is apparently in this way only that the single instance, so far recorded, of Macaulay's resort to this method of expression can be explained. It occurs in the essay on Lord Holland. That nobleman had died in 1840, and Macaulay's article appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* for July of the following year. As it was originally published in that periodical, one of the paragraphs began with the following sentence: "In order *fully* to appreciate the character of Lord Holland, it is necessary to go back into the history of his family." In 1843 Macaulay brought out an edition of his essays carefully revised. In that the beginning of the sentence just quoted had been changed so as to read, "In order to *fully* appreciate the character of Lord Holland." This is the form which was retained in subsequent editions. There seems no other reason to give for the alteration than the belief on the part of the essayist that thereby he imparted greater force to the assertion. For Macaulay was never careless about his expression. What he did he did designedly. He must have believed that in thus departing from his usual practice he had secured the additional emphasis for which he was striving.

Such is a brief outline of the fortunes of this so-called corruption. It is hardly necessary to say that throughout this article the term corruption has been used not in the proper sense of the word, but in that given to it by those who apply it to all transformations and changes going on in language which have not the good fortune to meet with their personal approval. If men come seriously to believe that ambiguity can be lessened or emphasis increased by changing the order of words in any given phrase, we may be sure that in time the habit of so doing will be adopted whenever it is deemed desirable. It is clear that most of those who now refrain from the practice under discussion no longer do so instinctively, as was once the case, but rather under compulsion. They refrain, not because they feel that it is unnatural or unidiomatic, but because they have been told that it is improper. Artificial bulwarks of this sort will never hold back long a general movement of speech. If the present attitude of men towards this particular usage continues—and of this there seems every likelihood—they can be relied upon to brush aside the objections of purists as summarily and as effectively as they have done in the case of the passive form *is being*. If they proceed so to do, no one need feel the slightest anxiety as to the injurious consequences which will befall the English tongue. It is not by agencies of this nature that the real corruption of speech is brought about. Were such the case, our language would have been already ruined any number of times and at any number of periods.

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The "Life and Letters" of Mrs. Pope

BY OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR

I

ROBUST, not yet elderly, and alive, as she apparently was to much that was mortal and contemporaneous, Mrs. Pope would have seemed to have little concern with the assumption of the shining vestures of immortality. Yet it happened that of late years, at least, her mental vision had been narrowly directed toward the conditions that should succeed her death, and that she had habitually dallied with the consideration of scenes in which she should play a supreme, if ghostly, part. The fruit of this concentration lay garnered now before her, in superabundant fulness, in the shape of the amassed material for the unwritten memoir. It was but too evident that the editor's chief difficulty, as Mrs. Pope had often reminded her cousin, Edward Gower, already appointed her literary executor, would be one of resolute elimination. And this applied not only to the "Life," but to the "Letters"—the latter a remarkable collection, touching upon who knew how many political, social, literary crises—signed with names to which fame had in almost every case imparted resonance; letters not of the day or generation, but of the century. The greater part of these now were, as the result of Mrs. Pope's recent industry, dated, classified, exquisitely ordered; Mr. Gower's future labors would not be beset with petty vexations.

There were onlookers, of course, with their inevitable comments. Apart from the fact that Edward Gower was ten years younger than Mrs. Pope, was there ground to suppose, they rather impertinently questioned, that he would outlive her? It was an assumption requiring many "ifs." Gower was frail, bent, distinctly the scholar type; Julia Pope, ruddy, vital, unwearied—she would probably live to be ninety, and helpless! —Let them frame, if they would, the responsibilities of the man's survival.

The biographer and his subject, anticipating no such untoward caprice of destiny, had their business admirably in hand, even to the few significant illustrations, from paintings and rare photographs, which Mrs. Pope had deliberately permitted. The publishers, they were able to take for granted, would, in the leisurely course of time, bring out the work in a number of volumes that should be consonant, in a measure, with the "uniform edition" of Mrs. Pope's own writings. There they stood, always in a convenient row, ready for consultation, those staid volumes in dull dark-blue, tagged simply at the back with a yellowish label — the "Essays, Critical and Familiar," the "Shorter Studies," the "Echoes of an Embassy," the "Eighteenth Century Portraits," and so on. Their competent pages proved Mrs. Pope an expert biographer, but—apart from her perhaps whimsical determination that the book should not be published before her death—she declined to be her own. Self-praise she found offensive, self-depreciation contemptible,—and how might the autobiographer be dispassionate?

If reaction, on the part of the fastidious subject of the memoir, was to come, it was distinctly fortunate that it should have been delayed until the drudgery that demanded her cooperation was so nearly complete. The two, Mrs. Pope and her biographer, were sitting one day, as they so often sat, at opposite sides of the long table in the library of the little suburban house to which Julia had exiled herself in the year that her widow's income had shrunk to a mere handful. Gower was about to sail for England in behalf of a commission that would confine him to the British Museum for an indefinite number of weeks; therefore the afternoon session with the "Life and Letters" had been somewhat prolonged.

"Now, with your permission," Gower

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was saying, as he handled, with a wonderfully specialized facility, a score or more of almost precisely similar piles of manuscripts, "I shall insert here the Wade correspondence; — condensed, of course. It may throw out the chronology a bit, but logically it commends itself.— Well, does it not? What do you think?"

"As you like."

"Have you a headache?" The tone suggested a courteous determination to hold her to the task in behalf of which he had made his invariable biweekly trip from town.

"I am well, thank you," said Mrs. Pope, absently, and added: "But suppose we leave it for a little, Edward, if you don't mind. I'm feeling somewhat inconsequent."

Gower looked up from his papers as a startled robin looks up from the worm upon which all its attention is focussed. The logical and efficient Julia confessing inconsequence? It was grotesque.

"It's only that I have been thinking it over,—all this." Her gesture was a disdainful inclusion of the manuscripts that lay before her. "And it has occurred to me to ask you—in case this memoir of yours were an attempt to represent me as a personality, rather than a post-office box—with what kind of an estimate of me would you embellish it? What would it be,—your editorial judgment, not your cousinly? Regale me with an adjective or two of your own inimitably apt selection."

"Oh, why do you ask?" Gower, recovering himself, fell into that familiar vein of mild sarcasm which, in combination with the almost appealing delicacy and gentleness of his personality, gave him, it was usually thought, a quite peculiar charm. "I should compliment you most on being candid; but I shall have done my work so adequately that a tag-end of adjectives will be superfluous. 'Don't trouble yourself, Mr. Gower,' my appreciative readers will say, 'to describe, in so many words, the accomplished Mrs. Pope. Your very luminous chapters have done that. We can all see her, thank you, as well as you can, —supremely efficient,'"—the biographer airily waved his hand, — "'supremely clear-headed, supremely impersonal—'"

"Ah, that's it,—impersonal!" It was almost as if she had awaited the word.

"Preeminently." He smiled, not catching the seriousness of her mood.

"So that's the garment I'm to wear?— Then I have been sewing my own shroud here, month after month, with an eye merely to its fit, and without a thought of how very uncongenial a garment it would be!"

The biographer began to feel disturbed. "What one, among other things, admires in you," he hastened to justify himself, "is, as you know, precisely that quality of intellectual dispassionateness. Do you wish me to defend to you your own virtues?"

In his determination not to perceive the point, Gower became almost flippant. He strongly disliked the unusual—an unusual emotion in particular. And it had always been such a joy to work with Julia; she was so rarely the thing he pityingly called "feminine."

"I have been exercising that dispassionateness a little,—permitting myself the luxury of scorning the woman of fifty who is engaged in no more vital business than sorting papers for her memoir; and this not at all because she is senile, but because both she and her best friend are aware that her life interest has ebbed. It's that fact that is going to color your book so grimly. Think, Edward, what it is, for a man or a woman, to have lived one's life at forty,— and to know it!—I haven't often spoken of this, I believe."

Mrs. Pope pushed aside the papers she had been annotating and leaned toward her cousin with something of eagerness in her attitude, something of a hope that he would contradict her. Gower, now genuinely moved, gripping himself lest he betray his unwelcome pity, had that confused awareness of transition of the spectator at a play when, after a moment's flash of darkness, he perceives the magical substitution of new figures and a new scene. Thus the substance of the "Life and Letters," the infinite petty laboriousness of the task on which they had spent so many hours, seemed to have been swept away, and with them that competent woman of rounded conventional exterior and exclusive literary preoccupations that was Mrs. Pope. In-

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stead, sat in her place a woman whose unveiled eyes and appealing quality of voice showed her uncomfortable sincerity; who was facing incontrovertible realities and demanding that he face them with her. Unwillingly, he listened.

"You remember, Edward, what I was at twenty-five, when David got the ambassadorship. You know what people said of me when the first Essays came out. The 'intellectually dispassionate' wife of a brilliant man, years older than herself, can command some interest, for a time! The flaw in my triumphs was their impersonality,—you hit the point very well. Any daughter of such a race, any wife of such a husband, would have had the same. My biography and I have both been so dreadfully predestined, —don't you feel it? Oh, you know very well that when my widowhood and my poverty combined to efface me, and my own little department of literature ceased to be a novelty, no one considered me any more.—No one has considered me for ten years. My books appear now and then,—people come out from town to see me, but not as often or as eagerly as though I were able to entertain them. No one expects anything from me. I am dead. That's why you have been preparing my memoir. And, my dear Edward, you have had the effrontery to get my ghost to help you!"

"You miss the European life so much?" he asked, calmly.

"Was it life? At all events, it was material for your memoir. And that is, I admit, what all my inheritance, all my training, what every line of my body and turn of my mind, have fitted me for —living a life that shall look complacently irreproachable in print."

The vibrations that he caught of her intense feeling touched Gower more deeply than his cousin's words. Yet his delicacy was sufficient to lead him to repress any sign that could be construed as sympathy. For years he had supposed that he knew Julia Pope well, loosely assuming, with the rest of mankind, that kinship implies insight, but even now, with his newly different perception, there still seemed pitifully little that he could say. There was a moment's eloquent silence; then Julia rose, with a light, determined air of dissipating the seriousness of her own confession.

"Edward,"—she had, after all, risen to but a moderate height of self-possession,—"in recognition of your imminent vacation, you shall gather up the papers alone. We have half an hour before dinner."

Dinner, however, was sparingly eaten. The candle-lighted room seemed hardly brilliant enough to defy the sombre influence of the gusts of rain that swept across the porch outside, in this moment of the eclipse of twilight. Julia herself was exerting an obvious effort at repression. The anxiety that from its very indefiniteness Gower was all the more unable to shake off silenced him also. Conversation was spasmodic and, in view of the closeness of their acquaintance, absurdly casual. And Gower found himself timidly postponing until the very moment of his departure any further mention of the "Life and Letters."

"And I quite forgot to tell you," Mrs. Pope supplemented her farewell, in a manner that just lacked of fullest candor, "that I had already decided I must have help, in your absence, in straightening out this endless memoir correspondence. Mr. Dallas has promised to send some one out to me this week,— it is, I believe, the young Mr. Thayer who has written some better than ordinary verse for the *Review*—Francis Thayer."

II

Mrs. Pope sat in her dim library, at an intelligently disordered desk. Like many persons of literary pursuits, she had a habit of appearing occupied even when she was, strictly speaking, idle; and even now, when her ears awaited the sound of the door-bell, her slim hands still puttered capably with a miscellany of manuscript and letters.

Promptly at four—Julia's watch lay open before her—Francis Thayer, without preliminary announcement, was shown directly into the room. Mrs. Pope's detachment from the papers with which her hands were engaged did not appear difficult; it was plain that she was awaiting him. A slim but unathletic figure he was, with a long, delicate face under hair of heavy blackness, and nervous hands. From his deep eyes

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shone a hint, now and then, of that ingenuous eagerness, at Thayer's age so compelling, to meet, face to face, certain personalities of moment. It would not have been without significance to Julia could she have known that over and over again, as he had walked blindly through the brilliant autumn afternoon, the mere name, "Mrs. Pope," "Mrs. Pope," with its rich associations, had sung itself in his head. It was a day, it happened, when even to peep out from a window is a taste of romance, and when to walk alone along a country road is adventure itself. The deep, unflecked sky hung like a great bell, against which each note of sound reverberated exultantly. It was, indeed, the sort of scene and atmosphere when every impression most readily translates itself into terms of sound, and, in an abstracted way, Thayer had realized that the blood-red leaves of the vines that hung from sere branches were like a battle-cry, and the deep, rich blending of colors on the wooded hillsides like organ music. Yet, preoccupied as he was with hero-worship, he could not free himself sufficiently for a direct and vivid enjoyment.

Now that the moment had arrived, he said little and absorbed much. With practised fluency, Mrs. Pope sustained a vivacious monologue, while Thayer frankly studied her, made the most of his nearness. Dimly, he felt a disappointment at not getting a simple, complete impression. The famous woman's personality was not distinct, sharply etched, but seemed to lie beneath layers of superfluous conventionalities. There was one key to her, in that she smiled as the amiably satirical Julia Pope of the Eighteenth Century Portraits should have smiled. But her dress, the rather massive fashion of arranging her hair, the perplexing social encrustations, baffled him. Again, he had come on an errand of her own making, and it was a little unexpected to be treated as a guest; still more as he could readily divine that would not be her custom. What did it mean? Why was she talking to him of such remote, graceful matters? Did she not know why he had come?

"And you will agree with me that the movement is in quite the other direction," —she finished a semi-satirical little discourse and switched off sharply: "Oh! before we speak of our little matter, Mr. Thayer, I should like to offer my felicitations. The verses Mr. Dallas showed me were distinctly a poet's work. —You have had a good deal of encouragement, perhaps?" She had deliberately chosen the means to bring him out.

"On the contrary, I've had scarcely any. I feel that long arrears are due me."

She laughed in just the right way, Thayer thought. "Then you must allow me to repeat mine often. After all, since we are to work together," she went on, graciously, "it is an advantage, is it not, for us to take each other seriously as authors?"

"Mrs. Pope, don't imagine I undervalue the privilege of working on your 'Life'—"

"Oh, the 'Life' . . . But you know some of the other things, perhaps?"

"So well that I sat for an hour in the ferry-house watching the progress of official time, lest my own watch mislead me and I miss the train!"

With this, he noticed the row of blue volumes on one of the low shelves, and impulsively took them out, one by one, to run through the pages familiarly, to make brief, enthusiastic comments, to handle the covers caressingly as he replaced them. His admiration of the books was at once so spontaneous and so adequate that their author could not merely take it for granted. She owned, on the contrary, a delighted surprise as Thayer expressed his competent and delicate appreciation. A half-hour's talk took them deep into a discussion of the Eighteenth Century Portraits; it was years, Julia remembered, since she had talked to any one of the origin and inspiration of these essays. . . . Yet had he been artful, disposed to ingratiate himself after this fashion, Thayer would hardly have succeeded in thus "drawing out" his hostess. It was not thought, in her case, to be an easy thing to do.

They parted on a surprising footing of established acquaintance. And when her friend Caroline Waring, who was staying with her, asked whether Mrs. Pope thought her young secretary would "do," she was rather taken aback by the reply.

"Caroline, he is like a half-opened magnolia. A beautiful young creature,

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really, with an ivory coloring you would delight in. You must see him to-morrow."

"How opportune is such a quality," commented Caroline, "in a secretary."

"Oh, but you are quite right. And it would be still more so if he could succeed in communicating some of that vital youth of his to the 'Life.' Would I not better keep him and press him between the leaves, like a blossom?"

Work on the memoir began the next morning, with every appearance of conscientious industry. At first Mrs. Pope took the lead, explaining, with but a charming digression or two, now and then, the character of the material and its scheme of arrangement. But day by day, as the secretary gained a firmer hold, Mrs. Pope found her own co-operation becoming more and more superfluous. Gower himself, it proved, had not a readier discernment, a more faultless good taste in the selection and condensation of details. The spring of Thayer's efficiency may have consisted partly, of course, in the fact that he followed the sequence of the material with something absurdly like ardor. The thing interested him; he was frankly glad to have a share in it. As to this Mrs. Pope said nothing, though she proved willing enough, when Thayer's shy hints showed the tenor of his interest, to piece out the formal narrative, to tell him of this and that great man or circumstance. Her own share in the work came indeed, after a time, to be practically limited to these agreeable interpolations. Thus their mornings together took on the tinge of familiar custom. But whereas Julia Pope's story was of the big, showy world of which she had been a part, Thayer's briefer thread of years seemed to hold the memories of intellectual experience merely. In spite of his impressible, emotional nature, his life seemed, to an extraordinary degree, to have been lived within himself. Even the friendships to which he attached greatest significance were intangible, unworldly, book-made.

Increasingly often it happened that when the moment came for Thayer to run for his train, the day's task would just fail of completion; and Mrs. Pope would insist on straightening, herself, the disarray in which the secretary would be compelled to leave his papers. Such incidents embarrassed Thayer, who sensitively resented an appearance of slighting his work. To Julia they were, in an undefined way, a pleasure.

One shrill, threatening afternoon in late November, when Thayer's secretaryship seemed to them both an institution of comfortably remote origin, there devolved upon Mrs. Pope this brief task of putting the work in order. Alone in the still room, she began almost automatically to handle the papers that lay as Thayer had left them. Because most of them bore legends that she recognized at sight, her attention was all the more quickly arrested by one that immediately struck her as foreign. She drew it out, and read, in Francis Thayer's compact, scholarly hand, from a page that was evidently but a section of a letter:

"for me. And do you remember, dearest, what the priggish Godwin said? —'Absence bestows a refined and aerial delicacy upon affection which it with difficulty acquires in any other way. It seems to resemble the communication of spirits without the medium or impediment of this earthly frame.'—Well, I am coming to feel, perforce, the truth of that. Absence is less a lament, a negative thing, than, in a sense, a truer possession. And if I might only tell you, dear—"

An odd variation, this fragment, from the calm and elegant formality and reserve of the "Life and Letters"! Over and over again Julia absorbedly read the riddle. Nor until she had read it many times did this woman of honor and of gentle breeding realize that the thing was not hers to read. Or—there came a second dizzying thought—was it, by any chance, hers, after all?—an inadvertent betrayal of— No, that was impossible. Julia bent low over the table and hid her face. And to-morrow, some day, Thayer would find the letter and surmise that she had seen it. How could she prevent him from knowing that she knew—yet what, after all, did she know? She had forborne to glance at the remaining sheets, and that which she had read bore no name, no clue of any kind. She glanced again at the last unfinished line. Who was so "dear" to him—she faced and,

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in a memorably heroic moment, overcame her passionate desire to know—that he could thus unconstrainedly write out his intimate thought?

Pityingly the feathery darkness gathered about her while Julia Pope still held the sheet of paper whose words stood out for her as relentlessly as though the light yet shone upon them,—looking away from it only to glance opposite to that gloom-filled space where she could almost trace the slender outlines and the delicate, serious face of the youth who had written it. And she laughed grimly at herself, exaggerating the contrast that she felt to exist between what lay in those deep drawers yonder—that meagre, mocking portrait of the "impersonal" Mrs. Pope—and this one live thing that she held in her hand; this one bit of intimate reality, which, were it hers, could how wonderfully illumine the dark waste spaces of her life and of its record. But it could not be hers. Nor could she even acquire the grim certainty that it was for some one else. Smiling at herself, she kissed the bit of paper, in this one moment that it was hers, then replaced it carefully and left the room.

III

From this time on there was, in the little library, of mornings, while Thayer worked and Mrs. Pope luminously supplied her intermittent glow of inspiration, a perturbing consciousness of something concealed. It would probably have been the simple and candid thing to admit, indifferently, to Thayer, the next day, that the letter had been found; but it was a situation where simplicity and candor have the air of something distinctly opposite. Mrs. Pope was not without courage; but the greater share of that virtue was consumed in following the somewhat humiliating course of saying nothing. Whether the boy himself realized what had, after all, been but the shadow of an incident was not to be known from any superficial indications. He continued to seem to her, as always, a bewitching alternation of exquisite enthusiasms and shy reserves; and, oddly, she shrank from a too near knowledge of him. The steady, serious glances that he directed toward her now and then might have meant many things, from the hero-worship he had so frankly confessed from the beginning, to an intense desire to know whether she could have seen his letter. His very artlessness made him the more impenetrable.

As for Mrs. Pope, her cloak of graceful formality had been worn for a lifetime; one could scarcely have known her without it. Such moments as that in which Edward Gower had read her lonely heart were indeed rare in her life. Outwardly, therefore, in her relation with Thayer there was not the most delicate intimation of a change.

With the exception, that is, of certain charming little evidences of Thayer's admiration for her, that multiplied, perhaps, as time went on. With an affectionate deference he would daily submit his fresh impressions, opinions,—advances which she met, on her side, with an unaffected pleasure, wishing vainly that she might eliminate that underthought that persisted in measuring each act of his according to the madly unreal possibility that his letter had suggested. In this fashion the autumn flew past them and the work on the "Life and Letters" was almost done.

"Three mornings should finish it, I think," Thayer remarked, quietly, one day.

Mrs. Pope was silent for a moment. It was precisely to forestall this announcement that she had of late tried to know as little as possible of the details of the work.

"And what then?"

"Oh, more drudgery at the *Review* office, very likely."

He lacked her art; and his tone held a disappointment that hers did not.

"You did not understand me."

He looked at her seriously.

"I supposed," she explained, in smiling challenge, "that my question might express your own thought. I am sure we have enjoyed our work together; but its comparative futility must have struck you, now and then?"

"This, futile?"

"It will be considered so, I fancy. It is an age hungry for color, personality, human experience. The mere shell of a biography counts for little. One may perhaps be pardoned," she smiled, "for regarding one's self on the one hand as

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of too little importance for this kind of treatment, and, on the other, of too much to have forfeited—something else."

Thayer thought it over. "That has occurred to me inevitably, Mrs. Pope," he said. "But I assumed that the character of the work represented your own preference, your diction even. If not—"

"Mr. Gower is to be the biographer. He is, as you know, ideally qualified."

"And yet," said Thayer, impulsively, "he has most ingeniously contrived to miss the point. The memoir will almost serve as a disguise. Apart from its mass of fascinating impersonal material, the book is to be, is it not, a book about you?—And yet where you are concerned it promises to be so summary, so barren. And I had supposed that some motive of your own—"

"I am allowing you to think something untrue," she interrupted him. "Mr. Gower's work should not be criticised. It is I who am at fault,—who am futile, uninspiring. And if my memoir, compared with the lives of other women, tells this, why, I suppose it will tell only the truth. Possibly there has been a kind of ban upon me always," she finished, lightly.—"You feel it, perhaps?"

"May I tell you what I feel about you? That as much that is beautiful, that is great and moving, as may come into a life,—is rightfully yours. That your life should never be written and fail to include it."

"And if it is not there? Mr. Gower is a truthful man."

"You are not doing me the honor to be quite serious with me," said Thayer, looking at her intently.

She delighted in his attitude of protest, and could not forbear encouraging it. "Of course," she smiled at him, "it is possible that this dreary task was performed a little too soon,—though I hardly think it. Mr. Gower began it under the perfectly natural assumption that I was socially dead and sooner or later to be decently buried. There have, I believe, been instances of resuscitation. But are they not rare?"

The bitterness that she no longer strove to keep from her voice affected Thayer profoundly. It was his sincere impulse to comfort, to reassure her. "I beg of you," he said, "not to permit contact with this lifeless thing to depress you, as I can see that it—might. Oh, Mrs. Pope, why do you look so far ahead as to be troubled by the dust and ashes of it all? Ought you not to live, instead, while the flame is burning? There is so much to live for!"

"What one needs, sometimes," she said, slowly, "is a loud, ringing call to life. One becomes deaf, blind, inert, impotent,—one slips away so far."

"Oh yes," he quickly agreed with her. "And it is that call to life, as you say, that is the privilege of those who love you."

She made a heroic effort not to misunderstand him. "You are so young," she said, gently. "There are so many things of which you can know nothing."

"No," he said, "I know. We are speaking very freely, are we not? Then let me tell you that I know what it is to be 'deaf, blind, inert.' I was ill, once, in every sense. I needed a sudden, sharp rousing to vitality and to enthusiasm, and it was my mother who roused me. She could do it, because she is so remarkable a woman and because there is so extraordinary a sympathy between us. I have been thinking of her because I happened to find here, this morning, among these papers, a letter that I wrote her some weeks ago. It is a pleasure of which I quite intemperately avail myself, this writing to my mother; because I know that I can write down, journal fashion, each absurd little thought that I have, and she understands."

It would not have occurred to her to disbelieve him. And knowing that he spoke the truth, she experienced, suddenly, an almost superhuman lightness of spirit,—while, in the moment of casting it off, she grimly felt, for the first time, how unworthy of her was the bitterness she had suffered. Then, in the minutes that followed, as she half listened to what Thayer was saying, and deafly answered it, there crept upon her the almost unbearable knowledge that nothing stood between her and her unfulfilled desire. A storm of speculation crowded her brain. One thing only was plain to her, that she must think this over away from him, that he must not sit there opposite her. The least-considered excuse would avail her. But it was imperative that she be alone.

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IV

From the moment that Thayer left the house, Mrs. Pope found herself alone with an intolerable sense of something to be faced. A desire possessed her to crowd with petty occupations the intrusive hours of this day that wore so ominous an air. Yet these gave her little relief from that frightened sense of hostile, intangible approaches that beset her as she cowered among the papers on her desk, shrinking the deeper into the pretence of absorption whenever she heard a step in the hall.

After dinner, with the same pitiful instinct of self-protection, she bade Caroline Waring read aloud to her from books which she knew so well that there was no need of listening; and, with an outward air of conformity, hugged fiercely her mental solitude. And it was still early when the two women performed their little domestic ritual of extinguishing the day's fires and its interests and bade each other good night.

When she was sure that her household slept, Mrs. Pope crept down-stairs again, and hunted in the dark for some fresh sticks to put on the still glowing ashes. The haunting things that surrounded her must be confronted; and here, in this room, where such odd new lights had broken upon her life, was the place to do it.

Undoubtedly this thing that teased and tempted her was a real possibility. It did plainly lie within her passionately hungry reach, this beautiful thing that would stamp and seal her undetermined life and make it good.

She tried to fortify herself. There was an affection that was all hers. Legitimately, because undeliberately, she had awakened it. And there were sympathy and admiration and other sweet if unsatisfying things. They were dear to her: and through them, by ever so faint a pressure, by ever so narrow a revelation of what lay within herself, she could obtain what would be dearer still. Until now she had walked in the garden empty-handed. Only now had her flower opened. And because it was not full-blown, should she spare it? What a fantastic extremity of self-mortification! Surely one needed only to read the "Life and Letters—"

She caught herself up. That consideration, at least, must not enter here and poison her reflections. She would shut it out.

Shut it out?—But it would not go! Must that, too, be faced?

She went to the tall desk in the corner, felt with familiar fingers in the drawers, drew out a mass of papers, and, on the rug, by the dim light of the little fire, went over them. Ah, how well she already knew those pages; and how plainly she could see them all in print, in those decorous blue volumes which were to appear some time, some distant time when she should unimportantly have died. How clearly she could hear the comments the book would arouse, in such quarters as it aroused any! How easily and uninterestedly they would classify her! All the woman's warped, aching egoism protested that then she would be dead and helpless, while now she was alive and potent to alter, to prevent. . . . And how tiresome the critics would be, with their incongruous mixture of judgment and impertinent speculation. She could foresee their pompous little papers, pointing out that, alone of distinguished women writers, Julia Pope had led a life devoid of "interesting passages." They would hold it incredible that she should have been in early life a calm participant in staid domestic joys, in later life a loyal and somewhat stupid martyr, only, to their memory. And, the truth being incredible, what falsities would not be postulated?

On the other hand, what if the "Life" should contain, addressed to her, such letters as Francis Thayer could write? Was it weak woman's vanity, or something more, that in this crucial hour she should have realized the profit to herself, to this literary urn of hers,—of his letters? In the very moment that the thought took shape she condemned it as monstrous; yet could not utterly abandon it.

She pushed the papers aside. Thoughts came swiftly and fluently now; there was no further need to urge their flow. How nimbly, indeed, they danced in her brain as she sat holding her hot cheeks in her hands! . . .

She clung tenderly to the thought of the boy, reiterated the spontaneous

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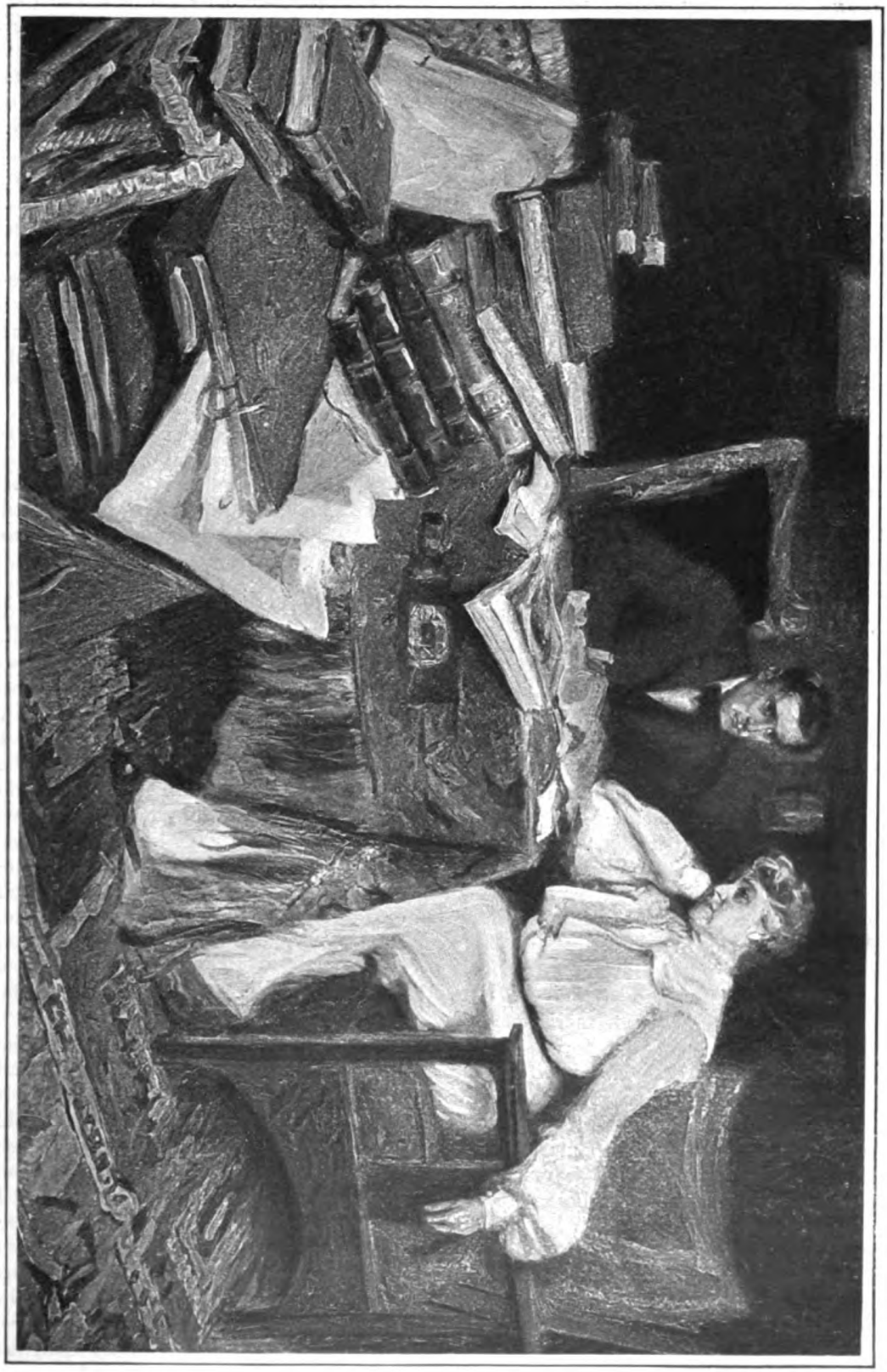

THE BITTERNESS IN HER VOICE AFFECTED THAYER PROFOUNDLY

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things he had innocently said to her. Only this morning he had told her she was made for "as much that is beautiful, that is great and moving, as may come into a life." How easy it would be, by the most delicate suggestion, to intensify, in his fluid, poetic nature, the color of that affection. Then how they would laugh, they two, at age and time and tradition, and at the stupid face of the staring world!—in what royal measure would they live and love together!

Ah, but she was an honorable woman; he thought of her as such. And had it not been for the wretched "Life," she might never have realized her great need, might never have known this ignoble conflict!

There were a few spots in the ashes that still glowed. Julia could always see them afterwards when she recalled the moments when for the last time she faced the vague warning shapes that hovered about her, uncannily aware of her thought. She must defy them stalwartly, or submit and seek a faded peace.

For a long time she sat motionless. Then, her decision reached, she rose and went up-stairs.

V

It was not until Edward Gower was in Mrs. Pope's own atmosphere again, at her very door, that he recalled—so absorbed had he been in other matters—the perturbed character of their last meeting. For years he had thought of his cousin Julia as calm, remote, agreeably apart from the world of women that is engaged in buying bonnets and having nervous prostration—the trivial world of which, despite his superior fastidiousness, he had now and then been forced to take a distinct whiff. It was not precisely that poor Julia, by her confession to him, had merged herself in this inferior horde, only that—now that he thought of it—it made her less simple, less restful, to contemplate. From long habit he had slipped away from New York at the earliest possible moment after his arrival from England. And it was undoubtedly selfish of him not to have remembered, even—

"Dear Edward, I am glad to see you again! You haven't at all a musty look — can you have been grubbing all this time?"

Mrs. Pope had come in, flushed and hurried. And was there just the faintest shade of defiance in her gay greeting? Gower looked at her with a keen interest. Decidedly she was not the old Julia whom one comfortably took for granted. Neither was she a Julia who would make confessions. If there was anything that again infused an awkward consciousness into their meeting, Gower knew that this time it was irrevocably curtained. Determinedly he talked of impersonal matters, until Julia herself demanded, briskly:

"But why do you ask nothing about the memoir? The work is quite finished. Does not that gratify you? Do I receive no commendation?"

"Excellent!—particularly as—well, Julia, I'm going to bring up an old matter, if you will forgive me. It is for the last time. . . . All our work has been based on the assumption that you refused to permit publication during your lifetime."

"Yes."

"I have respected your reasons, and I have not urged you against your will. But in England there are so many who know you, who knew Mr. Pope, who know of the letters. Their interest in the book is extraordinary. They insist that it would never be received with greater appreciation than if it were hurried through and brought out now. Again and again I have listened to these arguments from the men whom you yourself would have listened to, had you been there; from Histed, and Hall, and Blake. It takes some courage to mention this to you, Julia, and I bring it up now to have it over. I know you feel the thing doesn't represent you—"

"But there is the question of disinterestedness, of public spirit, isn't there?" said Julia, in a mild tone; it might also have been satirical,—he could not tell. "It contains letters to which our friends in England would devote an hour or two of spectacled attention. I ought to consider them. I ought to consider the interest of my husband's friends in all documents that concern him. Why should I hold back this material in the vague feminine expectation that something may yet happen to me? Oh, decidedly there is this aspect of it."

"You are putting it too strongly, Julia," said Gower, surprised at finding himself

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THOUGHTS CAME SWIFTLY AND FLUENTLY NOW

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Half-tone plate engraved by G. F. Smith

A WEARY FIGURE STOOD IN THE DOORWAY

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in an attitude of self-defence. "The book should never be brought out until it meets your approbation. The only point is,—could you bring yourself to feel it unnecessary to wait? Might it not even be a satisfaction to you? You say the material is in order. Your secretary was satisfactory?"

"Oh, eminently. Neat, methodical, prompt, industrious. You must see him and show him that you appreciate what he has done, since it was all for you."

"But I don't want to patronize him. Isn't he a youth with ambitions of his own,—didn't you tell me? One of the kind that's known as promising?"

"He has talent, yes. And I would not patronize him if I were you. He regards me as a well-mannered old lady, and I should not wish him to think I had an arrogant cousin."

Gower noted odd and discomforting little points in his cousin's behavior, and decided she was concealing a hurt. It had gotten on her nerves to finish that tiresome job, and very likely the little cad whom she got to help her had hurt her feelings. She had come to be so sensitive. . . . He would at least try to efface the disturbing thought that he himself had brought.

"Forgive me for bringing up the question of publishing the book, Julia," he said, impulsively.

"But why? I have been thinking of it, too. It may as well be decided now."

"You mean immediately? So that I could write to England next week?"

"Why not?—"

"Some letters, Mrs. Pope." A maid had come in.

"Ah!" She looked them over, and selected one. "I see this is important. If you will pardon me a moment, Edward—"

Gower took a book from the table and began to read; and did not notice, therefore, that Mrs. Pope turned away her face when she read the letter, or that she let the others drop to the floor.

"Dear Mrs. Pope," she read:

"I found I had not the courage, when I saw you last, to give you the verses which I now send you. They belong to you more than to me. They will tell you what I cannot say, suggest to you what you have been to me. And if there be any beauty in them, it is you that have created it through your always grateful instrument, FRANCIS THAYER."

Julia read the note twice, holding the enclosure unopened in her hand. Could this mean, after all, that what she had so desired, what she had superfluously renounced, had, after all, come to her, and in this unexpected, delicate way? But she could not come into this knowledge with Edward, flippant and critical and observant, sitting opposite.

"Edward, there is something that needs my attention. If you will excuse me for a few minutes, I will—I will give you my decision about the 'Life.'"

"Oh, you are very good," Gower roused himself to say. He was already absorbed in the book he had picked up.

With her letter in her hand, Julia Pope walked blindly from the room. As soon as she was alone she opened the folded sheet bearing Thayer's verses,—graceful verses, deferential, sedate. . . . How foolish she had been!

"Edward,"—a weary figure stood in the doorway,—"you may write to England whenever you like. I think best, after all, that the 'Life' should be published; perhaps as soon as possible."

Alms

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

A BEGGAR, bent beneath the weight of years—
To wretchedness inured, half reconciled,
Entreated help, and I could give but tears;
Yet grateful looked the man on me, and smiled.

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Sir Mortimer

BY MARY JOHNSTON

CHAPTER XI

IN England, since the stealing forth of one lonely ship, heard of no more, three spring-times had kissed fingertips to winter and bourgeoned into summer, and three summers had held court in pride, then shrivelled into autumn. In King Philip of Spain his Indies, blazing sunshine, cataracts of rain, had marked off a like number of years, when Sir Francis Drake with an Armada of five-and-twenty ships, fresh from the spoiling of Santiago and Santo Domingo, held the strong town of Cartagena, and awaited the tardy forthcoming of the Spanish ransom. Week piled itself upon week, and the full amount was yet lacking. When negotiations prospered and the air was full of promise, Sir Francis and all his captains and volunteers were most courteous, exchanging with their enemies compliment and entertainment; when the Spanish commissioners drew back, or when the morning report of the English dead from fever or old injuries was long, half the day might be spent in the deliberate sacking of some portion of the town. With the afternoon the commissioners gave ground again, and like enough the evening ended with some splendid love-feast between Spaniard and Englishman. On the morrow came the usual hitch, the usual assurances that the gold of the town had been buried (one knew not where) by its fleeing people, the usual proud wheedling for the naming by the victors of a far lower ransom. Drake, having reaped more glory than gain from Santiago and Santo Domingo, was now obstinate in his demand, but Carlisle, the Lieutenant-General, counselled less rigorous terms, and John Nevil, who with two ships of his own had joined Drake at the Terceiras, spoke of the fever:

"It is no common sickness. Each day sees a battle lost by us, won by the Spaniard. You have held his strongest city for now five weeks. There are other cities, other adventures upon which you will fight again, and again and again until you die, Frank Drake."

"There were a many dead this morning," put in Powell, the sergeant-major. "There had been a many more were't not for the friar's remedy."

Drake moved impatiently. "I would your miracle of Saint Francis his return had wrought itself somewhat sooner. Now it is late in the day,—though God knows I am glad for the least of my poor fellows if he be raised from his sickness through this or any other cure. . . . Captain Carlisle, you will see to it that before night I have the opinion of all the land captains touching our contentment with a moiety of the ransom and our leave-taking of this place. Captain Cecil, you will speak for the officers of the ships. Gentlemen, the council is over."

As the group dissolved and the men began to move and speak with freedom, Giles Arden touched Captain Powell upon the sleeve:

"What monk's tale is this of a Spanish friar who heals Lutheran dogs? I' faith, I had bodeful dreams last night, and waked this morning now hot, now cold. I'll end my days with no foul fever—an I can help it! What's the man and his remedy?"

"Why," answered Powell, doubtfully, "his words are Spanish, but at times I do think the man is no such thing. He came to the camp a week agone, waving a piece of white cloth and supporting a youth, who, it seems, was like to have pined away amongst the Indian villages, all for lack of Christian sights and sounds. The friar, having brought him to the hospital, wished to leave him with the chirurgeons and himself return to the Indians, whom, we understand, he has gathered into a mission. But the

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youth cried out, and clutching at the other's robe (it was a pity to see, for he was very weak), dragged himself to his feet and set his face again to the forest. Whereupon the elder gave way, and since then has nursed his companion—ay, and many another poor soul who longs no more for gold and the strange things of earth. As for the remedy—he goes to the forest and returns, and with him two or maybe three stout Indians bearing bark and branch of a certain tree, from which he makes an infusion. I only know that for well-nigh all the stricken he hath lightened the fever, and that he hath recalled to life many an one whom the chirurgeon had given over to the chaplain."

"What like is the youth?" queried Arden.

"Why, scarce a boy, nor yet a man in years; and, for all his illness, watcheth the other like any faithful dog. English, moreover—"

"English!"

"At times he grows light-headed, and then his speech is English. The gowned fellow stills him with his hand, or gives him some potion, whereupon he sleeps."

"What like is this Spanish friar?" broke in suddenly and with harshness Sir John Nevil's voice.

"Why, sir," Powell answered, "his cowl overshadows his face, but going suddenly on yesterday into the hut where he bides with the youth, I saw that as he bent over his patient the cowl had fallen back. My gran'ther (rest his soul!), who died at ninety, had not whiter hair."

"An old man!" exclaimed Sir John, and, sighing, turned himself in his chair. Arden, rising, left the company for the window, where he looked down upon the city of Cartagena and outward to the investing fleet. The streets of the town were closed by barricades, admirably constructed by the Spaniards, but now in English possession. Beyond the barricades and near the sea were the low and narrow buildings where lay the wounded and the fever-stricken. It was a rude hospital enough,—forming to some therein but a baiting-place where pain and panic and the miseries of the brain were become, for the time, their bedfellows; to others, the very house of dissolution, a fast-crumbling shelter built upon the brim of the world, with Death, the impartial beleaguer, already at the door. Arden turned aside and joined the group about Drake, the great sea captain in whose company nor fear nor doubting melancholy could long hold place.

That night, shortly after the setting of the watch, Sir John Nevil, with a man or two behind him, found himself challenged at the barricade of a certain street, gave the word, and passed on, to behold immediately before him and travelling the same road a dark, unattended figure. To his sharp "Who goes there?" a familiar voice made answer, and Arden paused until his friend and leader came up with him.

"A common road and a common goal," spoke Nevil.

"Ay!—common fools!" answered the other, — "who, hearing of gray geese, must think, forsooth, of a swan whose plumage turned from white to black! And yet, God knows! to one, at least, the selfsame splendid swan; if lost, then lost magnificently. . . . This is an idle errand."

"The youth is English," replied Nevil.

"Did you speak to Powell?"

"Ay; I told him that I should visit the hospital this night. We are close at hand."

"There is a pale light surrounds this place," said Arden. "It comes from the fires, which they burn as though the Black Death were upon us. Do you hear that groaning?—and there they carry out a weighted body. War!"

A group of men moved toward them—Powell, a chirurgeon, a soldier or two. Another minute and all were gathered before the hut of which Powell had made mention. That worthy officer waved back their following, and the three alone entered the dimly lighted place.

"The friar is not here," said Powell, in a tone of vexation. "Passing this way, I did but look within to cheer the youth by some mention of the honor that was intended him to-night. Now they tell me that the man went to the forest ere sunset and hath not returned. Also that he gave the youth a sleeping-potion—"

"Which hath not brought sleep," answered Arden, who was keen of sight.

"I took it not!" cried out the half-

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risen form from its pallet in the corner of the hut. "He thought I drank it, but when his head was turned I threw it away. Master Arden! Master Arden! come over to me!"

Arden raised, embraced, supported the figure that, quivering with weakness and excitement, might also feel the heaving breast, the quickened heart-beats, of the man who held him. Nevil, in whom deep emotion was not apt to show itself, knelt beside the pallet, and taking the thin hands, caressed them like a very woman.

"Lad, lad," he whispered, "where is thy master? Is he dead? Or did he leave thee here but now to search for simples?"

Robin-a-dale looked from one to the other, great eyes shining in a thin, brown face. "Three years," he said,—"three years since we crept away from Ferne House in a ship that was called—that was called — that was called the *Sea Wraith.* But no trumpets sounded, and there was no throng to shout farewell. Why was that? But I remember it was three years ago." He laughed weakly. "I'm a man grown, Master Arden, but here's still the rose-noble which you gave me once. . . . No; I must have lost it in the woods." He nodded sagely. "I remember; I lost it where the river came over the great rock with a noise that made me think of a little, sliding stream at home. It was Yule-tide, but the flowers smelled too sweet, and the great apes and the little monkeys sat in the red trees and mocked me."

"He wanders again," said Powell, with vexation. "The friar can bring him back with voice or touch, but not I!"

"Where is the *Sea Wraith,* Robin-a-dale? Answer me!" Nevil's voice rose, cold and commanding, questioning this as any other derelict haled before him.

Instinctively Robin brought his wits somewhat together. "The *Sea Wraith,*" he echoed. "Why, that was long ago. . . . Sixscore men, we left her hidden between the islet and the land until we should return. Her mariners were willing to be left—ay, and when I'm a knight I'll maintain it!—their blood is not upon his hands. . . . But when six men from that sixscore came again to the coast there was no ship,—so I think that she sank some night, or maybe the Spaniards took her, or maybe she grew tired and sailed away—we were so long in winning back from Panama."

There was a deep exclamation from his listeners. "From Panama!"

Robin regarded them anxiously, for to Nevil at least he had always spoken truth, and now he dimly wondered within himself if he were lying. "The nest at Nueva Cordoba was empty," he explained. "The hawk had killed the sparrows and flown far away to Panama."

"And the eagle followed the hawk," muttered Arden. "Was there not one sparrow left alive, Robin?"

Robin mournfully shook his head. "The commoner sort went to the galleys; others were burned. . . . Is this city named Cartagena? Then 'twas in this city, Captain Robert Baldry and Ralph Walter, and more than they, dressed in sanbenitos, burning in the market-place. . . . We learned this at Margarita, so my master would go to Panama to wring the hawk's neck. . . . But the *Sea Wraith* was heavy with gold and silver, and all the scoundrels upon her wished to turn homewards. But he bore them down, and there was a compact made and signed. For them all the treasure that we had gotten or should get, and for him their help to Panama that he might take his private vengeance. And so we put on all sail and we coasted a many days, sometimes fighting and sometimes not, until we drew in toward the land and found a little harbor masked by an islet and near to a river. And a third of our men we left with the *Sea Wraith.* But Sir Mortimer Ferne and I—my name is Robin-a-dale—we took all the boats to go as far as we might by way of the river. And my master rowed strongly in the first boat, and I rowed strongly in the second, for we rowed for hate and love; but the other boats came on feebly, for they were rowed by ghosts—"

Arden moved beneath the emaciated form he held, and Powell uttered an ejaculation. But John Nevil used command.

"Back, sirrah! to the truth," and the crowding fancies gave ground again.

"It was the Indians who shot at us poisoned arrows. They made ghosts of many rowers. Ha! in all my nineteen

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"LAD, LAD," HE WHISPERED, "WHERE IS THY MASTER?"

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years I have not seen an uglier death! That was why we must leave the river, hiding the boats against the time that we returned that way . . . returned that way."

"You went on through the woods toward Panama. And then—" Nevil's voice rose again.

"The wrath of God!" answered the boy, and turning within Arden's clasp, began to babble of London streets and the Triple Tun. The clawlike hands had dragged themselves from Nevil's hold, and the spirit could be no longer caught by the voice of authority, but wandered where it would.

The men about him waited long and vainly for some turn of the tide. It drew toward midnight, and Robin yet babbled of all things under the sun saving only of a man that had left England now three years agone. At last Nevil arose, spoke a few words to Arden, who nodded assent; then, with Powell, moved to the door.

"When will this friar return?" he asked, as they crossed the threshold.

"I do not know," Powell answered. "With the dawn, perhaps. He will not be long gone."

"Perhaps he will not come at all," said the other. "You say that the boy is out of danger. Perhaps he has returned to the Indians whom you say he teaches."

Powell shook his head. "Here are too many sick and dying," he said, simply. "He will come back. I swear to you, Sir John Nevil, that in this pestilent camp between the city and the sea we do think of this man not as a Spaniard—if he be Spaniard,—nor as monk—if he be monk! He hath power over this fever, and those whom he cannot cure yet cry out for him to help them die!"

There was a silence, followed by Sir John's slow speech. "When he returns send him at once under guard to my quarters—I will make good the matter with Sir Francis. Speak the man fair, good Powell, give him gentle treatment, but see to it that he escape you not. . . . Here are my men. Good night."

Three hours later, to Nevil, yet dressed, yet sitting deep in thought within his starlit chamber, came a messenger from the captain of the watch. "The man whom Sir John Nevil wot of was below. What disposition until the morning—"

"Bring him to me here," was the answer. "Stay!—there are candles upon the table. Light one."

The soldier, drawing from his pouch flint, steel, and tinder-box, obeyed, then saluted and withdrew. There was a short silence, followed by the sound of feet upon the stone stairs and a knock at the door, and upon Nevil's "Enter!" by the appearance of a sergeant and several soldiers — in the midst of them a figure erect, composed, gowned and cowled.

The one candle dimly lit the room. "Will you stand aside, sir?" said Nevil to his captive. "Now, sergeant—"

The sergeant made a brief report.

"Await, you and your men, in the hall below," ordered Nevil. "You have not bound your prisoner? That is well. Now go, leaving him here alone."

The heavy door closed to. Upon the table stood two great gilt candelabra bearing many candles, a fragment of the spoil of Cartagena. Nevil, taking from its socket the one lighted taper, began to apply the flame to its waxen fellows. As the chamber grew more and more brilliant, the friar, standing with folded arms, made no motion to break the profound stillness, but with the lighting of the last candle he thrust far back the cowl that partly hid his countenance, then moved with an even step to the table, and raising with both hands the great candelabrum, held it aloft. The radiance that flooded him, showing every line and lineament, was not more silvery white than the hair upon his head; but brows and lashes were as deeply brown as the somewhat sunken eyes, nor was the face an old man's face. It was lined, quiet, beautiful, with lips somewhat too sternly patient and eyes too sad, for all their wisdom. The friar's gown could not disguise the form beneath; the friar's sleeve, back-fallen from the arm which held on high the branching lights, disclosed deep scars. Downstreaming light, the hour, the stillness—a soul unsteadfast would have shrunk as from an apparition. Nevil stood his ground, the table between him and his guest of three years' burial from English ken. Both men were pale, but their

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gaze did not waver. So earnestly did they regard each other, eyes looking into eyes, that without words much knowledge of inner things passed between them. At last, "Greet you well, Mortimer Ferne," came from one, and from the other, "Greet you well, John Nevil."

The speaker lowered the candelabrum and set it upon the table. "You might have spared the sergeant his pains. To-day I should have sought you out."

"Why not before to-day?"

"I have been busy," said the other, simply. "Long ago the Indians taught me a sure remedy for this fever. There was need down yonder for the cure. It is good to see thy face, to hear thy voice, John Nevil."

The tall tapers gave so great and clear a light that there was no shadow for either countenance. In Nevil's, agitation had begun to gather, but his opposite showed as yet only a certain worn majesty of peace. Neither man had moved; each stood erect, with the heavy wood like a judgment-bar between them. Perhaps some noise among the soldiers below, some memory that the other had entered the room as a prisoner, brought such a fancy to Nevil's mind, for now he hastily left his position and crossed to the bench beneath the wide window. The man from the grave of the South-American forest followed. Sir John stretched out his hand and touched the heavy woollen robe that swept from bared throat to rudely sandalled feet.

"This?" he questioned.

The other faintly smiled. "I found it many months agone in a village of the Chaymas. I was nigh to nakedness, and it has served me well. It is only a gown. This"—he touched the knotted girdle—"but a piece of rope."

"I have seen the boy Robin-a-dale," said Nevil.

The other inclined his head. "Captain Powell told me as much, and also that by some slip my poor knave slept not, as I had meant he should do, but babbled of old things which have well-nigh turned his wits. He must not stay in this land, but back to England to feel the snow in his face, to hear the cuckoo and the lark, to serve you or Arden or Philip Sidney. What ancient news hath he given you?"

"You went overland to Panama."

"Ay,—a dreadful journey—a most dreadful return. . . . Don Luiz de Guardiola was not at Panama. With a strong escort he had gone three days before to San Juan de Ulloa, whence he sailed for Spain."

A long silence; then said Nevil: "There is no passion in your face, and your voice is grave and sweet. I thank God that he was gone, and that your soul has turned from vengeance."

"Ay, my soul hath turned from vengeance," echoed the other. "It is now a long time that, save for Robin, I have dwelt alone with God His beauty and God His terror. I have taught a savage people, and in teaching I have learned." He moved, and with his knee upon the window-seat, looked out upon the fading stars. "But the blood," he said,—"the blood upon my hands! I know not if one man who sailed with me upon the *Sea Wraith* be alive. Certes, all are dead who went with me a fearful way to find that Spaniard who is safe in Spain. Six men, we reached again the seashore, but the ship was gone. One by one, as we wandered, the four men died. . . . Then Robin and I went upward and onward to the mountains."

"When you left England your cause was just," said Nevil, with emotion.

"Ay, I think it was so," Sir Mortimer replied. "At home I was forever naught; on these seas I might yet serve my Queen, though with a shrunken arm. And Robert Baldry with many another whom I had betrayed might yet languish in miserable life. God knows! perhaps I thought that God might work a miracle. . . . But at Margarita—"

"I know—I know," interrupted Nevil. "Robin told us."

"Then at Margarita," continued the other, "I forgot all else but my revenge upon the man who had wrought disaster to my soul, who had dashed from my hand even that poor salve which might and might not have somewhat eased my mortal wound. Was he at Panama? Then to Panama would I go. In Ultima Thule? Then in Ultima Thule he should not escape me. . . . I bent the mariners and soldiers of the *Sea Wraith* to my will. I promised them gold; I promised them joyous life and an easy task—I

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know not what I promised them, for my heart was a hot coal within my breast, and there seemed no desirable thing under the sun other than a shortened sword and my hand upon the throat of Don Luiz de Guardiola. They went with me upon my private quarrel, and they died. Ah, well! It has been long ago!" His breath came in a heavy sigh. "I am not now so keen a hunter for my own. In God's hands is justice as well as mercy, and when death throws down the warder I shall understand. In the mean while I await—I that speak to you now and I that betrayed you four years agone."

He turned from the window, and the two again stood face to face.

"I am a child at school," said Ferne. "There was a time when I thought to keep for bedfellow pride as well as shame; when I said, 'I am coward, I am traitor,' and put my lips to the cup of gall, but yet I drank it not with humility and a bowed heart. . . . I do not think, John, that I ever asked you to forgive me. . . . Forgive me!"

On the part of each man there was an involuntary movement, an embrace, a locking of hands, deep silence, while the candles paled in the approaching dawn. At last Sir Mortimer spoke:

"You will let me go now, John? There are many sick men down by the sea, and Robin will grow restless—perhaps will call my name aloud."

Arising from the window-seat, Nevil paced the room, then returned to the sometime Captain of the *Cygnet*. "Two things and I will let you go where you do the Queen and Francis Drake yeoman service. You will not slip a silken leash, but will abide with us in this town?"

"Ay," was the answer, "until your sick are recovered and your mariners are making sail I will stay."

Nevil hesitated. "For the present I accept your 'until.' And now I ask you to throw off this disguise. We are men of a like height and make. Yonder within the chamber are suits from which you may choose. Pray you dress at once."

A faint red swept into the other's countenance. "If I do as you bid, I may not go unrecognized. I say not, 'Spare me this, John Nevil!' I only ask, 'Is it wise?' . . . Sir Francis Drake is commander here. Four years ago he swore that you were too merciful; that in your place he would have played hangman to me more blithely than he played headsman to Thomas Doughty."

"I sail not under Francis Drake," Nevil answered. "Meeting me with two goodly ships at the Terceiras, he was fain enough to have me join my force to his. Over my own I hold command, and I shall claim you as my own. But you have no fear of Francis Drake! Is it your thought that your shield is forever reversed, and that you are only welcome, only unashamed, yonder where sickness stretches forth its hands and Death gives back before you? If it is so, yet be that which you are—no Spanish friar, but English knight and gentleman. This garb becomes you not, who are yet a soldier of England. Away with it!"

The dawn began to show faint splendors, and the winds of morning drove aslant the candle flames. Ferne looked out over the dim sea to veiled horizons. "What matters it?" he said, simply. "I will do what you wish, John. It were strange, were it not, if I refused you anything?" He passed Nevil with a smile, and the door of the inner room closed upon him. Sir John, awaiting his return, began to quench the candles, one by one, for there was no need of other light than the flooding dawn.

Some minutes had passed, when a knock at the outward door interrupted his employment. Crossing the floor, he opened to Sir Francis Drake, who stood alone upon the threshold, his escort trampling down the stone stairs to the hall beneath. Nevil uttered an exclamation, which the other met with his bluff, short laugh.

"So you as well as I have let the jade Sleep slip by this night!" He brushed past Nevil into the room. "I gave it up an hour agone, and am come to take counsel before breakfast. At the nooning Carlisle and Cecil will bring me the opinions of the captains, land and sea. I know already their conclusion and my answer. But I deny not that 'twill be a bitter draught." He did not take the great chair which Nevil indicated, but kept on to the window, where with a sound, half sigh, half oath, he flung himself down upon the broad seat.

"I' faith, John Nevil, I know not why I am here, unless it be that you have

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more wisdom than most, and may somewhat sweeten this course, which, mark you! I stand ready to take, or sweet or bitter, if thereby the Queen is best served. . . . The officer whom this Governor sent out days ago in search of these wealthy fugitives from the town—these rich people who starve on gold and silver dishes—hath returned with some report or other as to the treasure. What think you if at this coming feast—"

Said Nevil abruptly: "Let us not speak of such matters here, Frank! I am fully dressed; let us go into the air!"

Drake stared. "And be observed of all that we hold counsel together! What's wrong with the room?" Glancing narrowly from wall to wall, he came suddenly to a realization of the presence of a third person—a stranger, dressed in some dark, rich stuff, who stood with folded arms against the door which he had closed behind him—distinction of form, distinction of the quiet face, distinction of white hair, so incongruous, and yet, strangely enough, the last and stateliest touch of all. After a moment of startled scrutiny Drake leaned forward, keen eyes beneath shaggy brows, one hand tugging at his beard. "Who are you, sir?" he asked.

Nevil interposed: "He is under my command—a volunteer for whom I alone am responsible."

The figure against the door advanced a pace or two. "I am Mortimer Ferne, Sir Francis Drake."

There was a pause, while Drake, staring as at one just risen from the dead, got slowly to his feet.

"Long ago," continued the apparition, "we had some slight acquaintance—but now 'tis natural that you know me not. . . . I pray you to believe me that until you drew near the window I thought Sir John Nevil alone in the room; moreover, that I have heard no word of counsel, saving only the word itself."

"I hear you, sir," answered Drake, icily. "Fair words and smooth—oh, very courtierlike words! Oh, your very good assurance!—but I choose my own assurance, which dwells in the fact that naught has been said to which the Spaniard is not welcome!"

Nevil drew in his breath with a grieved, impatient sigh, but Sir Mortimer stood motionless, nor seemed to care to find answering words. The blood had mounted to his brow, but the eyes which gazed past the speaker into the magnificent heart of the dawn were very clear, very patient. Moments passed while Drake, the great sea-captain, sat striking his booted foot upon the floor, looking from Nevil, who had regained his usual calm, to the man with whom oblivion had no more to do. Suddenly he spoke:

"You are he who in the guise of a Spanish friar hath nursed our sick? Give you thanks! . . . Which of your ships, John Nevil, do you make over to this—this gentleman?"

Nevil, drawing himself up, would have answered with haughtiness, but with a quick gesture of entreaty Ferne himself took the word.

"Sir Francis Drake—Sir John Nevil," he said, "I pray that, because of me, you come not to cold words and looks which sort not with your noble friendship! I shall never again, Sir Francis Drake, command any ship whatsoever, hold any office, be other than I am,—a man so broken, so holpen by Almighty God, that he needs not earthly praise or blame. . . . I have a servant ill within the camp who will fret at my absence. Wilt let me begone, John?—but you must first explain to the sergeant this my transformation. Sir Francis Drake, so long as you tarry in Cartagena I submit myself to what restriction, what surveillance, that you and my former Admiral may determine upon."

"I will let you go but for a time," Nevil answered, firmly. "Later, I shall send you and Robin to some fitter lodging." He turned to Drake: "Frank—Frank Drake, I but give again to all our sick the man to whom, under God, is owed this abatement of the fever. I pray you to await me here while I myself deliver him to the sergeant below. It is necessary, for he entered this room in disguise who goes forth clad again as an English gentleman. Then will I tell you a story which I think that, four years agone, may have been given you rather by a man's foes than by his friends—and another story of deep repentance and of God's path, which is not our path;—and Francis Drake hath indeed changed overnight if he make of this

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a quarrel between him and John Nevil, or if he be not generously moved toward this gentleman whom I count as my friend and follower!"

"I will wait," said Drake, after a pause. "Give you good day, sir. Your service to our sick is known, and for it our thanks are due. At the present I can say no more."

Ferne bowed in silence; then, with Nevil, left the room for the hall below, where the startled sergeant and his men saluted indeed Sir John Nevil, but kept their eyes upon the figure at his side.

Nevil, beckoning to the sergeant, drew off a few paces and gave in a lowered voice instructions to be borne to Captain Powell. Then the one knight mounted to the room where Drake awaited him, and the other went, guarded, through the tropic morn to the fevered and the restless, who yearned for him as the sick may yearn, and to the hut where Arden strove to restrain Robin-a-dale's cries for his master.

CHAPTER XII

DURING the afternoon came an order to Captain Powell that the sick youth should be taken to Sir Mortimer Ferne's apartment in the house where lodged Master Arden. Thus it was that in the cooler air before sunset a litter was borne through the streets of Cartagena. In addition to the bearers and some other slight attendance there walked with it Sir John Nevil and Captain Powell, Giles Arden and Sir Mortimer Ferne. Sometimes the last laid his hand upon the youth's burning forehead, sometimes upon the lips which would have babbled overmuch. Bearers and escort stared and stared. One who had been about the spital, and had seen a brother brought from under the shadow of death, repeatedly stumbled because he could not take his eyes from the friar become English gentleman — become friend of so great a gentleman as Sir John Nevil.

The little procession turned one corner, then another. Sir Mortimer touched Nevil's arm. "There's a shorter way—down this narrow street we are passing."

"Ay," Nevil answered; "but let us go by the way of the market-place."

His thought was that none too soon could occur general recognition that Sir Mortimer Ferne dwelt in the English camp and walked with English leaders. The square, as it proved, was no desert. The hour was one of some relaxation, relief from the sun, and from the iron discipline of Drake, who, for the most part of the day, created posts and kept men at them. Carlisle was there seated in the shade of a giant palm, watching the drilling of a yet weak and staggering company whose very memory that burning calenture had enfeebled. At one side of the place, which was not large, others were examining a great heap of booty, the grosser spoils of rich men's houses, furniture of precious woods, gilt and inlaid cabinets, chests of costly apparel, armor, weapons, trappings of horses,—all awaiting under guard assortment and division. In the centre of the square a score or more of adventurers were gathered about the wide steps of a great stone market-cross, while from a point opposite to the street by which the party from the hospital must make entry advanced with some clanking of steel, talking, and sturdy laughter no lesser men than Francis Drake and some of his chiefest captains. Carlisle left watching the drilling and walked over to them. The adventurers lounging below the cross sprang up to greet their Admiral. A sudden puff of evening wind lifted Drake's red cap, and bearing it across to a small battery where a gunner and his mates examined a line of Spanish ordnance, placed it neatly over the muzzle of the smallest gun. Frank laughter arose; the gunner, grinning with delight, the red cap pressed against his hairy breast, came at a run to restore to the great Sir Francis his property. Drake, whom the mere soldier and mariner idolized, found for the gunner both a peso of silver and jesting thanks; then, when he had donned the cap, turned and loudly called to the passing company. "Come over to us, John Nevil," cried the seaking. "No, no, let us have your companions also, and that sick youth we have heard of!"

"You do not understand," muttered Ferne, hastily, to Nevil. "This place likes me not. Go you and Arden—"

Sir John shook his head. Alone with Drake that morning, he had told in its

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completeness the story that in many details was strange to him who was seldom in England, seldomer at court, and who had heard the story in a form which left scant room for pity or any dream of absolution. Once and again the great sea-captain had softly sworn to himself, and at the end Nevil had gone forth satisfied. Now he saw that Drake must have timed this meeting in the square, and with a smile he ignored the entreaty in the eyes of the man who, if his friend, was also his captive. He motioned to the bearers, and presently the company about the market-cross was enlarged.

Drake, after his hearty fashion, clapped his arm about Sir John's shoulder, calling him "dear Nevil." Arden, with whom he had slighter acquaintance, he also greeted, while Powell was his "good Powell, his trusty Anthony." There was a slight shifting in the smaller group, Nevil by a backward step or two bringing into line the man who stood beside the litter. Drake turned. "Give you godden, Sir Mortimer Ferne! Our hearty thanks, moreover, for the good service you have done us."

He spoke loudly, that all might hear. If beneath the bluff good-fellowship of word and voice there was any undercurrent of coldness or misliking, only one or two, besides the man who bowed to him in silence, might guess it. By now every man about the market-cross was at attention. Rumors had been rife that day. Neither at home in England nor here in Spanish dominions was there English soldier or sailor who knew not name and record of Sir Mortimer Ferne. Among the adventurers about the market-cross were not lacking men who in old days had viewed, admired, envied, and, for final tribute, contemned him. These broke ranks, pressing as closely as was mannerly toward the group about the litter. All gaped at Drake's words of amity, at Sir John Nevil's grave smile and Carlisle's friendly face, but most of all at that one who had been the peer of great captains, but who now stood amongst them undetached, ghostlike, a visitant from the drear world of the dishonored dead. The palm-trees edging the square began to wave and rustle in the wind; the youth upon the litter moved restlessly, uttering moaning and incomprehensible words. Drake was speaking to Arden and others of the gentlemen adventurers.

"What ails you?" murmured Nevil, at Ferne's ear. "There is sweat upon your forehead, and you hold yourself as rigid as the dead. Your touch is icy cold."

"I burn," answered the other, in as low a tone. "Let us go hence."

Nevil motioned to the bearers, who raised the litter and began again their progress across the square. Drake turned from those to whom he had been speaking. "Will ye be going? You shall sup with us to-night, John Nevil! Master Arden, I do desire your better acquaintance. Captain Powell, you will stay with me who have some words for your ear. Sir Mortimer Ferne, I trust you will recover your servant, as you have recovered so many of our poor fellows"—his voice dropped until it was audible only to the three or four who made his immediate circle,—"as you have well-nigh recovered yourself."

Generous as he was, he had not meant to go so far. He had yet his doubts, his reversions, in mind, to those sheer facts which none denied. This was a recreant knight—but also a man who had suffered long and greatly, who, if eye and intuition could be trusted, suffered now. He hesitated a moment, then abruptly held out his hand.

All saw the gesture, and a sudden hush fell upon the company. If these two touched hands, then in that moment would be spanned the distance between the star in the ascendant and the wavering marsh-light, between the sea colossus and his one-time rival, now so long overwhelmed and chained to sterile earth.

In the short silence the wind seemed to take with a rushing sound the palm tops overhead. Then Ferne spoke. "With all my heart I thank you," he said. "I may not take your hand until you know"—he raised his voice so that all who chose might hear—"until you know that here where I stand, here before this cross, died in the torment of fire that Captain Robert Baldry who was my private foe, who lay beneath my challenge, whom I betrayed to his agony and to his martyr's death. . . . Ah! I will hold you excused, Sir Francis Drake!"

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With the deep exclamation, the involuntary recoil, that followed on the heels of such an avowal, there appeared to descend upon the place a dark shadow, a veritable pall, a faint murk of driven smoke, through which men saw, to-day, the spectacle of nigh four years agone. . . . The silence was broken, the spell dissolved, by Robin-a-dale's feeble cry from the litter: "Master, master; come with me, master!"

Drake, who, with a quick intake of his breath, had drawn sharply back, was the first to recover. He sent his lightning glance from the frowning, the deeply flushed and horror-stricken, countenances about him to the man whose worn cheek showed no color, whose lips were locked, whose eyes were steadfast, though a little lifted to the blue sky above the cross. "Now death of my life!" swore the sea-king. "The knave did well to call you 'Master.' Whatever there may have been, here is now no coward!" He turned to the staring, whispering throng: "Gentlemen, we will remove from this space, which was the death-bed of a brave man and a true martyr. This done, each man of you will go soberly about his business, remembering that God's dealings are not those of men;—remembering also that this gentleman is under my protection." Doffing his red cap, he stepped slowly backward out of the wide ring about the market-cross. His example was followed by all; a few moments and the last rays of the sinking sun lay only upon bare stone and earth.

Some hours later, Robin-a-dale asleep in the bed, and his master keeping motionless watch at the window, Arden entered the room which had been assigned to Sir Mortimer Ferne, and crossing the floor, sat himself down beside his friend. Presently Ferne put forth his hand, and the two sat with interlacing fingers, looking out upon the great constellations. Arden was the first to speak.

"Dost remember how, when we were boys at school, and the curfew long rung, we yet knelt at our window and saw the stars come up over the moorland? Thou wert the poet and teller of tales—ah! thy paladins and paynims and ladies enchanted!—while I listened, bewitched as they, but with an ear for the master's tread. It was a fearful joy!"

"I remember," said the other. "It was a trick of mine which too often brought the cane across our shoulders."

"Not mine," quoth Arden. "You always begged me off. I was the smallest —you waked me—made me listen, forsooth! . . . Well-a-day! Old times seem near to-night!"

"Old times!" repeated the other. "Pictures that creep beneath the shut eyelid! — frail sounds that outcry the storm! — Shame's most delicate, most exquisite goad! . . . You cannot know how strange this day has been to me."

"You cannot know how glad this day has been to me," replied Arden, with a break in his voice. "Do you remember, Mortimer, that I would have sailed with you in the *Sea Wraith*?"

"I forget nothing," said the other. "I think that I reviled you then. . . . See how far hath swung my needle!" He lifted his schoolfellow's hand to his cheek in a long, mute caress, then laying it down. "There is one at home of whose welfare I would learn. She is not dead, I know. Her brother comes to me in my dreams with all the rest—with all the rest,—but she comes not. Speak to me of Mistress Damaris Sedley."

A short pause; then, "She is the fairest and the loveliest," said Arden. "Her beauty is a fadeless flower, but her eyes hold a history it were hard to read without a clue. One only knows the tale is tragical. She is most gentle, sweet, and debonair. The thorns of Fortune's giving she has twisted into a crown, and she wears it royally. I saw her at Wilton six months ago."

"At Wilton! With the Queen?"

"No; she left the court long ago. You and the *Sea Wraith* were scarce a month gone when that grim old knight, her guardian, would have made for her a marriage with some spendthrift sprig of more wealth than wit. But Sidney, working through Walsingham and his uncle Leicester, and most of all through his own golden speech, got from the Queen consent to the lady's retirement from court and so greatly misliked a marriage. With a very noble retinue he brought her to his sister at Wilton, where, with that most noble countess, she abides in sanctuary. When you take her thence—"

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Sir Mortimer laughed. "When I take the rainbow from the sky—when I leap to meet the moon and find the silver damsel in my arms indeed—when yonder sea hath washed away all the blood of the earth—when I find Ponce de Leon's spring and speak to the nymph therein: 'Now free me from this year, and this, and this, and this! Make me the man that once I was!' Then I will go a pilgrimage to Wilton."

He rose and paced the room once or twice, then came back to Arden at the window. "Old schoolfellow, we are not boys now. There be no enchanters; and the giant hugs himself in his tower, nor will come forth at any challenge; and the dragon hath so shrunken that he shows no larger than a man's self;—all illusion's down! . . . I thank thee for thy news of a lady whom I love. I am full glad to know that she is in health and safety, among old friends, honored, beloved, fairer than the fairest—" His voice shook, and for the moment he bowed his face within his hands, but repression came immediately to his command. He raised his head and began again with a quiet voice: "I shall write to her a letter, and you will be its bearer—will you not, old friend?—riding with it by the green fields and the English oaks to noble Wilton—"

"And where, when the ships have brought us home, do you go, Mortimer?"

"To the Low Countries. Seeing that I go as a private soldier, John Nevil may easily gain me leave. And thou, Giles, I know, will give me money with which I may arm me and may cross to the English camp. I am glad that Philip Sidney becomes my general. Although I fight afoot, in the long trenches or with the pikemen and the harquebusiers, yet may I joy to look upon him flashing past, all gilded like Saint George, with the great banner flying, leading the wild charge—the shouts of his horsemen behind him—"

Arden sprang to his feet, pushed the heavy settle aside, and with a somewhat disordered step went to the bed where lay Robin-a-dale. "He will recover?" he asked, in a low voice, as Ferne came to his side.

"Ay, I think so," answered the other. "He will sleep throughout the night, and the morn should find him stronger, more clear in mind. . . . I am going now to the spital—no, no; I need no rest, and I have leave to come and go."

The two descended together to the door of the great hall, whence Ferne went his solitary way, and Arden stood to watch him out of sight. As the latter turned to reenter the house, he was aware of a small band of men, English and Spanish, proceeding from Drake's lodging toward the citadel, which, robbed of all ordnance and partly demolished, yet sheltered the Governor, his officers, and sundry Spanish gentlemen. To-day the envoy from the wealthy fugitives and owners of buried gold had returned, and, evidently, to-night Drake and the Spanish commissioners had again discussed the matter of ransom.

Arden, within the shadow, watched the little torchlit company of English soldiery and Spanish officials cross his plane of vision. There was some talking and laughter; an Englishman made a jest, and a Spaniard answered with a proverb. The latter's voice struck some chord in Arden's memory, but struck it faintly. "Now where have I heard that voice?" he asked, but found no answer. The noise and the light passed onward to the citadel, and with a brief good-night to a passing sentinel he himself turned to take his rest.

The next day at noon Ferne deliberately, though with white lips and half-closed eyelids, crossed the market-square and sought out Sir John Nevil's quarters. And by the soldiers in the great hall he was told that Sir John was with the Admiral—would he wait? He nodded, and sat himself down upon a settle in the hall. The guard and those who came and went eyed him curiously; sometimes whispered words reached his ears. Once, when he had waited a long time, a soldier brought him a jack of ale. He drank of it gratefully and thanked the donor. The soldier fidgeted, lowered his voice: "I fought under you, Sir Mortimer Ferne, at Fayal in the Azores. You brought us that day out of the jaws of death, and we swore you were too much for Don or devil!—and we drank to you that evening, full measure of ale!—and we took our oath that we had served far and near under many a captain, but none like you—"

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Ferne smiled. "Was it so, soldier? Well, may I drink to you now who drank to me then?"

He drew the ale toward him, but kept his eyes upon the other's countenance. The man reddened from brow to bared throat, but his words came at once, and there was moisture in his blue eyes. "If my old captain will do me so much honor—" he began, unsteadily. Ferne with a smile raised the jack to his lips and drank to him health and happy life and duty faithfully done.

When, after stammered thanks, the man was gone, the other waited hour after hour the appearance of Sir John Nevil. At last he came striding down the hall to the stair, but swerving suddenly when he caught sight of Ferne, crossed to the settle, and gave him quiet greeting. "Sir Francis kept me overlong," he said. "How has gone the day, Mortimer?"

"The fever lessens," answered the other. "There are not many now will die. . . . May I speak to you where there are fewer eyes?"

A few moments later, in Sir John's room, he took from his doublet a slip of paper. "This was brought to me some hours ago. Is it an order?"

"Ay," said Nevil, without touching the outheld paper. "An order."

Ferne walked to the window and stood there, looking out upon the passers-by in the street below. One and all seemed callow souls who had met neither angel nor devil, heard neither the thunderbolt nor the still, small voice. Desperately weary, set to a task which appalled him, he felt again the sting of a lash to which he had thought himself inured. There was a longing upon him that this insistent probing of his wound should cease. Better the Indians and the fearful woods, and Death ever a-tiptoe! better the stupendous strife of the lonely soul to maintain its dominion, to say to overtoppling nature, to death, and to despair, *I am*. There was no man who could help the soul. . . . This earthly propping of a withered plant, this drawing of tattered arras over a blood-stained wall, what was it to the matter? For the moment all his being was for black, star-touching mountains, for the wild hurry of league-long rapids, the calling and crying of the forest;—the next he turned again to the room with some quiet remark as to the apparent brewing of a storm in the western skies. Nevil bent upon him a troubled look.

"It was my wish, Mortimer, to which Drake gave ready assent. It is, as you see, an order for your presence to-night, with other gentlemen volunteers, at this great banquet with which the Spaniard takes leave of us. Shall I countermand it?"

"No," answered the other. "My duty is to you—I could not pay my debt if I strove forever and a day. You are my Captain,—when you order I obey."

A silence followed, during which Sir Mortimer stood at the window and Sir John paced the floor. At last the former spoke, lightly: "There will be a storm to-night. . . . I must go comfort that knave of mine. At times he doth naught but babble of things at home—at Ferne House. This morn it was winter to him, and in this burning land he talked of snowflakes falling beneath the Yule-tide stars. Yea! and when he has spoken pertly to the sexton he needs must go a-carolling:

> "'There comes a ship far sailing then,—
> Saint Michael was the steersman;
> Saint John sate in the horn;
> Our Lord harped; Our Lady sang,
> And all the bells of heaven rang.'"

He sang the verse lightly, as simply and sweetly as Robin had sung it, then with a smile turned to go; and in passing Nevil, laid a slight caressing touch upon his shoulder. "Until to-night, then, John!—and, by'r Lady! seeing that you will be at the top of the board and I at the bottom, I do think that I may hear nothing worth betraying!"

Sir John uttered an ejaculation, and would have taken again the folded paper, but the other withstood him, and quietly went his way to kneel beside Robin-a-dale, give up his hand to tears and kisses (for Robin was very weak, and thought his master cruel to leave him so long alone), to listen to the youth's unchecked babble of all things that in his short life appertained to Ferne House and to its master.

Sir Francis Drake and Alonzo Brava

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had come to a mind in regard to the ransom for the town. If the English gained not so large a sum as they had hoped for, yet theirs was the glory of the enterprise, and Drake's eye was yet upon Nombre de Dios. If the Spaniards had lost money and men and had looked on day by day at the slow dilapidation of their city, yet they had riches left, and the life of the Spanish soldier was cheap, and that ruined portion of the town might be built again. Agreements had been drawn as to the ransom of the city of Cartagena and signed by each leader, —by Brava with the pious (but silent) wish that the fleet might be miraculously destroyed before the drying of the ink; and by Drake with one of his curious mental reservations, concerning in this case the blockhouse and the great priory just without the city. Matters being thus settled and the next morning named for the British evacuation of Cartagena, needs must pass the usual courtesies between the then stateliest people of Christendom and the bluntest. Alonzo Brava, in all honesty, invited to supper with him in his dismantled citadel Sir Francis Drake, Sir John Nevil, and all officers and gentlemen within the English forces. Drake as frankly accepted the courtesy for himself and all who might be spared from the final labors of the night.

In the late evening, by a stormy light which, seen through the high, wide, and open windows, seemed to pit itself against the approaching darkness, Brava, motioning to right and left, seated himself with his principal guests at the head of the table, while his chamberlains busied themselves with serving the turn of lesser names. Captains and officers, gentlemen and volunteers of wealth and birth, fell into place, while the end of the table was left for needier adventurers, scapegrace and out-at-elbow volunteers. Noiseless attendants went to and fro. Great numbers of candles, large as torches, were lighted, but the prolonged orange glare which entered the western windows seemed to have some quality distinct from light, by virtue of which men's features were not clearly seen. Distant thunder rolled, but when it passed one heard from the gallery above the hall Spanish music. The feast marched on in triumph, much as it might have done in any camp (where Famine was not King) beneath any flag of truce. Here the viands were in quantity, and there was wine to spill even after friend and foe had been loudly pledged. Free men, sea-rovers, and soldiers of fortune, it was for them no courtier's banquet. Only the presence at table of their leaders kept the wassail down. Now and again the thunder shook the hall, making all sounds beneath its own as the shrilling of a cicada; then, the long roll past, the music took new heart, while below it went on the laughter and the soldier wit, babble of sore wounds, of camp-fires, and high-decked ships—tales wild and grim or broadly humorous. At the cross-table opposite and a little below Sir John Nevil, who was seated at Brava's left hand, was a vacant seat. It awaited (the Governor explained) the envoy whom he had sent out to hardly gather the remainder of the ransom of Cartagena. The length, the heat, and danger of the journey had outwearied the envoy, who was a gentleman of as great a girth as spirit. Later, despite his indisposition, he would join them.

He came, and it was Pedro Mexia. From Nevil and Arden and several of Sir John's old officers of the *Mere Honour* burst more or less suppressed exclamations. Nevil, from his vantage-point, sent a lightning glance far down the table, where were gathered those whose rank or station barely brought them within this hall, but what with the massed fruit, the candles, this or that outstretched hand and shoulder, he could not see to the lowest at the table, and he heard no sound to match his own or Arden's ejaculation. Mexia, who had lingered with his own wine-cup and associates, now, after the moment of general welcome, seated himself heavily. His first gaze had been naturally for Francis Drake, the man whose name was waxing ever louder in Spanish ears, but now in the act of raising his tankard his eyes and those of the sometime conqueror of Nueva Cordoba came together. For a second his hand shook, then he tossed off the wine, and putting down his tankard with some noise, leaned half-way across the table.

"Ha! we meet again, Sir John Nevil,

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—and after four years of mortal life we be a-ransoming yet! You see, I have not lost your tongue—although I lost my teachers!" He laughed at the tag to his speech, being drunk enough to make utter mischief, out of sheer good nature.

"Doth Master Francis Sark still teach you English?" asked Nevil, coldly.

"Francis Sark—who is Francis Sark?" maundered the fuddled envoy. "There was the fool Desmond, who overreached himself trying to bargain with Luiz de Guardiola. Those who do that meet strange fates!"

Arden from a place or two below put in lightly: "Well, our Sark equals your Desmond. And so he bargained with Don Luiz de Guardiola?"

Mexia's eyes wandered to the other's face. "Ha, señor! I remember your face at Nueva Cordoba! Have we here more of our conquered?" His speech began with the pomp of the frog in the fable, but at this point became maudlin again and returned to the one-time Governor of Nueva Cordoba's dealings with his creatures. "Why, Desmond was a fool to name such a price. One hundred pesos, perhaps—but four thousand! But Don Luiz smiled and paid down the silver, and the fool told all things and was hanged for his pains." Up went his tankard to his lips, and as it descended wine was spilt upon his neighbor's sleeve. The victim drew away with a smothered oath, and Brava eyed with displeasure his drunken associate.

"Why, for what could the man ask such a price?" Arden asked, with light surprise.

In a moment the other's large and vacuous countenance became sober enough. "For a trap to catch flies," he said, shortly, and turning his shoulder to all but the men of highest rank, again wetted his throat, then let his empty tankard touch the board with a clattering sound.

From the first he had drawn attention, and now at the drumming of the tankard most faces turned his way. Nevil spoke to Drake beneath his breath; the latter, bending toward Alonzo Brava, addressed him in a very low tone. Brava, deeply annoyed, on the point of signalling his servitors to quietly persuade from the table his drunken guest, listened, though still frowning. A final whisper from Drake:

"In no way toucheth your honor, a private matter—favors—ransom—"

The Governor, leaning forward, playing with his wine, gave some sign of acquiescence—perhaps, indeed, may have had his own indifferences to any blackening of the character of Don Luiz de Guardiola, now flourishing at Madrid like a green bay-tree.

Mexia was displaying profound skill in the nice balancement of his tankard as the servant behind him refilled the measure. "Ha, Don Pedro!" cried Drake, with his bluff laugh, "art on that four-years-gone matter of Nueva Cordoba? Methinks Sir John Nevil brought off a knightly sufficiency of credit—"

"Sir John Nevil— Oh! Ay!" said Mexia, and with both hands carefully lowered the tankard to the level of the table. "Did Sir Mortimer Ferne bring forth such a—what's the word?—knightly sufficiency? Now I've often wondered— 'Tis true I had my grudge against him also, but in such matters I go not so far as De Guardiola, who brands the soul. . . . I told Don Luiz as much four years ago. 'Why, I kill my man,' quoth I, 'and go on my way singing.'"

"And what said he to that?" queried Arden, lightly, and easily drawing on Mexia, who in his cups became merely a garrulous old man.

"Why," continued the envoy, "he said: 'Mayhap the dead do not remember. So live, my foe! but live in hell, remembering the brand upon thy soul, and that 'twas I who set it glowing there!'"

A murmur ran the length of the table. Mexia suddenly found himself of a steadier brain, with somewhat stronger interest in rencontres, new or old.

"Ha! Sir Mortimer Ferne and his knot of velvet! Don Luiz ground *that* beneath his heel. . . . Well, the man's dead, no doubt. I've wondered more than once if he lived or died; if he beat out his brains as he strove to do; if, thinking better o't, he merely held his tongue and nursed his broken body; or if he cried aloud that which the old serpent De Guardiola made him believe, and thenceforth travelled life's highway a lazar! . . . And that's a curious thought. Leper to himself—leper to

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his world—leper's cry—leper's mantle, with the cloth across his face—and beneath it, all cleanliness, with not a soul but God to know it!" He gave his small, chuckling laugh. "Oh, I, too, have thoughts; I, too, watch the play,—Pedro Mexia, señors, is not so gross of wit as he is thought to be!"

Nevil leaned across the table. "Leper to himself and to his world! but to God all cleanly beneath that mantle which he drew over his forehead and his eyes! What do you mean? Sir Mortimer Ferne declared himself a coward and a traitor!"

"So!" said Mexia. "Well! 'Twas falsely sworn. Desmond was the man."

Sir John turned with rapid speech to his host. Alonzo Brava addressed Mexia, who roused himself to a fair appearance of sobriety.

"Worthy Don Pedro, all here, on both sides, have heard somewhat of this story. I understand that the English hidalgo concerned is dead. Don Luiz de Guardiola is in Spain. We all know that a simple vengeance never sufficed for him, who was of those who by their cruelties have brought such defamation upon our name in the Indies. I see not that you do injury to Spanish honor by giving to our friends of one night as much as you know of this history."

"Your relation will make us so greatly your debtor, Don Pedro," said Drake, "that to-morrow, ere we sail, we will think of some such token as may justly show our appreciation of the trouble we now give you. Wilt drink with me?"

The tankards clinked, the wine went down, and the flattered Mexia turned his round, empurpled countenance to Nevil. "Why, see you," he said, "'twas easy for Desmond to find the secret door in the upper room in the friar's house, and, stealing down by the stair between the walls, to listen at the hidden grating until he had by heart your every plan—but 'twas not so easy to escape to us! It lacked half an hour of sunset when he brought that news which since noon Don Luiz had sought with fury to wring from the other."

"From the other?"

"From Sir Mortimer Ferne."

An Englishman cried out, "Then were there two traitors?" But Mexia, who by now was somewhat in love with his part of raconteur, had a grim smile.

"There was one Don Luiz de Guardiola. . . . Oh, I will tell you what you wish to know, señors! Be not so impatient. It was without the room where lay his prisoner that he gathered from Desmond news indeed; and it was from that room that he sent Desmond away, and wrote very swiftly order after order to his lieutenants. Then he went to the other door and called out Miguel, who says, 'Now and then he raves, but nothing to the point!' to which Don Luiz: 'I am going to stand beside him. You are skilful. Make him babble like a child, scarce knowing what he says. What I wanted from him matters no longer; but make him speak — words, broken sentences, cries!—I care not what. Make him aware that he holds his tongue no longer; make him struggle for silence there beneath my eyes.'

"'He calls on God at present,' answers Miguel. 'I thought these Lutherans held with Satan.'

"'When I sign to you—thus,' goes on De Guardiola, 'bring him with suddenness into a short swoon. Then at once dash water upon his face and breast. When he cometh to himself, which (look you) must be shortly, busy yourself with putting away your engines, or be officious to loosen his bonds, keeping a smiling mien as of one whose day's work is done; —in short, in what subtle fashion you may, do you and your helpers add to that assurance that I myself shall give him. Do your part well and there will be reward, for I have at heart a whim that I would gratify.' So we went into the next room."

"We!" said Nevil, deeply, and, "By God! this man was there!" breathed Drake, and Arden ground his teeth. The silence which had spellbound the company broke sharply here or there; then, breathless, men again bent forward, waiting for the last word of the story whose ending they already guessed. Alonzo Brava, a knightly soul enough, sat grim and red, repentant that he had given loose rein to Mexia's tongue. Mexia, undisturbed, genial with his wine, and of a retrospective turn of mind, went smoothly, and even dreamily, on with his episode of a four-years-past struggle. He

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had scarcely noticed the slip of the tongue by which he had included himself with Luiz de Guardiola and his ministers.

"Well. . . . He lay there, indeed, and called upon God, and now and then he cried to men and women we knew not of. But when he saw that De Guardiola was in the room he fell silent—like that!

"'Tell me this—and this—and this,' says Don Luiz, at his side. 'Then shall you go free. You are your Admiral's dearest friend; you are high in the English council. Even before you became my prisoner was there not a general attack planned for to-night? Tell me its nature and the hour. What force will be left upon the ships? What will be the word of the night? Tell me if you know aught of a secret way by which the battery may be flanked?'

"Well, he was silent, and Don Luiz stamped upon the floor. 'You are too slow of speech, señor. Miguel, make him speak. I have no time to loiter here!'"

Mexia moistened his lips with his wine. "What do you ask with your white faces and great eyes, señors? . . . Oh yes, he was made to speak—to cry out to the Lutheran's God, to gasp his defiance to Don Luiz, waiting with folded arms,—to wander, as they sometimes do, thinking friends about him, making appeal to the living and the dead to pluck him out of hell! at last, with froth upon his lips, to murmur like a child who knows not war nor one of its usages! like a heretic who communes with God direct. . . . I am no better than I am, but I know courage when I see it, and I tell you, Don Alonzo, that in his torment and his weakness that man was strong to sweep clear his mind of aught that was to De Guardiola's purpose. If nature must give voice to her anguish, then, with bound hands, he kept her far from the garden of his honor. This until the very last, when he lost knowledge, indeed, of what the tongue might say, and bit at his bound arms, struggling to hold his peace. Then De Guardiola signed for the turn of the screw."

At the end of the table, a few moments before, a man had left his place with no noise, and stooping, was now slowly making his way behind the forward-bent row of guests toward the table of honor. Mexia, making full stop, drank his wine, and leaning back in his chair, stared thoughtfully before him. Amongst his auditors there was an instant of breathless expectation, then Drake cried, impatiently, "Make a finish, man!"

"There is no more," said Mexia. "He never told, never betrayed. When he awoke from that momentary swoon there was surcease of torment, there were Miguel and his fellows making ready to take leave of the day's work; his bonds were loosed, wine held to his lips; Don Luiz stood over him with a smile, and still smiling, sent for the commandant of the battery. All that Desmond had brought to Don Luiz was told over, orders were written and sent in haste, naught was left undone that De Guardiola's guile might suggest. He believed—he could not choose but to believe—that in his madness of words and half-conscious utterances, from very failure of will and weakness of soul and lack of knightly honor, he had refused to endure, and had betrayed the English to surprise and death."

The man who had moved from his seat was now so near to the notable guests that when, drawing himself up, he placed his hand upon Arden's shoulder, he came face to face with Pedro Mexia. The latter, uttering a strangled cry, threw up his hands as though to ward off an apparition. With a sudden spring, one booted foot upon Arden's heavy chair, the figure leaped upon the table, disarranging all its glittering array, and for a second facing the company, which had arisen with excitement and outcry. The next, like a dart, he crossed the intervening space and threw himself upon Mexia, dragging the bulky form from the table and hurling it to the floor. Weaponless, the assaulter had used his hands, and now, with a knee upon Mexia's breast, he strove to throttle him. When, Spanish and English, those that were nearest of Don Alonzo's guests were upon him, the face that he turned over his shoulder showed an intolerable white fury of wrath. "Thy sword, John Nevil!" he gasped. "Thou seest I wear none! Arden, thou'rt no friend of mine if thou flingest me not thy dagger! . . . Ah, dog! that companied with the hell-hound of the pack, loll *thy* tongue out now! let *thy* eyeballs start from the socket—"

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When the two men were separated the one lay huddled and unconscious against his chair, and the other stood with iron composure, glancing from the unconscious envoy to his host, Alonzo Brava.

"I know not who you are, señor," spoke the latter, with anger hardly controlled, "but you have broken truce and done bodily injury to my guest,—who, not being able at the moment to speak for himself—"

"Your pardon, señor, for any discourtesy toward my host," answered Ferne. "And I would give you satisfaction here and now if—if—" He looked down upon his empty hands. The gesture was seen of all. Made by him, it came as one of those slight acts which have a power to pierce the heart and enlighten the understanding. Unconscious as it was, the movement rent away the veil of four years, broke any remnant of the spell that was upon the English, set him high and clear before them—the peer of Francis Drake, of John Nevil, of Raleigh, and of Sidney. This was Sir Mortimer Ferne, and there was that which he lacked! Up and down the room there ran a sudden sound of steel drawn swiftly from metal, leather, or velvet sheaths. "My sword, Sir Mortimer Ferne!"—"Mine!"—"And mine!"—"Do mine honor, Sir Mortimer Ferne!"—"Sir Mortimer Ferne, take mine!"

Ferne's hand closed upon the hilt which Nevil had silently offered, and he turned to salute his antagonist, whose pallor now matched his own. "Are you that English knight?" demanded Brava, with dry lips. "Then in courtesy alone will we cross blades—no more!"

The steel clashed, the points fell, and Spaniard and Englishman bowed gravely each to the other.

"I thank you," said Ferne, hoarsely. "With your permission, señor, I will say good night. You will understand, I think, that I would be alone."

"That we must all understand," said Alonzo Brava. "Our good wishes travel with you, señor."

Sir Mortimer turned, and from the younger, more heedless adventurers broke a ringing shout, a repeated calling of his name, until it echoed from the lofty roof; but his friends spoke not to him, only made an aisle through which he might pass. His arm was raised, Nevil's sword a gleaming line along the dark velvet of his sleeve. The face seen below the lifted arm was very strange, written over with a thousand meanings. The poise of the figure and the light upon the sword increased the effect of height, the effect of the one-night-whitened hair. There was, moreover, the gleam and shadow of the countenance, evident forgetfulness of time or place, the desire of the soul to be out with night and storm and miracles. The English drew farther back, and he went by them like an apparition.

Later in the night Nevil and Arden, after fruitless search, came upon a space where the wall of Cartagena rose sheer above the water. To-night the sea roared in their ears, but the storm had gone by, leaving upon the horizon a black and rugged bank of cloud rimmed by great beacon stars. Down through a wide rift in the clouds streamed light from a haloed moon. Beneath it, seated upon the stone, his hands clasped about his knees and a gleaming sword laid across them, was the man they sought. His head was lifted, and the moon gave light enough by which to read the lineaments of a good knight and true, brave, of stainless honor, a lover of things of good repute, pure gold to his friends, generous to his foes, gentle to the weak, tender and pitiful of all who sinned or suffered. He heard their footsteps on the stone, and rising, went to meet them.

"It hath been a wonderful night," he said. "Look, how great is the ring about the moon! and the air after the storm blows from far countries. . . . They have come to me one after another—all the men of the *Cygnet,* and the *Phœnix,* and the land force. Henry Sedley sate beside me, with his arm about my shoulder; and Captain Robert Baldry and I have clasped hands, foregoing our quarrel. And the crew of the *Sea Wraith* went by like shadows. I know not if I did wrongly by them, but if it be so I will abide God's judgment between us when I too am dead. And I am not yet for the Low Countries, Arden! I am for England—England, England!"

They leaned against the parapet and looked out upon the now gleaming sea, the rack of the clouds, and the broken

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cohorts of the stars. They looked out to the glistening line where the water met the east. "Homeward to-morrow!" said Arden; and Ferne asked, "What are thy ships, John?" and Nevil answered: "The one is the *Mere Honour*, the other I have very lately named the *Cygnet*. Wilt be her Captain, Mortimer, from here to Plymouth Port?"

The Countess of Pembroke, in mourning for her parents, was spending a midsummer month in leafy Penshurst. It was a drowsy month, of roses fully blown and heavy lilies, of bees booming amongst all honey flowers, of shady copses and wide sunlit fields;—and it was a quiet month because of the Countess's mourning and because Philip Sidney was Governor of Flushing. Therefore, save for now and then a messenger bringing news from London or Wilton or from that loved brother in the Netherlands, the Countess, her women, and a page or two made up the company at Penshurst. The pages and the young gentlewomen (all under the eye of an aged majordomo) moved sedately in the old house, pacing soberly the gardens beneath the open casements; but when they reached the sweet rusticity of the outward ways, fruit-dropping orchards, and sunny spaces, they were for lighter spirits, heels, and wits. With laughter young hand caught at young hand, and fair forms circled swiftly an imaginary May-pole. Tall flowers upon the Medway's brim next took their eye, and they gathered pink and white and purple sheaves; then, limed by the mere joy of work, caught up and plied the rakes of the haymakers. The meadows became lists, their sudden employment a joust at arms, and some slender youth crowned the swiftest workwoman with field flowers withering in the nearest swathe. All wove garlands, then made for the shade of the trees and shared a low basket of golden apples. One had a lute, and another sang a love-ditty with ethereal passion. They were in Arcadia — silken shepherdesses, slim princes in disguise—and they breathed the sweetness, the innocent yet lofty grace, which was the country's natal air.

"Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother," kept much, in her gentle, filial sorrow, to her great chamber above the gardens, where she wrote and studied, and to her closet, where before an eastern window was set the low chair beside which she kneeled in prayer for her living and her dead. She prayed much alone, but once a day, when the morn was young, she sent for one who was named her gentlewoman indeed, but to whom all her train gave deference, knowing of the love between this lady and their mistress. The lady came—beautiful, patient, with lips that smiled on life, and wonderful dark eyes in which the smile was drowned. The Countess took her morning kiss and the fair coolness of her fresh cheek, then praised the flowers in her hands, all jewelled with the dew—a lovely posy to be set amongst the Countess's little library of pious works. Then on this, as on other days, the two fair women read together, their soft voices making tremulous music of the stately Latin. The reading done, they kneeled side by side, dark hair against light, praying silently, each her own prayers. It was a morning rite, poignantly dear to them both; it began and helped upon its way the live-long lingering day. They arose and kissed, and presently the Countess spoke of letters which she must write.

"Then," said the other, "I will go sit by the fountain until you wish for me."

"The fountain!" answered Mary Sidney. "Ah, Damaris! I would that thou mightst forget the fountain. I would that other blooms than red roses were planted there!"

"That would not I!" the other answered. "I love the fountain. And once a red rose meant to me—Paradise!"

"Then go thy ways and gather thy roses," said the Countess, fondly. "I would give thee heaven an I could—so that thou stayed upon earth with thy fairing!"

The Countess sate herself down to write to Philip Sidney, not knowing that he was so near the frontier whence no living messenger, no warm and loving cry, could ever draw him back. Damaris, a book in her hand, passed through the silent, darkened house out to the sunlit lawns. Her skirt swept the enamelled turf; she touched the tallest flowers as she passed, and they bloomed no worse for that light caress. Poetry was in her every motion, and she was too beautiful

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a thing to be so sad. She made no parade of grief. Faint smiles came and went, and all things added to her birthright of grace. She was the Countess's almoner: every day she did good, lessening pain, whispering balm to the anguish-stricken, speaking as with authority to troubled souls. Back from the hovel to stately houses she went, and, lo! the maid of honor, exquisite, perfect as a flower. Men wooed but might not win her. They came and went, but to her it was no matter. In her eyes still burned the patient splendor with which she waited for the tide to take her, bearing her out beyond the shallows to one who also tarried.

With a gentle sound the fountain rose and fell in a gray stone basin. Around it were set the rose-trees, and beyond the roses tall box and yew, most fantastically clipped, screened from observation the fairy spot. Damaris, slowly entering, became at once the spirit of the place. She paced the fountain's grassy rim to a rustic seat and took it for her chair of state, from which for a while, with her white hands behind her head, she watched the silver spray and the blue midsummer sky. A lark sang, but so high in the blue that its joyous note jarred not the languor of the place. Damaris opened her book—but what need of written poesy? The red roses smelled so sweet that 'twas as though she lay against the heart of one royal bloom. She left her throne and trod the circle, and in both hands she took the heavy blossoms and pressed them to her lips. The odor was like warm wine. "Now and for all my life," said Damaris, "for me one faded rose! Afterwards, two in a garden like this—like this!"

The grass was so green and warm that presently she lay down upon it, her head pillowed upon her arm, her eyes gazing through the fountain mist and down the emerald slopes to where ran the elm-wood avenue. She gazed in idleness, through half-shut eyelids, wrapped in lullabies and drowsy warmth. Hoof-beats between the elms troubled her not. When through the mist of falling water and the veil of drooping leaves she saw riding toward the house a youth clad in blue, the horse and rider seemed but figures in a piece of tapestry. Her satin eyelids closed, and if other riders presently showed in the tapestry she saw them not, for she was sound asleep. She dreamed of a masque at Hampton Court long ago, and of the gown she had worn, and how merry she had been, and she dreamed of the Queen. Then her dream changed, and she sate with Henry Sedley on the sands of a lost seacoast, stretching in pale levels beyond the ken of man. The surf raced toward them like shadowy white horses, and a red moon hung low in the sky. There was music in the air and his voice was speaking, but suddenly the sea and its champing horses and the red moon passed away. She stirred, and now it was not her brother's voice that spoke. Green grass was beneath her; splendid roses, red and gold, were censers slowly swinging; the silver fountain leaped as if to meet the skylark's song. Slowly Damaris raised herself from her grassy bed and looked with widening eyes upon an intruder. "I—I went to sleep," she said. "Is't heaven, or will this rose also fade?" She closed her eyes for a moment; then, opening them, "O my dream!" she cried. "Go not away!"

The sunlight fell upon his lifted head, and on his dress, that was as rich as any bridegroom's, and on a sword-knot of silver gauze. "Look you thus in heaven, O my king?" she breathed.

Sir Mortimer approached her very slowly, for he saw that her senses strayed. As he came nearer, she shrank against the wall of bloom. "Dear heart," he said, "I am a living man, and before all the world I now may wear thy silver sleave. But the rose you gave me once before hath withered into dust. I could not hold it back. Break for me another rose—*Dione!*"

She put out her hand and obeyed. Into her eyes had come a crescent splendor, upon her lips the dawn of an ineffable smile, but yet troubled, yet without full understanding, she, trembling, held out the flower at arm's length. But when Ferne's hand closed upon hers, when she felt herself drawn into his arms and his kiss upon her lips, his whisper in her ears, she awoke, and thought not less of heaven, but only that heaven had come to earth.

THE END.

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The Sea-Child

BY ETHEL WATTS MUMFORD

I WAS thoroughly tired when the shacks of Panning Flats came into view around a bend in the trail. From plans and descriptions they were familiar, but I was not prepared for the unmitigated ugliness of the surroundings. All day we had travelled through magnificent mountain scenery. That this plague-spot could exist in its very heart seemed impossible. The timber had been cut away from the mountains that, bare and raw, overhung the camp. Zigzagging sluice-boxes clung along their sides. Through "Mud Canyon" the little, sluggish "Yellow River" wound its way, spreading out below the sawmill, and narrowing again as "Horse-thief Gulch" swallowed it. The banks of gravel and blue clay that stubbornly and unavailingly resisted the assaults of the giant hose had, by their disintegration, built up my failing fortunes, but I looked on them now with no feeling of gratitude. My only thought was, how in the world had my partner lived in that hole for six mortal years? Poor old Burrage! He was gone now, and, I thought, wherever his unquiet soul had fled, he was certainly no worse off than in Panning Flats. The trail dipped at a vicious angle, and my little slit-eared Indian pony seemed to shut up like a telescope as he held back on his lean hind quarters. Behind me, slipping and scrambling, came the pack-horses; before me went the villainous-looking person with meek blue eyes who had met me at Axas with the outfit, and the information that he was Pat Queenan, assistant manager. As our small procession neared the level of the mine, lounging men appeared suddenly. A few frowzy women came to their door-sills and stared upwards, shading their hard, brown faces with harder, browner hands. At last we struck the Flats; the tired ponies fell into a short, springless canter, and stopped with a jerk before the door of a long, low, unpainted building, whose adornment consisted of a watering-trough to the right of the entrance, a very dirty roller-towel, and several cakes of yellow laundry soap.

My guide dismounted, and going to the door, roared: "Kate! Oh, Kate! Ka-tee-ee! Here's the boss."

No answer, but a moment later a weary-eyed, indifferent woman came forward, wiping her hands on a blue-checked apron. She looked at me and nodded.

"Burrage pardner?" she inquired, laconically.

"Yes," I answered, somewhat taken aback by this reception.

"Come in," she said, and turning, disappeared into the house.

The room was huge and bare. Two long hand-hewn tables, littered with tin cups and plates, occupied the centre. Four heavy benches had been drawn back against the wall to facilitate clearing up.

From Burrage's letters I knew Katie well. She was Mrs. Olmhold, a Kansas woman, widow of a miner, of Norwegian descent, and the mother of several children. She ran the "hotel," and had been my partner's landlady since we had taken over the mine. She led me through the dining-room and threw open a door in the farther wall.

"Burrage's room," she said, stolidly. "Reckon you'll grub here same as him. Get yer supper."

She disappeared, leaving me with "Burrage's room"—and its memories. A camp-bed, neatly made up; a vast table; a rickety bureau, from which the drawers extended as if they had been hurriedly rifled of their contents; a home-made chair; an American rocker. Heaps of books and papers confronted me. A few photographs were tacked to the walls; from a nail in the shaving-mirror frame a dance-card dangled incongruously. Here was a case of rusting razors, there

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an ink-bottle, wherein the liquid had dried. It was inexpressibly sad, tragically lonely.

Through the dusty window-panes one could see the raw earth, raw buildings, and raw humanity of Panning Flats in all their hideousness. Depression sank into my soul like lead—

"Please, mister, have you seen it?" a small voice behind me inquired, an expectant thrill in every word.

I turned sharply, almost angrily, and was confronted by a boy of nine or ten—a strange, uncanny child. His jaw was square and his chin pointed. His hair was black as ink, wiry and straight. His eyes, sapphire blue, shone weirdly out of a dusky bronze countenance. A torn shirt and a pair of ragged overalls made up his costume, through which portions of his lean brown body were plainly to be seen.

"Have yer seen it?" he asked, eagerly, his slim fingers twitching.

"Seen what?" I asked.

"The sea!" He brought out the word as one might hear a little white novice speak of God.

"Yes," I nodded; "lots; been across it a dozen times."

"Oh!" He drew nearer with an almost convulsive movement, and stood looking at me as if I were too rare to be human.

"Do I gather," I asked, sitting down in the rocker, "that you don't know anybody who has seen it?"

"Pete has," he answered, gravely, "and so has Red Jack and Boney Sam. But they don't seem ter see it right. They just say it's a lot of water, that joggles up and down and makes you feel like Sunday mornin'; and Mist' Burrage he wouldn't never say nothin', 'ceptin' the sea'd tuck somethin' he were fond on, and he didn't never want ter see it again or talk about it—and he wouldn't."

There was a world of misery, of hope deferred, in the last sentence, and I knew only too well that Burrage would tolerate no reference to the loss that had wrecked his life.

"Tell me 'bout it," he implored, standing before me, an odd, eager little figure.

Thus adjured to describe "It," I became suddenly helpless—as who would not? But I love the ocean with a great and enduring love, and in my loneliness it seemed like speaking of an absent friend.

"It's the finest thing in the world," I said; "the strongest thing and the deepest thing. It's the kindest and the cruelest. It's immortal youth—"

I broke off with a laugh, thinking how utterly unintelligible were such words to the child before me. I looked up and met the sapphire eyes. In them was a great joy, a great recognition.

"Yep!" he nodded, emphatically, "that's it. And if you look 'way down when the sun shines, you see long, long streaks like green light, an' they're full o' dust, like when the sun shines in ther winder."

"Now where in the world did you hear that?" I asked, surprised. "Who told you?"

He looked embarrassed and shook his head. "I dreamed it."

"That's a very true dream," I said, slowly. "It's just like that; and when the water comes to the land it makes waves that curl over and break. If it's a rocky coast, you can see through the tops of the waves, and they are green—green, like the light through that bottle there." I was watching him closely now. He was nodding approval. Then he took up the tale himself.

"But when it hits sand an' gravel, it sucks it up so the water's gray, like the upper sluices; an' it talks all the time, like the trees in Horse-thief Gulch."

"But you know just as much as I do. What do you want me to tell?"

"But I dun'no' nauthin'—nauthin'," he reiterated, miserably. "I sorter *seem* ter know, an' I *wanter* know, but I *dun'*-no' nauthin'!"

Steps sounded outside. The child turned pale under his tawny skin.

"Don't tell Kate, please don't tell Kate!" he begged, in evident terror.

"All right," I whispered, reassuringly, and going to the door, threw it wide. The boy cowered back near the window as the woman came in, bearing my supper on a tray. Her weary eyes lit vengefully as they fell upon the child.

"Eerick!" she drawled, "git! What yer doin' yere?"

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"HAVE YOU SEEN THE SEA?" HE ASKED EAGERLY

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"I called him in," I interrupted. "I wanted to ask him some questions—and see here, Kate, I'll do as I please here; you'd better understand that right now."

She set down the tray sullenly. "He's loco," she said.

"He's your son, isn't he?" I inquired, in tones of reprimand.

"Ain't," she retorted. "He was my man's by a Moki Injun! Injun!" she repeated, with a sneer.

The boy winced, darting a quick glance at me. I read his thoughts: Would I talk about the sea to him now—now that I knew he was "Injun"?

"Here, kid," I said, "want a biscuit?"

The attention relieved his anxiety. He smiled winningly, showing a set of very white, even teeth, and shook his head. "Nope," he murmured, reluctantly.

"E-e-rick!" a shrill voice called in the dining-room—"E-e-rick! you come yere and wash yer dishes!"

With a start of apprehension he fled in the direction of the voice. His stepmother looked after him.

"He's loco," she observed again, with a return of her usual apathy, and without waiting for a reply, was gone.

This was my introduction to the sea-child—an acquaintance that bred in turn curiosity, wonder, and at last a great affection. In the days that followed I found in the boy's society relief from the wearying round of work. I would turn from the sad task of straightening the tangle of my dead partner's affairs and the irksome details of the mine to the ever-fresh wonder of his sea-talk. By the hour we would sit together, pondering on the ocean's secrets, the strange ways of ships, and the stranger lives of sailors. Gradually I found I was the listener. He turned to me for sympathy, not for information. There were times when his very speech changed—his faults of grammar, picturesque oaths, and slang fell from him. He found simple, accurate words of description that thrilled me with their truth. There were times when his talk became peopled with monstrous fancies, like Indian tales whispered in the tepees at twilight, or chanted by Zuñi girls with cart-wheel hair. He could not tell me whence his stories came—he "dreamed them." His Moki mother had died when he was born; his blue-eyed Norwegian father he remembered well, but he had evidently stood too much in awe of him, his fierce tempers and drunken rages, to have learned aught in that quarter. Moreover, I learned from Kate that "her man" had himself never seen the sea, but had wandered into Arizona from the Middle West, and subsequently drifted northward without touching the coast. His people had been sailors, that she knew—she had heard him say so. "Had he ever seemed anxious to reach the ocean?" "No." "Did he care to talk of ships or sailors?" "No." She looked upon my adoption of Eric as a form of "loco," though she dared not openly object, and, wrapt in stolid indifference, left me to indulge my fancy, provided her stepson was not interfered with in the discharge of his chores. My friendship for the sea-child deepened as time went on. And on his side the love he gave me, the gratitude of his whole being, was pathetic to see. With the loss of self-consciousness and restraint the marvel of his visions increased. But it was not till some three months after my arrival that I saw the workings of his "dreaming" in all their intensity.

One night I was roused by a sudden clatter and a shriek of wind. A violent storm had burst, and its angry roar echoed and bellowed in the canyons and screamed in the defile of Horse-thief Gulch. Savage gusts shook the shacks and screamed shrilly by the eaves. Even in the comparatively quiet intervals the roar of Yellow River, the thrash of torrential rain, the sucking, slopping sound of the overrunning sluices, made sleep impossible. I got up and lit the lamp. In contrast to the shrieking pandemonium outside, the room was strangely still, though the draughts set the light flickering, and distorted shadows danced on the wall.

A click, a faint scratching sound at the door. I started. It came again, with a mutter of words. I pushed back the bolt.

Upon the threshold stood Eric, his eyes wide open, his hands convulsively clutching the neck of his tattered little nightshirt.

"Afraid, kid?" I said, gently, and

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stooped to reassure him. The hand I caught was rigid. His eyes were wide open and unseeing. As gently as I might I directed his mechanical steps toward the bed, and, once there, lifted and settled him warmly. For a moment he lay still, staring fixedly at the wavering circle of light thrown on the ceiling by the opening of the lamp chimney. Then he sat up suddenly, and spoke in a low, monotonous voice that nevertheless was distinct, audible, not through, but under the uproar of the storm:

"And the ship shook and trembled all over, and give—a—gave a kick—and lay over—over, 'way down. White water spurted from everywhere, and green water came over the bows and ran down. She shook and shook, and began to rise up, so the thick water fell off the sides—she went up, up, climbing like she was tired. You could see the square brick house in the middle—"

"His dreams are getting tangled," I thought.

"—looking black against the foam of the waves the bow was fighting so hard. There were big wooden—dav—dav—davits all turned and broken—only one boat—at the stern. The railing around the stern was broken in places, too, because it sloped up and the water hit it hard. The wind was full of cold and black dark—there was a rolling noise inside—barrels—banging just as hard inside as the waves beat outside—boom!—br-rr-m!—like a drum, and she staggered."

"Barrels—a brick house—wooden davits, and a boat at the stern—" I knew now! The old type of whaler. And the cold!—an icy breath blew through the room, chilling and numbing. I knew what was coming. I could smell the unmistakable odor of rotting ice.

"There's a great big icicle," said Eric, panting, "only pointing the other way, and big as a whole mountain—it's grinding and roaring. The waves are tearing it and breaking off pieces and throwing them back. Oh!—oh!" he screamed, shrilly, "my boat! my boat!"

Two thin hands met about my neck, a tousled black head burrowed in my breast, and in my encircling arms I felt his body twitch and shake with mingled terror and excitement. Presently he lifted his head with a great sigh of relief.

"How'd I get yere?" he asked; then added, "I had a skeery dream." Outside, the storm raged and whooped in the canyons, yelling with an almost human voice. The child snuggled close. "Ain't you glad," he said, "that we ain't out on 'It' to-night?"

"Yes," said I. "We're better off here, aren't we?"

A furious gust shook the house, rattled the window-panes, and set the lamp flame wavering. He winced.

"Kin I," he begged, wistfully—"kin I stay here wid you?"

I nodded reassuringly.

"Don't tell Kate," he murmured, and with the instantaneous relaxation of childhood, fell asleep.

But the dreams, I found, did not always come in slumber, but would intrude in broad daylight and waking hours. These pictures did not appear to him as memories, rather as mirages plainly seen, but not an actual part of the surroundings. It was all real to his clairvoyant eyes. He would describe to me minutely colors and forms, even sounds and smells. Usually it was the open sea, with wonderful sunsets, pale red dawns on stormy waters; nights of moonlight on satin-smooth, glossy waves. There were night pictures, too, with star-crowded skies. Twice I made him describe them to me. Once I recognized the constellations, with the Southern Cross low on the horizon. Very often there were ships, of all rigs and sizes, and once an open boat, with a heap of something under a sail-cloth, and a white bird with a red tail, perched on the bow.

Sometimes, but that rarely, he came to land. Once a crowded quay appeared, a tangle of masts against the sky, and an indefinite row of slim bows stretching away to right and left. On the wharves were bustling workmen in blue and white jerseys. This time there was a great smell of tar and varnish, paint and rope. There were all sorts of flags aloft, but the blue, white, and red of France predominated. Another port we made. And this I remember as if it occurred yesterday.

We were lying out on the hillside above the gulch. It was warm and pleasant; the big trees murmured overhead as we gazed through their branches

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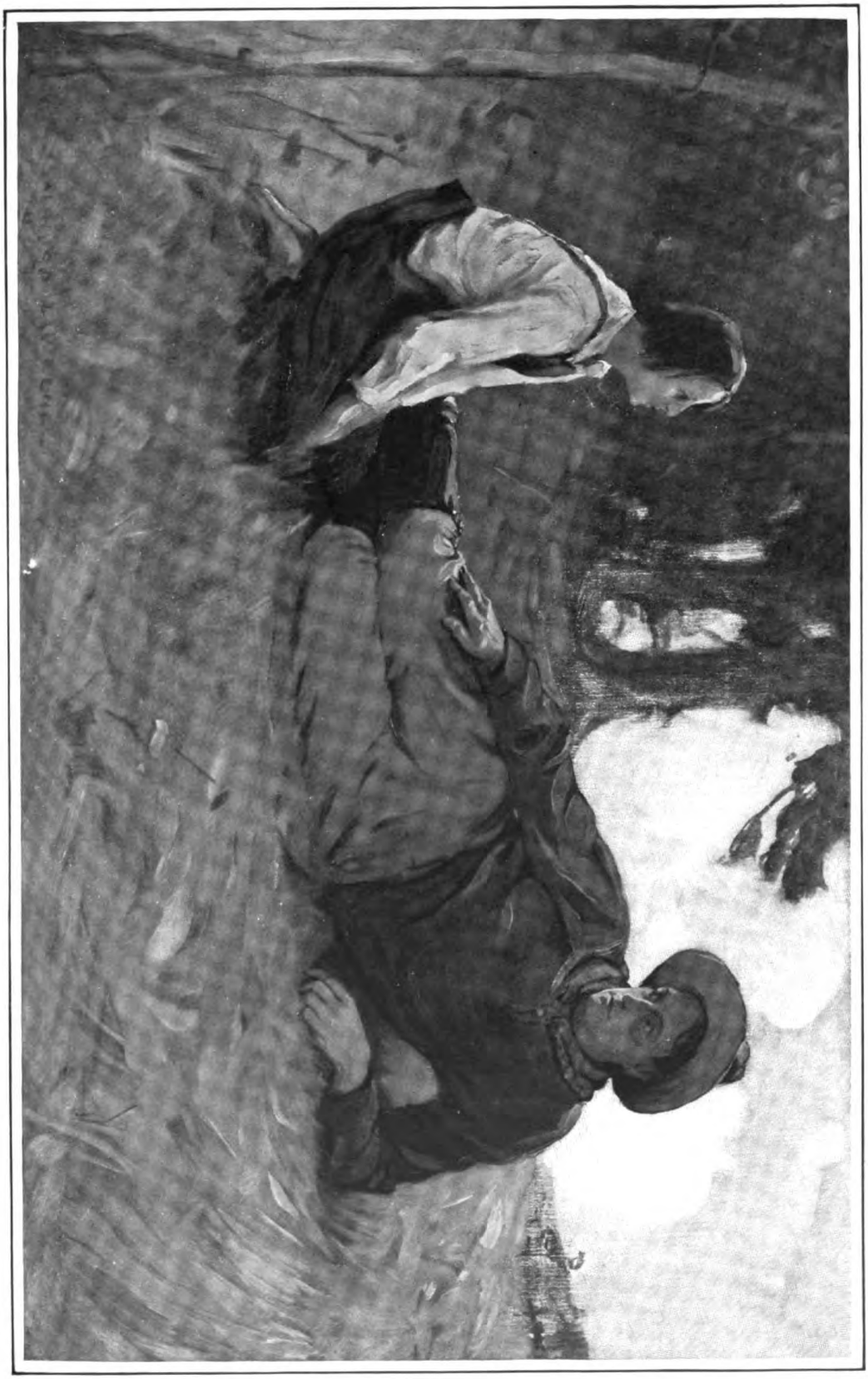

ERIC WAS WELL IN HIS DREAM NOW

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at a sky of turquoise, across which white cloud argosies sailed majestically, bound for the port of sunset.

"I'm up high, high in er mast," remarked Eric, in most matter-of-fact tones. "There are t'ree of us there, and they're all as brown as me. There's a lot of little square sails on the masts, and heaps of ropes for the wind to sing in. My! but it's the beautifulest place! We're going in and out by headlands, all so green, green, and there's tall trees like the feather duster Mrs. Lean hangs in her front room, only on end. The water is blue—oh, blue! Two great big fish are racing right along by the bow, with just a little twiggle of their tails. And there's silver fish with wings like big dragon-flies, that jump up—lots of 'em—and fly—oh, so long—long, and go plump. The sun's hot, but the wind's good. Oh!"—with a little gasp—"we've went right round a turn, and we're in a bay, a beautiful bay, with hills back of it. There's a town, mostly white, with red roofs that stick 'way out, and lots of trees. The big fish that swam with us are gone; but there are other big ones, looking sort of pinkish down in the water. They turn over sideways sometimes, and run along very quiet, with a knife standing up out of the middle of their backs. There's other ships—five of them. One of them has four yeller chimneys and all sorts of yeller houses! Her masts are stumpy, and have yeller nests on 'em. She's painted white. She's fasten' 'way down, right in front of a cut in the 'way-back hill."

"Oh," said I, with a start, "upon my soul!" Eric was well in his dream now; I knew my questions would not rouse him. "Look over to the right," I said, gently. "What do you see?"

"Town and hills—and a long road, and a great long, long, low, whitey-gray stone house with a ditch all around it. It's on the top of a ridge. There's a flag-pole and a flag—"

"What flag?" said I—"what color?"

"It's green—and white—and red," he answered, slowly, as one endeavoring to make out the details of something distant. "There's a picture in the middle, of an eagle and a snake—"

"Acapulco!" said I, under my breath. "Of all places—Acapulco! with a war-ship taking advantage of the 'cut,' as usual, to get a breeze. He's got it all—the town, the fort, the Mexican flag, even the porpoises and the confounded old harbor-sharks!"

I lay gazing aloft, puzzling over the mystery of this child. Did his physical brain inherit these memories? Were they records of things seen by the long-closed eyes of dead and buried forefathers? The story of the arctic whaler might bear out that theory. But this distinct vision of a little Pacific coast town in lower Mexico was modern in its detail of war-ship and—the "cut." It might be a vision transferred from my brain—but I had recognized the place only after the description had been almost completed. Was the phenomenon one of second sight acquired by the constant concentration of a longing that burned like a perpetual flame in his little body? It might be. Behind him was a Norse ancestry on one side, on the other the Mokis with their world-old ocean traditions and ceremonials, and the consuming desire of the "great plains of water." Had the conjunction bred this strange clairvoyance of the sea, so that this child's soul "dwelt upon the face of the waters"?

Such questions were with me constantly, whether I stood over the panning, quarrelled with the manager, or stacked my gold in green-hide bags in the vault prepared below my room by the foresight of poor old Burrage. There were stirring times enough, Heaven knows, and troubles galore, to be settled with what rough justice of tongue and gun seemed best. But as I look back at that time, I see nothing but the eyes of the sea-child, hear nothing but his small monotonous voice talking incessantly of waves and clouds, of shiny moon paths on quiet waters, or the shock of roaring storm combers. I see again the pictures he drew for me, more clear and true than my own innumerable recollections of the great mother of tears and laughter, and—I do not yet understand.

The snows came early that year, and the consequent shutting down of the mine till the spring thaws should release the ice-bound streams and melt the drifts that threatened to bury us. Some of the men furbished guns and restrung snow-

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shoes, preparing for the winter. But most of them took their pay and made their way to Axas before the trail became impassable and Panning Flats a hermit station. For six years Burrage had wintered there, with his thoughts and his books, nursing his sorrow in the white wilderness. But I saw no necessity of following such an example; moreover, I had determined upon a course of action. I had confidence in my managers, I knew what could and could not be expected of the mine, and I had no intention of playing keeper to my goose of the golden eggs—better lose an egg or so than spend one's life in that occupation, especially as the goose was of a generous nature. I made up my mind to entrust the works to Queenan and Glyn for the coming season, and treat myself to a year of travel and relaxation. The second half of my programme was the adoption of Eric. I could not part with him. It was obvious that Kate could offer no objections, though, naturally, she did not understand my preference, when her own bedraggled offspring were on exhibition. When I made the proposition she shrugged her bent shoulders.

"I ain't nawthin' to say if yer wants him. He's half Injun, an' he's loco, an' he ain't mine." She turned to her washtub, dismissing the subject with the weary indifference that characterized her.

So it came to pass that the pack-train that carried the last load "out" took us also, up the steep trail from Panning Flats, on, through the vast snow-shrouded silence of the mountains, to the railroad town of Axas, where the trains paused for a moment in their mad transcontinental hurry.

Through Eric's eyes I saw all the world anew—the wonder of transportation, the peculiarities of our fellow travellers, the marvel of cities, the beauty of the universe. I doubt if in the world's history such a multitude of questions were ever asked in a similar length of time, and I was sore put to it to answer, as were a score or more interested persons, who unwisely allowed themselves to be drawn into converse by his engaging frankness and weird beauty. All-wonderful as were these new experiences, they never for a moment blotted from his mind the great single object—to see the ocean—to behold with his own eyes the marvels of his dreams.

Every stage of our journey was a nearing to that supreme moment. With his dusky face close to mine, he would whisper, "How long now?" When not actively interrogating some one as to everything under the heavens, or absorbed in some new and entrancing discovery, he would sing over and over to himself, "Goin' to see it—goin' to see it—goin' to see it," to the rhythmic banging of the train. In his berth at night I could hear him crooning himself asleep; the first sound that penetrated to my waking senses was his happy refrain. We reached Oakland after nightfall, of which I was glad, as I wanted his first broad glimpse of the sea to be perfect. As it was, I could hardly restrain his outbursts of delight as we boarded the ferry.

"Oh, smell it!" he cried, shaking with excitement. "Smell it, an' see the lights wiggle in the water, an' hear it—an' look at the shine down there!"

In his efforts to get a better view of the phosphorescence that here and there rolled dimly in the steamer's wake, he was climbing over the rail. I pulled him down, and hung to his jacket during the rest of the trip, as I had seen many an anxious mother do, feeling foolish the while in my new capacity of nurse. "I suppose this means I've got to get married," I thought, savagely, and then resented the idea of sharing my troublesome charge with any one.

We neared San Francisco. The huge bright eye of the ferry-house clock towered overhead. On either side the dim mass of crowded shipping broke the line of water-front. The great hills of the city twinkled with star points, down to the sullen, light-specked darkness of the "Barbary Coast." Here at last the smells of pitch, varnish, salt water, and the vague, mixed odors of many cargoes smote upon Eric's nostrils, sweeter than the perfume of Persia's rose-gardens to the poet tent-maker. It was with difficulty that I tore him away from the docks and induced him to accompany me to the hotel. I had counted upon the size and bustle of the big caravansary to efface momentarily the lure of the ships. In this I was disappointed. He saw nothing, heard nothing, of his surroundings.

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"To-morrow! to-morrow!" he repeated, with mosquito-like persistence. "I'm goin' to see it—I'm goin' to see it!"

It was a restless night we spent. At dawn he was up, pattering about with bare feet, examining everything, monkey fashion, yet ever turning to flatten his nose against the window-pane and gaze wistfully down the wide street. Business affairs at the bank held me during the morning, but after lunch we started for the park. I had telephoned to one of the stables near the entrance, and a runabout with an amiable bay—an old friend of mine—was waiting for us. Eric, pale with excitement under his brown skin, took his place beside me, and we trotted off.

The smooth roads and lush greenery of the park he treated with disdain. It was not till we had left it behind and were making for the dunes that his interest returned. The wind blew chill from the sea. Its breath put new life into the boy.

"Shut your eyes now," I commanded, "and don't you open them till I tell you." He obeyed, after a tortured glance in my direction.

We drove on. At last we reached the beach, curving away, in a mother-of-pearl sweep of wet sand, to Seal Rocks at one end, and fading in a white glow of spray at the other. The long-ridged Pacific, wide and untrammelled, rolled in its succession of curling waves, with its old, never-ending enthusiasm of power. A mist hung over the crumbling surf, a veil of vanishing and reoccurring rainbows, and the voice of all the waves mingled in a rapturous chorus of welcome.

"Look!" I said.

Eric opened his eyes. His face became transfigured as with a great light. His spirit leaped to his sapphire eyes, and stood there, unveiled, gazing.

Never shall I see that look again till I see the souls of the blessed as they enter Paradise. A terrible fear smote me that he would die—die in this supreme instant. I shook him roughly.

"Eric! Eric!" I called.

LISTENING TO THE SONG OF THE WIND IN THE CORDAGE

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He turned his face toward me with a hysterical sob; great unfamiliar tears were rolling down his cheeks. Too late I saw the cruelty of my experiment. I should have spared him the shock—brought him face to face with his sea gently. But the damage, whatever it might be, was done. We drove slowly and in silence down the sands. He was making heroic efforts to control his excitement. His hands were clenched, his lips stiff, with the effort. When at last I turned the horse's head landward, he did not protest, but sank back exhausted. His little face was pinched and worn as if by great pain, but in his eyes shone the "peace that passeth all understanding."

It was late when we reached home, and at once I coaxed him to supper, hoping in the warmth of creature comfort to neutralize the overwhelming effect of the shock I had so inconsiderately allowed his high-strung nerves to suffer. Gradually he recovered his wonted composure, the blood returned to his lips and cheeks; still he remained silent, wrapt in beatific dreams. I did not attempt to rouse him, but got him off to bed as early as possible. And, the change of air taking effect, I was not long in following him.

When I awoke it was to broad daylight and unaccustomed stillness. I glanced at my watch. Nine o'clock. Nine o'clock! and not a stir from the cot!

Filled with a vague presentiment, I leaped from the bed, and at a glance learned the worst. He was gone—so were his clothes! In vain I tried to comfort myself with the hope that he was walking in his sleep, as he had the night of the storm, when he came to me. But I knew I should never see him again. I cannot dwell upon the details of that search. It wrings my heart even now when I think of it. Suffice that no stone was left unturned. The police, private detectives, cables and telegrams to the port of every ship leaving the harbor during that week and even after; offers of reward—large enough to insure the most thorough service and tireless investigation—nothing availed. Eric was gone! —where? Ah, who can tell me? Do the great tides rock my sea-child, holding him close in to the mother heart of the world? Do those wide eyes stare upon strange ocean changes, an emerald universe of which we know nothing? Or by some straight, slim mast, under a white cloud of sail, does he stand, listening to the song of the wind in the cordage and the rip of the bow through blue water? Who can tell? But I know that at last his exiled soul has reached its haven, and what was I that I should prevail over the call of the sea?

But when I think of his sapphire eyes, his black tousled head, his winning smile, and the grip of his nervous, thin little fingers—I feel desolate and old.

A Song of Sunset

BY KATHARINE PEARSON WOODS

THE sky was aflush with an eager joy
O'er the mountains steady and still;
Aglow with glory, the golden west,
The south was a rose on the mountain's breast.
(Is the heart of age as the heart of a boy,
That a man should yearn for an infant's toy?
Yet love must have her will!)

When the rose had burned to a patient gray,
When the west was poor and cold,
Strong, softly steadfast (tho' night be drear!),
The veiled blue hills wore a valiant cheer.
(For having is better than hope, they say;
And who shall grieve, that, at close of day,
A young love came to the old?)

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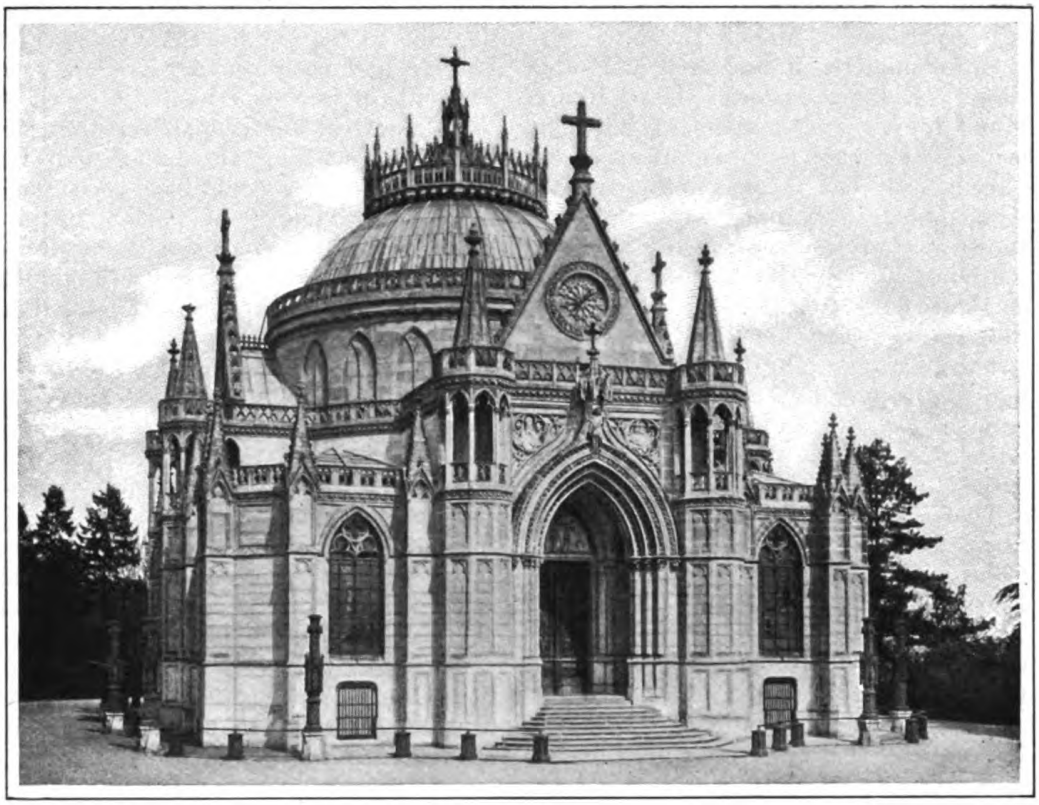

WEST FRONT OF ORLEANS MAUSOLEUM AT DREUX

The Romance of Citizen Rouzet

BY BASIL KING

NEVER did romance come later into a life than in the case of Monsieur Jacques Marie Rouzet, professor of law, of Toulouse. To live to the age of fifty, a quiet, respectable member of the *bourgeoisie,* with strong republican views, then to be inspired with an undying passion for a royal princess, to have that passion faithfully returned, to follow her through adventure and vicissitude, to die a grandee of Spain, and to be the first to lie in what has become the burial-place of princes—these are not commonplace turns of the wheel of fate, but they are those which came to Jacques Marie Rouzet. The French Revolution was fertile in surprises, and few that it produced were more curious than that which led to the building of the mausoleum of the house of Orleans in the quaint old town of Dreux.

Sent by his fellow citizens as deputy to the Convention, Rouzet arrived in Paris in September, 1792. Like many others who sat in that fatal assembly, he came to the capital with admirable theories on the future of France and humanity. Now that the King had been dethroned and a new authority was to be set up, it seemed to Rouzet an excellent opportunity to combine antique republican simplicity with English constitutional liberty. As a scholar, a philosopher, and a professor of law he was willing to be one of that choice band of spirits who should evolve for France an ideal government, founded on what

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was best in both human wisdom and the past experience of mankind.

Unfortunately, Robespierre had other views. Eighteen months later Rouzet found himself, with many of his more moderate colleagues, in the prison of Les Carmes. He had refused to vote for the King's death in January; in June he had signed the protest against the arrest of the Girondins; in October his name was on the list of deputies to be haled before the Revolutionary tribunal: it was not strange that the March following should find him in a cell. There was but a step between the worthy man and the guillotine, when the fall of Robespierre turned the chances in his favor.

That is to say, they were so far in his favor that he was allowed to retire to Charonne, to the *maison de santé* of Robespierre's friend Dr. Belhomme. This establishment—something between a prison and a sanatorium—was one of the many similar institutions that flourished in or near Paris during the Terror. In them the wealthy or influential prisoner, by paying liberally, could escape the horrors of the Abbaye or the Salpêtrière and provide himself with some of the comforts to which he had been used. Of all such places of refuge, the house of Dr. Belhomme was the surest and the most expensive. As the suburban villa of the Marquis de Chabanais, its appointments were in the good taste of the time, while to its inmates the garden offered peace and seclusion from the storms that raged without. It is still to be seen, dignified and yellow, though passing into slow decay—the only one of all the prisons of the Revolution that remains just as it was in 1793. The Rue de Charonne no longer traverses a pretty neighborhood of villas, convents, and parks; it is one of the busiest streets of the populous industrial quarter between Père la Chaise and the Place de la Bastille; but it bears still some traces of what it was. The villa of Louise de la Vallière stands in its integrity, decorated in the sumptuous Louis Quatorze style, but now given over to base uses. Behind the high walls of the convent with which we are familiar in the last act of Rostand's play is the chapel where Cyrano de Bergerac lies buried. Here and there carved portals and sculptured façades tell of the time when rich Parisians were content to come to the heights of Charonne for the air and coolness they seek now at Trouville or in Switzerland.

As a retreat for people trembling for their lives nothing pleasanter than Dr. Belhomme's house could have been found in the near vicinity of Paris. Its proprietor used his influence with the Revolutionary authorities to secure immunity for those under his protection, and as long as they could pay they were comparatively safe. When they could pay no longer they were obliged to go, to the certain danger of their heads. Thus the Duchesse de Gramont and the Duchesse du Châtelet, being unable to meet Belhomme's increasing charges, went forth to seek a cheaper refuge, and a few days later perished on the scaffold. "Death from false economy" was Belhomme's verdict on this tragic end; but among the surviving inmates of the house at Charonne there was a closer drawing together, in common fear and for mutual protection.

This sense of sheer human dependence on each other, natural to those who live in daily peril, was perhaps the starting-point of Rouzet's romance. Belhomme's register records the arrival of Citizen Rouzet from the prison of Les Carmes on the 4th Vendémiaire, and, a few days previously, that of Citizeness Louise Marie Adelaide Penthièvre. This lady was no other than the Duchess of Orleans, widow of Philippe Egalité.

As the daughter of the Duke of Penthièvre and the granddaughter of the Count of Toulouse, the Duchess of Orleans was the great-granddaughter of Louis XIV. and Madame de Montespan. To her had descended almost the whole of the immense fortune bestowed by the Grand Monarque on his illegitimate family, so that at the time of her marriage she was the most considerable heiress in Europe. It is largely through her, indeed, that the house of Orleans is in possession of its important means at the present day.

On entering the house at Charonne, the Duchess was probably relieved at arriving there at all. It was a contrast, doubtless, to the splendors of the Palais Royal and the beauty of her villa at Passy, but it was clean, well ordered,

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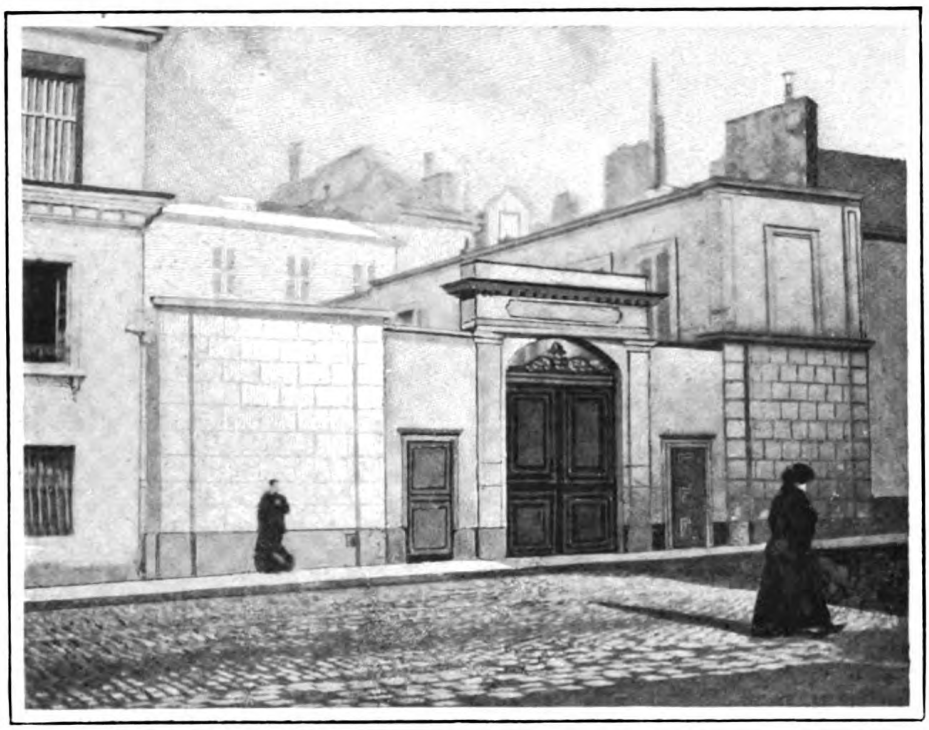

HOUSE OF DR. BELHOMME, ROBESPIERRE'S FRIEND, AS IT IS TO-DAY

and well served. Moreover, it was safe; and she had come through so many terrible experiences that the humblest refuge would have been welcome. A loveless marriage had, in her case, been followed by an unhappy wedded life. Her husband had been a renegade to his order, and had voted for the death of the King, his kinsman. Now the King had gone, the Queen had gone, and Philippe Egalité himself had followed them to the scaffold. Of her two sons, the elder, afterwards King Louis Philippe, was a refugee in Austria, while the younger was in prison at Marseilles. Without family, without friends, with only a pittance out of her vast means allowed to reach her, and all the life she had known reversed from its very base, it is not to be wondered at that the lonely lady should have been glad of any shelter and touched by any sign of friendship.

Though at this time forty years of age, she was still in the prime of the sweet, serene beauty that looks down on us from the walls of Versailles. Her character was one of those that are rendered strong by a devout and cheerful resignation. Into the life at Charonne she brought the courage inspired by a patient, buoyant nature that no trial can embitter. She worked, read, prayed, and bore her great ills with a gentleness that upheld those around her. From the very beginning of their acquaintance Rouzet offered her his entire devotion. In the secluded life at Charonne there were none of the artificial distinctions demanded by court etiquette. Social intercourse was easy even between a deputy to the Convention and a Bourbon princess. The common danger had put every one on a common footing, to a greater extent than the Revolution had done it in the world of liberty, equality, and fraternity outside. Some of the prisoners bore the noblest names in France; others, like Rouzet, were of the *bourgeoisie;* while there were others, like Mademoiselle Lange and Mademoiselle Mézeray of the Théâtre Français, whose claim to distinction was in the realms of art. It was a notable little company, and, like the ladies and gentlemen in the Decameron, it did its best to entertain itself even though deadly peril was at the gates. There were cards, books, and music; there were a well-furnished *salon* for evening re-

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THE DUCHESS OF ORLEANS
From a portrait by Madame Vigée Lebrun

unions and the garden for pleasant walks and talks.

The unusual circumstances created special friendships, and those who in ordinary life would have been kept apart discovered affinities with each other. Thus it was with the grave, elderly scholar from Toulouse and the sweet, sympathetic Duchess. Between his seriousness and her serenity there was much in common. It was natural to his high-minded chivalry to be eager to serve her; it was equally natural to her princely ignorance of every-day things to accept service as a matter of course. Into his devotion Rouzet put a delicacy and tact which the Duchess returned with grace and gratitude. The friendship between them ripened rapidly and gave zest to the conversation of the lookers-on. It was soon whispered that

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the Duchess and the deputy were in love. So they were, as the sequel proved. They were at the beginning of an idyl as pure and tender as any to be found in the pages of romance. The attachment between them was one which they were at no pains to hide. With maturity of years and elevation of principles on both sides, they were not afraid to be candid as to their mutual regard. They were at a moment when the old foundations of society seemed to be broken up and all previously existing conventionalities at an end. It was as if the world were beginning over again and anything was possible. The wildest hopes might be realized, the strangest dreams come true, and the most unusual course of conduct could be justified. Among those who had lived through the frightful shocks of the past two years sentiment was in the air. The mere fact of having survived so many calamities created sympathies and comprehension where there might have been criticism or condemnation. The attachment between Rouzet and the Princess may have caused a smile; it never, then or later, raised a word of scandal. He in his chivalry and she in her gentleness remained through life above suspicion.

Thus, in spite of all sufferings, the weeks at Charonne brought to both a certain happiness. It was with regret that they saw at last the doors thrown open and the deputy allowed to go forth free. Never was prisoner less glad of liberty; for, while he took his seat in the Convention again, she remained under accusation. All that Rouzet could do was to work in her interest among his colleagues, till his efforts were crowned with an equivocal success. By order of the Directory the "Widow Orleans" was released from prison, but only to be deported beyond the boundaries of France.

At two o'clock on an autumn morning the exiled lady, escorted by a body of soldiery, was conducted out of Paris on the long and tedious journey towards Spain. Rouzet was not permitted to accompany her, and the two friends parted in despair. But the journey was fated to be an eventful one. The Duchess, like a true princess of the old régime, knowing nothing of practical affairs, could not imagine herself travelling without the suite to which she had been accustomed. She took with her ladies in waiting, a physician, valets, and maids. Several of the huge coaches of the former court were required to accommodate her train, and the convoy was eighteen days in crossing France. The frontier was reached at last, and it was necessary for the travellers to present their passports. In order to verify them, each person was obliged to descend and be identified. It was found then that one of the party was without papers. He gave his name as Jacques Marie Rouzet.

Then the truth came out. The good man had remained a week in Paris, until he could bear his loneliness no longer. Travelling post-haste, night and day, he had started after his dear friend and had overtaken her not long before the frontier was reached. The circumstances were explained to the French officials, who cruelly refused to let the deputy proceed. It was in vain that he implored and the Duchess wept. Rouzet was carried off to the fortress of Bellegarde on the steep rock just above them. The Duchess refused to cross the frontier without him, but her protestations were of no avail. By and by she dragged herself on foot up to the castle and saw the governor himself. Finding him not to be moved by either tears or entreaties, she fainted at his feet. Taking advantage of her loss of consciousness, her attendants then carried her over into Spain.

But Rouzet, though nearly heart-broken, was not yet at the end of his resources. He wrote to the Convention itself, took his five hundred colleagues into his confidence, and begged their sympathy. It is clear that his case must have touched their hearts, for in the end his papers were accorded him and he was able to go on. He joined the Duchess at the Villa Sarria, near Barcelona, and from that time till the day of his death they were never parted again.

In the little court he took the office of Intendant. That is, he claimed the right to watch over his adored friend in every way, to administer her small revenues, and protect her helplessness against those who would otherwise have preyed upon her. At her request her kinsman, Charles IV. of Spain, conferred upon him the title of Count de Folmon, and, to please her, Rouzet bore the name. From

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Spain they fled together to the Balearic Isles, before the Napoleonic invasion; and from there they returned together to France at the Restoration in 1815.

Once more in possession of her former means, the Duchess established herself in the Château d'Ivry, not far from Dreux. At Dreux there had been an ancient church, which the Revolution had destroyed. In the crypt of this church had been buried the parents of the Duchess, but their remains had been cast out when the royal tombs were destroyed in 1794. The very site of the church had been confiscated and sold; and one of the first cares of the Duchess on her return to France was to get it into her own possession. There, in 1817, she began the construction of a small chapel, over the spot where her parents' bodies had lain. In the centre of this chapel she erected two tombs of white marble, exactly alike and near together, for herself and the friend who had served her so faithfully. In 1820 the crypt of the chapel was finished and Rouzet died. A few months later the Duchess followed him and was buried by his side.

It is not to be supposed, however, that this final arrangement was satisfactory to the restored royal family and their friends. The romantic attachment that had passed without comment during the Terror was regarded otherwise twenty-five years later, when more conventional ideas had resumed their sway. Later still, when Louis Philippe himself was on the throne, the two white marble tombs at Dreux were a cause of something like offence to those who had a right to an opinion. It was the King himself who found the way out of a delicate situation. Over the little chapel his mother had built he raised the large Gothic Renaissance church of the present day—a mingling of all styles, but not without something dignified and picturesque. The pavement of the new edifice was high above that of the old. To the new level he raised the tomb of the Duchess; that of Rouzet was left down below!

Thus the friends were separated after death, and all trace of the idyl of their life together was, as far as possible, swept away. It was a questionable act, for it is safe to say that none of those who have been laid there since that time have brought lovelier memories to the spot. And they do not lack much that is noble—these Orleans men and women, who lie splendid in marble above the place where Rouzet is hidden in the dark. If Louis Philippe himself is not an imposing personage, Marie Amélie—niece of Marie Antoinette—is a touching figure as she kneels meekly by his side. Around them are their children—those who died as babes, like Mademoiselle de Montpensier; those who went in youth, like handsome Orleans, father of the Comte de Paris, and Marie, the lovely Duchess of Würtemberg; and those who lived to be old men, like Aumale, Joinville, and Nemours. They are all imposing in death, as most of them were excellent in life; and yet, as one moves from tomb to tomb admiring the painting, the sculpture, or the beauty of face or pose—as one stands beside the sepulchre of the noble Helen of Mecklenburg, who stretches her hand towards her husband from the tiny Protestant chapel in which she lies,—or beside that of the Duchesse d'Alençon, who, when urged to save herself from the fire of the Bazar de la Charité, six years ago, replied, "I must be the last to leave,"—or beside that of Henri d'Orléans, the intrepid young traveller brought back from his last voyage to lie down here,—as one thinks of the honorable record most of these members of the Orleans family have left behind,—nevertheless one feels that the memory which more than any other gives poetry and consecration to their princely resting-place is that of the honest bourgeois Rouzet, with his unpretending chivalry and simple, pure-minded love.

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The Letter

BY EDITH WHARTON

I

COLONEL ALINGDON died in Florence in 1890.

For many years he had lived withdrawn from the world in which he had once played so active and even turbulent a part. The study of Tuscan art was his only pursuit, and it was to help him in the classification of his notes and documents that I was first called to his villa. Colonel Alingdon had then the look of a very old man, though his age can hardly have exceeded seventy. He was small and bent, with a finely wrinkled face which still wore the tan of youthful exposure. But for this dusky redness it would have been hard to reconstruct from the shrunken recluse, with his low fastidious voice and carefully tended hands, an image of that young knight of adventure whose sword had been at the service of every uprising which stirred the uneasy soil of Italy in the first half of the nineteenth century.

Though I was more of a proficient in Colonel Alingdon's later than his earlier pursuits, the thought of his soldiering days was always coming between me and the pacific work of his old age. As we sat collating papers and comparing photographs, I had the feeling that this dry and quiet old man had seen even stranger things than people said: that he knew more of the inner history of Europe than half the diplomatists of his day.

I was not alone in this conviction; and the friend who had engaged me for Colonel Alingdon had appended to his instructions the injunction to "get him to talk." But this was what no one could do. Colonel Alingdon was ready to discuss by the hour the date of a Giottesque triptych, or the attribution of a disputed master; but on the history of his early life he was habitually silent.

It was perhaps because I recognized this silence and respected it that it afterward came to be broken for me. Or it was perhaps merely because, as the failure of Colonel Alingdon's sight cut him off from his work, he felt the natural inclination of age to revert from the empty present to the crowded past. For one cause or another he *did* talk to me in the last year of his life; and I felt myself mingled, to an extent inconceivable to the mere reader of history, with the passionate scenes of the Italian struggle for liberty. Colonel Alingdon had been mixed with it in all its phases: he had known the last Carbonari and the Young Italy of Mazzini; he had been in Perugia when the mercenaries of a liberal Pope slaughtered women and children in the streets; he had been in Sicily with the Thousand, and in Milan during the *Cinque Giornate*.

"They say the Italians didn't know how to fight," he said one day, musingly —"that the French had to come down and do their work for them. People forget how long it was since they had had any fighting to do. But they hadn't forgotten how to suffer and hold their tongues; how to die and take their secrets with them. The Italian war of independence was really carried on underground: it was one of those awful silent struggles which are so much more terrible than the roar of a battle. It's a deuced sight easier to charge with your regiment than to lie rotting in an Austrian prison and know that if you give up the name of a friend or two you can go back scot-free to your wife and children. And thousands and thousands of Italians had the choice given them—and hardly one went back."

He sat silent, his meditative fingertips laid together, his eyes fixed on the past which was the now only thing clearly visible to them.

"And the women?" I said. "Were they as brave as the men?"

I had not spoken quite at random. I

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had always heard that there had been as much of love as of war in Colonel Alingdon's early career, and I hoped that my question might give a personal turn to his reminiscences.

"The women?" he repeated. "They were braver—for they had more to bear and less to do. Italy could never have been saved without them."

His eye had kindled and I detected in it the reflection of some vivid memory. It was then that I asked him what was the bravest thing he had ever known of a woman's doing.

The question was such a vague one that I hardly knew why I had put it, but to my surprise he answered almost at once, as though I had touched on a subject of frequent meditation.

"The bravest thing I ever saw done by a woman," he said, "was brought about by an act of my own—and one of which I am not particularly proud. For that reason I have never spoken of it before—there was a time when I didn't even care to think of it—but all that is past now. She died years ago, and so did the Jack Alingdon she knew, and in telling you the story I am no more than the mouthpiece of an old tradition which some ancestor might have handed down to me."

He leaned back, his clear blind gaze fixed smilingly on me, and I had the feeling that, in groping through the labyrinth of his young adventures, I had come unawares upon their central point.

II

(COLONEL ALINGDON'S STORY)

When I was in Milan in 'forty-seven an unlucky thing happened to me.

I had been sent there to look over the ground by some of my Italian friends in England. As an English officer I had no difficulty in getting into Milanese society, for England had for years been the refuge of the Italian fugitives, and I was known to be working in their interests. It was just the kind of job I liked, and I never enjoyed life more than I did in those days. There was a great deal going on—good music, balls and theatres. Milan kept up her gayety to the last. The English were shocked by the *insouciance* of a race who could dance under the very nose of the usurper; but those who understood the situation knew that Milan was playing Brutus, and playing it uncommonly well.

I was in the thick of it all—it was just the atmosphere to suit a young fellow of nine-and-twenty, with a healthy passion for waltzing and fighting. But, as I said, an unlucky thing happened to me. I was fool enough to fall in love with Donna Candida Falco. You have heard of her, of course: you know the share she had in the great work. In a different way she was what the terrible Princess Belgioioso had been to an earlier generation. But Donna Candida was not terrible. She was quiet, discreet and charming. When I knew her she was a widow of thirty, her husband, Andrea Falco, having died ten years previously, soon after their marriage. The marriage had been notoriously unhappy, and his death was a release to Donna Candida. Her family were of Modena, but they had come to live in Milan soon after the execution of Ciro Menotti and his companions. You remember the details of that business? The Duke of Modena, one of the most adroit villains in Europe, had been bitten with the hope of uniting the Italian states under his rule. It was a vision of Italian liberation—of a sort. A few madmen were dazzled by it, and Ciro Menotti was one of them. You know the end. The Duke of Modena, who had counted on Louis Philippe's backing, found that that astute sovereign had betrayed him to Austria. Instantly, he saw that his first business was to get rid of the conspirators he had created. There was nothing easier than for a Hapsburg Este to turn on a friend. Ciro Menotti had staked his life for the Duke—and the Duke took it. You may remember that, on the night when seven hundred men and a cannon attacked Menotti's house, the Duke was seen looking on at the slaughter from an arcade across the square.

Well, among the lesser fry taken that night was a lad of eighteen, Emilio Verna, who was the only brother of Donna Candida. The Verna family was one of the most respected in Modena. It consisted, at that time, of the mother, Countess Verna, of young Emilio and his sister. Count Verna had been in

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Spielberg in the twenties. He had never recovered from his sufferings there, and died in exile, without seeing his wife and children again. Countess Verna had been an ardent patriot in her youth, but the failure of the first attempts against Austria had discouraged her. She thought that in losing her husband she had sacrificed enough for her country, and her one idea was to keep Emilio on good terms with the government. But the Verna blood was not tractable, and his father's death was not likely to make Emilio a good subject of the Estes. Not that he had as yet taken any active share in the work of the conspirators: he simply hadn't had time. At his trial there was nothing to show that he had been in Menotti's confidence; but he had been seen once or twice coming out of what the ducal police called "suspicious" houses, and in his desk were found some verses to Italy. That was enough to hang a man in Modena, and Emilio Verna was hanged.

The Countess never recovered from the blow. The circumstances of her son's death were too abominable, too unendurable. If he had risked his life in the conspiracy, she might have been reconciled to his losing it. But he was a mere child, who had sat at home, chafing but powerless, while his seniors plotted and fought. He had been sacrificed to the Duke's insane fear, to his savage greed for victims, and the Countess Verna was not to be consoled.

As soon as possible, the mother and daughter left Modena for Milan. There they lived in seclusion till Candida's marriage. During her girlhood she had had to accept her mother's view of life: to shut herself up in the tomb in which the poor woman brooded over her martyrs. But that was not the girl's way of honoring the dead. At the moment when the first shot was fired on Menotti's house she had been reading Petrarch's Ode to the Lords of Italy, and the lines

l'antico valor
Ne l'italici cor non è ancor morto

had lodged like a bullet in her brain. From the day of her marriage she began to take a share in the silent work which was going on throughout Italy. Milan was at that time the centre of the movement, and Candida Falco threw herself into it with all the passion which her unhappy marriage left unsatisfied. At first she had to act with great reserve, for her husband was a prudent man, who did not care to have his habits disturbed by political complications; but after his death there was nothing to restrain her, except the exquisite tact which enabled her to work night and day in the Italian cause without giving the Austrian authorities a pretext for interference.

When I first knew Donna Candida, her mother was still living: a tragic woman, prematurely bowed, like an image of death in the background of the daughter's brilliant life. The Countess, since her son's death, had become a patriot again, though in a narrower sense than Candida. The mother's first thought was that her dead must be avenged, the daughter's that Italy must be saved; but from different motives they worked for the same end. Candida felt for the Countess that protecting tenderness with which Italian children so often regard their parents, a feeling heightened by the reverence which the mother's sufferings inspired. Countess Verna, as the wife and mother of martyrs, had done what Candida longed to do: she had given her utmost to Italy. There must have been moments when the self-absorption of her grief chilled her daughter's ardent spirit; but Candida revered in her mother the image of their afflicted country.

"It was too terrible," she said, speaking of what the Countess had suffered after Emilio's death. "All the circumstances were too unmerciful. It seemed as if God had turned His face from my mother; as if she had been singled out to suffer more than any of the others. All the other families received some message or token of farewell from the prisoners. One of them bribed the gaoler to carry a letter—another sent a lock of hair by the chaplain. But Emilio made no sign, sent no word. My mother felt as though he had turned his back on us. She used to sit for hours, saying again and again, 'Why was he the only one to forget his mother?' I tried to comfort her, but it was useless: she had suffered too much. Now I never reason with her; I listen, and let her ease her poor heart.

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Do you know, she still asks me sometimes if I think he may have left a letter—if there is no way of finding out if he left one? She forgets that I have tried again and again: that I have sent bribes and messages to the gaoler, the chaplain, to every one who came near him. The answer is always the same—no one has ever heard of a letter. I suppose the poor boy was stunned, and did not think of writing. Who knows what was passing through his poor bewildered brain? But it would have been a great help to my mother to have a word from him. If I had known how to imitate his writing I should have forged a letter."

I knew enough of the Italians to understand how her boy's silence must have aggravated the Countess's grief. Precious as a message from a dying son would be to any mother, such signs of tenderness have to the Italians a peculiar significance. The Latin race is rhetorical: it possesses the gift of death-bed eloquence, the knack of saying the effective thing on momentous occasions. The letters which the Italian patriots sent home from their prisons or from the scaffold are not the halting farewells that anguish would have wrung from a less expressive race: they are veritable "compositions," saved from affectation only by the fact that fluency and sonority are a part of the Latin inheritance. Such letters, passed from hand to hand among the bereaved families, were not only a comfort to the survivors but an incentive to fresh sacrifices. They were the "seed of the martyrs" with which Italy was being sown; and I knew what it meant to the Countess Verna to have no such treasure in her bosom, to sit silent while other mothers quoted their sons' last words.

I said just now that it was an unlucky day for me when I fell in love with Donna Candida; and no doubt you have guessed the reason. She was in love with some one else. It was the old situation of Heine's song. That other loved another—loved Italy, and with an undivided passion. His name was Fernando Briga, and at that time he was one of the foremost liberals in Italy. He came of a middle-class Modenese family. His father was a doctor, a prudent man, engrossed in his profession and unwilling to compromise it by meddling in politics. His irreproachable attitude won the confidence of the government, and the Duke conferred on him the sinister office of physician to the prisons of Modena. It was this Briga who attended Emilio Falco, and several of the other prisoners who were executed at the same time.

Under shelter of his father's loyalty young Fernando conspired in safety. He was studying medicine, and every one supposed him to be absorbed in his work; but as a matter of fact he was fast ripening into one of Mazzini's ablest lieutenants. His career belongs to history, so I need not enlarge on it here. In 1847 he was in Milan, and had become one of the leading figures in the liberal group which was working for a coalition with Piedmont. Like all the ablest men of his day, he had cast off Mazziniism and pinned his faith to the house of Savoy. The Austrian government had an eye on him, but he had inherited his father's prudence, though he used it for nobler ends, and his discretion enabled him to do far more for the cause than a dozen enthusiasts could have accomplished. No one understood this better than Donna Candida. She had a share of his caution, and he trusted her with secrets which he would not have confided to many men. Her drawing-room was the centre of the Piedmontese party, yet so clever was she in averting suspicion that more than one hunted conspirator hid in her house, and was helped across the Alps by her agents.

Briga relied on her as he did on no one else; but he did not love her, and she knew it. Still, she was young, she was handsome, and he loved no one else: how could she give up hoping? From her intimate friends she made no secret of her feelings: Italian women are not reticent in such matters, and Donna Candida was proud of loving a hero. You will see at once that I had no chance; but if she could not give up hope, neither could I. Perhaps in her desire to secure my services for the cause she may have shown herself overkind; or perhaps I was still young enough to set down to my own charms a success due to quite different causes. At any rate, I persuaded myself that if I could manage to do

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something conspicuous for Italy I might yet make her care for me. With such an incentive you will not wonder that I worked hard; but though Donna Candida was full of gratitude she continued to adore my rival.

One day we had a hot scene. I began, I believe, by reproaching her with having led me on; and when she defended herself, I retaliated by taunting her with Briga's indifference. She grew pale at that, and said it was enough to love a hero, even without hope of return; and as she said it she herself looked so heroic, so radiant, so unattainably the woman I wanted, that a sneer may have escaped me:—was she so sure then that Briga was a hero? I remember her proud silence and our wretched parting. I went away feeling that at last I had really lost her; and the thought made me savage and vindictive.

Soon after, as it happened, came the *Five Days,* and Milan was free. I caught a distant glimpse of Donna Candida in the hospital to which I was carried after the fight; but my wound was a slight one and in twenty-four hours I was about again on crutches. I hoped she might send for me, but she did not, and I was too sulky to make the first advance. A day or two later I heard there had been a commotion in Modena, and not being in fighting trim I got leave to go over there with one or two men whom the Modenese liberals had called in to help them. When we arrived the precious Duke had been swept out and a provisional government set up. One of my companions, who was a Modenese, was made a member, and knowing that I wanted something to do, he commissioned me to look up some papers in the ducal archives. It was fascinating work, for in the pursuit of my documents I uncovered the hidden springs of his late Highness's paternal administration. The principal papers relative to the civil and criminal administration of Modena have since been published, and the world knows how that estimable sovereign cared for the material and spiritual welfare of his subjects.

Well—in the course of my search, I came across a file of old papers marked: "Taken from political prisoners. A.D. 1831." It was the year of Menotti's conspiracy, and everything connected with that date was thrilling. I loosened the band and ran over the letters. Suddenly I came across one which was docketed: "Given by Doctor Briga's son to the warder of His Highness's prisons." *Doctor Briga's son?* That could be no other than Fernando: I knew he was an only child. But how came such a paper into his hands, and how had it passed from them into those of the Duke's warder? My own hands shook as I opened the letter—I felt the man suddenly in my power.

Then I began to read. "My adored mother, even in this lowest circle of hell all hearts are not closed to pity, and I have been given the hope that these last words of farewell may reach you. . . ." My eyes ran on over pages of plaintive rhetoric. "Embrace for me my adored Candida . . . let her never forget the cause for which her father and brother perished . . . let her keep alive in her breast the thought of Spielberg and Reggio. Do not grieve that I die so young . . . though not with those heroes in deed I was with them in spirit, and am worthy to be enrolled in the sacred phalanx . . ." and so on. Before I reached the signature I knew the letter was from Emilio Verna.

I put it in my pocket, finished my work and started immediately for Milan. I didn't quite know what I meant to do—my head was in a whirl. I saw at once what must have happened. Fernando Briga, then a lad of fifteen or sixteen, had attended his father in prison during Emilio Verna's last hours, and the latter, perhaps aware of the lad's liberal sympathies, had found an opportunity of giving him the letter. But why had Briga given it up to the warder? That was the puzzling question. The docket said: "*Given by* Doctor Briga's son"—but it might mean "taken from." Fernando might have been seen to receive the letter and might have been searched on leaving the prison. But that would not account for his silence afterward. How was it that, if he knew of the letter, he had never told Emilio's family of it? There was only one explanation. If the letter had been taken from him by force he would have had no reason for concealing its existence; and his silence was

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clear proof that he had given it up voluntarily, no doubt in the hope of standing well with the authorities. But then he was a traitor and a coward; the patriot of 'forty-eight had begun life as an informer! But does innate character ever change so radically that the lad who has committed a base act at fifteen may grow up into an honorable man? A good man may be corrupted by life, but can the years turn a born sneak into a hero?

You may fancy how I answered my own questions. . . . If Briga had been false and cowardly then, was he not sure to be false and cowardly still? In those days there were traitors under every coat, and more than one brave fellow had been sold to the police by his best friend. . . . You will say that Briga's record was unblemished, that he had exposed himself to danger too frequently, had stood by his friends too steadfastly, to permit of a rational doubt of his good faith. So reason might have told me in a calmer moment, but she was not allowed to make herself heard just then. I was young, I was angry, I chose to think I had been unfairly treated, and perhaps at my rival's instigation. It was not unlikely that Briga knew of my love for Donna Candida, and had encouraged her to use it in the good cause. Was she not always at his bidding? My blood boiled at the thought, and reaching Milan in a rage I went straight to Donna Candida.

I had measured the exact force of the blow I was going to deal. The triumph of the liberals in Modena had revived public interest in the unsuccessful struggle of their predecessors, the men who, sixteen years earlier, had paid for the same attempt with their lives. The victors of 'forty-eight wished to honor the vanquished of 'thirty-two. All the families exiled by the ducal government were hastening back to recover possession of their confiscated property and of the graves of their dead. Already it had been decided to raise a monument to Menotti and his companions. There were to be speeches, garlands, a public holiday: the thrill of the commemoration would run through Europe. You see what it would have meant to the poor Countess to appear on the scene with her boy's letter in her hand; and you see also what the memorandum on the back of the letter would have meant to Donna Candida. Poor Emilio's farewell would be published in all the journals of Europe: the finding of the letter would be on every one's lips. And how conceal those fatal words on the back? At the moment, it seemed to me that fortune could not have given me a handsomer chance of destroying my rival than in letting me find the letter which he stood convicted of having suppressed.

My sentiment was perhaps not a strictly honorable one; yet what could I do but give the letter to Donna Candida? To keep it back was out of the question; and with the best will in the world I could not have erased Briga's name from the back. The mistake I made was in thinking it lucky that the paper had fallen into my hands.

Donna Candida was alone when I entered. We had parted in anger, but she held out her hand with a smile of pardon, and asked what news I brought from Modena. The smile exasperated me: I felt as though she were trying to get me into her power again.

"I bring you a letter from your brother," I said, and handed it to her. I had purposely turned the superscription downward, so that she should not see it.

She uttered an incredulous cry and tore the letter open. A light struck up from it into her face as she read—a radiance that smote me to the soul. For a moment I longed to snatch the paper from her and efface the name on the back. It hurt me to think how short-lived her happiness must be.

Then she did a fatal thing. She came up to me, caught my two hands and kissed them. "Oh, thank you—bless you a thousand times! He died thinking of us—he died loving Italy!"

I put her from me gently: it was not the kiss I wanted, and the touch of her lips hardened me.

She shone on me through her happy tears. "What happiness—what consolation you have brought my poor mother! This will take the bitterness from her grief. And that it should come to her now! Do you know, she had a presentiment of it? When we heard of the Duke's flight her first word was: 'Now

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we may find Emilio's letter.' At heart she was always sure that he had written —I suppose some blessed instinct told her so." She dropped her face on her hands, and I saw her tears fall on the wretched letter.

In a moment she looked up again, with eyes that blessed and trusted me. "Tell me where you found it," she said.

I told her.

"Oh, the savages! They took it from him—"

My opportunity had come. "No," I said, "it appears they did *not* take it from him."

"Then how—"

I waited a moment. "The letter," I said, looking full at her, "was given up to the warder of the prison by the son of Doctor Briga."

She stared, repeating the words slowly. "The son of Doctor Briga? But that is—Fernando," she said.

"I have always understood," I replied, "that your friend was an only son."

I had expected an outcry of horror; if she had uttered it I could have forgiven her anything. But I heard, instead, an incredulous exclamation: my statement was really too preposterous! I saw that her mind had flashed back to our last talk, and that she charged me with something too nearly true to be endurable.

"My brother's letter? Given to the prison warder by Fernando Briga? My dear Captain Alingdon — on what authority do you expect me to believe such a tale?"

Her incredulity had in it an evident implication of bad faith, and I was stung to a quick reply.

"If you will turn over the letter you will see."

She continued to gaze at me a moment; then she obeyed. I don't think I ever admired her more than I did then. As she read the name a tremor crossed her face; and that was all. Her mind must have reached out instantly to the farthest consequences of the discovery, but the long habit of self-command enabled her to steady her muscles at once. If I had not been on the alert I should have seen no hint of emotion.

For a while she looked fixedly at the back of the letter; then she raised her eyes to mine.

"Can you tell me who wrote this?" she asked.

Her composure irritated me. She had rallied all her forces to Briga's defence, and I felt as though my triumph were slipping from me.

"Probably one of the clerks of the archives," I answered. "It is written in the same hand as all the other memoranda relating to the political prisoners of that year."

"But it is a lie!" she exclaimed. "He was never admitted to the prisons."

"Are you sure?"

"How should he have been?"

"He might have gone as his father's assistant."

"But if he had seen my poor brother he would have told me long ago."

"Not if he had really given up this letter," I retorted.

I supposed her quick intelligence had seized this from the first; but I saw now that it came to her as a shock. She stood motionless, clenching the letter in her hands, and I could guess the rapid travel of her thoughts.

Suddenly she came up to me. "Captain Alingdon," she said, "you have been a good friend of mine, though I think you have not liked me lately. But whether you like me or not, I know you will not deceive me. On your honor, do you think this memorandum may have been written later than the letter?"

I hesitated. If she had cried out once against Briga I should have wished myself out of the business; but she was too sure of him.

"On my honor," I said, "I think it hardly possible. The ink has faded to the same degree."

She made a rapid comparison and folded the letter with a gesture of assent.

"It may have been written by an enemy," I went on, wishing to clear myself of any appearance of malice.

She shook her head. "He was barely fifteen—and his father was on the side of the government. Besides, this would have served him with the government, and the liberals would never have known of it."

This was unanswerable—and still not a word of revolt against the man whose condemnation she was pronouncing!

"Then—" I said with a vague gesture.

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She caught me up. "Then—?"

"You have answered my objections," I returned.

"Your objections?"

"To thinking that Signor Briga could have begun his career as a patriot by betraying a friend."

I had brought her to the test at last, but my eyes shrank from her face as I spoke. There was a dead silence, which I broke by adding lamely: "But no doubt Signor Briga could explain."

She lifted her head, and I saw that my triumph was to be short. She stood erect, a few paces from me, resting her hand on a table, but not for support.

"Of course he can explain," she said; "do you suppose I ever doubted it? But—" she paused a moment, fronting me nobly—"he need not, for I understand it all now."

"Ah," I murmured with a last flicker of irony.

"I understand," she repeated. It was she, now, who sought my eyes and held them. "It is quite simple—he could not have done otherwise."

This was a little too oracular to be received with equanimity. I suppose I smiled.

"He could not have done otherwise," she repeated with tranquil emphasis. "He merely did what is every Italian's duty—he put Italy before himself and his friends." She waited a moment, and then went on with growing passion: "Surely you must see what I mean? He was evidently in the prison with his father at the time of my poor brother's death. Emilio perhaps guessed that he was a friend—or perhaps appealed to him because he was young and looked kind. But don't you see how dangerous it would have been for Briga to bring this letter to us, or even to hide it in his father's house? It is true that he was not yet suspected of liberalism, but he was already connected with Young Italy, and it is just because he managed to keep himself so free of suspicion that he was able to do such good work for the cause." She paused, and then went on with a firmer voice. "You don't know the danger we all lived in. The government spies were everywhere. The laws were set aside as the Duke pleased—was not Emilio hanged for having an ode to Italy in his desk? After Menotti's conspiracy the Duke grew mad with fear—he was haunted by the dread of assassination. The police, to prove their zeal, had to trump up false charges and arrest innocent persons—you remember the case of poor Ricci? Incriminating papers were smuggled into people's houses—they were condemned to death on the paid evidence of brigands and galley-slaves. The families of the revolutionists were under the closest observation and were shunned by all who wished to stand well with the government. If Briga had been seen going into our house he would at once have been suspected. If he had hidden Emilio's letter at home, its discovery might have ruined his family as well as himself. It was his duty to consider all these things. In those days no man could serve two masters, and he had to choose between endangering the cause and failing to serve a friend. He chose the latter—and he was right."

I stood listening, fascinated by the rapidity and skill with which she had built up the hypothesis of Briga's defence. But before she ended a strange thing happened—her argument had convinced me. It seemed to me quite likely that Briga had in fact been actuated by the motives she suggested.

I suppose she read the admission in my face, for hers lit up victoriously.

"You see?" she exclaimed. "Ah, it takes one brave man to understand another."

Perhaps I winced a little at being thus coupled with her hero; at any rate, some last impulse of resistance made me say: "I should be quite convinced, if Briga had only spoken of the letter afterward. If brave people understand each other, I cannot see why he should have been afraid of telling you the truth."

She colored deeply, and perhaps not quite resentfully.

"You are right," she said; "he need not have been afraid. But he does not know me as I know him. I was useful to Italy, and he may have feared to risk my friendship."

"You are the most generous woman I ever knew!" I exclaimed.

She looked at me intently. "You also are generous," she said.

I stiffened instantly, suspecting a pur-

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pose behind her praise. "I have given you small proof of it!" I said.

She seemed surprised. "In bringing me this letter? What else could you do?" She sighed deeply. "You can give me proof enough now."

She had dropped into a chair, and I saw that we had reached the most difficult point in our interview.

"Captain Alingdon," she said, "does any one else know of this letter?"

"No. I was alone in the archives when I found it."

"And you spoke of it to no one?"

"To no one."

"Then no one must know."

I bowed. "It is for you to decide."

She paused. "Not even my mother," she continued, with a painful blush.

I looked at her in amazement. "Not even—?"

She shook her head sadly. "You think me a cruel daughter? Well—*he* was a cruel friend. What he did was done for Italy: shall I allow myself to be surpassed?"

I felt a pang of commiseration for the mother. "But you will at least tell the Countess—"

Her eyes filled with tears. "My poor mother—don't make it more difficult for me!"

"But I don't understand—"

"Don't you see that she might find it impossible to forgive him? She has suffered so much! And I can't risk that—for in her anger she might speak. And even if she forgave him, she might be tempted to show the letter. Don't you see that, even now, a word of this might ruin him? I will trust his fate to no one. If Italy needed him then she needs him far more to-day."

She stood before me magnificently, in the splendor of her great refusal; then she turned to the writing-table at which she had been seated when I came in. Her sealing-taper was still alight, and she held her brother's letter to the flame.

I watched her in silence while it burned; but one more question rose to my lips.

"You will tell *him*, then, what you have done for him?" I cried.

And at that the heroine turned woman, melted and pressed unhappy hands in mine.

"Don't you see that I can never tell him what I do for him? That is my gift to Italy," she said.

Homesick

BY EMMA BELL MILES

I AM longing for the silence and the shadows,
I am dying for the starlight and the dawn;
For the night-wind crying free on the hills where I would be,
For the forest and the waters and the sun.
Then, wild Heart of God, oh, receive me.
Take me back and let me lair amid the fern;
Take me back and let me rest on the Forest-Mother's breast,
Where my lonely, longing heart must ever turn.

When the laurel jungles hide in snows of blossom
All the streams that leap anew with rippled rain,
When the young wind loiters through trembling leaves adrench with dew,
When the mocker spills his heart for love again,
Then, wild Heart of God, oh, receive me,
Take me back and let me lie beneath the fern,
Only let me lie and rest in the Forest-Mother's breast,
Where my lonely, longing heart must ever turn!

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MAIN BUILDING, UNIVERSITY OF UPSALA

The University of Upsala

BY CHARLES F. THWING, LL.D.

President of Western Reserve University and Adelbert College

WHEREUNTO shall I liken Upsala, and unto what shall I compare it? It is a university which unites many institutions, European and American. Its lofty halls—for Upsala means "lofty halls"—look down on a little city, as Cornell looks down on Ithaca. Its oneness with the town reminds the visitor of Williams, Dartmouth, or Oberlin. Its series of "student nations" houses suggest the fraternity houses of Amherst and the society halls of Yale. The dominance which it exercises over the town through students and professors reminds one of the power of Michigan at Ann Arbor or of Wisconsin at Madison. Its rich historic past is an intimation of the place that Harvard fills in the annals of Massachusetts and Yale of Connecticut. If I were to pass over the seas, I should compare Upsala to St. Andrews, for it has, like that university, held up the lamp of truth in the northern wet and cold for more than four hundred years. Or I might liken it to Oxford or Cambridge, for the university is the town and the town is the university. Or it might be compared to a German university by reason of its similarity in administration and origin. But when one has sounded all the comparisons, he will conclude simply by saying that—Upsala is Upsala.

The Upsala of the present has come out of a past which, like its present, unites the glories and the struggles of many forces and fortunes. The town itself is replete with mythologies and tra-

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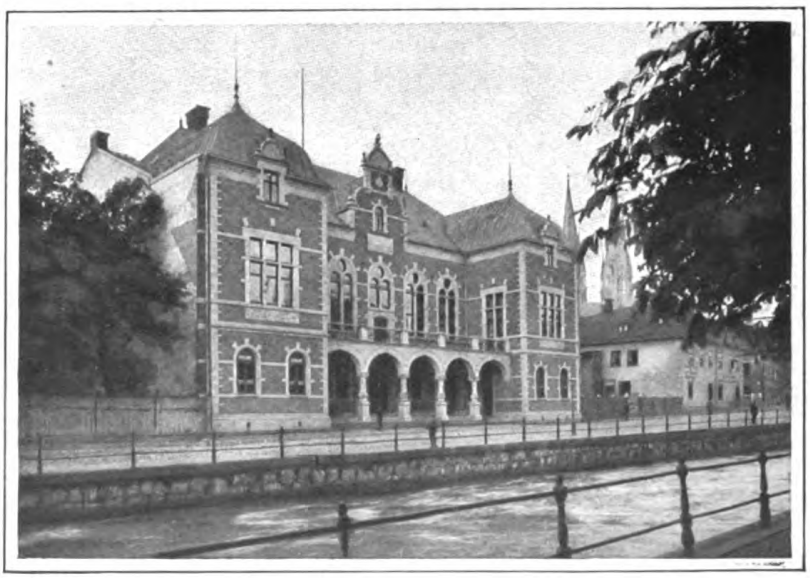
ditions. According to one Scandinavian legend it was the home of the gods, and according to another its foundation belonged to the time of Christ. But whatever mythology or tradition may offer, it is clear that the greatness of Sweden is associated with Upsala, for Upsala was the early capital:—here the kings had their simple palaces, and here also the mediæval parliaments met; here also, in 1654, occurred the abdication of Queen Christina, the daughter of Gustavus Adolphus. While paganism was dominant its great temple was at Upsala, and when the idols had been thrown down, Archbishop Stephanus here set up his archbishopric in 1164. Here too, in 1593, the Swedish Diet, after a prolonged and hard struggle, decided that Lutheran Protestantism should be the state religion.

But of all events that have occurred at Upsala, the one most pregnant for the Swedish and Scandinavian people, and, it may be, for the world, was the foundation in 1477 of its university.

Of the universities Germanic in origin and administration, twelve had been founded previous to the foundation of Upsala. In the one hundred and twenty-five years between 1348, when the University of Prague was founded, and the year 1473, when the University of Treves had its origin, were established the universities of Vienna, Heidelberg, Cologne, Erfurt, Leipsic, Rostock, Greifswald, Freiburg, Basel, and Ingolstadt. In the same year of 1477, Mentz and Tübingen were established. Wittenberg, since transferred to Halle, and Frankfort - on-the-Oder, since transferred to Breslau, were to follow in the next generation. The age was indeed an intellectual renaissance. The universities were both cause and result of the dawning of the new light.

Like the larger number of German universities, the University of Upsala received its permission to come into being by the decree of the Pope. Sixtus IV., the Regent of Sweden, Sten Sture the Elder, and Ulfsson, Archbishop of Upsala, were the triumvirate who laid the great foundation. The following one hundred years of troublous times represent a hard and unpromising infancy. The Catholics and the Protestants battled for its possession. The university, like the home, is a foe to war of any sort, ecclesiastical or civil. The establishment of Protestantism as the state religion in 1593 was the beginning of academic quiet and progress. Seven years afterward the first celebration for the giving of degrees occurred. Presently appeared one whom we may call its second founder, Gustavus Adolphus. This great man and ruler endowed it through his estates and library, and called illustrious scholars to its chairs of instruction. Since the middle of the seventeenth century its academic condition and position have been secure. In times of penury and of wealth, of national prosperity and adversity, of scholarly progress and regress, it has stood forth with increasing power and impressiveness as the



NORRLANDS NATION HOUSE

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worthiest intellectual force of the Scandinavian peninsula.

The university at Upsala is essentially a Scandinavian, or even a Swedish, institution. It lacks those world relationships which characterize Berlin and Leipsic, Vienna and Oxford. Its fifteen hundred students are principally the sons and daughters of Sweden. Its remoteness (twenty-four hours or more from Berlin) from the great tides of life and the separateness of its language from the world tongues tend to keep it as a Swedish institution. Among its students are found a few, and only a few, of those who can speak other than the vernacular.

But, as if in emphasis of the Spencerian principles of homogeneousness and heterogeneousness, this one body of Swedish students is divided up into what are called "nations." The "nations" of the University of Upsala constitute its most significant characteristic. A nation is a body composed of the students who come from a certain province of Sweden. In origin the term is a geographical distinction. The thirteen nations into which the students are divided correspond to thirteen different provinces; and every student of a province is a member of the nation of his province. Each of these bodies owns or leases a house. This is essentially a fraternity or club house. It usually contains a library, reading and writing room, a music-room, offices and rooms for the use of committees. The houses are of varying size and elaborateness, but in general they represent a well-equipped club-house of a small city. They remind one, of course, of the common-room at Oxford or Cambridge, except that the size of a common-room is usually multiplied three or four fold. The members are of two sorts, active and honorary. The active include usually the students; the honorary, the teachers of the university, former active members, and certain persons elected. The government of each nation is entrusted to a few officers known as "inspectors" and "curators" and other functionaries. It represents a little republic. The general purpose of the organization is intellectual, ethical, social. The expense of membership is small; the life is simple; the general atmosphere is

STUDENTS WELCOMING A POPULAR PRIME MINISTER TO THE UNIVERSITY

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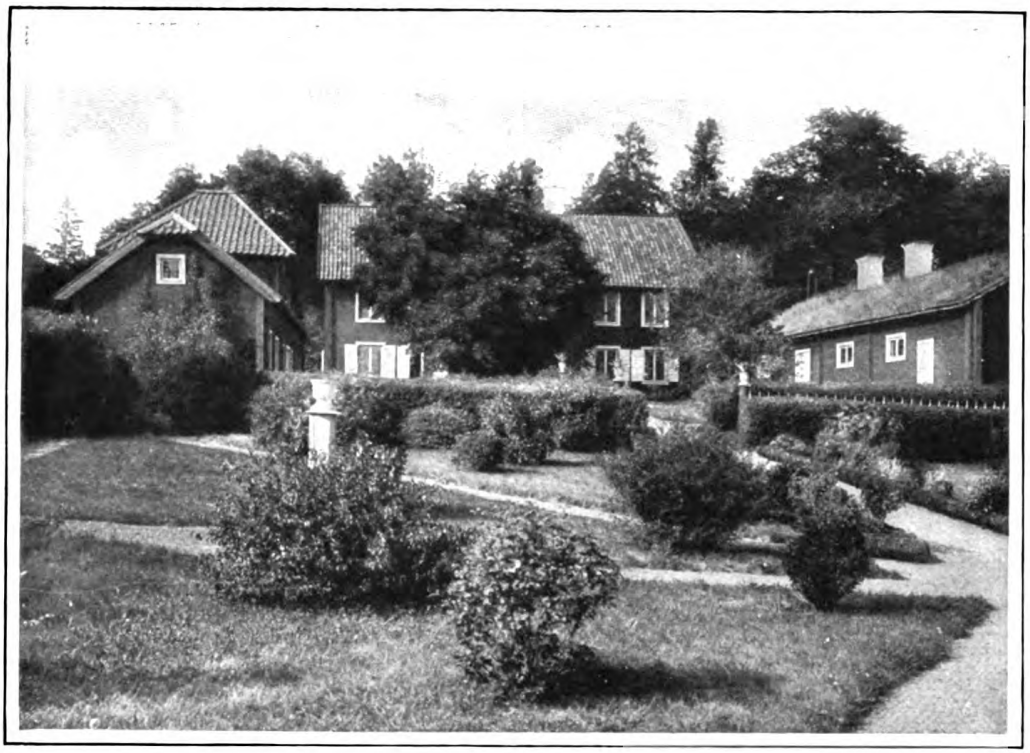

THE SUMMER HOME OF LINNÆUS

one of good-fellowship, depending more upon personality than upon purse. The loyalty of the members of a nation to itself is constant and strong. The flag which each nation flaunts forth upon public occasions means for the eye what a college yell of American colleges means for the ear.

The thirteen different nations are joined together into the student corps, which simply represents the whole number of students, united by mighty ties of good-fellowship. The whole body is a noble force for the promotion of loyalty to the university and for fellowship among all students.

Upsala has, like most universities, for its primary purpose the making of men. The students themselves are the most important element. But next to the worth of the student body stands the worth of the teaching staff. In its four hundred years and more of existence Upsala has had the services of great scholars, great teachers, and great men. The names of most of these professors are unknown to the Anglo-Saxon world. But two names stand forth with peculiar conspicuousness. The two names, moreover, represent the two great movements of humanity, the scientific and the literary. One is Linnæus, child of Sweden, born almost two hundred years ago, poor in purse, but in the penury of his early teens indicating his scientific genius. In 1728 he went to Upsala. In hunger and cold and at times despair he lived. He was rescued almost by accident by Celsius, Professor of Theology, who gave him congenial employment and took him into his own house. From this time the career of Linnæus was like the course of a great river, deepening and enlarging as it went on. He became Professor of Botany at Upsala in 1741, and continued to hold the chair for thirty-seven years. The father of systematic botany gave to the university of which he was a student and a teacher great and enduring fame.

Five years after Linnæus died was born in Sweden Eric Gustaf Geijer. He too became early in life a student of the University of Upsala, and at the age of thirty-two was appointed Professor of History, a chair which he held to the

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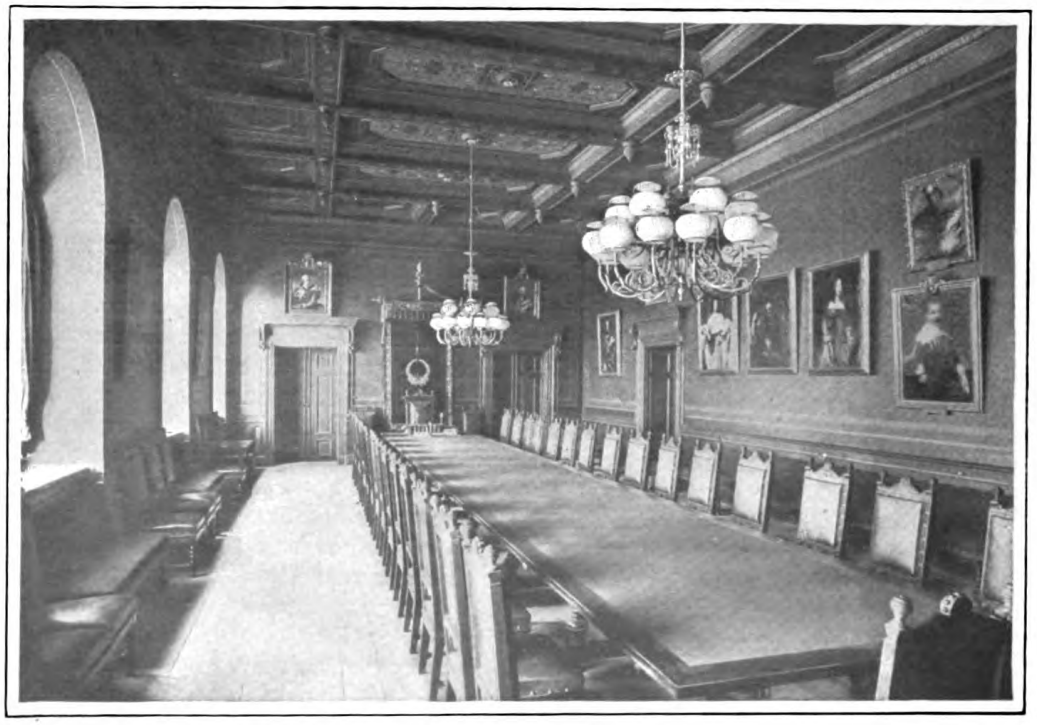
year before his death in 1847. It is not, however, to his work as Professor of History only that the Swedish nation is in lasting debt to Geijer. In the great contest between French classicism and the romantic school, Geijer was one of the leaders of the romanticists. His personality, and his writings in the *Iduna,* the organ of his party, contributed much to the establishment of the taste of the Swedish people. Great was the service which Geijer rendered to the nation through his poems, but even greater was the service which he gave in his *History of the Swedish People.* As a teacher, expositor, poet, and historian he became to and through the University of Upsala a minister to the Swedish nation and to all peoples.

With a third great name—the greatest of them all—is Upsala associated, although the man who bore it never set foot in its lofty halls. The university library contains the translation of the Bible made by Ulfilas, the bishop among the Goths. Such parts of this version as have come down to us and other evidence prove that Ulfilas was among the profoundest of scholars and the boldest and most faithful of the apostles of early Christianity. This manuscript of one hundred and eighty-seven pages lifted a barbarian tongue into a literary language. It is still the great treasure-house for a knowledge of the early Gothic.

In the conception of a college which obtains in America buildings occupy an important—too important—place. For buildings are a condition and not a force. But of the buildings of the University of Upsala a paragraph should be written. For in certain respects they are unique. The chief of these buildings is the university hall. It is of the Renaissance type. The Renaissance is not a good type for college architecture. It is too ornate and elaborate. But the unfitting elaborateness of Upsala's hall is embodied largely in the exterior. Within, a college building of the Renaissance form may be at once noble and convenient for college purposes. The interior of the chief building of Upsala is splendid and useful. When one passes within its wide portals, the noble atrium, the great senate-chamber, the passageways adorned with sculptures, appeal to the artistic imagination and the æsthetic taste with a



A FACULTY-ROOM

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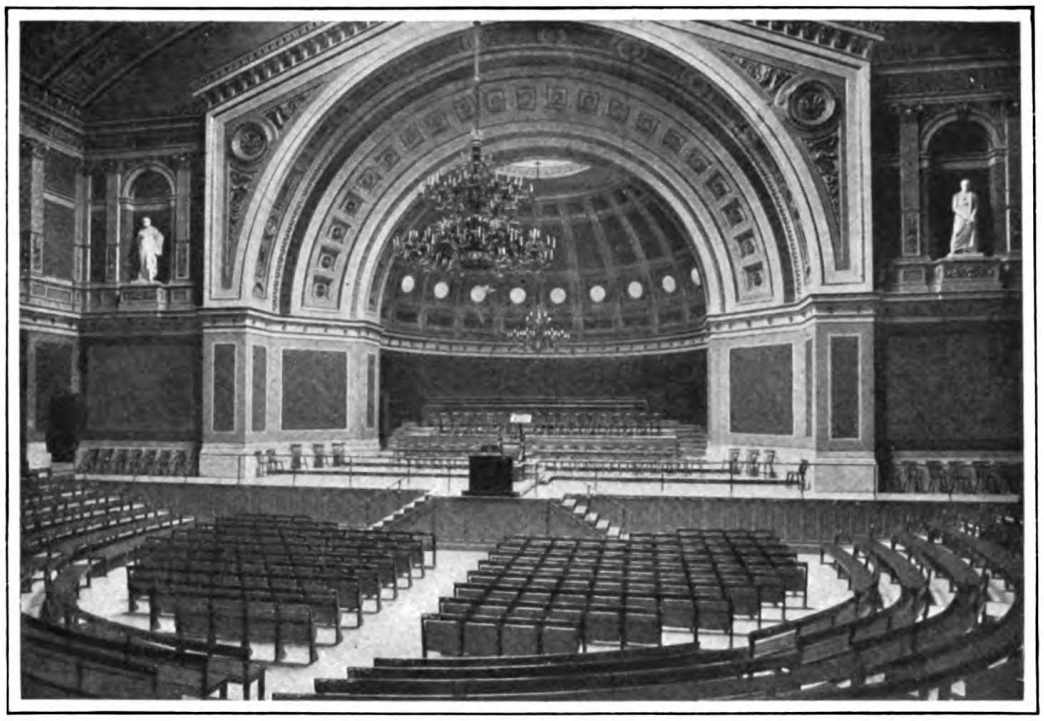

GREAT HALL OF THE PRINCIPAL BUILDING

force which even the University of Vienna does not approach. But of all the parts of the structure, the most impressive is the series of administrative offices. This series begins with the chancellor's office, and is followed by other offices or rooms for the four faculties. These rooms occupy the front of the second story. They are simply council-chambers. Their space is ample, their walls high, their furniture rich and heavy. Portraits of teachers and benefactors look down from the walls. These rooms are a microcosm of the noblest life of a noble nation for four hundred years.

The government of the university, beginning with the King, runs down through a chancellor and vice-chancellor and rector to minor authorities. The vice-chancellor is the Archbishop of Upsala.

The faculties attend to ordinary concerns—scholastic, ecclesiastical, disciplinary. The support of the university is derived from grants made by the government, and also from the income of estates given by Gustavus Adolphus, as well as from small fees. Students are admitted upon evidence of their having passed certain intermediate schools and having proved their fitness by examination. In those ordinary respects of administration, of lecturing and of teaching, of academic duties and routine, of laboratories and libraries, Upsala is much like the well-equipped American college.

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A Proposal

BY GEORGE DUNCAN

TIME.—*1904.*

PLACE.—*A drawing-room in New York.*

He (lighting a cigarette). I had a curious experience yesterday.

She. Indeed!

He. I wonder if it would interest you?

She. Why shouldn't it?

He. I don't know; you do not seem unduly concerned.

She. I am attentive, at least. Do you wish me to ask what it was?

He. Naturally.

She. Very well; I ask.

He. You might misunderstand me.

She. I promise not.

He. Well, then, to begin, I was asked if I were in love with you.

She. Oh!

He. Yes. . . Rather awkward, wasn't it?

She. I can't see why.

He. It seemed so to me. [*Pause.*

She. By the way, what did you say?

He. I lied, of course—

She. But what did you say?

He. Didn't I say I lied?

She. Oh yes, so you did. [*Pause.*

He. What would *you* have replied if the same question had been asked you—of me, say?

She. But she wouldn't have asked *me.*

He. How do you know 'twas she?

She. It couldn't have been awkward, otherwise.

He. Oh, I see.

She. I thought you would. [*Pause.*

He. But you haven't answered my question. If somebody having the right *had* asked you, what would you have said?

She (comfortably). Nobody has the right.

He. I'm glad of that; but if somebody had—

She. But nobody *has.*

He. Still, I fail to see why you mightn't answer. [*Shrewdly.*] Of course, if the question is embarrassing—

She. It isn't. I simply will not answer hypothetical questions.

He. You prefer—

She. I prefer nothing. I said I would not answer silly questions.

He. You *said* hypothetical.

She. Well, I now say silly *or* hypothetical, or both.

He (apologetically). I did not intend to annoy you. [*Continuing after a pause.*] You see, it was like this. She suddenly discovered that she didn't love me, after all; but she wanted to make me responsible for breaking it off. I saw her game immediately.

She. How clever! And so she asked you—

He. If I were in love with you—yes. . . . And that leads up to what I was going to tell you. . . .

She. Well?

He. That it is all over between us.

She. Oh! [*Reflectively.*] Because of your lie?

He. Oh, I say, not at all!

She. But you *did* lie; you said you did. And then she broke it off. . . . Why didn't you tell the truth?

He. I knew you would misunderstand me.

She. I don't misunderstand you. How could I? It is quite simple. She asked you if you were in love with me and you told a lie—said that you *were*—

He. I said nothing of the sort.

She. But you did; of course you did. Else she wouldn't have broken it off. [*Pause.*

He. Would *you* have told the truth?

She. I wouldn't say I was in love with a person when I wasn't.

He. I tell you I didn't.

She. But you said—

He. I said I wasn't.

She. Then why did she break it off?

He (miserably). I don't know. Because she wanted to, I suppose. . . . [*Cheerfully.*] Anyhow, it's all over.

She. I congratulate—

He. Whom?

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She. No matter.

He. Are you very sorry?

She. Why should I be?

He. I don't know. I thought you might be glad.

She. Why glad?

He. Well, on her account—or mine—or possibly— I rather hoped—on your—

She. You are becoming involved.

He. I am not. I know what I want to say, but I can't seem to say it.

She. Then I shouldn't try.

He. You don't have to. Unfortunately, I am the one who has to—

She. Has to what?

He. Say it.

She. Is the obligation so serious?

He. Yes; it isn't fair, either.

She. Then why make the attempt?

He. I have decided that I must. But before I do I ought to tell you something.

She. You need not.

He. I tell you I must. I consider it my duty. When I told her I was not in love with you, I *did* lie, as I said—at any rate, I thought I did. . . . [*Placidly.*] Since then I have discovered that I was telling the truth.

She. What!

He. Yes; that is where the curious experience begins. The only way I can account for it is that I was and I wasn't.

She. That seems a simple and easy way.

He. But it isn't. It is very complex. If you promise not to laugh at me, I will try to explain.

She. I am dumb.

He. I don't want you to be dumb, of course, but sometimes you mix me up, and that makes me feel stupid.

She. Possibly—

He (irritably). Oh yes, I know; it may be that I *feel* stupid because I *am* stupid—

She. I didn't say—

He. Of course you didn't, and you wouldn't. You would have expressed it more subtly, but the idea would have been the same. . . . But I don't want to argue, especially about myself. I only wish to tell you what happened.

She. Oh yes, the curious experience.

He. Yes, the curious experience. Now may I go on?

She. If you are sure the preamble is quite finished.

He. It is, quite. Well, then, I *was.* I know that I was, because I was in love once before.

She. How interesting!

He. Please don't interrupt. It was when I was fifteen. She was — well, older—maybe twenty-eight or thirty. It was what they call calf-love, I believe, but it was very nice. I can recall every detail of *that* experience, too—every smile she gave me, every gracious word, every look, up to the last time I saw her, when she kissed me good-by. During all that time I thought of nobody and nothing but her. Waking or sleeping, her image was in my heart. I really adored her. . . . And that is the way I loved you.

She. The way you—

He. The way I loved you, yes.

She. I admire your candor.

He (unnoticing). Yes, the same, precisely. I never loved anybody after her until I met you, and I didn't know I loved you until one morning, in a cabin by the lake. I awoke early and it was misty outside, and I was gazing sleepily through the little window, when I saw you coming towards me through the fog.

She. Poetical, but unhealthy—

He. You were wearing that soft white gown, the one you wore last night at dinner, and the diamonds were in your hair, your lips were parted in a smile, both hands were outstretched towards me, and there was a wonderful light in your eyes—and I loved you and knew I loved you, and was glad of it.

She. How imaginative!

He (irritably). Oh, I say, that isn't fair! I'm serious *now.*

She. You weren't then?

He. I mean—

She. Go on. I let you dream again.

He (continuing). Then, after that, like when I was a boy—with the other one, you know — I couldn't think and didn't want to think of anything or anybody else. Everywhere I saw you—in the shadows of the trees your form, in the mirrors of the lake your face, in the sky at night your eyes, shining with the same beautiful light and making me happy to be alive and in love—with you.

She. The Youth's Dream of Love!

He. Dream? I dreamed of you, of course, but the half-waking was the best. I would lie perfectly still for hours be-

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fore daylight gazing through the window and longing for the mist, and when it came, as it did nearly every morning, I always saw you, though not always the same. Once you were sitting, as you did sit one evening, you remember, under a lamp—

She. In the morning mists of the silent woods?

He. Oh, now, look here! You always make fun. I tell you I'm—

She. Go on, dreamer of dreams!

He. Well, I—I—

She (prompting). Under a lamp—

He. Under a lamp reading aloud, and the soft light shone down through your beautiful hair and touched your cheek with a radiance that seemed to illuminate the very music of your voice. . . . And then, again, you were walking from me, ahead of me, in evening dress, gleaming with gems, and the splendid freedom of your glorious self, your white shoulders, your high head crowned with diamonds —that was my princess vision, the one, I think, I loved the best. [*Pause.*

She (gently). Is that all?

He. No. After I arrived here and heard you were coming my impatience became a fever. It seemed as if I *couldn't* wait. The one intervening day was an age. And when, finally, you did come, I was in the hall pretending to listen to what the others were saying, but I did not hear a word, only murmurs. I was really listening eagerly, intently, in absolute silence, as the week before for the crackling of a deer in the bushes, for the sound of your carriage wheels. And when you stepped out and walked up the path my heart was beating as it had never beaten before [*unconsciously the girl leans forward*]—not even at that other time long ago—and you came in and shook hands with one and another and finally with me. I was shaking like a leaf, I know I was, when I took your hand and looked into your eyes.

She. And then—

He. And then . . . well, I knew instantly that it was all a mistake.

She. What!

He (noticing nothing). Yes—the light of my dreams had gone out of your eyes, and there was only the amused friendliness I had always seen before . . . and I was steady in a second, because I knew that I wasn't in love with you, with you as you really are, at all.

She (musingly). With me as I really am!

He. I don't mean that I didn't love you, wasn't fond of you, and all that.

She. Oh, I see—platonic—

He. No, *no,*—I really loved you, I do now, and always shall—if for no other reason, for the joy of that one week—but I wasn't in love *with* you. There is all the difference in the world, it seems to me. . . . [*Curiously.*] Did you notice anything out of the ordinary—about me, I mean?

She (hesitating). I—

He. Of course you didn't. You wouldn't, naturally. There was no reason why you should. Besides [*laughing*], I don't suppose I really looked such an ass as I felt. . . . It was very amusing to-day, though.

She. What?

He. Why, the contrast. It was the same situation precisely. I was in the hall, as before, with the others, and your carriage stopped and you came up the path, and while you were greeting the others I actually felt my pulse and nearly laughed aloud. It seemed a sort of joke on myself, you know.

She (sharply). A joke?

He. Of course,—there wasn't an extra beat. It might have been anybody—anybody, I mean, that I like and am glad to see. And it has been so ever since, naturally. . . . But wasn't it a curious experience?

She (slowly). I think it was, rather. [*Laughing nervously.*] It occurs to me —or, rather, what was *I* doing all this time? What was my—well, my attitude, you know?

He. That has puzzled me, too. The fact is, I don't know. I didn't seem to care. It was *I* that was in love with *you,* and that seemed to be all that was necessary. Even after it was all over, it was so good to have discovered that I still *could* love like that, that nothing else seemed of much importance. It makes life so much more worth living, you know. [*Haltingly.*] Of course I am very grateful to you.

She. I fail to see why. I seem to have been a quite passive agent.

He. Oh yes, wholly. [*Hastily.*] Don't

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"AND THEN . . . I KNEW THAT IT WAS ALL A MISTAKE"

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SHE BURIES HER FACE . . . AND QUIETLY BURSTS INTO TEARS

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think for a moment that you were—well, committed, so to speak, at any time even in the wildest flight of my imagination. You were not really concerned at all.

She (smiling). All I had to do was to appear at the right time and look pleasant.

He (laughing). Yes, that's about all. But it was very good of you to do even that, and I appreciate it.

She. You are quite welcome, I am sure.

He. Thank you. [*Pause.*

She. Then—well, after it *was* all over, as you say— You don't mind my curiosity, do you?

He. Oh no, indeed! On the contrary—

She. Well, *afterwards,* then, I suppose you felt--

He. Relieved. Yes, I did, really. A load was off my mind. I don't know how to express it exactly, but—as nearly as I can—I was awfully glad I had been in love with you—in that real way, you know—and I was glad, too, though not *so* glad, of course, that I wasn't any more. . . . Oh, there was another curious thing. You know, I always thought of you—during that time, I mean—as Marjorie.

She. Marjorie of the Mists—the Marjorie that isn't really I?

He (quickly). Yes—that's it! I didn't call you so—because, of course, there was no talking—any more than I did before or do now, but you were Marjorie to me all the time. You were not a bit the Dolly dialogue you really are. [*Hastily.*] Not that I don't like you as a Dolly dialogue, because I do—[*laughing*]—you are such a clever one.

She. Thank you.

He. Please don't think I meant to be uncomplimentary. I didn't, really. [*Looking at the clock.*] Why, I had no idea it was so late. I must have bored you frightfully. But you won't mind one minute more, will you? You see, I haven't yet said what I came to say.

She. No?

He. No. . . . I want to ask you to marry me.

She. Well, of all the—

He. Yes, I know. It does seem queer, and you must think me an awful ass to tell you all this, but somehow I felt as if I ought to, and you could judge whether it would be right or wrong. Only I hope it will be right, because I love you very much.

She. But you are not in love *with* me—

He. I don't want to talk about that any more. I have said all there is to say, and there's an end of it, so far as I am concerned.

She. It doesn't matter to me, I suppose?

He. Oh yes, of course it does, in a way. But, really, it would be a good sort of match. We are both rich, belong to the same set, the families would like it, and all that sort of thing, and—but you have thought about it, haven't you?

She (wearily). Yes, I suppose so.

He. Oh, now I am tiring you. Forgive me, won't you? Of course you needn't answer now. I will drop in tomorrow if I may. [*Rising and taking a cigarette.*] Now I'm off. [*Shaking hands.*] Good night! [*Going to the door.*] I say, I think I might this once—

She. Might what?

He (smiling). Call you as I thought of you in my dreams—anyhow—until tomorrow then — good night. . . . Marjorie. . . .

She. Good night. [*The door closes.*

She (softly). Harry.

[*A moment's silence broken by the scratching of a match in the hall; listening intently, she hears him go down the path, whistling gayly; her grasp releases the door-knob; walking slowly across the room, she drops among the cushions she has just left, critically examines the monogram on his forgotten cigarette-case; opens it, observing with a smile that each cigarette bears the monogram in gilt; she lights one, smokes meditatively till the tip is reached, lets it fall upon the rug unheeded, moves slightly as if to rise, then, suddenly turning, buries her face in the cushions and quietly bursts into tears.*

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The Cup

BY WILLIAM SHARP

A BUDDHIST'S tomb-shaped cup enwrought in jade,
With gods of silence carven on its breast:
But is there peace where war is never made,
Can Silence live amid eternal rest?

Editor's Easy Chair.

A NEW version of the famous treatise of Luigi Cornaro on the art of temperate living, comes to us from Milwaukee, Wisconsin. There a votary of the Venetian sage has made it his business and pleasure to reprint the discourses of Cornaro, together with several kindred passages from the writings of Addison, Bacon, and Sir William Temple, and to publish them all in a volume embellished with portraits of the different writers, beginning with Cornaro himself. In this volume the editor and publisher has pertinently and advantageously assembled other matters, such as an agreeable sketch of Cornaro's life, which we may attribute to Mr. William F. Butler himself, since it is assigned to no other; the sonnets of Hieronimo Gualdo addressed to Cornaro a hundred years after his death, and the poem dedicated to him two centuries later still by John Witt Randall, the grandson of Samuel Adams. There is an account of the Cornaro family and its eminent members, and a pleasing description of Cornaro's villas in and about the city of Padua, by Professor Emilio Lovarini of Bologna. Out of the large body of literature which has reincarnated the centenarian, and will probably perpetuate his memory as long as men wish to bring the psalmist to confusion by passing his limit ten, twenty, or thirty years and more, Mr. Butler has chosen intelligently and tastefully; and there is adventitiously a fitness in this translation coming from the region, if not the State, which has sold the world so many health foods; for though Milwaukee itself suggests beer rather than breakfast cereals there is everything in the propinquity of Battle Creek to inspire the hope that this may be the hour for men to think again of living temperately. Mr. Butler has done what he could to perfect his edition with the help of many Italian scholars, and those who wish to eat wisely if not too well, may have courage to feel that they cannot err by following Cornaro's instruction in the present English terms.

I

We have all known for near upon four hundred years, though many of us will like to be reminded that Cornaro's treatise on The Temperate Life is made up of four discourses, written respectively at the age of eighty-three, eighty-six, ninety-one, and ninety-six years, and offered with constantly mounting satisfaction to the large public which the first had interested. If toward the last the satisfaction becomes rather more like self-satisfaction, it is a pleasure in having kept faithfully to a course judiciously chosen which the reader could not deny the venerable author without churlishness; we think he will be more inclined to own with us the charm of his piety and philanthropy. This is such indeed as to make one willing to live, or at least willing for others to live, upon twelve daily ounces of "bread, the yolk of an egg, a little meat, and some soup, with not above fourteen ounces of wine"; for it seems as if the grace and peace of such health as Cornaro's could not be too widely spread. One could easily allow the harmless spiritual pride which the beneficiaries of such a diet might feel, and if it conduced

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to the amiability which everywhere appears in Cornaro's discourses, one would scarcely object to their longevity; though Hawthorne has noted in his romance of *Septimius Felton* the danger men run of cumbering the earth by remaining too long upon it. In one of those wonderful memoranda which intersperse the fragmentary story, he invites himself to "express the weariness" of the younger generation "at the intolerable control the undying one had of them; his always bringing up precepts from his own experience, never consenting to anything new, and so impeding progress; his habits hardening into him; his ascribing to himself all wisdom, and depriving everybody of his right to successive command; his endless talk, and dwelling on the past, so that the world could not bear him. Describe his ascetic and severe habits, his rigid calmness, etc."

But in Cornaro there is apparently nothing of all this, and we do not think it is to be feared in his followers if they do not live much beyond a hundred; if they pass a hundred and twenty-five, say, they might become the sort of oppressors that Hawthorne dreads, or whimsically affects to dread. Cornaro himself lived to be only a hundred and two years old, and that may be the reason why he continued so modest and kindly to the end. In his fourth discourse, when he might logically have been growing arrogant, he does nothing worse than recall the services he has rendered his beloved Venice in teaching her how she may keep her lagoon and harbor in condition for a thousand years, how she may increase her food-supply by draining her marshes and irrigating her arid plains, how she may strengthen her position so as to be almost invulnerable, how she may grow in beauty and riches, and how sweeten and purify to perfection her healthful air. But this is a sort of self-indulgence which we should not forbid a man of fifty or sixty, and there is no reason why we should grudge it to a man of ninety-six, who may also be allowed a little pleasure in the patience with which he has borne the loss of his fortune, and in the freedom from the dominion of the appetites which he has achieved by his reasonable and virtuous life. The most bigoted agnostic could hardly blame him for his final conviction "that our departure from this world is not death, but merely a passage which the soul makes from this earthly life to a heavenly one, immortal and infinitely perfect," and no one else could accuse him of cold-heartedness when he says, "Even the death of any of my grandchildren, or of any other relatives or friends, could never cause me trouble except the first instinctive motion of the soul, which, however, soon passes away." As for his amusements, it does not appear very selfish to spend one's leisure at such an advanced age in writing "on various topics, especially architecture and agriculture," or in conversing "with various men of fine and high intellect," from whom he says he never fails to learn something. If the conscientious abstainer cannot allow Cornaro his innocent superstition that "wine is truly the milk of the aged," and that as he cannot drink any sort of wine in either July or August, he must certainly perish but for the new wine which he is "always careful to have ready by the beginning of September," yet the most disorderly and dyspeptic glutton would probably agree that a great deal of unmerited suffering would be spared the best of us if we did not eat to excess. For the moral effect of his constant thought of himself, and his perpetual delight in having discovered in his temperance the elixir of life, or at least of a long life, no critic could imagine censuring Cornaro.

We will confess that we seemed to find something oversmoothly complacent in his dwelling on the delight he has in his house "in the most beautiful quarter of the noble and learned city of Padua," and his "various gardens, beautified by running streams," whether in the town, or at his "extremely comfortable and fine country-seat in the most desirable part of the Euganean Hills," where he takes part, "at times in some easy and pleasant hunting," suited to his age. But reading up and down and back and forth across the pages, we came upon something that gave us pause. It was the passage in which he tells us how he enjoys his "villa in the plain," which was formerly a waste place of "marshy and unwholesome atmosphere, a home rather for snakes than for human beings," but where after he had "drained off the

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waters," he says "the air became healthful, and people flocked thither from every direction,—the number of the inhabitants began to multiply exceedingly, and . . . I can say, with truth, that in this place I have given God an altar, a temple, and souls to adore him." This could hardly be called an unseemly boast, by the most hypercritical, and upon the whole no such complete case can be made out against Cornaro as that which Hawthorne imagines of "the undying one" in his romance. There the egotist, who drinks the elixir of life, prescribes for himself a regimen revolting to many beside the glutton and sluggard. He is to observe of course a very spare diet; but he is also in the interest of his longevity to keep an even pulse of about seventy a minute; question any possible heart-throb for its meaning; forbear all resentments as deleterious, and forget if not forgive his enemies; touch no man's hand and no woman's lips; do some good daily, for the glow of self-approval is healthful, and eschew evil because remorse corrodes; shun the sick, the maimed, the destitute and miserable, for the sight of these is hurtful; smile continually, for that begets an inward cheerfulness; ignore wrinkles and gray hairs, since these increase with recognition; not read the great poets, who stir the heart unduly; not long for anything ardently; and above all guard himself from falling in love as from a fatal thing.

II

No doubt it was with a haunting remembrance of all this that we turned to the discourses of Cornaro in the new version; and it really seems impossible for a man to take constant thought of himself without incurring the danger of self-love hinted in the romancer's irony. All the deeply personalized phases of religion tended to a spiritual consciousness which was not spiritually wholesome. The lives of the saints no less than the old puritanical diaries bear witness to this; and if the records of the literary life itself were searched they would probably be found as abundant in warnings against the vice of self-scrutiny. It is a kind of madness to watch any side of one's nature with incessant vigilance; and it might be shown that it is better to overeat or even overdrink, now and then, than to be perpetually considering what one shall eat, and what one shall drink. As to the moral effect of such logic it may not be favorable to the high liver, but it is imaginable at least that no man of a make less sweet and commendable than Cornaro's could have been proof for sixty or seventy years against the habit of counting the daily ounces of bread and meat and wine which sustained him in perfect health.

Perfect health, though it is worth much, is possibly not worth so much as that. In Cornaro it conduced to philanthropy, industry, patience, and piety; but mostly it seems to be the sick people who are the wisest, kindest, and best. We would not make this a counsel of gluttony, but who can say how much of the poetry of the world may not have come from disordered livers? Without the dyspepsia of Carlyle the nineteenth century might have been wanting in the highest of its much testimony against shams, and it is hard to think of indigestion and insincerity together. There is always serious danger that the perfectly well man will be a brute, through mere inability to realize what suffering is; and it may be that the boon of uninterrupted health can be safely entrusted only to those who, like Cornaro, have first known the pangs of disease. There will probably not be so many to emulate Cornaro, however, even with the advantage of having him in a new version, that we need guard against the spread of a heartless sobriety. The evil, if it is an evil, is of another sort, and is conditioned in nothing less than longevity itself.

III

A good old age may be old on almost any terms, but it can be good only on much stricter grounds. It can be good if it is the age of a man who has led a just life; and we all know how difficult that is. Otherwise it will be full of cares worse than pains, which may increase with it, in spite of a high bodily condition, for the mind works backward in the later years and dwells upon the irretrievable errors of the past, since there are no longer the hopes of the future to amuse it. It is a pleasant con-

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vention that the old are comforted in recalling the happiness of other times; but this is a convention only. Happiness is something we cannot feel except in imparting it, and there is nothing bores the young so much, or that they turn from with such lively resentment, as the bygone joys which the old try to share with them. The old must look forward as the young must; but the old can look forward only to a world beyond this; so that the psalmist's limit was probably not too closely drawn, after all. By means of twelve ounces of food and fourteen of drink a good man like Cornaro could pass thirty-two years beyond the limit in serenity; but the average sinner might very well wish to be gone earlier. The average saint, in fact, is of no such joyous temper, or pleasing occupation that he always desires to stay. Sometimes he experiences a loss of all the earthly interests, and his heart sinks with the misgiving which oppressed an old Armenian monk of San Lazzaro at Venice. It appears that the air of the lagoons is friendly to longevity, and this old monk had lived longer than Cornaro by six years, upon a diet probably as temperate as his, and with a past of as few regrets. But toward the end he went sadly about complaining that God had forgotten him.

That is not the grief of most men; they are too sharply aware of being specially looked after in their aches and pains; but after a certain period no man is quite at home on earth. It is not only that so many who made it home for him are gone. The fashion of the world has insensibly changed and from time to time he is conscious of another way of doing, thinking, feeling, which his feet cannot find, no matter how eagerly he gropes for it. He is a little droll in his old fashion, and if he makes himself over in the new fashion he is much more than a little droll. Better yield meekly and go to the wall, for it is there that real youth, veritable modernity, must push him whether it will or not. Its very kindness is full of anguish for him, unless his sensibilities are dulled by time, and often it does not think to be even cruelly kind. Its crude, unconscious force appals him; and he asks himself, as well as he can, with the breath knocked out of him by some unmeant thrust or pressure from it, if he was once like that. Very probably he thinks he was not, but very probably he was; and he begins to feel the dismay of meeting his former self much earlier than he would have supposed.

In most cases the fear of the young does not beset the elderly at a period which most of the elderly would regard as an hour of the golden prime; but the fear of youth is something that steals upon one unawares, and realizes itself to him by some sudden accident. Such as it is, however, and of such hour as it is, it seems to be a more palpable motive for not living above a hundred, than the modest dread of being a bore, and a burden to succeeding generations. These will take care of themselves, in spite of Hawthorne's fantastic surmise. They will not be much put about by the presence of the sage, or much bound by the maxims of his toothlessly mumbled wisdom. Rather, his mortal juniors would be apt to make the world so lively for the undying one who attempted to stay its course that he would wish himself out of it in much less than a thousand years.

IV

In Tourguénief's heart-breakingly beautiful story, "The Nest of Nobles," there is a passage of such pathos as aches undyingly in the memory. After many years, Lavretsky, the good unhappy Lavretsky, who has loved and lost the gentle Lisa, comes back to the house where he used to see her. It is full of young people who were children when Lisa and he were young; and one of the girls impulsively proposes a game of Puss-in-the-Corner. There are just enough, she says, and none of them realizes that with Lavretsky there in the midst of them, there is one too many. They have been very kind and good to him, but suddenly they do not think of him any more than if he were not in the world, as indeed he was not in their world. This says the whole, or will say it to those who are old enough to know that there was ever that heart-breakingly beautiful story: there certainly never was for those who are young enough to like the stories of nowadays.

A good old age need not be arrogantly

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authoritative in order to be objectionable. It is sufficiently cumbersome, though possibly not molestful without that. Each generation has divinely and naturally the right to round out its cycle in its own way; and every man must be self-taught if he is taught at all. Suppose Cornaro did do these things for the public good on which, however humbly, he prides himself: advised how best to fortify the lagoons and purify them of malaria (no one had yet thought of attacking the mosquito), to drain the swamps of the mainland and irrigate its fields, and to extend the commerce of the city he loved. The question is whether he was not keeping some younger man from his chance of fame and fortune. Were there not youths of forty, fifty, and sixty years in Venice who were as good military and civil engineers, agriculturists, and economists, as this octogenarian, nonogenarian, centenarian, and was he not possibly hindering them from a career of profit and usefulness?

There is much, very much, in such a view of the matter to make the thoughtful reader pause in his purpose of living a hundred years. He will have to ask himself, before he puts it in effect, not only whether he will have a very good time himself, but also whether he will not be spoiling the good time which others would like to have, if he continues in a world already sufficiently crowded and constantly becoming more crowded. He will be forgotten if he goes, but he stands a chance of becoming a not unattractive portion of race-history; if he stays he will be forgotten except at those odious moments when he is found in the way. We can promise he will enjoy these moments (unless he is of a different sort of reader from the sort we prefer to fancy) no more than the hungry generation that cannot scruple to tread him down will enjoy them.

Then there is another point which he must consider before entering upon the "sober life" which leads to the long life. It may be all very well for him to weigh his meat and drink, and not let them daily exceed twenty-six ounces together; that may conduce to health and self-respect; it may save him in doctor's as well as butcher's bills. It may be wise; but is it natural? Is not it natural rather to eat more than is good for you of things that are bad for you? It seems to be taken for granted that gluttony is a denial of the innate wisdom of the animals; but is it so? What horse was ever kept out of a field of green oats by prudential considerations? What cow from a surfeit of green corn? The sheep, innocent and irreproachable as it otherwise is, subjects itself to terrific colics by its unwise excesses; and we all know what the pig is, though it has often been held up as an example because it neither chews nor smokes tobacco. The very bee, the type of sober industry, notoriously gets drunk on cider if it can get the cider.

We would be needlessly alarming as to the danger possibly attendant on the general diffusion of a new edition of the good old Cornaro's famous work. Man will not so readily change his nature as might be conjectured. In spite of knowing (though not realizing) that he will live something less than a hundred years, if he keeps on guttling and guzzling as at present, he will probably keep on. Even if he could easily change his gluttonous nature, which he shares with all the animals, he would still have to change his habits, and that is a much more formidable undertaking. Merely to shun the convivial board would perhaps be more than he was equal to. Doubtless many a reformer who has eaten too much breakfast would follow Cornaro to the end if it were not for being asked somewhere to luncheon or dinner, where any sort of self-denial would be a sort of offence. But as it is we think the treatise of the Venetian sage can be read with comparative impunity, and we can safely commend it, even at this late day, for the charm of its quaint sincerity, since few are likely to act upon its instruction. The world may be always trusted not to take wisdom seriously. Otherwise the best books would be as bad as the best man, if they lived long enough, and we should, from time to time, have to collect them in Alexandrian libraries and get some humane Omar to burn them; lest the fine balance of good and evil should be unduly disturbed, and the play between them in which the soul finds its freedom should be lost through a universal and final reformation of the species.

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Editor's Study.

WHICH is the more beautiful and more worthy thought: that our planet and the solar system of which it is a part—to us the most interesting part—belong to a celestial brotherhood by a kinship so intimate that no one member can cherish an invidious distinction over any other; or that the earth is the central object of the Creator's regard, pivotal in the Universal Plan, the only dwelling-place of living souls?

The question does not occur to us in any astronomical connection, such as Alfred Wallace has presented in his recent book, and which our neighbor of the Easy Chair in the preceding number made the basis of interestingly suggestive speculations, having in view the bearing upon human beliefs—upon the human consciousness itself—of that central location which Dr. Wallace assigns to our solar system, together with the absence of any definite proof of the habitability of other worlds.

The matter of location is not so impressive—since it is constantly shifting—as is the position of the earth as the only habitable world in the universe, if that position could be established. It is known that only within certain limits of temperature—an infinitesimally small arc of the whole cycle of evolution—can organic life exist on any planet. But suppose the earth to have fairly entered upon this narrow field of interesting possibilities, according to the scientific theory held a generation ago there could have been no emergence of life. *Omne vivum ex vivo* was a firmly established maxim. From non-living matter no life could be evolved. Given a bit of protoplasm, and the glorious possibility might be realized. Whence finally did come this precious legacy? Lord Kelvin suggested that the earth owed this endowment to a meteoric visitation. How precarious the condition preliminary to so vast a sequel! But if life was thus alien to the earth, her child by adoption only, then it must have been mothered somewhere—in some of those vast regions which are now supposed to be absolutely sterile.

Of course this dilemma disappears when, in the course of investigations now being pursued, the distinction between living and non-living matter is abolished. Then also it will be seen that when on any planet the permissive conditions exist, organic life in its entire series of evolutions is inevitable. It would be a rash conclusion of science that only on a single planet can these conditions exist.

But, as we have said, our purpose is not to consider the effect of any astronomical theory or of any scientific hypothesis concerning matter, organic or inorganic, upon human speculation as to man's place and destiny in this universe. We wish rather to call the reader's attention to some ancient imaginations about the earth in that long period—far longer than that of which we have a definite record—when human thought and feeling were so inseparable from external appearances that man and the world moved in one current, and any analysis that should separate them would have seemed as impossible as it would have been deemed unnatural.

I

Another book, quite different from Dr. Wallace's—*The Plea of Pan*, by Henry W. Nevinson, published three years ago—has diverted our thoughts from modern analyses and definitions into this old field. Mr. Nevinson has the sense of the souls in things, as Pater had, a quicker sense indeed, though not so subtle or so richly cultivated. Indeed, any comparison of this writer—so objective, so boldly assertive, so virile always—with one like Pater, who shunned positive definition, who was so sensitive to adumbrations, tentatively depicting the shadows that haunted him, yet always with a luminous intellectual transparency, would not suggest itself to us except for this one book of Mr. Nevinson's and some of his critical essays, and in these only because they show remarkable power of imaginative interpretation. How projective and synthetic his method is in this interpretation is indicated by the fact that instead of shyly courting

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the great Pan, feeling after him in the secret ways where so elusive a deity might be supposed to hide, he abruptly encounters him in the open, turning upon him his own old trick of sudden surprise by which he brought upon men's hearts that kind of quick fright which to this day is known as "panic."

The versatility of this essayist is apparent when we consider that the *Plea of Pan* had its conception as incidental to the life of a war correspondent in Greece in the last struggle between that country and Turkey—the theme of one of the author's earlier books. But the writer's first meeting with the god is supposed to antedate that stirring event, and has about it the atmosphere of peace and rustic serenity. Indeed, it takes place in old Arcadia, high up in the mountains, close to the ruins of a temple built to Apollo on the site of an old shrine of Pan.

An interesting situation surely for the appearance of the older god, just when our author was wondering why his worship was driven out by that of Apollo. His companion, Gordon, suggests that "it doesn't seem strange that a half-brutish conception like him—the rude god of an innocent but distinctly provincial Arcadia—should be superseded by the worship of Apollo in his purest and kindliest form, the Destroyer turned to Healer. . . . In such a place as this one may be conscious of a sense of healing, of purification, in the cool air and freshness of the mountains. . . . The mind itself is pervaded with a purity as of sunrise. The human passions then appear to it gross and almost inconceivable, like the grotesque monsters of creation's early slime. . . . Guided by an increasing discernment, the soul becomes rigorous in selection of her proper food. . . . She lays on herself the limits which are the doors into space, and girding herself with restraints, she hastens to the fruition of the brief but high rewards which open upon her rigorous course. At every step her delicacy of choice increases; her demand for purity and decorous beauty becomes more exacting. But at every step also her frame becomes more tightly strung, and her purpose more strenuous. Then in the heart is built up, stone by stone, a temple such as this, fit house for a male god, a home of grave liberty, such as springs from laws self-imposed and self-justified. . . .

"Not what we have, nor what we do, but what we are—that is our kingdom, . . . and what we are depends upon a long series of choice—those brief but eternal acts of choice—self-imposed limits which are the assurance of man's strength and of his ultimate spiritual emancipation."

Then, as if in answer to this noble plea for Apollo, the older god appeared. The low clear note of a flute was heard coming nearer and nearer, and soon, sensible of a strange presence, our author looked up and "saw the great hind quarters of some dark and shaggy beast. . . . He was stretched on the ground deep in flowers." Evidently he had overheard what had just been said about "limits" and "acts of choice" as completing man's redemption from vulgarity, for his first words, in "a deep, low voice, with a kind of laugh in it," were:

"I'm afraid, sir, you wouldn't approve of me, for it's hard to find any limit on my poor old body." And a little later: "I have many outward semblances, and yet but one true form. The Egyptians knew it, though they figured me under this pastoral shape as a matter of pious convenience. Also they knew that I was of the elder gods, compared to whom this Apollo here and his blue-stockinged sister are but upstarts of yesterday, separated from that early creation by clean-cut limits such as seem so greatly to delight you."

Thus having fairly entered upon his plea, the god continued: "These purified gods of yours were cut off from our old creation, and bore no remembrance of the pleasant furry animals upon their marble limbs. Before they came, we were a merry crew together, Centaurs and Sphinxes and Titans, Gorgons and Hydras and Chimæras dire—a wanton pack of cross-bred cousins. It was then often hard to tell where the beast left off and the god began. . . . Then came the change, which I myself should not have escaped, had I not hidden myself away with the shepherds here. . . .

"The new gods did not even pay me the compliment of fear, but in educated scorn they laughed at my homely appearance. . . . I attached myself to the Great Mother, a solemn goddess, whom I chose because when she first looked

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on me I perceived kindly rain and sunshine mingled in her face.

"The worshippers of Apollo are able to rise to airy heights which I can hardly conceive; and, like the man who went up to heaven on a beetle, they think that we poor children of earth look very small from that distance. Nevertheless it almost seems as if there must be some everlasting quality about my worshippers and me . . . a quality which is common to wild animals and children and the poor—shall we add women, too? . . .

"There are certain classes of beings which seem to stand at the meeting-place of many far-reaching and divergent powers. They appear to be haunted by dim associations, unconscious relationships. The fibres of their roots seem still to spring from the womb of earth, and with her breasts they are fed. But on another side they are no less full of promises of something beyond the rest of nature, as though they were always reaching out toward mysterious powers which may never be realized. As a reasonable fact, we know that there are certain things they will not and cannot do. But if they did them, it would be absurd to feel much surprise. . . . That shepherd you met on the way—night and day he lives with his flock; did he not seem to be one with the winds—the hills? It would not have seemed strange if his sheep had said 'Good morning,' and he had bleated."

But this god, though roused to self-defence, is not intolerant even of his supplanters. "I care not, it is true, for the disdain with which your refined friends would regard me. With them I take delight in thrusting out my hoofs and displaying my goatish side. But alone, or among my worshippers, do you suppose I do not rejoice over our gleams of inexplicable reason, our consciousness of a yearning for we know not what, our moments of transforming passion, elevating us to the infinity of gods? Those translucent regions at which you aim may well have beauties and joys that we can hardly picture. I only ask to be remembered. It was the petition I sent to the old Athenians in their most pellucid air."

II

This little episode, besides its indirect intimations as to the unity of all life—however grotesque and, to our modern sense, even repellent many of its embodiments may seem, and by whatever heights of culture a large portion of humanity may seem to have separated itself from the rest of creation—brings us into touch with that older time of which we were speaking, when the human imagination ran concurrent with the movements of nature.

It was a one-sided human consciousness, having the earth alone as its centre, insulated, but within its narrow scope catholic in its sympathies. There was no astronomy, only a dimly felt astrology, since even the stars in their courses served no higher purpose than to reflect human destinies. That either gods or men should dwell elsewhere than upon the earth was unthinkable; our "next" world, which we so easily conceive of as a celestial region, was then the underworld, beneath the waters, and the thought of this was especially comfortable to peoples who worshipped the Great Mother, and whose champions against the jealous Olympians were the Titanic offspring of the earth. Humanity was, in the case of Niobe, "all tears" and protestation, in the presence of the powers of light.

In such a time, when men looked only earthward for divine comfort and sympathy, the cult of Pan must have flourished.

How was this long insulation broken? We know how it was in Greece, when she became Hellas, when the note of Apollo's lyre drowned Pan's piping, and the white statues of the gods were clean-cut, showing no traces of the earth or of the animal. Another race had entered to whom the cult of Apollo was immemorially familiar. The domestication of animals had induced the shepherd habit, which brought men out under the stars at night, thus helping even the Pelasgic pastoral people to some commerce with the skies. Suddenly—that is, suddenly upon our view as we look back—emerges the renaissance of the Heroic Age and the romantic prelude of Hellenic culture.

But in all this change which developed science, art, and philosophy, and in so many ways emancipated the imagination, the earth and the underworld still held their own in the general human regard.

We do not wonder when in the Middle

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Ages the quondam pagan world, taught by a strange theology that the earth is a condemned planet, fit only for destruction, sighed for the return of Pan. The complete redemption only came with the new astronomy which gave the earth its true place in the heavens as itself one of a celestial brotherhood. It was a redemption of the human imagination also from the dominion of appearances, since it led men to see that nothing is as it appears. And finally we have found that what seemed to be a dead world is living, so that even Pan, if he still haunts the earth, may derive some consolation from our recent science, though a wide and deep chasm separates his old domain from the "pellucid air" of those heights from which an Immanuel Kant contemplates with awe the starry heavens above him and the moral law within.

III

In the light of the great disclosure that all life is one, in a universe that is all living, and that the essential quality of life is the same in the most widely diverse situations, no world in space becomes less important or interesting because it is not the dwelling-place of beings like ourselves. Even if all existence outside of our planet should be what we choose to call inorganic, who shall measure the dignity and excellence of life in such a situation? If by implication it involves all possibilities that our intelligence recognizes as glorious, by what knowledge can we pronounce the implication less than what explicitly has become familiar to us in our beautiful abode—in our own action and sensibility?

This human world of ours, ever since it was indeed human, with the clean-cut line of distinction from the rest of creation which gave Apollo a kingdom quite separate from "that warm obscurity" where Pan with his poor charges dwelt, is to us the most interesting disclosure possible—both of depravity and exaltation, since it is a world of Choice. If there is nowhere else in the universe such a development as has produced this exciting earth-drama, then we may, from our point of view, well imagine the whole creation travailing to become humanly incarnate—to have some share in this marvellous destiny.

But how much do we really know of the vast scheme of what we call inanimate nature? Our human illusion is so complete that beyond its folds we cannot pass to a true comprehension of nature for what it is in itself. We are indeed farther away from such an intuition than were the followers of Pan, who were very humble creatures and had sure instincts, nearer to infinity than our reasonings. We behold the physical world only on the side of its descents—its death everywhere meeting our life; and our pride of transcendency is nourished by the contemplation of this everlasting and faithful service. In our dream the world lets down to us its ladder of life, but we only see the angels descending, not those which ascend. It is only as Nature stoops to our limited senses, thus entering our doorways, that we are in any way aware of her visitation. She is to us a Sphinx whose riddles are propounded to us from silent lips, we only guessing what they are. We call the physical world dead because it is only its dying side that is presented to us.

On our globe are vast regions uninhabited by man. We think of these as insignificant waste places full of the vanity of desolation. We will not allow that the sunrises there are beautiful, since there is no human eye to see them —and in that eye alone is there a sense of the beautiful. But the sun rises there just as elsewhere, and the "glimpses of the moon" illumine the mountains and the valleys. May not this nature which turns to us a cold, still face have its own beauty and meaning, apart from our sense or our interpretation? Surely it has its own ascensions, far away out of our sight, along a path we may not follow.

If we could behold that ascending path, which is hidden even from the scientific vision, the disclosures of that new world would surprise us. We should then retrace the path of a progression which has advanced by increased limitation and sequestration; we should see as One sees who has not eyes; and perhaps—since no door shuts but another door is opened, and with every outfolding of the curtain there is a hidden infolding—it might be given us to behold what is Becoming in that unseen world of which ours offers us but the broken pattern.

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EDITOR'S DRAWER

The Postmaster

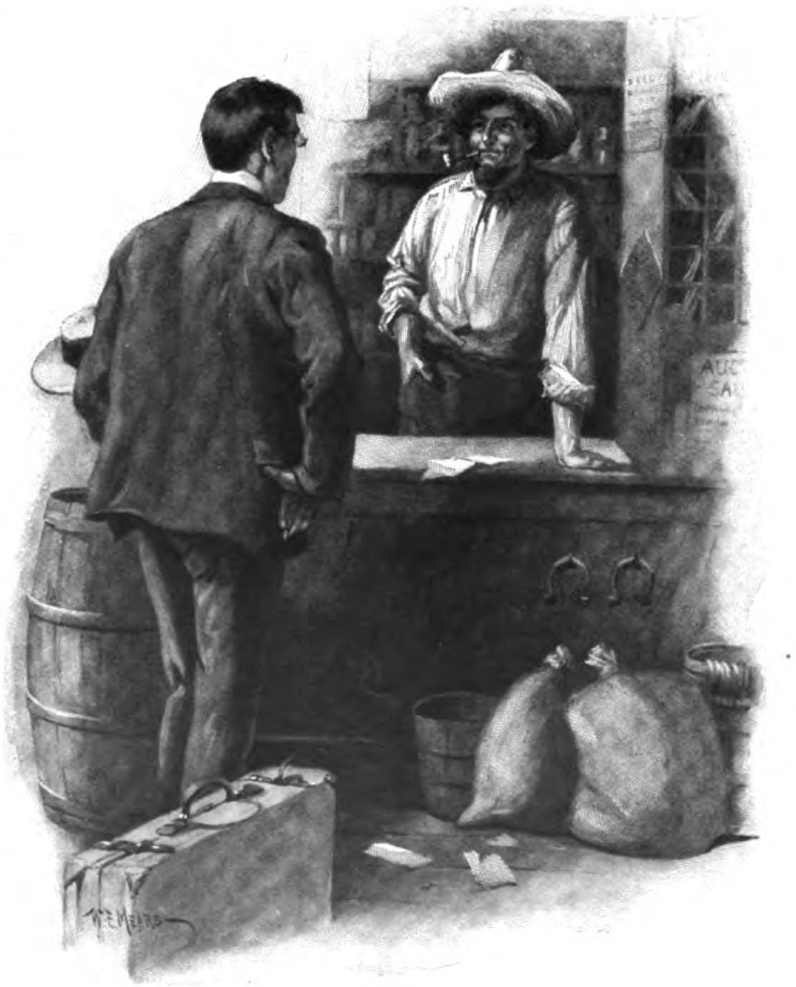
BY JAMES EDMUND DUNNING

WHETHER it was an advertisement for a lost Maltese kitten or the announcement of the Saturday-night dance in Hunting's Hall, eloquently denominated a "hop," I am not able to remember and my note-book will not tell; but whatever it was, I stood in front of it, waiting, when the Postmaster came from behind the grated window of the half-partition which served to mark that corner of the store appropriated to the United States of America. Horizontally he was a large man. He wore boots of that singular type which indicates the longness of their legs by the roundness of their toes,—though in his case the legs were concealed beneath trousers which I am now quite sure were twin corn-sacks cleverly conjoined. At that moment I was more interested in the nonchalant air with which he wore his gray cotton shirt, quite obviously the only upper garment on his person. You can tell a man by the shirt he wears, and so I read my title clear to saying,

"Good morning, Postmaster."

"Mornin'," he replied, with promising cordiality. "Hot day—go'n' to be. Kin I—" The Postmaster paused. That was evidently as far as he went on first acquaintance. I came to the point of my call.

"Quite too warm to walk further before five o'clock," said I, "so I came in to ask if you could tell me which of the two hotels



"Which of the two hotels serves the better dinner?"

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here serves the better dinner—Hunting's or the Lake House."

The Postmaster's melting countenance drew in as if touched from behind by a blotting-paper. "Wa-a-ll," said he, anxiously, "I scursely kin say. I scursely kin — scursely. What was it you as'd me, mister?"

"Which of the two local hotels serves the better meal?"

The Postmaster put one hand on the other.

"You see, mister," he replied, "I scursely—Wal, now, ye see, it wouldn't do for a man in my position to — ye see, it wouldn't *ha-ardly* do."

"Oh, as a Federal officer," I suggested, suddenly losing my interest in both dinner and the heat.

"Wal, yes, that's it—not *ha-a-ardly*. Of course, it's—"

"As a representative of the United States of America!" said I.

"There, sir!" cried the Postmaster, "you've hit it. I knew ye was a keen one the fust minute I see ye comin' up th' ro'd. Stopped in a spell at Bascom's, didn't ye?"

"Yes—to ask the way here."

"Mis' Bascom any easier to-day?"

"Really, I failed to ask for her. Is Mrs. Bascom ill?"

"Desp'rit," exclaimed the Postmaster in a loud whisper. "There's two postals for th' stage to-day sayin' how she's made her will, an' 's resigned beautiful. Hear th' boys say who'd git th' place?"

"Not a word," said I.

"Cur'us," remarked the Postmaster, half to himself. "'Bout time they was makin' a few plans. Some of these East Corinth folks don't know there is such a word as forehanded. Ain't it hot!"

He walked to the open door, herding out a drove of flies with his big hands. I followed him, and sat on the topmost of the three broad steps which led to the ground from the covered platform, while he rocked noisily, for so hot a day, in an aged wicker chair.

"The Lake House is the one at the right, isn't it?" I asked, because the outdoor temperature made him drowsy.

"Now, speakin' 'bout that, mister," replied the Postmaster, ceasing his rocking with marked suddenness, "I don't feel as if a man in my position— Ye see how it is; a man in my position can't— Wal, he ain't like a common citizen. Now yourself, for instance. If I sh'd ask *you* what th' best hotel in East Corinth was, why—"

This was too dangerous to venture anything further, so I hastily remarked,

"Of course, I am not a representative of the United States of America."

"That's it!" cried the Postmaster. "Now you're a keen one! Ye see, there's Hen' Huntin' keeps Huntin'ses Hotel. He's a pertickler friend of mine, an' a customer, too. Ain't a day goes by but he—"

"Not a day?" I said, amazedly.

"No, not ha-a-ardly," insisted the Postmaster—"but Hen' Huntin' or some of his folks come down to my store an' puts out consider'ble money. Takes a good deal to stock up a fust-class hotel, an' I've known 'em to lay down four 'n' five dollars one forenoon right on them counters!"

"Hunting intends to keep the better hotel, and I suppose he does," said I.

I had him at last! The wicker chair stopped creaking again and I heard the heels of the long-legged boots take wood decisively. I dared not look about, but only down the village street. I was sorry to have ended it so soon — it promised much. At length the Postmaster spoke.

"Wal," he said, and I glanced up in season to see him wipe his forehead twice, "ye see, a man in my position couldn't hardly say as to—"

"The United States of America holds its public men responsible!" said I.

"'Responsible!'" he exclaimed, quite pathetically delighted with my assistance. "That's th' word. Ye see, a man in my position can't *ha-ardly*—"

I could endure no more, so I asked, "Who keeps the Lake House this season?" It was my *coup d'état*.

"Flave Philbrook, th' minister's dark-complected brother, keeps the Lake House," said the Postmaster, the tune of the rocker sending dismal pizzicatos echoing through the town, which seemed dried resonantly

She up and took the medicine to save it

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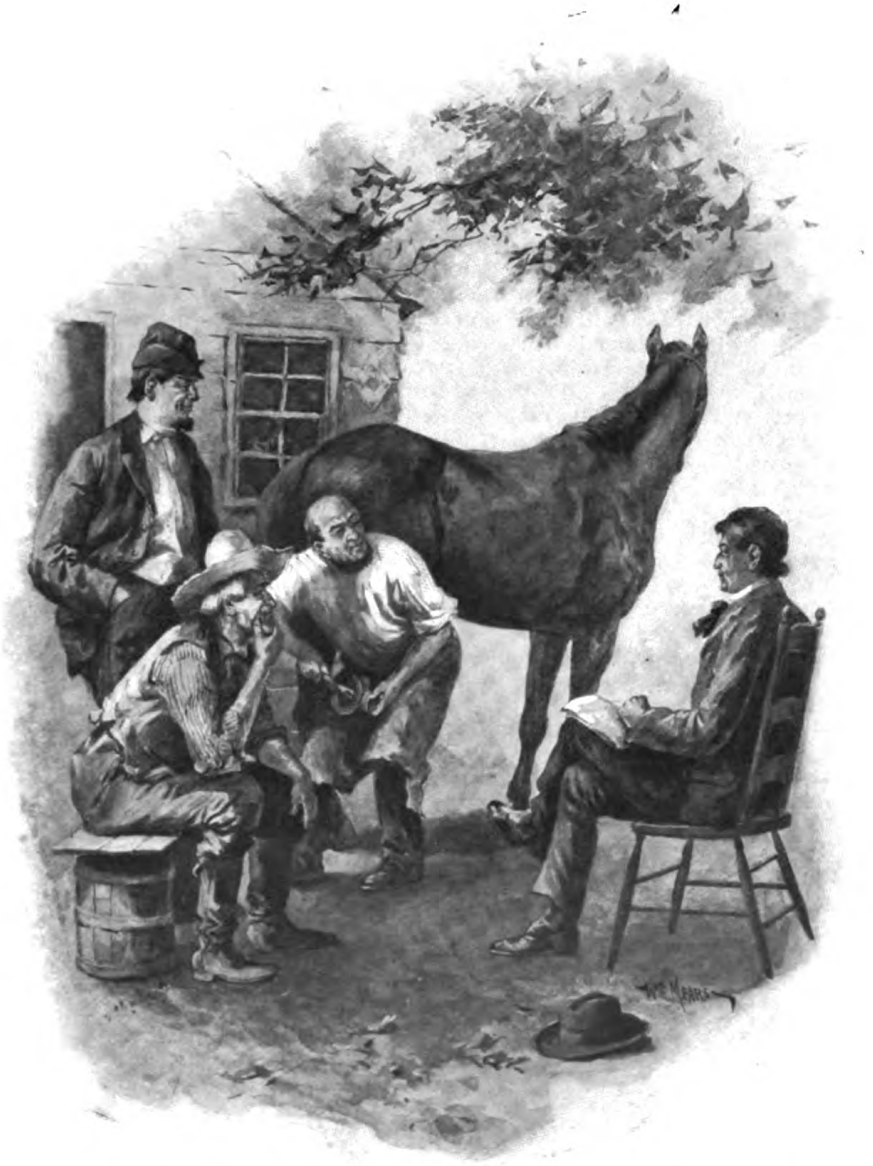

He begun braggin' about th' art of shocin' gentlemen's drivers

hard, like an old gourd, under the baking sun. "Now, Flave Philbrook, he kin give 'em all points on th' hotel business—that is, most of 'em. How a man bred as Flave Philbrook was kin be so liberal with his boarders beats me, f'r Flave w'n't raised on likely soil f'r to be no phy-lanthropist. Why, they used to tell, when I was your age, that Flave's mother was so close, one day when she was cleanin' house an' found a bottle of bitter-root medicine on a shelf she up an' took it to save it!

"And I suppose you're agent for somethin' or other?" queried the Postmaster, at his rope's end. I wondered how long it had been uncoiling.

"No, Postmaster," I said; "I am—oh, an artist, I suppose."

"Art ain't much in my special line of trade," replied the Postmaster, "but I never hear of it without thinkin' of what a feller down to Coggins's blacksmith shop said about it some ten year ago. He was sort of a writer, an' when Bill Coggins begun braggin' about th' art of shoein' gentlemen's drivers, that feller he says—he says— Wal, I never could remember it, but I've got it inside."

The Postmaster plunged into the bowels of the store. In two minutes he returned with the wooden bulletin-board on which the stage mails are posted at East Corinth. There was a white paper pasted on the back. You may find it by looking in the store any day, between the candy-counter and the harness-rack.

"That feller says to Bill Coggins, he says, 'My experience with men wedded to

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their art is that Art has usually made a misalliance!'"

The Postmaster paused, in plain disappointment at my unchanged face.

"P'aps I better read it agin—slower."

"Please don't!" I pleaded. "Thank you very much."

"That's all right," said the Postmaster, with lovable cordiality. "I don't understand it myself, but I've read it to strangers reg'lar, hopin' some day some one, maybe the same feller, would show up an' explain it. Alliances ain't much in my line. I believe we ought to baste them darn Redco'ts agin. Father fit in th' Eighteen-Twelve War, ye know. That's why"—the Postmaster's rapid frontal enlargement distracted me from wonder at his one fierce lapse into verbal violence—"that's why they call me Cunnel in the Bangor papers."

"And so, Colonel McGuire," said I, for I was truly famished, "since I cannot walk to Bangor to-day, at which hotel would you advise me to dine, now I'm here?"

The Postmaster's face indicated a pain which was mostly sorrow.

"I mean," said I, relenting, "supposing you were in my place and came to ask Colonel McGuire to recommend a hotel in East Corinth, Penobscot County, Maine, what would Colonel McGuire be likely to say in reply thereto?"

The Postmaster smiled with the ineffable radiance of real relief. He held up a warning palm and dropped his voice to a rasping, whispering note:

"Now if you was me an' I was you—an' you says to me some day, walkin' up by George Hersey's red barn with the circus signs on it, opposite the Brackett place on th' main ro'd,—if you says to me—I bein' you,—if you says to me, 'Cunnel McGuire,' you says, and I says, 'Sir, to you,' an' you, bein' me, says, 'Cunnel McGuire, what's th' best hotel for a good square meal in th' town of East Corinth, Maine?' That's it, ain't it?"

"Exactly, Colonel," I cried. "Name it! I'm so hungry!"

"Wal," replied the Postmaster, leaning forward as if to throw his entire weight into the balance with his final answer, "of course, a man in my position can't *ha-ardly* afford—"

"But you are me, now, Colonel," said I.

Perhaps the title won him. He forced his voice down further and leaned forward until he almost touched my ear.

"I'd say, bein' you," he whispered,—"I'd just up an' say that, bein's I always live at home an' ain't much on goin' out—an' bein' in my position, why, I'd say I just didn't know!"

And putting one hand over his lips to restrain further impeachable utterances, the Postmaster tiptoed into the store.

Pro and Con

IT must be hard for you, porcupine,
To dress when the day begins.
I'm glad there aren't any clothes of mine
A-needin' so many pins.

BUT when I've been saucy and horrid too,
Or up to some naughty prank,
If I could only wear clothes like you
I'd be awfully hard to spank. **B. J.**

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CUSTOMER. "*Now mind, don't forget the date.*"
BROKER. "*Oh, I won't; I've got it up on file.*"

Food Rhapsody

BY BURGES JOHNSON

THE grievous limitations
Of the poet's intellect
Began with this Creation's
Early dawning, I suspect.
And of flowers and lambkins by the yard,
And hearts and darts and spring,
'Tis said the first prehensile bard
Was ever wont to sing.
Oh, why, in all the ages,
Did never one allude,
In fine, immortal pages,
To the joys of Food?
Though my Pegasus be lame,
I will right this deadly shame,—
I will substitute pure nerve for
A true poetic fervor,
Or I'll hire me a lyre,
Just to sing the song of Food.

Food! fubsy Food!
Let me sing in ardent mood
Endless praises,
Though my phrases
Unpoetic be, and crude;
Though the feet are
Prone to teeter,
And the versifying rude,
What metre could be sweeter
Than a song of Food!
The lily is so sweet, it may
Stir poets loud and long,—
But if they tried to eat it, they
Would sing another song.
Then why not sing of radishes,
That bloom for me and you?—
And though it somewhat saddish is,
Oh, why not sing of stew?
Tho' flowers and bowers and summer showers
May suit a certain mood,
I'd spend a *few* poetic hours
On useful Food!
Handsome is as handsome does.
Fairest flower that ever was
Loses lustre near a pumpkin,
So upon my harp I'm plunkin',—
For I'm longing to be songing
As I brood upon my Food.

Food! raw Food!
(Or boiled or fried or stewed),
See it wait
On the plate,
Just waiting to be chewed.
Always patient, never rude.
Who is tiring
Of admiring,
As its essences exude!
Hot or not, oh, how inspiring
Is the thought of Food!

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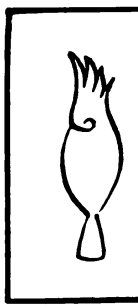
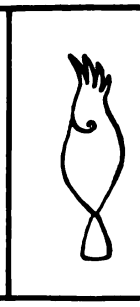


BIRDS



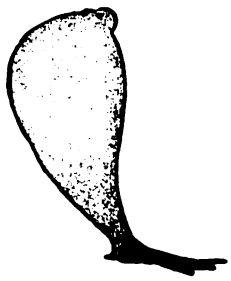
BY GUY WETMORE CARRYL

Pictures by the Author

I CLAIM I'm the first on the ground to propound
That birds, whether singers or screechers,
Are entitled to rank with the rest and the best
Of our eloquent, ethical preachers:
And I think that I should be allowed to be proud—
You surely don't need to be told
That, without any doubt, both my words and my birds
Shut Audubon out in the cold!

For instance, the Stork one ignores, or he bores
The average woman or man:
They think that the properest place for his grace
Is a Japanese teapot or fan.
The infant-itesimal charge isn't large
That he brings to his customers. Still,
Whatever its size, don't resent or repent
What he neatly puts down in his bill!

The Pigeon is boxed up in traps by the chaps
Who think they're expert with the gun,
But many of those who're acute at the shoot
Might envy a triumph he's won.
His confident strut from the cote you should note.
On that little, exterior shelf
He was never blown up by his wife in his life:
He attends to such matters himself!



As grave as a deacon in church, on his perch
The Cockatoo dozes and dreams.
At his sleepy appearance you laugh and you chaff,
But he isn't the dunce that he seems.
There are birds more imposing than he'll ever be—
Don't let them impose upon *you!*
The Peacock's a corker, I know, but then, oh,
Here's another that's a corker too!

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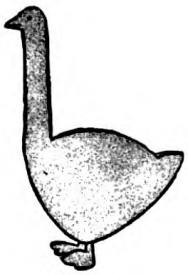
The Condor, of every Sierra the terror,
Has been wofully wronged in his time.
He is brave, he is strong. Though indeed he is greedy,
He soars in a manner sublime.
To be son of the Kaiser, the Shah, or the Czar
I am certain he never would care:—
Such a one's just the heir of a king, poor thing,
But the Condor's the king of the air.



You may scorn her, but what is the use? The Goose
Is a need in our lives. I aver
That there isn't a creature on earth that is worth
The respect we should proffer to her.
Could we sleep without her at our ease, if you please?
Could we feast, without roasting her brown?
No, no! Since by stuffing her up we sup,
And slumber by stuffing her down!

The Swan, when a swim on the lake he would take,
Glides gracefully over each ripple:
He feeds, whensoever he wishes, on fishes,
And sticks to one regular tipple.
He beats the reformers who preach and who teach
And allow no intemperance quarter:
In his sinuous manner he shows that he knows
How far one may go upon water!

I am pleased with this lecture, and yet I regret
My skill with the pen and my learning:
It touches my heart when I feel that I steal
What writers on Nature were earning.
But cheer up, John Burroughs, chief man of the clan!
Perhaps this will all be rejected!

"Dear Sir: For our cheque you're our creditor.—Editor."

Well—that is what I expected!

Equals

TWO little girls were playing together on the sidewalk. One who was dressed in mourning, said to the other, with an air of melancholy superiority,

"*My* papa and mamma have gone to heaven."

For an instant the other child appeared to be awed; then she drew herself up.

"Well—no matter!" she said, proudly. "Mine are going there soon!"

Psychological

THE cat and the infant sat upon the hearth-rug and regarded each other long and seriously.

The cat's attitude was that of pure contemplation, her look as of one whose rule it is neither to ask nor answer.

The infant mind plainly struggled with a thought, of which the outcome was presently this profound question: "Does a cat ***know*** she's a cat?"

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Tales out of School

'TWAS said the Rat got up to speak
(It was the Goph-er tat-tled)
And on-ly made a fun-ny squeak,
So bad-ly was he rat-tled!

Open Weather

NOW are the days of open weather,
When clods cleave at the grassblades' prick:
When sun and rain coquette together,
And dead things vanish before quick.
When nests are new, and orchard branches
Like mimic Alps pile snow on snow,
Until their fragrant avalanches
Descend and drift the world below.

Tulip and crocus in the garden
A gentle rivalry declare,
Each, *sans* apology or pardon,
Striving her eager heart to bare.—
Dainty comediennes, playing frankly
For fond applause of earth and sky
Where, late, but barren mould stared blankly
To taunt the anxious passer-by.—

The tender air, through open casements,
Announces "Spring!" to hidden souls
Pent in high garrets and foul basements,
Giving them dreams in place of doles.
A thousand street sounds, too, it carries—
Hoarse huckster-calls and peddler-pleas—
Into the hush of homes, and marries
The working world to that of ease.

Now are the days of open weather,
When Spring unlocks the tide of life;
When sap and blood bound free together,
And men forget their market strife.
For once all beings meet and mingle,
Hope holding sway without, within;
And hearts unclose with impulse single,
And all the burgeoning world is kin!

JULIE M. LIPPMANN.

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Drawn by Edwin A. Abbey, R. A.

ACT III.: SCENE IV. ANOTHER ROOM IN THE CASTLE

HAMLET: *"Why look you there! look, how it steals away!*
My father, in his habit as he lived!
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!"

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HARPER'S
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. CVIII MAY, 1904 No. DCXLVIII

"Hamlet"

CRITICAL COMMENT BY THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON

PICTURES BY EDWIN A. ABBEY, R.A.

HOW is it that upon this one play of Shakespeare's, so vast has been the body of criticism, that it forms a literature, and that, so various has it been, it may be said to express the opinions and also the whims and idiosyncrasies of the entire writing fraternity of the British Empire, of Europe, and of America? How is it, that, if all the printed words that have been scattered over it in the various languages of the modern world were inscribed upon a tape, that tape would form a black scroll of printer's ink reaching from the earth to the moon? And again, how is it that, notwithstanding all this industry, no editor, from Heminge and Condell downwards, has been able to give us a sensibly arranged text? Take, for instance, so elemental a matter as the dividing of the play into acts. Although the earliest authentic quarto, that of 1604, is not divided into acts at all, Shakespeare's artistic intent in regard to a proper sense-pause is in every case rendered clear enough by the very nature of the subject matter. No one will deny that—scenery or no scenery—a modern play (having no chorus) is properly divided into acts. This, at least, Heminge and Condell knew, and into acts they began to divide it; but after Act II. they got tired of their task and left in one huge act the whole of the remainder of the play. It was not till the eighteenth century that an editor divided this matter into Acts III., IV., and V. And then how did that editor go to work? Of course it is the first principle of all literary art, whether in verse or in prose, that the artistic arrangement of the matter is as important as the matter itself. Even Carlyle, to whom matter was so much more than form, knew this, for he said of *Hamlet*, give a poet the subject matter of *Hamlet*, and it would still require a Shakespeare's genius to mould it into the play, or something to that effect. But this eighteenth-century editor, as my distinguished friend Professor Lewis Campbell has admirably pointed out, was governed in his principle of arrangement not by the sense-pauses indicated by Shakespeare, but by the inch measure. The letter-press left undivided by Heminge and Condell measured so many inches. "Divide these inches into three approximately equal parts," said this editor to himself, and there you are, "Acts III., IV., and V. Instead of making a

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division as the sense demanded, and as Shakespeare certainly meant it to be made, after the words in the fourth scene of Act IV., as it now stands,

My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!

where occurs the great pause in the action made by Hamlet's voyage to England —the eighteenth-century editor made it at a place where this very important change in the dramatic action is ruinously ignored by such an arrangement. The primary fact that the dramatic action is now going on while the protagonist is far away overseas seemed to this editor of less importance than the demands of the editorial inch measure. He was unable to see that everything said and everything done which follows the place in the play where the natural division comes in loses four-fifths of its effect.

"But what can you expect," the modern reader will say, "from an eighteenth-century Shakespearian? Our present-day Shakespearian criticism represents the scholarship of more enlightened times." But what have our contemporary editors done? They have followed the clumsy jumble of Rowe, or of whoever first arranged the eighteenth-century text. So much for the mere mechanical arrangement of Shakespeare's text. And now a word as to the inner meaning of the play —its "hard acorn of thought," to borrow a wonderfully apt phrase from the old Icelandic Volsunga Saga. It seems to be an axiom nowadays that most bad things are made in Germany. And it may or may not be true: the poetical critic has nothing to say upon such a subject—in a general way. Yet if a tariff could be placed on German Shakespearian criticism, I know at least one student of English poetry who would become an ardent protectionist.

Some little time ago (when engaged in analyzing the plot of *The Merchant of Venice* for the forthcoming edition of Shakespeare to be published at Cambridge, Massachusetts), while comparing and contrasting the play with the Hindoo story of the trial of King Usinára and with the "Bond Story" in the *Gesta Romanorum,* upon which the plot of that marvellous play is based, I had occasion to comment upon this same German transcendental criticism. I said that although it is a matter of familiar knowledge that scarcely one of Shakespeare's plots was invented or partially invented by himself, this fact does not in any way prevent our German friends from writing long treatises upon the profound philosophical and allegorical intent of every Shakespearian plot. Of course these German vagaries would not be of any great moment to us islanders (for, after all, the best way to protest against commodities made in Germany is to refuse to accept them) if our English critics did not follow them. But because Goethe discussed *Hamlet* on German principles, and because Ulrici, Gervinus, and others discussed and discussed again Goethe's discussion, certain English critics—critics, let us say, far more capable of understanding the matter than any German who ever turned English poetry into abstractions—have held up their hands and exclaimed, "Wonderful is the wisdom of criticism made in Germany."

With regard to the story of *Hamlet,* our English critics all know well enough that Shakespeare did not invent it—did not invent any part of it. They all know well enough that he found it in whatsoever story or earlier play upon the subject he laid his royal hands upon when his theatre demanded a *Hamlet* for its own company. And yet they are as much dominated by Teutonic pretentiousness as though they themselves knew nothing about their own countryman. A wilder misconception about the genius and method of a great poet than that of the German writers who thus govern our English critics it is impossible to imagine. And it is ignorant, too. All imaginative writers, whether in verse or in prose, are divisible into two great tribes: first, those poets who do not work their imaginations, but whose imaginations work them, such as Homer, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Rabelais, Marlowe, Webster, Walter Scott, and, indeed, all those who may for convenience be designated "the tribe of Nature's children"; second, those who belong to "the tribe of Ben"—to use an affectionate phrase of Ben Jonson's followers; a tribe which, taking its origin long before Ben Jonson was born—taking its origin, indeed, in a very early stage of literature—has produced many

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ACT III.: SCENE III. A ROOM IN THE CASTLE

HAMLET: "*Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying;*"

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important members, though two of them tower above all the others: the author of *The Fox* and the author of the *Comédie Humaine*. As to these two, indeed, so great are they in their own line that in importance they may be ranked with all but the very greatest members of the other and older tribe. Yet with the members of that other tribe, whom I have ventured, for comparison's sake, to call the tribe of Nature's children, the writers "sealed of the tribe of Ben" must not ever be confounded. Brilliantly and subtly as they depict human life, their "specimens" of humanity are excogitated; they are characters born of induction, whereas the other tribe—the tribe of Nature's children—know nothing of any characters of induction, know nothing of any characters save those of their own imagination's spontaneous projection. The characters constructed by the tribe of Ben say this and do that because by induction the dramatist, working on the best principles of German criticism, considers what they ought to say and do, and makes them speak and act accordingly. Hence it is not with Nature that the tribe of Ben live, but in fanciful chambers of their own—allegorical, transcendental chambers,

> Carved so curiously,
> Carved with figures strange and sweet,
> All made out of the carver's brain.

And this is why they see those "carvings" and nothing else, though the world is in truth full of figures that are not "made out of the carver's brain"—figures carved not quite so curiously as those of the tribe of Ben, but carved by Nature and revealed by her to poets of the other and nobler tribe. There is no need to exemplify the difference between the two kinds of figures, but if there were we should only, in tragedy, have to take the greatest character that was ever excogitated by Ben Jonson and set it beside Hamlet; we should only, in comedy, have to take the characters in *The Silent Woman*, or *Every Man in His Humour*, or *The New Inn*, and set them beside Shakespearian comic characters; nay, we should have only to set them beside Chaucer's figures in the prologue to *The Canterbury Tales*. Hamlet, of course, is in stature incomparable with any other tragic figure in imaginative literature. But take that miller of Chaucer's. Is he not as modern as the miller of Tennyson's idyl? And yet no subtle induction has gone to the making of him. By the side of that miller how old-fashioned and how dead seem Jonson's most vital characters! In inductive rightness, however, how perfect Jonson's figures are! how round and plump is every limb! In the carving of them there is scarcely a stroke too little or a stroke too much, for they are constructed on those very same methods of artistic induction which the German critics attribute to Shakespeare.

These transcendentalists forget that Nature, the most modest and unobtrusive of sculptors, pretends to no more inductive rightness than Shakespeare's projected characters display; and as to her logical power, they forget that she has always been shaky in her logic—so shaky, indeed, that innumerable theologies and mythologies have had to be invented in order to explain it. They forget that in her illogical and perhaps half-conscious way she, like Homer and Shakespeare and Chaucer, projects her characters, turns them out as entire organisms, and then leaves them to justify themselves. Here, indeed, is where Nature is so perennially delightful that she never dreams of justifying her work, and yet she is justified of all her children. Never entirely right and logical are her characters, as are Ben's characters, and as are the characters in the *Comédie Humaine* and in all the works of all the tribe of Ben; but they are alive—that is all the difference, these characters are alive. From head to foot we believe in them. The credence we give to them is different altogether from the credence we give to those curious figures moulded by the tribe of Ben. Hence their vitality is for all time. It is governed by no fashion, depends on no shifting web of circumstance, as does the vitality of the figures "made out of the carver's brain." And exactly as Nature works does that other great artist work—the great illogical artist Shakespeare, whom they persist in criticising as though he belonged to the tribe of Ben.

It seemed necessary to dwell at some length upon this classification of imag-

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inative writers in order to show why the German critics, in seeking for evidence of self-conscious movements in Shakespeare's mind and in finding allegorical meanings in Shakespeare's work, have gone so lamentably astray. And on many other points it seems to me that English Shakespearians have succumbed overmuch to the dogmatism of Germany, from the publication of *Wilhelm Meister* downwards. They have, for instance, endeavored to construct a chronology of the plays from certain tests, such as the metrical test, on the one hand, and such as the test of what is called the spiritual development of the poet, supposed to be discoverable in his way at various periods of confronting human life and generalizing upon it. In the metrical test there may be something if the investigations are not pursued too far, for it is true, no doubt, that metre is a fine art—true, no doubt, that there are thousands of new things to be learned by the poet in the exercise of that art as he passes through life, and, consequently, that what to him may have seemed good metre as a boy may seem bad metre at maturity, after he has made a thorough study of the great masters of the art. Keats's case is a notable instance of this; so is Tennyson's. But the test is a very unsafe one. As regards, however, evolving a spiritual order for Shakespeare's plays, this seems to me a more daring venture than that connected with the metrical test.

Does any one really think that Shakespeare, born in a country town, dragged by his father's misfortunes or follies from that pedestal of middle-class respectability which he so loved, down to that struggling impecuniosity which he so hated; driven by disaster to seek in London the means to retrieve the commercial honor of a family whose head had been kept from church by fear of arrest for debt — does any one really think that such a man wrote plays to bring out his thoughts and emotions as they arose? To think so is to ignore the difference between the dramatist and the lyrist who sings because he must win sympathy for his joys and pains, must sing or die. The dramatic instinct being to give sympathy and not to ask it, the dramatist has no great need of expression unless that need comes from the outside. The external need was, with Shakespeare, the need of "getting a living," as the Warwickshire phrase still is. As Dickens at fourteen had to exercise his faculties by pasting labels upon blacking-pots, so Shakespeare at the same age, according to traditions in which even Dyce seems half inclined to believe, had to become a butcher-boy and then a lawyer's clerk. Such a career makes it impossible to say, either from the metrical movement of his utterances or from their tone, "This belongs to one period, this to another." The more we study any one of his plays with the others, the more clearly shall we see that Shakespeare, as soon as the chance came to him, harnessed his genius to business—harnessed it far too thoroughly to dream of producing plays for the purpose of expressing that great inner life of his which circumstance and temperament had been building up. To the really great writer Life is far greater than Literature. The rich results of Shakespeare's life, active and emotive, had been well garnered, it is true; but, as "the Poet" in *Timon of Athens* says most profoundly,

> Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes
> From whence 'tis nourish'd: The fire i' the flint
> Shows not, till it be struck.

When the Globe Theatre demanded it, Shakespeare could throw into the market more of this most precious "gum" than all his contemporary dramatists—more than has been produced by the combined efforts of all the poets that have lived since.

As to the wisdom of the generalizations upon life and the ripeness of the meditation upon the mystery of the universe, sometimes found scattered in plays which we know from external evidence to have been early, it seems to be forgotten that boys, even in these days, when leading a country life, are often very meditative—more meditative, perhaps, than men. But meditation was the intellectual note of the time when Shakespeare was a boy. It is difficult for us in a vulgar, sordid, wealth-worshipping society, like that of the England and America of the present hour, to understand the temper of the great time when Shakespeare lived—when the court society of England contained

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ACT V.: SCENE I. A CHURCHYARD

HAMLET: *"What is he, whose grief bears such an emphasis?"*

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men like Sidney. It is especially difficult for us to imagine the mood of a boy like Shakespeare strolling and dreaming along the banks of the Avon.

And again, much wonder has been expressed that he—after his great success in London; after having acquired wealth and honor, and enjoyed intercourse with all the genius and all the brilliance of his time; after being the admiration of all, from princes to apprentice boys—should, in the heyday of health and fame, have left everything to go down to Stratford (which was farther from London then than Aberdeen is now) to settle among farmers, wool-staplers, and cattle-dealers, and enjoy no better social intercourse than could be found at the Falcon Inn. Yet, as far as we can judge, his contemporaries were not surprised at this. It was a natural thing to do in an age when men felt that, except in the exercise of the most sacred of the affections, the highest delight for intellectual man lies in meditation, and that it is among the scenes of one's childhood that the scattered threads of one's own life can be gathered up and contemplated as one woof, that true meditation upon the universal life of man can be fostered with most success. These facts must always be considered when the chronology of the Shakespeare plays is attempted to be discovered by criticism of the nature and quality of the thoughts it contains.

But as to what the personality of Shakespeare was, though we may not be able to form a true conception of it, this we do know, that it was as unlike as it could possibly be to the character imagined by German transcendentalists. Four or five years ago, in an imaginative work, part of whose *motif* was to show that most men, if not all, have that instinct for making "assurance doubly sure" which characterizes both Hamlet and Macbeth when entangled in a net of conflicting evidence—the evidence of the spiritual and the evidence of the natural world—as those two characters were each entangled, I made some remarks upon them which aroused a good deal of discussion. My argument in that story was "that the paralysis of Hamlet's will which followed when the evidence of two worlds hung in equipoise before him, had nothing whatever to do with the explanation of it offered by Goethe in *Wilhelm Meister*—the explanation that a heavy task was laid upon a character whose grit was unequal to the performance of it—"as it were, an oak planted in a china vase." I contended, on the contrary, that the same paralysis is seen in *Macbeth* as much as in *Hamlet;* I contended that Shakespeare, having decided in the case of *Macbeth* to adopt the machinery he found in Holinshed, and in the case of *Hamlet* the machinery he found in the old *Hamlet* mentioned by Nash, or else in Belleforest, seems to have set himself the task of realizing the situation of a man oscillating between the evidence of two worlds, the physical and the spiritual—a man in each case unusually sagacious, and in each case endowed with the instinct for "making assurance doubly sure"—the instinct which seems, from many passages in his dramas, to have been a special characteristic of the poet's own, such, for instance, as the words in *Pericles:*

> For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
> Though doubts did ever sleep.

And if we really wish to form a mental picture of Shakespeare we must begin by studying these two plays together and glancing frequently at other Shakespearian plays. This was my contention; nothing more. But in reiterating an argument a writer who has once formulated it can never again advance it except by repeating his own words. This is what I said in the introduction to the English editions of *Aylwin:*

> Why is it that Hamlet, the moody moraliser upon charnel-houses and mouldy bones, is identified with the jolly companion of the Mermaid, the wind-bibbing joker of the Falcon and the Apollo saloon? It is because Hamlet is the most elaborately painted character in literature. It is because the springs of his actions are so profoundly touched, the workings of his soul so thoroughly laid bare, that we seem to know him more completely than we know our most intimate friends. It is because the sea which washes between personality and personality is here, for once, rolled away, and we and this Hamlet touch, soul to soul. That is why we ask whether such a character can be the mere evolvement of the artistic mind at work. That is why we exclaim:

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"The man who painted Hamlet must have been painting himself." The perfection of the dramatist's work betrays him. For, really and truly, no man can paint another, but only himself, and what we call character painting is, at the best, but a poor mixing of painter and painted, a "third something" between these two; just as what we call colour and sound are born of the play of undulation upon organism.

As to what was Shakespeare's personal reputation among his contemporaries, that is comparatively unimportant in discussing the question, What, at heart, was William Shakespeare? For often it is through literature alone that a soul will unfold itself to other souls. Was he really the calm, passionless mirror that some critics talk about, reflecting nature as an unruffled lake reflects the shifting cloud-pageantry of heaven? Or was he at heart the maker of those jokes at the Mermaid the reputation of which has come down to us? Or was he at heart the moody dreamer of Elsinore—morbid, yet daring; dreamy, yet designing and craftily manœuvring; sombre, yet steeped in a humor so rich, so deep, that all other humor seems shallow in comparison?

And here I touch upon one great difference between the two plays I am comparing. While in *Macbeth* there is no attempt at humor, save in the porter's monologue, the entire tragic movement of *Hamlet* swings, as it were, in an atmosphere of cosmic humor—that is to say, a humor based upon a metaphysical apprehension of that deepest incongruity which can be felt by only the rarest and highest humorists—an incongruity that is not in any way relative to the social pyramid of the humorist's own epoch; a humor which, when Shakespeare wrote, was unique, though it has had an enormous influence upon every literature since; a humor which, taken up, as far as the strength of his intellect would allow, by Sterne, passed over through him to a few writers of Germany, where its most notable reproduction, the humor of Richter, was afterwards brought back by Carlyle to the literature which gave it birth.

Is it too fanciful to call it the absolute humor of the post-Reformation period which lived until the birth of Augustanism in England?

For the enormous difference between pre-Reformation and post-Reformation days is seen when we compare the humor of Hamlet and the Grave-digger, and Jaques in *As You Like It,* with the humor of Rabelais. The only kind of humor that preceded Shakespeare is closely connected with Pantagruelism—a form of humor which even in Falstaff seems to be outside the Shakespearian range. Perhaps, indeed, perfect Pantagruelism is only possible under that spiritual freedom from responsibility which in Shakespeare's time was gone—that freedom which had resulted from the paternal protection of an infallible Church, combined with that material protection of feudality which is the return of the *fides* of vassals, the humor of which the work of Rabelais gives the fullest expression. While Rabelais would not have understood the humor of Hamlet and Jaques—for to the Pantagruelist the only tragical catastrophe possible is that yearned for by Hamlet,

> Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt!—

not even Falstaff nor Sir Toby Belch could ever have reached Gargantuanism. Pantagruelism is nothing but that hilarious acceptance by the soul of the burden of the flesh which Aristophanes sometimes shows, and would have always shown had there been no cruel gods on Olympus and no black hand of destiny overshadowing gods and men alike. For so inextricably mingled are man's body and soul that the hilarity which should naturally come from the play of the universe upon a healthy organism is spoiled unless the soul, whose one quest is safety, is, like the body, content. And the soul can never reach the Rabelaisian beatitude so long as it is vexed, as Shakespeare's soul was vexed, with thoughts and fears about its latter end. That age only can afford to eat, drink, and be merry between whom and "the dreadful things of the dark" there stands a paternal Church. In Shakespeare's time Luther had taught the soul that its fate was in its own hands. No wonder, then, that in Shakespeare Pantagruelistic *abandon* was checked by the thought that the dream which may follow this present dream may be no joke at all, and that

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ACT IV.: SCENE V. ELSINORE.—A ROOM IN THE CASTLE

OPHELIA: "*And of all Christian souls! I pray God. God be wi' you!*"

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What dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,

no priest can tell us and no indulgences decide. To enjoy thoroughly the joke of this life it is necessary, even at the Mermaid, to know for certain that when the farce is over there is no storm awaiting us outside.

That Hamlet was a favorite character with Shakespeare none can doubt. No play of his—not even *Romeo and Juliet,* not even *The Merry Wives of Windsor*—shows more than *Hamlet* does what a careful reviser Shakespeare was of his work.

In 1589 Thomas Nash alludes to a *Hamlet,* but couples with it no authorial name. It might have been Shakespeare's, for aught we know, or it might have been a play by some other dramatist (Kyd, say) which Shakespeare as playwright recast and adapted for his own special theatre. That it is omitted from Meres's famous list is a significant fact, of course. This play is lost. Then came the quarto of 1603, lacking some of the principal passages which make our *Hamlet* so precious. In 1604 another quarto, revised elaborately and augmented, was published. In 1605 this version was reprinted, and again in 1613. And again in the first folio, published by his confrères, Heminge and Condell, in 1623, seven years after Shakespeare's death, great and elaborate changes were made.

Another sign that Hamlet was a favorite character with Shakespeare is the fact that all his other characters are only allowed to exhibit themselves trammelled by heavy conditions. They are mere working characters all—that is, they are plotridden. Wonderfully individual they are (for surely Shakespeare, as well as being the greatest poet that ever lived, was the greatest, though not, perhaps, the ideal, dramatist), but these other characters act largely and speak largely in carrying on the plot, and *must* so act and speak. But as to Hamlet, the story but uncoils itself to develop his character.

Such a favorite, indeed, was this play with Shakespeare that he seems to have kept a sort of *Hamlet* note-book, full of *Hamlet* thoughts, of which "To be or not to be" may perhaps be taken as the type. These he seems to have been burdened with; he seems to have crammed into *Hamlet* as far as he could, and then to have tossed the others into other plays, tragedies, comedies, and histories, sometimes regardless, apparently, of the character who uttered them. Among those critics—and their name is legion—who apply to Shakespeare canons of criticism which they apply to no other writer, this, of course, will be considered rank heresy. But it is the object of this series of essays to take no heed of the charge of heresy, but to take independent views of the world's great dramatist—to apply, and to apply fearlessly, to his work the selfsame critical canons as are universally applied to all other imaginative writers.

Surely it was from the *Hamlet* note-book that such thoughts as these slipped into the mouth of a man like Claudio, who never could have had them himself:

Ay, but to die and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world.

But, as I shall be able to show when I come to write upon *Macbeth* in this series, it is in that wonderful play that Shakespeare's borrowings from the *Hamlet* note-book are most in evidence. It is in *Macbeth,* more than in any other play except *Hamlet,* that man's practical ability is shown, crippled, stifled by the speculative dreams which have come to him from past ages and conquered him against his will. It is there that we especially see exhibited that direst of all struggles, which is the heart-thought of *Hamlet*—the struggle between the ratiocinative side of man's mind and the suggestions of the ancestral blood coursing in his veins—the suggestion, I mean, of the millions of voices that sometimes echo and murmur, or sometimes bellow, through half a million years, from the European halls and castles of the dark ages, and farther back still, from the huts of wandering tribes, from the remote days of paleolithic man.

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Josephine

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THERE is uneasiness in my mind about Josephine because she has no job. She is rising twenty-five, sound—reasonably sound—I have seen girls who ate up their breakfast better,—combines dark hair with Saxon eyes, is kind, gentle, and well broken, goes remarkably well in single harness, and is not afraid of the cars nor much afraid of automobiles. I don't think she is enough afraid of autos. She has been out with young Kimberly in his, and also with the Blakes, and is beginning to concern herself about automobile millinery, which is a vanity, and prone to develop into grave expenditure. Besides, I don't seem to care especially for Kimberly, and her divagations with the Blakes simply take up her time and lead to nothing. Nothing that Josephine concerns herself with seems to lead to anything; and when anything seems to have in it reasonable possibilities of arrival she always shies and scampers by it. I have a feeling that she ought either to take a definite line of her own that promises to bring her out somewhere, or else that she should pay more attention to the possibilities of pairing off. She does neither, but goes on as before, looks handsome, is usually late to breakfast, gets herself good clothes for comparatively little money, pays visits, is kind to the children, makes a great deal of sprightly discourse, and so disposes her energies that every one in the house grumbles when she goes away, and feels a great deal better when she comes home again. She weighs on my conscience. There she is, growing a day older every twenty-four hours and not bettering herself; and she such a likely girl, and in such active demand!

When she got out of school I was for having her perfect herself in some definite employment—stenography and typewriting, or bookbinding, or even teaching,—and at that time she could actually have got a job to teach the younger girls in the school she was leaving. But Cassandra (that is her mother's name: she's my cousin-in-law) said, "Oh no; don't pin her down to any occupation yet; let her see the world." So out she went into the pasture; plenty of grass and nothing to do, except to trot around the ring now and then on exhibition days, which she did with good-will and a fine show of spirits.

I have consulted Saunders, the schoolmaster, about her teaching school. "Must she?" he asked. I admitted that there was no urgent bread-and-butter need of it as yet, but wouldn't it be praiseworthy and wholesome? He demurred. His is a girls' school, and he knows something about fitting girls to make a living. Too many girls *had* to, he said. And then, do you know, he disparaged all my purposes about Josephine, pooh-poohed my misgivings, and talked about the need of saving some of the fine girls who were extra-illustrated and otherwise interesting, to pursue the vitally important business of making life pleasant. "I'll take her gladly," said Saunders. "She'd be ever so pleasant in the school; but don't let her come. There are other Macedonias that need her help more."

She isn't mine, anyhow. She has a full set of parents. My cousin Alexis is living—yes, very much. But he is much more engrossed in making a living than I am, and I know more about girls and their obligations to society than he does. He doesn't seem to care a hang about their obligations to society, nor overmuch about their futures. He has boys in his family, and I suppose planning remunerative futures for his boys takes all the strategical ability he can spare from his immediate business. Never mind. I am going to do something for Josephine myself.

She fools away too much time on in-

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eligibles and men whom there is no chance of her wanting—elderly married men especially. The fatuity of it! The perversity! I dare say it is restful to a girl whose cousin is trying to marry her off to know a few responsible, agreeable, unmarriageable old creatures who won't be setting traps for her. But I remonstrate with her about wasting her sweetness on such persons. Of course they are attractive, with their records and perfectly formed manners and all that, but—"My gracious, Josephine," say I, "don't set your heart on getting a ready-made man, bitted and bridle-wise and all that! For shame! Think of the labor it has cost those old creatures' wives to bring them to such a stage of amenity and discipline! Go catch a colt and train him for yourself, and have something that you can really call your own."

Well, I'm making a dinner party for her, and asking Henry Hawkins and Gresham Clinton. At least she shall inspect the ranks.

It was a nice dinner. Gertrude took an interest, and when she really takes an interest her dinners do very well. Gertrude—she's not the cook, by the way; she's my wife; and it was rather amiable of her to take hold so heartily; for though she likes Josephine, she does not share my solicitude about her future. We had two other girls to dine, Mary Watkins and Alice Blake. I suppose that was a mistake. One other girl would have been better—not too handsome and not too bright. But I should have had to talk to her; and self-sacrifice, even in a cousin, may be overdone. Molly Watkins is no trouble to talk to; and, anyhow, Josephine can hold her own in any company, and better in good company than dull. There is something in shining by contrast, but you get a higher candle-power by competition. Dick Lee was the other man. I didn't ask him on grounds of eligibility, but merely because he fitted in. He doesn't seem to get down to serious and remunerative business very fast, though he is an able fellow, and, I suppose, an able architect, as well as agreeable in discourse. Clinton, it seems, arranged with Jo to drive with him on his brake in the Park on Thursday, and threatens to teach her to drive a four-in-hand. She is going to the country with Hawkins and his sister in his new devil-wagon Friday or Saturday, and I think there was a plan for Lee to show her the new cathedral—which seemed unnecessary, as any one can go up there and see what there is of it without any showing.

Gertrude wanted to know why I asked Hawkins, and professed not to see so very much in him. He sat next to her. I explained to her about his qualifications, real and personal, including easements and hereditaments. She admitted that there was more in him than she supposed. She wanted to know where Clinton got his hands. She has known Clinton for ten years, and never made any comment about his hands before. I wonder what ails them, if anything? I told her they came down to him with the rest of his effects. If he got them from his grandfather, they are likely to be useful to him in helping himself to what he wants and holding on to it.

Cassandra has been questioning me about Clinton. I had to tell all I knew—pedigree, record, habits, disposition,—and I don't know why, except that Clinton had stopped in to afternoon tea the day before, and got asked to come back the next night to dinner. I believe some of them went with him to the theatre. She wanted to know almost as much about Harry Hawkins. It seems he has a saddle-mare that he wants Josephine to try. Had I known him long? His mother was a Simmons. What Simmons? Was it true that he was born in Chicago? Was it true that he had race-horses? What church did he go to? What church would he be apt to go to if he went? Did I like him? Had his father and mother lived happily together? What was his stepmother like? My replies were based on information and belief, pieced out with surmise. I hope they were satisfactory, though I was stumped to give his stepmother a character, as she has lived in Paris since his father's death.

To-day I met Aunt Emily Doddridge at Tickgood's bookstore, and she asked me to ride up to the Park with her in her victoria. She also wished to inquire. She had heard there were two young men

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who seemed interested in Josephine, and that they were friends of mine. Were they good young men, and did I think their attentions were serious? I replied that, so far as I knew, no young men were good, — certainly none so good that there was not room for Josephine to improve them if she cared to undertake the work. As for Clinton and Hawkins, they were solvent, anyhow, and if Josephine cared to experiment with either of them there would be enough available capital to insure that the experiment would be conducted under reasonably favorable conditions. That was all. Beyond that they seemed sound as yet in wind and limb, and passed for reputable citizens, and there were no judgments out against them, and their credit, socially and fiscally, seemed excellent. I knew no more about them than everybody knew who knew them as well as I did, and that was no more than intelligent observation would yield to any one.

Aunt Emily excused herself for inquiring so explicitly, but explained that she depended a great deal on Josephine, who was the light of her eyes—which now required glasses,—and though she would not put so much as a splinter in the way of her marrying if she saw fit, she really would not know how to get on without her. Her house at Bar Harbor, Aunt Emily maintained, would be a mere receiving-vault without Jo, and she doubted if she would have the courage to open it next summer if she must live in it alone. And as for the winter—well, there was no use of going too far into particulars, but she confessed in confidence that she had hoped that if Josephine did marry, she would marry some thoroughly desirable poor young man, who would need help in supporting her, especially in the summer. Now, did I think she was likely to take up with a rich man, who would want to own her, soul, body, and boots, and monopolize all her time? because, if I did, it was time for Jo's aunt Emily to have some shrubs set out in her lot in the cemetery at Guildfield and try to make her long home more attractive.

Now Aunt Emily is a dear lady and fond of sport, and I am fond of her. She worked upon my feelings so that by the time we reached the Park I could hardly command my voice. I fell to with both hands and reassured her, protesting that there was no immediate fear of her losing Jo; that Hawkins and Clinton were merely two fat pleasure-seekers who liked charming and amusing girls, much as Aunt Emily herself did, but were much too timid and old and selfish and prudent to want to marry anybody. They wouldn't marry, I told her, until they had tried everything else and got tired of it, and that wouldn't happen for another ten years, since they had just begun with autos, and had not yet tried air-ships. Josephine was much too good for either of them, and was doubtless aware of it, but, having time on her hands, and an accommodating nature, was not averse to playing with them so long as they continued to be diverting. Selecting a husband, I said, usually involved a process of elimination, and it seemed to be important that an attractive girl like Jo should not lack fit and various material to eliminate. Of course a woman who selects a husband out of a theoretically possible fifty thinks he is the pick of the lot, and values him the more for being so (though he never is); and so it had seemed to me to be a sort of service to Josephine to supply her duly and betimes with convenient means of comparison, to enable her, if ever her heart should go out to a truly desirable man, to appreciate how good he was and take him.

I think that by the time Aunt Emily dropped me out on the corner by the club on her way home she felt considerably happier, but I was a good deal prostrated; and meeting Clinton in the club, I had one with him; and when Hawkins came in and also asked me, I had another with him, which was one more than my habit calls for, and the one they had with me made three. They are still kindly disposed towards me, anyhow, which they might not be if they had heard my conversation with Aunt Emily.

While I was getting lunch to-day down in the subcellar of the Adjustable Building—and of all the bad lunch-places, that is the most odd, and of all eating habits, the habit of eating there is the most inexplicable—Alexis came in and sat down in the vacant seat at my little table. He looked over the programme of

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food, groaned, and ordered lamb stew, on the principle of wanting to know the worst.

"Robert," said he, "who's that young Lee who comes to our house and makes himself so agreeable?"

"I dun'no'," said I. "He isn't mine."

"Well, Jo met him at your house, didn't she?"

"He dined there one night when she did. I ought to have fenced him off, I suppose, but I couldn't. But I deny all responsibility. He's just a man whom Josephine met."

"Why, what's the matter with him? He's a good fellow, isn't he?"

"Lovely, I guess. I don't know."

"How long have you known him?"

"About fifteen years."

"Where's his family?"

"In Baltimore."

"Reputable people, aren't they?"

"Those that are Lees are Lees, and usually Carrolls and Custises on the mother's side. At least I think so. Try the *Social Regulator*. Why?"

"That wasn't the line of information I was after. I just wondered if he was straight and could make a living."

"I think he makes his own, though I'm not sure. He's an architect. I never knew much about architects, but some of them make livings: so do some painters. I don't know how, but they do. I've seen them have money. I'll inquire about Lee's business, if you want me to."

"Oh no; my interest in him is not so exacting as that. I just wondered; that's all; because Jo seems to find him agreeable. So do I. He *is* agreeable, darn him! and a good fellow, I judge. But why borrow trouble? Stocks seem stronger again to-day. Amalgamated's got quite a head of steam on. Well, I'm glad I'm not fooling with the Street just now."

Lee too; that's almost too much. They sha'n't lay *him* to me, anyhow. He was pure accident. Just to satisfy my own curiosity I'll ask Corbin if Lee can make a living, but I sha'n't tell Alexis. Let him find out for himself. But Josephine? Oh, I've done my best and considerably more for Josephine. I leave her in the Lord's hands, and if she should marry poor it will suit Aunt Emily, anyway.

When I came into the long room of the club this afternoon, Clinton went out the other door. I spoke to Robinson and Brown, and then went to look for him, but he had left the club. My impression was that he avoided me. I hope not. Hawkins was there. He was in good spirits, and we played cowboy pool, and before I went home I made a bridge engagement with him. He said he'd get Clinton and some one else.

Played bridge with Hawkins. He said Clinton couldn't come. Clinton seemed out of sorts, he thought, and talked of going abroad on Saturday. Hatfield and Gibbons were there. Bridge is a good deal calumniated as a game of mischance, but it does eat up time. I had to play, though. I cling to Hawkins, and could not refuse him.

I understand Hawkins has gone to Japan. I did not see him before he went. Hatfield saw him. Hatfield says he meant to stop in Manila and look about, and come home by way of Suez at his leisure, stopping possibly in Constantinople and those parts if the rumpus now threatening thereabouts matured. He expressed satisfaction in being foot-loose, and said he might change his plans and try the Siberian Railroad. Hatfield said he sniffed battle in the Balkans afar off, like a prudent old war-horse who purposed to get there by the long way, and view the sport, if there was any, from a safe distance. I suspect that Hawkins became conscious of danger at home, and ran away like a wise man while he could. Clinton's retreat doubtless had its effect on him. Bully for old Hawkins! He won't lay anything up against *me*, anyhow. But he might have said good-by. Maybe he daren't wait.

Josephine dined with us to-night. I told the maid to put the chain on the door and not to let any man into the house. She dined just with Gertrude and me and the children. "That's what I like best," said Josephine; "just you and Cousin Gertrude and the children, and nobody else." Well, she was delightful; my little girls held her hands till they went to bed, and she did me good, till my affection for her came back almost

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Half-tone plate engraved by A. Lockhardt

JOSEPHINE DINED WITH JUST GERTRUDE AND ME AND THE CHILDREN TO-NIGHT

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in full force. I asked whether it was she who had driven Clinton out of town. Not she. No, indeed. Had Mr. Clinton really gone abroad? What took him there, and so suddenly? She felt quite lost without him; he and Mr. Hawkins had done lots of pleasant things for her, quite on my account, she was sure, and she felt deeply indebted to me for putting her in their way. I asked her to credit it to my account, and assured her that they were both quite crazy about me, and would do anything for any girl I pointed out. Did I know where Mr. Hawkins was? She had heard of his being seen in Chicago? I had heard that he had gone West. I asked her if Gertrude's friend Lee was courting her, and she said no; that she understood he was deeply smitten with Eleanor Gay; but she said she saw him now and then, and found him agreeable and informing, and she thanked Gertrude for the advantage of his acquaintance.

Let her have Lee if she likes. I asked Corbin about him, but I sha'n't meddle. But I don't think she'll take him yet a while. I believe she's just a pleasure-seeker like Hawkins and Clinton, and likes the life, and doesn't mean to change it until it begins to wear thin.

Needs a job? No! She's got a job, and works hard at it. She's got Aunt Emily too, and I wash my hands of responsibility for her future.

Late this afternoon, as I was passing Madison Avenue on a Twenty-ninth Street horse-car, I looked up from my newspaper and casually descried my cousin Josephine half a block away, walking uptown with that man Lee. No doubt I should have gone right on about my business, which was taking me a block farther on, but, acting on the impulse of the moment, I got off the car and condescended to observe them. After all, Josephine is my cousin, and unquestionably dear to me, and I don't know why I should not notice her in the street, no matter whom she is walking with. She seemed in very cheerful spirits; so did Lee. I observed that they noticed all the apartment-houses they passed and seemed to discuss them, and looked down the side streets both ways, pausing sometimes to do so more thoroughly. They may have been discussing the progress of domestic architecture; of course I don't know, but their talk certainly seemed to concern human habitations, and it certainly looked to me like rather intimate kind of talk. Not being in a hurry, I let my Fifth Avenue errand go, and sauntered up Madison. At Thirty-fourth Street they bore off towards Park Avenue, and then self-respect constrained me to turn towards Fifth, and go to the club. Nothing that I noticed —that forced itself, I should say, on my notice—had any real significance, and yet somehow I fear the worst. They seemed so deplorably cheerful, and turned to one another so needlessly often, that it reminded me, a block away, of walks that I had taken with Gertrude—I think it—yes, it certainly was Gertrude—during the preliminary period of our attachment. I wished heartily that I had had Gertrude along to give me the benefit of her surmises, but, after all, my impulse to get off the car would not have been strong enough to have moved her too; and besides that, I had the feeling that the apparition of those young people was confidential, — a circumstance proper enough for my personal observation, but hardly suitable to be pointed out.

Corbin came into the club while I was there, and I cornered him with the help of a waiter, and artfully led him on, by way of labor-unions, strikes, the building industry, and the new Public Library, to architecture and architects, and so worked him carefully down to Lee, of whom he spoke with respect as a man of talent and prospects, and told me of some good work he had done. Gracious! Is it possible that I shall presently be snooping around in such fashion as this to find out what sort of landing there is for my own girls beyond the matrimonial hedge? How dreadfully sordid such anxieties make one!

I hear that Lee's plans have won in the United Art Societies' competition for their new exhibition building. That is a first-class success, Corbin says, though he tells me the money for the building is not all subscribed yet. The idea was that some good plans would help in getting subscriptions. I had rather he had a *bona fide* commission to build

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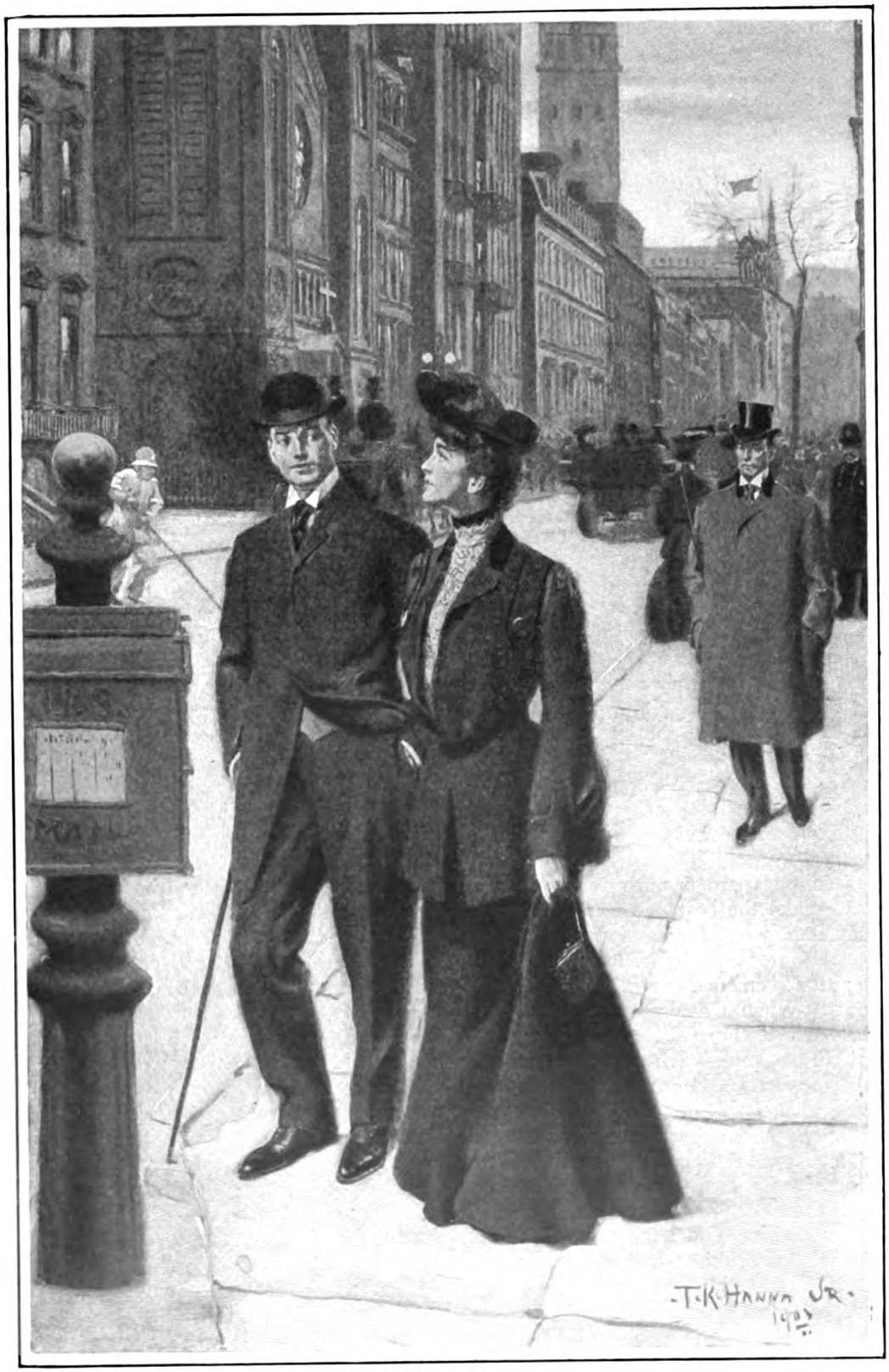

THEY NOTICED ALL THE APARTMENT-HOUSES THEY PASSED

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an office-building, or a hotel—that is, it would seem like better business, though Heaven knows whether there is any basis for my absurd concern about Lee's business. Still, Corbin says this success will go far to establish his professional standing, and that he will be sure to get jobs out of it, and probably some good partnership offers. As an advertisement, Corbin says, it could hardly be bettered, and he considers Lee abundantly able to deliver all the goods it calls for.

Well, the fat is in the fire now. Last night I got this letter:

"DEAR COUSIN ROBERT,—You will hear with relief, but perhaps not entirely with surprise—you are such a particularly observing cousin,—that I am engaged to Richard Lee. I stipulated that it should be left to me to break it to you, and if the blue stamp carries this letter as promptly as it should, you and Cousin Gertrude will be the first persons outside of this house to be informed. We consider you our ally in this entanglement, and I rely very much upon your help in getting Aunt Emily Doddridge's consent. Father and mother are resigned, and, I hope, satisfied. As for you and Cousin Gertrude, we count with confidence on your felicitations.

Your affectionate JOSEPHINE."

Of course there is nothing for it now but to make the best of it. It was none of my doing, but I don't know that it is any the worse job because of that. Josephine seemed cheerful, even pleased, over it. When I saw that she was fully committed I burned my bridges and went in to make things as easy as I could for her. Cassandra was resigned; Alexis philosophical. He said Lee had had an excellent partnership offered to him and would probably take it. None of them showed elation, but neither did any of them disparage Josephine's choice. They would have felt the same, I think, whomever Josephine had taken, except that if they hadn't liked the man they would have felt worse. I will say for Lee, darn him! that he is a comfortable being to have about, and an acquisition to any family. It wasn't that they liked him less, but that they liked Jo more. But, after all, it isn't as though she were going to live in China.

They asked me to go over to see Aunt Emily, which I did. She was tearful and dejected. She understood, she said, that this Mr. Lee was a friend of mine. I said that any friend of Josephine's was a friend of mine, but that my acquaintance with Mr. Lee was not yet intimate, and that Gertrude knew him better than I. But she went on and searched me for information about him, moaning all the time at the thought of losing Josephine. "Oh, well, aunt," said I, "try to look upon it more as an investment. I have faith to believe that there will still be something coming to us from Josephine even if she does marry. If we could keep her along always just about twenty-five and no older, and with life and its possibilities always ahead of her, that would be one thing. But you know what precarious property girls are, and how indifferently some girls keep, and with what inexorable certainty possibilities that are not realized slip by." I went on to speak of the advantages of the common lot, and of family life, and having a man of your own in the house. "But what shall I do with my house at Bar Harbor?" said Aunt Emily. "Sell it," said I, "and hire Lee to build you another nearer town. He can do it. You know he is in that business. And perhaps, if you encourage him, he'll build one near by for Josephine."

Whether that is a practical suggestion I know not, but it sent Aunt Emily's mind off on another tack, and that was something. For impecunious young persons about to marry, a doting and affluent aunt may be an exceedingly helpful property. All young couples who attempt to set up housekeeping in New York need one or two established homes to fall back upon in times of stress, and especially a country home not too far from town, where babies can be sent in the spring.

Clinton's back. We played cowboy pool from half past five to quarter of seven to-day, and it was like old times. What a fool a man is who can't mind his own business!

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Our System of Neutrality

BY JOHN BASSETT MOORE, LL.D.

Professor of International Law and Diplomacy, Columbia University

BETWEEN 1776, when independence was proclaimed, and 1789, when the government under the Constitution was inaugurated, the United States entered into fourteen treaties—six with France, three with Great Britain, two with the Netherlands, and one each with Sweden, Prussia, and Morocco; but a majority of all were negotiated and signed in France, at Paris or at Versailles. Eight were subscribed, on the part of the United States, by two or more plenipotentiaries: and among their names we find, either alone or in association, that of Franklin, ten times; the name of Adams, seven times; that of Jefferson, three times; and that of Jay, twice. These early treaties covered a wide range of subjects, embracing not only war and peace and, like those with France, political alliance, but also commercial intercourse and the rights of consuls. Among their various stipulations we find provisions for liberty of conscience, and for the removal of the disability of aliens in respect of their property and their business. Stipulations for the mitigation of the evils of war are numerous. A fixed time is allowed, in the unfortunate event of hostilities, for the sale or withdrawal of goods; provision is made for the humane treatment of prisoners of war; the exercise of visit and search at sea is regulated and restrained; the acceptance by a citizen of the one country of a privateering commission from the enemy of the other is assimilated to piracy; and an effort is made to limit the scope of belligerent captures at sea. But, prior to the establishment of the Constitution, it was easier for the United States to make treaties than to enforce them. In spite of the engagement of the treaty of peace, that his Britannic Majesty should with "all convenient speed" withdraw his "armies, garrisons, and fleets" from the United States, important posts within the northern frontier continued to be occupied by the British forces; and when the government of the United States protested, the British government pointed to the refusal of the State courts to respect the treaty pledge that British creditors should meet with no lawful impediment to the recovery of their confiscated debts. For similar reasons, the act of the United States in sending John Adams, soon after the peace, as minister to the court of St. James's, remained unreciprocated.

The termination of the period of divergence and of incapacity for uniform action among the several States came none too soon. Perils were close at hand the disruptive impulses of which the old confederation could not have withstood. They were even to test the efficacy of the new Constitution. In 1789, when that instrument was put into operation, France was in the first throes of the great Revolution which was eventually to involve all Europe in a struggle of unprecedented magnitude and severity. What attitude was the United States to hold toward this impending conflict? Even apart from the treaties with France of 1778, the question was fraught with grave possibilities. For generations Europe had been a vast battle-ground, on which had been fought out the contests not only for political but also for commercial supremacy. Of the end of these contests there appeared to be no sign; nor, in spite of their long continuance, had the rights and duties of non-participant or neutral nations been clearly and comprehensively defined. Indeed, so intricate were the ramifications of the European system that, when discords arose, it seemed to afford little room for neutrality. The situation of the United States was essentially different. Physically remote from the Old World, its political interests also were de-

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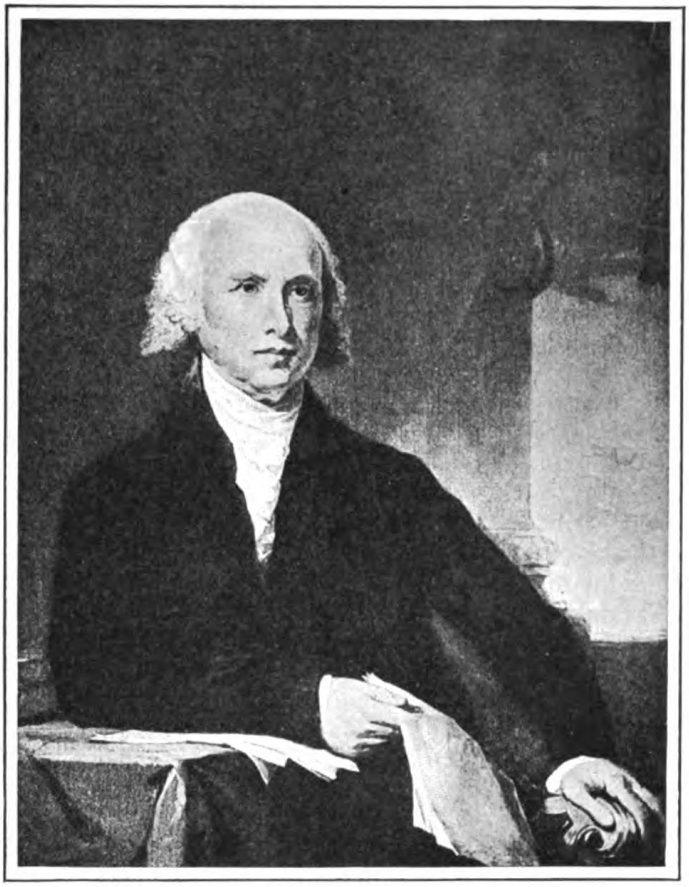

JAMES MADISON
From a painting by Gilbert Stuart in the Art Gallery of Bowdoin College

tached from those of Europe. Except as it might be drawn into disputes affecting the fate of existing colonies or the formation of new ones in America, it was not likely to become embroiled in European wars. Not only, therefore, did it enjoy the opportunity to be neutral, but its permanent interest appeared to be that of neutrality; and the importance of preserving this interest was greatly enhanced by the necessity of commercial and industrial development. The new nation, though born, was yet to demonstrate to a world somewhat sceptical and not altogether friendly its right and its power to live and to grow. It was easy to foresee that its enterprise would penetrate to the farthest corners of the globe, and that its commerce, overspreading the seas, would be exposed to hazards and vexations, of which the most uncertain and potentially the most disastrous were those arising from the exorbitant pretensions of belligerents. To resist these pretensions would fall to the lot of a neutral power; and upon the results of this resistance would depend the right to be independent in reality as well as in name, and to enjoy the incidents of independence.

In circumstances such as these it is not strange that Washington and his advisers watched with anxiety the progress of the French Revolution as, growing in intensity and in violence, it encountered first the agitated disapprobation and then the frantic opposition of other powers. It was not till 1793, when England entered into the conflict, that the war, by assuming a distinctively maritime form, raised a question as to the obligations of the United States under the treaties with France; but, long prior to that event, popular feeling in America was deeply stirred. Although the treaties of 1778 were made with Louis XVI., yet in the sounds of the French Revolution the American people discerned a reverberation of their own immortal declaration. From Boston to Savannah there were manifestations of the liveliest sympathy and enthusiasm. To set bounds to this tendency obviously would require the exercise of unusual prudence and firmness on the part of those entrusted with the affairs of government. America had fought for freedom, but her statesmen were not mere doctrinaires. Their aims were practical. They understood that the peaceful demonstration of the beneficence of their principles, in producing order, prosperity, and contentment at home, was likely to accomplish far more for the cause of liberty than an armed propagandism, which perchance might degenerate into military despotism. It was, therefore, important to avoid pre-

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mature commitments. To a perception of this fact is no doubt to be ascribed the appointment by Washington, on January 12, 1792, of Gouverneur Morris as minister to France. In his own country Morris had been a supporter of the Revolution, a member of the Continental Congress, assistant to Robert Morris in the management of the public finances, and a member of the constitutional convention of 1787. From the beginning, however, he had exhibited a distrust of the Revolution in France. He instinctively recoiled from the excesses that were committed when his forebodings came to be fulfilled. Before he became minister of the United States he offered his counsel to Louis XVI., in a sense directly antagonistic to the Revolution; and he afterwards sought to effect that monarch's escape. Such a man could not be acceptable to the Revolutionary leaders; but he, at any rate, possessed an intimate knowledge of the conditions and tendencies of the time, and was not likely to commit his government to extravagant measures.

Early in 1793, a new minister was appointed by France to the United States. His name was Edmond C. Genêt. Of Morris he was in one respect the precise antithesis; for, while by no means deficient in experience, he was a fervent champion of the new order of things. Placed at the age of twelve years in the French Foreign Office, where his father was chief of an important bureau, he translated into French a number of American political writings, and aided in the compilation of a glossary of English and French naval terms for the use of French sailors in the American war. In this way he became interested in American independence, and in the principles for which it stood. Eventually succeeding his father as head of the bureau at Versailles, he later passed a year at London, two years at Vienna, one at Berlin, and five in Russia. At St. Petersburg, however, he fell into difficulties. Because of his ardent espousal of the Revolution in France, the Empress Catherine at first requested his recall, and then expelled him. In reporting his departure for the United States, Morris observed that "the pompousness of this embassy could not but excite the attention of England." What it was that called forth this remark does not appear; but there can be no doubt that Genêt set out on his mission gurgling with the fermentation of the new wine of the Revolution; and he had scarcely left France when Morris reported that the executive council had sent out by him three hundred blank commissions for privateers, to be distributed among such persons as might be willing to fit out vessels in the United States to prey on British commerce.

On April 18, 1793, before this report was received, Washington submitted to the various members of his cabinet a series of questions touching the relations between the United States and France. These questions were, first, whether a proclamation of neutrality should issue; second, whether a minister from the Republic of France should be received; third, whether, if received, he should be received unconditionally or with qualifications; fourth, whether the treaties previously made with France were to be considered as still in force. At a meeting of the cabinet on the 19th of April it was determined, with the concurrence of all the members, that a proclamation of neutrality should issue, and that the minister from the French Republic should be received. On the third question, Hamilton, who was Secretary of the Treasury, was supported by Knox, the Secretary of War, in the opinion that the reception should be qualified, while Washington, Jefferson, his Secretary of State, and Randolph, the Attorney-General, inclined to the opposite view; but the third and fourth questions were postponed for further consideration. In a subsequent written opinion Hamilton argued that the reception of Genêt should be qualified by an express reservation of the question whether the treaties were not to be deemed temporarily and provisionally suspended, by reason of the radical change in conditions since they were formed. He also thought the war plainly offensive on the part of France, while the alliance was defensive. On the other hand, Jefferson maintained that the treaties were not "between the United States and Louis Capet, but between the two nations of America and France," and that "the nations remaining in existence, though both of them have since

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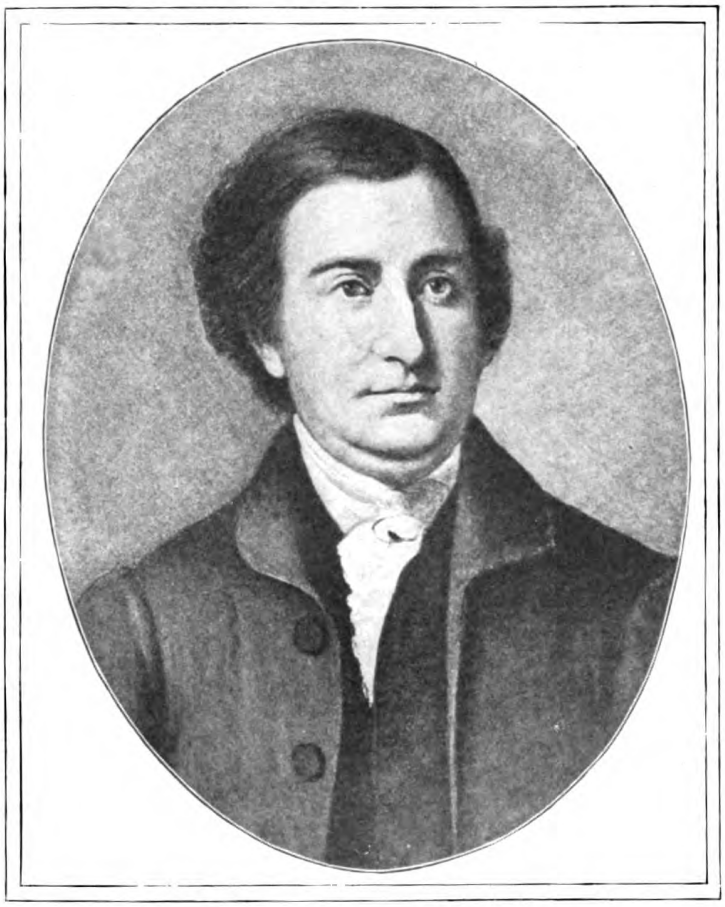
changed their forms of government, the treaties are not annulled by these changes." He also contended that the reception of a minister had nothing to do with this question.

On April 22, 1793, Washington issued his proclamation of neutrality. On the 8th of April, Genêt had arrived at Charleston, South Carolina; but the news of his presence there reached Philadelphia through the public press only on the day on which the proclamation was published. At Charleston he lost no time in fitting out and commissioning privateers; and after having got a number ready for sea, he proceeded to the seat of the national government by land. On the way he received such demonstrations of sympathy as to strengthen his confidence in the success of the course on which he had entered.



EDMUND RANDOLPH
From a painting in the Capitol at Richmond

The posture of affairs between the United States and France was complicated and difficult. By the treaty of commerce of 1778, the ships of war and privateers of the one country were entitled to enter the ports of the other with their prizes, without being subjected to any examination as to their lawfulness, while cruisers of the enemy were in like circumstances to be excluded, unless in case of stress of weather. By the treaty of alliance, the United States, as has been seen, had guaranteed to France her possessions in America. For the moment, however, the situation was much simplified by reason of the fact that the French Republic did not ask of the United States the execution of the territorial guarantee. This may be accounted for by either of two reasons. The general arming of the whole population and the exhaustive devotion of the resources of the country to military purposes had caused a scarcity in France both of money and of provisions. The United States, as a neutral, formed a source of supply of both. An intimation to this effect was made by the French government to Morris not long before the issuance of Washington's proclamation of neutrality; and the same idea was strongly expressed in a report of the French Minister of Foreign Affairs in June, 1793, in which it was said that the United States became "more and more the granary of France and her colonies." But there may have been yet another reason. It is not improbable that the National Assembly, while balancing the advantages of American neutrality against

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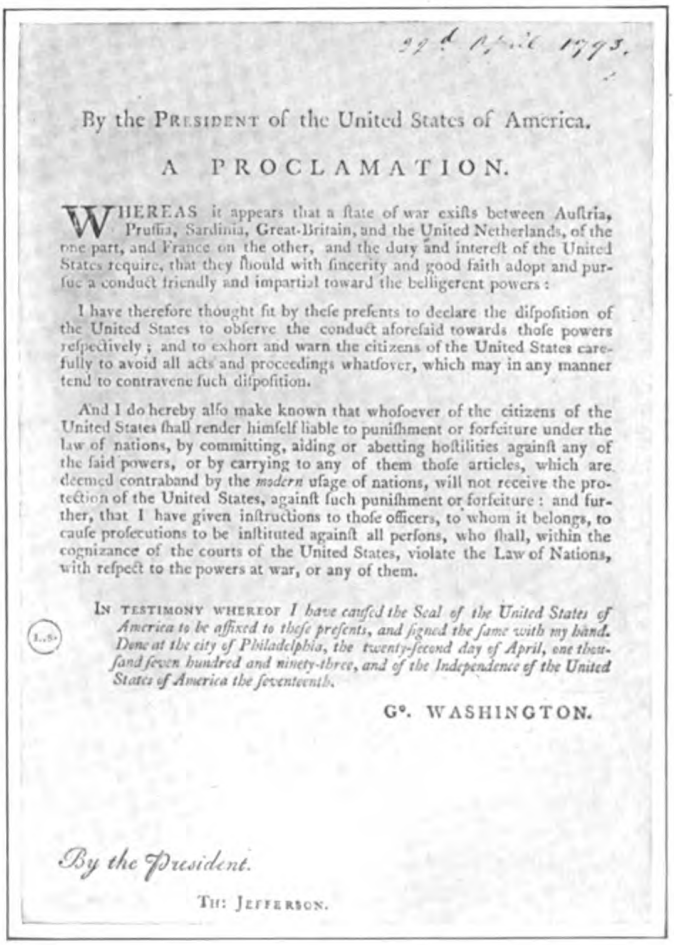
those of the treaty of alliance, doubted whether the guarantee was precisely applicable to the conditions then existing. This doubt is suggested by the original instructions to Genêt, which, although they were given before the conflict with England began, were written in contemplation of hostilities with that country as well as with Spain; and in these instructions, which looked to the formation of a new commercial and political connection with the United States, adapted to the conditions which the French Revolution had produced, Genêt was directed to bring about "a national agreement, in which two great peoples shall suspend their commercial and political interests, and establish a mutual understanding to defend the empire of liberty, wherever it can be embraced."

When Genêt arrived in Philadelphia an unqualified reception was promptly accorded him. In presenting his letters of credence, he stated that his government knew that "under present circumstances" they had a right to call upon the United States for the guarantee of their islands, but declared that they did not desire it; in a subsequent communication he proposed that the two peoples should, "by a true family compact, establish a commercial and political system" on a "liberal and fraternal basis." The administration, however, was indisposed to quixotic enterprises. On the contrary, it was soon fully occupied with its efforts to vindicate its proclamation of neutrality, which was constantly violated by the fitting out of privateers, the condemnation of prizes by French consuls sitting as courts of admiralty, and even by the capture of vessels within the jurisdiction of the United States. These proceedings, in which he was himself directly implicated, Genêt defended as being in conformity not only with the treaties between the two countries, but also with the principles of neutrality. When Jefferson cited the utterances of writers on the law of nations, Genêt repelled them as "diplomatic subtleties," and as "aphorisms of Vattel and others." He especially insisted that, by the treaty of commerce of 1778, the authorities of the United States were precluded from interfering in any manner with the prizes brought into their ports by the French privateers. The United States, on the other hand, denied that the contracting parties, in agreeing that prizes should not be subject to examination as to their lawfulness, deprived themselves of the right to prevent the capture and condem-



22d April 1793.

By the PRESIDENT of the United States of America.

A PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS it appears that a ſtate of war exiſts between Auſtria, Pruſſia, Sardinia, Great-Britain, and the United Netherlands, of the one part, and France on the other, and the duty and intereſt of the United States require, that they ſhould with ſincerity and good faith adopt and purſue a conduct friendly and impartial toward the belligerent powers:

I have therefore thought fit by theſe preſents to declare the diſpoſition of the United States to obſerve the conduct aforeſaid towards thoſe powers reſpectively; and to exhort and warn the citizens of the United States carefully to avoid all acts and proceedings whatſoever, which may in any manner tend to contravene ſuch diſpoſition.

And I do hereby alſo make known that whoſoever of the citizens of the United States ſhall render himſelf liable to puniſhment or forfeiture under the law of nations, by committing, aiding or abetting hoſtilities againſt any of the ſaid powers, or by carrying to any of them thoſe articles, which are deemed contraband by the *modern* uſage of nations, will not receive the protection of the United States, againſt ſuch puniſhment or forfeiture: and further, that I have given inſtructions to thoſe officers, to whom it belongs, to cauſe proſecutions to be inſtituted againſt all perſons, who ſhall, within the cognizance of the courts of the United States, violate the Law of Nations, with reſpect to the powers at war, or any of them.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF *I have cauſed the Seal of the United States of America to be affixed to theſe preſents, and ſigned the ſame with my hand. Done at the city of Philadelphia, the twenty-ſecond day of April, one thouſand ſeven hundred and ninety-three, and of the Independence of the United States of America the ſeventeenth.*

L.S.

G°. WASHINGTON.

By the President.

TH: JEFFERSON.

FACSIMILE OF WASHINGTON'S PROCLAMATION OF NEUTRALITY

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nation of vessels in violation of their own neutrality and sovereignty.

In the correspondence to which these differences gave rise, Jefferson, always perspicacious in his deductions from fundamental principles, expounded with remarkable clearness and power the nature and scope of neutral duty. Its foundations he discovered in two simple conceptions—the exclusive sovereignty of the nation within its own territory, and the obligation of impartiality toward belligerents. As it was "the *right* of every nation to prohibit acts of sovereignty from being exercised by any other within its limits," so it was, he declared, "the *duty* of a neutral nation to prohibit such as would injure one of the warring powers." Hence, "no succor should be given to either, unless stipulated by treaty, in men, arms, or anything else directly serving for war." The raising of troops and the granting of military commissions were, besides, sovereign rights, which, as they pertained exclusively to the nation itself, could not be exercised within its territory by a foreign power, without its consent; and if the United States had "a right to refuse permission to arm vessels and raise men" within its ports and territories, it was "bound by the laws of neutrality to exercise that right, and to prohibit such armaments and enlistments."

Such, briefly summarized, was the theory of neutral duty formulated by Jefferson. But the administration did not stop with the enunciation of doctrines. It endowed them with vitality. Acknowledging the obligation of the government to make indemnity for any losses resulting from its previous failure to cause its neutrality to be respected, it adopted efficacious measures to prevent the future fitting out of privateers in the ports of the United States, to exclude from asylum therein any that had been so equipped, and to cause the restitution of any prizes brought by them within the national jurisdiction. To ensure the enforcement of these rules, instructions were issued by Hamilton to the collectors of customs; and on June 5, 1794, there was passed the first Neutrality Act, which forbade within the United States the acceptance and exercise of commissions, the enlistment of men, the fitting out and arming of vessels, and the setting on foot of military expeditions, in the service of any prince or state with which the government was at peace. In due season compensation was made to British subjects for the injuries inflicted by French privateers in violation of American neutrality. "The policy of the United States in 1793," says the late W.

CHARLES COTESWORTH PINCKNEY
Reproduced from an etching in the Emmet collection, New York Public Library

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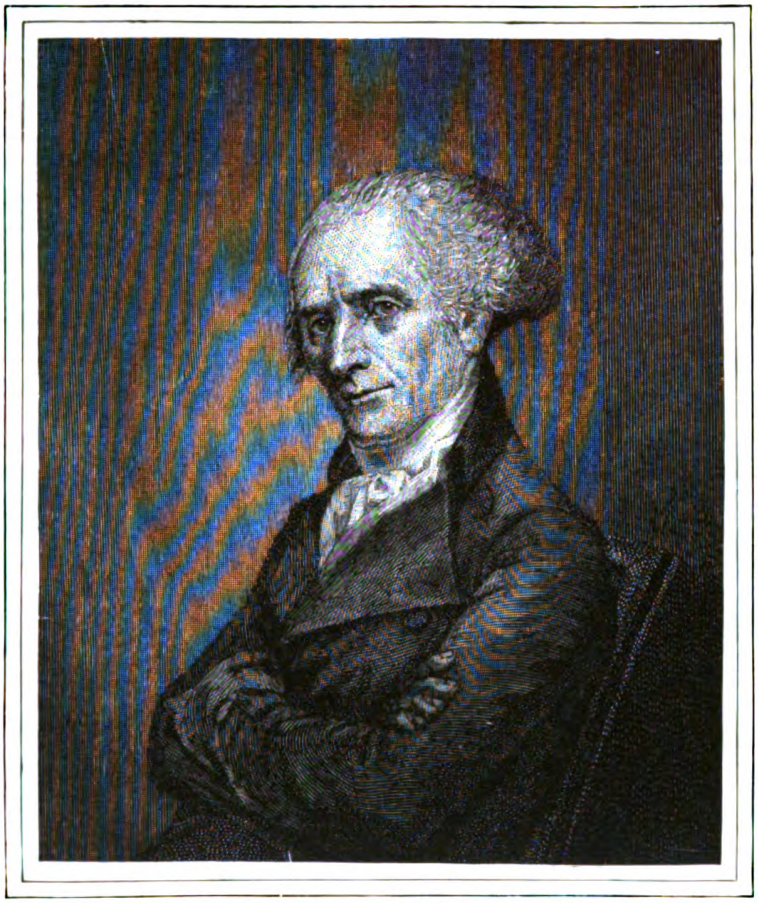

ELBRIDGE GERRY

E. Hall, one of the most learned of English publicists, "constitutes an epoch in the development of the usages of neutrality. There can be no doubt that it was intended and believed to give effect to the obligations then incumbent on neutrals. But it represented by far the most advanced existing opinions as to what those obligations were; and in some points it even went further than authoritative custom has up to the present day advanced. In the main, however, it is identical with the standard of conduct which is now adopted by the community of nations."

Against the course of the administration Genêt did not cease to protest; and while he was himself its first victim, his misfortunes may serve as a warning to foreign ministers who may be disposed to reckon upon popular support in opposing the government to which they are accredited. There was, indeed, in his case much to mislead a judgment which, no matter how honest it may have been, was not well balanced. To the superficial observer it might have seemed that there were in the United States few Americans; that the population was almost wholly composed of partisans of France and partisans of Great Britain, the former constituting a vast majority; and that the administration, which was daily assailed with a virulence that knew neither restraint nor decency, might safely be flouted and defied. But when, convinced that the proclamation of neutrality would be faithfully enforced, Genêt denounced the government for the "cowardly abandonment" of its friends, and, besides expressing contempt for the opinions of the President, persisted in questioning his authority, Morris was instructed to ask for his recall. The French government not only granted the request, but expressed disapprobation of Genêt's "crim-

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inal proceedings"; and his successor, M. Fauchet, demanded his delivery up for punishment. This the United States refused "upon reasons of law and magnanimity." Genêt maintained, and with much reason, that he had acted in conformity with his instructions, which in reality contemplated the organization of hostile enterprises in the United States against Spain as well as Great Britain. Nevertheless, he did not return to France, but settled in the United States, where he married the daughter of an eminent American statesman, and spent the remainder of his days. It is only just to say that he has been the subject of much unmerited obloquy. In circumstances exceptionally trying, his conduct was ill advised, but not malevolent. William Cullen Bryant, speaking in 1870, said that he remembered Genêt very vividly, as he appeared forty-five years before, when he came occasionally to the city of New York. "He was," said Bryant, "a tall man, with a reddish wig and a full round voice, speaking English in a sort of oratorical manner, like a man making a speech, but very well for a Frenchman. He was a dreamer in some respects, and, I remember, had a plan for navigating the air in balloons. A pamphlet of his was published a little before the time I knew him, entitled 'Aerial Navigation,' illustrated by an engraving of a balloon shaped like a fish, propelled by sails and guided by a rudder, in which he maintained that man could navigate the air as well as he could navigate the ocean in a ship."

EDMOND C. GENÊT

The French Republic took advantage of the request for Genêt's recall to ask for Morris's withdrawal. Under the circumstances this act of reciprocity was ungrudgingly conceded. Morris was succeeded in France by James Monroe.

The Neutrality Act of 1794, though originally limited in duration, was afterwards extended, and was then continued in force indefinitely. In order to meet conditions arising out of the war of the Spanish colonies in America for independence, an additional act was passed in 1817; but this, together with all prior legislation on the subject, was superseded by the comprehensive statute of April 20, 1818, the provisions of which are now embodied in the Revised Statutes of the United States. A similar act was passed by the British Parliament in the following year; laws and regulations were from time to time adopted by other governments, and the duties of neutrality became a fixed and determinate part of international law. The severest test of the system, as the ultimate standard of national obligation and responsibility, was made in the case of the claims of the United States against Great Britain, generally known as the "*Alabama* Claims," growing out of the depredations of the *Alabama* and other Confederate cruisers fitted out in British ports during the American civil war. The government of the United States, in demanding indemnities for these depredations, could point to the precedent of 1793; but in the case of the *Alabama* claims the amounts involved were enormous, and the British government, besides, denied that it had been guilty of any neglect. By the treaty of Washington of May 8,

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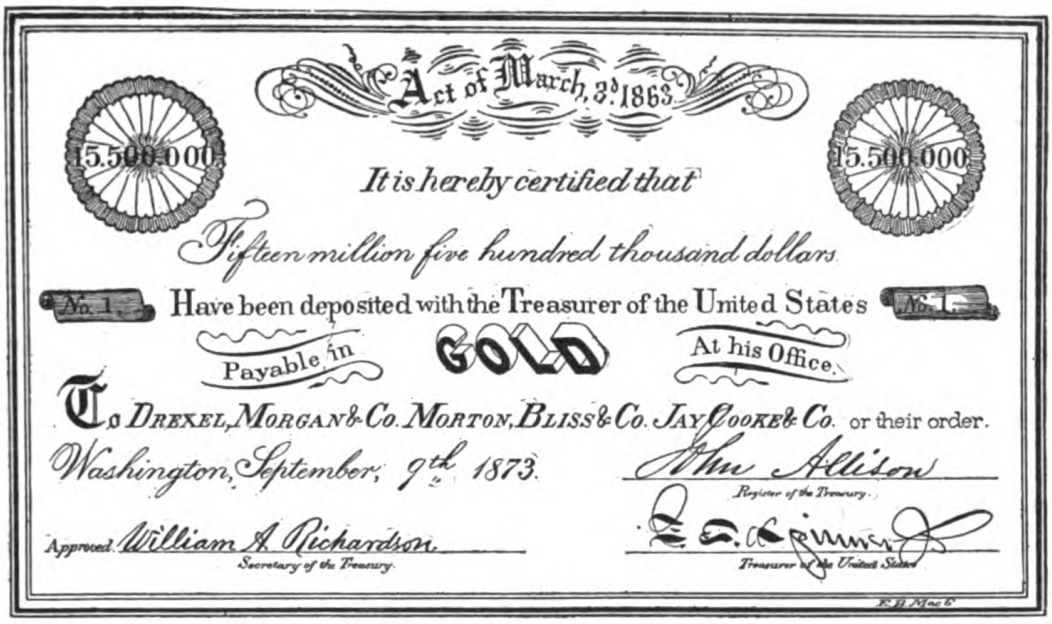

FACSIMILE OF COIN CERTIFICATE WITH WHICH THE GENEVA AWARD WAS PAID

1871, the question was submitted to arbitration at Geneva. The treaty declared that a neutral government was bound to use "due diligence" in the performance of its duties. The tribunal found that there had been negligence on the part of the British authorities in respect of three of the cruisers—the *Alabama,* the *Florida,* and the *Shenandoah* after she left Melbourne — and awarded the United States $15,500,000. For the depredations of the French privateers in 1793 the United States paid to the subjects of Great Britain $143,428 11. The amount was relatively small; but its payment, on considerations of international obligation and good faith, established a principle incalculably important, and, like the seed received into good ground, brought forth a hundredfold, and even more.

It is perhaps not generally known that the *Alabama,* in spite of the omission of the English customs' authorities to seize her, might in the end have been detained but for an act of wifely devotion. On the 22d and 24th of July, 1862, evidence directly inculpating the vessel was communicated by the American legation in London to the British Foreign Office. On the 23d and 26th of July the papers were referred to the law-officers of the Crown, and as the law-officers had no permanent office, were sent as usual to the senior officer, who was then Sir John Dorney Harding, Queen's Advocate, his associates being Sir William Atherton, Attorney-General, and Sir Roundell Palmer, afterward Lord Selborne, Solicitor-General. Unfortunately, Sir John Harding had just then fallen a victim to an acute mental disorder, which proved to be fatal, but which his wife, in the hope that it would soon pass away, had kept a secret. Upon the decision to be rendered by the law-officers there hung perchance the issues of peace and war and the fate of nations; but the papers lay unexamined at Sir John's residence, apparently, till the 28th of July, when the Foreign Office, growing anxious at the delay, but ignorant of its cause, took steps to recover them and placed them in the hands of Sir William Atherton. On the evening of the same day, Sir William, perceiving the gravity of the situation which the papers disclosed, called Sir Roundell Palmer into consultation upon them in the Earl-Marshal's room in the House of Lords. They at once agreed that the vessel must be seized. An opinion to that effect was delivered to Earl Russell on the morning of the 29th of July; but during the night of the 28th the *Alabama* left the docks in which she had been lying. At ten o'clock

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on the morning of the 29th she put to sea. The order to detain her reached Liverpool in the afternoon.

The government of the United States, in 1793, had barely entered upon the performance of the duties of neutrality, when it was swept into the vortex of the great struggle, which was to last almost unbroken for more than twenty years, for the maintenance of neutral rights. In this momentous contest there was involved the ever-recurrent question, which will continue in some form to arise as long as wars are waged, as to how far neutral powers are required to subordinate the interests of their commerce to the hostile interests of belligerents. That powers at peace were entitled to trade with powers at war was not denied, but the rule was subject to exceptions. It was admitted that a belligerent might cut off all trade with the enemy's ports by blockading them, and might also prohibit the carriage of contraband to the enemy. For entering or attempting to enter a blockaded port the penalty was confiscation of vessel and cargo, while the carriage of contraband entailed the loss of the prohibited articles and the freight, if nothing more. There was, however, no precise and general agreement either as to what constituted a blockade or as to what articles were to be considered as contraband. If blockades could be legally established merely by decrees on paper, without the application of force, or if the list of contraband could be sufficiently extended, it is obvious that the right of neutrals to trade with belligerents could be reduced to the shadow of a tantalizing supposition. Grotius, often called the father of international law, had divided articles, with reference to the question of contraband, into three classes: First, articles that were directly useful in war, as arms; second, those that were useless in war; and third, those that could be "used both in war and in peace, as money, provisions, ships, and articles of naval equipment." Concerning the first and second classes there was no dispute, except as to the possible inclusion or exclusion of some particular article; but as to the third class there had been a long and heated controversy, especially respecting provisions.

There was also a question as to whether the goods of an enemy might be seized on board a neutral ship. It was conceded that a belligerent power might capture vessels belonging to subjects of the enemy, as well as other private property of the enemy at sea; but for many years an effort had been in progress to introduce the rule, denoted by the phrase "free ships, free goods," that the merchandise of an enemy should, unless contraband of war, be exempt from seizure when transported by a neutral vessel. In 1780 the Empress Catherine of Russia issued a famous declaration concerning neutral rights. Since the days when Peter the Great—barbarian, statesman, and seer—diversified his studies in ship-building by riding through Evelyn's hedges in a wheelbarrow and pulling the teeth of his own retinue, Russia had aspired to become a maritime power. The declaration of the Empress Catherine afforded a striking manifestation of that ambition. Affirming the right of neutrals to trade with the powers at war, it sought to limit the scope of contraband, declared that blockades must be maintained by a force sufficient to render access to the blockaded port dangerous, and adopted the rule of free ships, free goods. On this manifesto there was based an alliance of neutral powers, called the Armed Neutrality, the formation of which was one of the most notable events of the wars growing out of the American Revolution; and although the alliance was not effectively maintained, the principles which it consecrated possessed vitality, and were destined to survive an ordeal yet more severe than any to which they had ever been subjected.

By a decree of the National Convention of France, of May 9, 1793, the commanders of French ships of war and privateers were authorized to seize merchant vessels laden with provisions bound to an enemy's port, or with merchandise belonging to an enemy. This decree was defended on the ground of a scarcity of provisions in France, but it ran counter to the views of the United States concerning the freedom of trade as well as to treaty stipulations. Morris remonstrated against it, and intimated that it would be followed with eagerness by France's maritime enemies. His prognostication proved to be correct. By an order in

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council of June 8, 1793, the commanders of British cruisers were authorized to seize all vessels laden with grain, flour, or meal, bound either to a port in France or to a port occupied by the French arms. It is true that, by the terms of both these measures, the provisions, if neutral-owned, were to be paid for; but the compensation promised was far less than the cargo would have brought at the port of destination. Moreover, the order in council was followed, as was also the decree, by other measures yet more vexatious.

Out of these perilous complications Washington sought to find a way by negotiation. John Jay, then Chief Justice of the United States, was sent to London, where, on November 19, 1794, he concluded a treaty under which an aggregate amount of perhaps more than eleven million dollars was eventually obtained from the British government on account of maritime captures. The treaty, however, gave great umbrage to France, not only because it granted privileges of asylum to British ships of war and recognized the right to capture enemies' goods in neutral vessels, but also because it definitively fixed the position of the United States as a neutral. The resentment of the French government was soon made manifest by measures which prefigured the Berlin and Milan decrees of Napoleon. By a decree of the Executive Directory, of July 2, 1796, which laid the foundation of a new series, it was announced that the cruisers of France would treat neutrals' vessels, as to searches, captures, and confiscation, in the same manner as their governments should suffer the English to treat them. The French government, also, recalled its minister from the United States and reduced the grade of the mission. Monroe, too, was recalled, and in his place was sent Charles Cotesworth Pinckney.

When, in December, 1796, Pinckney arrived in Paris, the Directory refused either to receive him or to permit him to stay at the capital as a private alien, and he retired to Amsterdam to await developments. Desirous, however, of trying all possible means of conciliation, President John Adams, while recommending to Congress the consideration of effectual measures of defence, joined Elbridge Gerry and John Marshall with Pinckney in a special mission. The three envoys arrived in Paris, October 4, 1797. Four days later they were unofficially received by Talleyrand, who was then Minister of Foreign Affairs; but he subsequently intimated that they could not have a public audience of the Directory till their negotiations were concluded. Meanwhile, they were waited upon by three men, who came sometimes singly and sometimes together, and who professed to represent Talleyrand and the Directory. These persons are known in the correspondence as X, Y, and Z. Their approach was prepared by W, who called on Pinckney and vouched for X as a gentleman of credit and reputation, in whom great reliance might be placed. On the evening of the same day X called, and, professing to speak for Talleyrand, suggested confidentially a plan of conciliation. He represented that certain passages in President Adams's recent speech to Congress, at which two members of the Directory were exceedingly irritated, would need to be softened; that a sum of money, to be at the disposal of Talleyrand, would be required as a *douceur* for the ministry, except Merlin, the Minister of Justice, who was already making enough from the condemnation of vessels; and that a loan to the government would also be insisted on. X stated, however, that he communicated with Talleyrand not directly, but through another gentleman, in whom Talleyrand had great confidence. This gentleman proved to be Y, who afterwards called with X upon the American plenipotentiaries and presented the propositions in writing. Y also dilated upon the resentment produced by the President's speech, but declared that, after the plenipotentiaries had afforded satisfaction on that point, they must pay money, "a great deal of money." In so saying he referred to the subject of a loan. Concerning the *douceur* little was said, it being understood that it was required for the officers of government, and therefore needed no further explanation. An impression perhaps widely prevails that at this point Pinckney exclaimed, "Millions for defence, but not a cent for tribute," and broke off the negotiations. The story is a pretty one, but is inaccurate. The sentiment in question, which

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resembles a phrase used by Jefferson when Secretary of State, in his correspondence with the Barbary powers, was pronounced as a toast at a public dinner given to Marshall at Philadelphia on his return from France. In reality, the American plenipotentiaries, although they repulsed the solicitations of personal venality with the reply, "No, no, not a sixpence," offered to consult their government with regard to a loan, if the Directory would suspend its measures against American commerce. This the Directory refused to do. Negotiations were then ended; the treaties between the two countries were abrogated by the United States; and there succeeded the state of limited war, which prevailed from 1798 till 1800.

The respite which commerce enjoyed from belligerent depredations after the Peace of Amiens was of brief duration, and the renewal of war in 1803 was erelong followed by measures which retain in the history of belligerent pretensions an unhappy preeminence. The "rule of the War of 1756," by which Great Britain had assumed to forbid neutrals to engage during war in a trade from which they were excluded in time of peace, was enforced by the British admiralty courts with new stringency under cover of the doctrine of "continuous voyages." Moreover, the British government, in 1806, in retaliation for a decree of Prussia which was issued under Napoleonic compulsion, excluding British trade from that country, declared the mouths of the Ems, the Weser, the Elbe, and the Trave to be in a state of blockade. On November 21, 1806, Napoleon fulminated from the imperial camp at Berlin a decree declaring the British Islands to be in a state of blockade and prohibiting all commerce and correspondence with them. Great Britain replied by an order in council of January 6, 1807, forbidding neutral vessels to trade between ports in the control of France or her allies; and by still another order, November 11, 1807, she forbade such vessels to trade with the ports of France and her allies, or even with any port in Europe from which the British flag was excluded, without a clearance obtained in a British port. Napoleon's answer was the Milan decree of December 17, 1807, by which it was declared that every vessel that had submitted to search by an English ship, or consented to a voyage to England, or paid any tax to the English government, as well as every vessel that should sail to or from a port in Great Britain or her possessions, or in any country occupied by British troops, should be deemed good prize. These measures, with their bald assertions of paper blockades and sweeping denials of the rights of neutrality, the United States, as practically the only remaining neutral, met with protests, with embargoes, with non-intercourse, and finally, in the case of Great Britain—which was aggravated by the question of impressment, to which President Madison gave so much prominence in his war message—with hostile resistance, while from France a considerable indemnity was afterwards obtained by treaty. The pretensions against which the United States contended are no longer justified on legal grounds. It is now universally admitted that a blockade, in order to be valid, must be effective. The right of neutrals to trade with belligerents is acknowledged, subject only to the law of contraband and of blockade.

There is one radical limitation to belligerent activities, which, although often urged, has not yet been adopted. This is the inhibition of the capture of private property at sea. Strongly advocated by Franklin, it was introduced into the first treaty between the United States and Prussia, in the signature of which he was associated with Adams and Jefferson. John Quincy Adams, Henry Clay, William L. Marcy, and Hamilton Fish are among the great Secretaries of State who have given the principle their support. President McKinley, in his annual message of December 5, 1898, suggested to Congress that the Executive be authorized to correspond with the governments of the principal maritime powers of the world with a view to incorporate it into the permanent law of civilized nations. This recommendation is cordially renewed by President Roosevelt in his annual message of December 7, 1903, in which the exemption, except as to contraband of war, is advocated not only as a matter of "humanity and morals," but also as a measure altogether compatible with the practical conduct of war at sea.

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The Black Death

BY WARWICK DEEPING

A HAZE of heat shimmered in golden vapor over the woods. The great blue arch of heaven was as a fiery dome burnished and welded by the noon strength of the sun. In the pastures the sheep were huddled under the trees; kine stood knee-deep in the miry pools; the highways reeked with gray-white dust. A great silence seemed to weigh like a doom upon the bosom of the day. There were no laborers in the fields, no shepherds in the pastures.

The noon sun beat on Castle Sagrazant, glimmering on the stagnant water in the moat, carving gaunt shadows under the burning walls. In the castle garth the grass was brown even under the canopies of the trees, the flowers drooped their purple cowls, the young fruit rotted upon the boughs. Overhead, the sun was as a giant sphere of molten gold flinging a fiery rain upon the world. The birds were songless in the deepest thickets; a vast languor burdened the summer's heart.

Before the great gate of Castle Sagrazant seven brown mounds crumbled under the sun. There were seven graves newly risen from the grass. An open trench yawned by the seventh grave, a white-swathed corpse lying therein. By the brim of the unfilled trench a man lay prone, with a mattock crosswise under his chest. He was motionless as stone under the unpitying sun; death had smitten him ere he could bury the dead.

In the castle court a wolfhound crouched under the shade of a wall. High up in the tower a woman stood at an open casement, her black hair dishevelled about her face, a veil shot through by the sun. Her purple gown was bare to her bosom. Her dusky eyes were like amethysts set in a marble mask. She stood and gazed on the desolate land, a mute despair on her wasted face.

On the fevered air came a querulous howl, the wild cry of a brute beast in pain. The woman at the window heard it and shuddered. She saw the graves by the great gate, the dead man stretched on the parched brown grass. There was no hope in the heavens, no pity on the florid face of the sun. Life seemed a cup of molten metal lifted mockingly to her voiceless lips.

She turned back suddenly with rippling hair, and went to kneel by a carved cradle. Deep-bosomed shadows overarched the room. In the cradle lay a little child, ashy of face and dull of eye. The woman stretched her arms over it with a great gesture of woe. Her hair poured down on the dead child's face. She knelt there like one smitten dumb by grief, while the sunbeams fenced with the black-browed shadows. Solitude abode with her in that house of death; a great silence covered it like a golden pall.

The day dragged its burning sandals over the hills. Evening, with her calm moon's face, rose up in the east, setting the stars in place with her silent hands. A vast hush awed the sable woods. In the west the last crimson cry of the sun had sounded, as he sank with his red wounds over the world. The dew was loosed from the melting sky. Night, triumphant, poured balm on the earth's burnt breast.

By the cradle the woman had stiffened suddenly, like one who hears a lover's voice under the stars. Her face shone white in the twilight amid the purple masses of her hair. Her great eyes were full of a preternatural glory. There were armed men riding out of the east; she heard their horses trample the bridge. A clarion clamored before the gate. At such an hour should her husband return.

Dame Isabeau, with quivering lips, brooched her gown at her white throat and descended the stair to the castle court. The wolfhound lying on the

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stones crawled near and licked her hand as she passed. Climbing the stair that led to the gallery above the gate, she put her loosened hair from off her forehead and gazed over the battlements towards the deepening night.

There were twenty spears in the road below, rising black and straight against the sky. Armor gleamed towards the setting sun, plumes blew, bassinets caught the fire from the west. On the bridge was a knight on a great gray horse, his head unhelmed, his long sword drawn. His surcoat rose red from his horse's gray flanks; the shield on his arm bore gules and a dragon of green.

As Isabeau gazed on this silent troop she fingered her throat and went white as the moon. The man on the bridge tossed up his sword. He was big and burly, black of beard. His eyes caught the flame of the fading sky; there was an unclean smile on his hairy mouth.

"Ha, Madame Isabeau," he said, "Geoffrey of Lisiac waits at your gate."

The dame on the wall tilted up her chin. She had a thin distrust on her tear-stained face. The spears below seemed to mock her pride.

"Geoffrey of Lisiac," she answered him there, "what brings you here to my tower to-night?"

The man headed his gray horse nearer the gate. There was dust on his harness and sweat on his brow.

"Madame," he said, in his curt, suave way, "the black death is with you; your tower is a charnel-house. Shall the white rose rot in the castle garth? We have no plague on the Lisiac hills."

"Knight Geoffrey," said the lady, clutching the stones, "though my house is a charnel-house, should I forswear it? My child lies dead in his cradle above."

The man on the horse smiled up at her there. He was young and lusty, lean in the loins. Passion brandished a torch before his eyes; the red light flickered over his face.

"White rose," he said, with muffled tones, "shall I speak to you of the days of yore when I carried your token upon my casque?"

"Ah," she said, "those were idle hours. Pity me, Geoffrey, for I grieve to-night."

"Youth comforts youth," said the man at the gate; "life draws no rusty chain round our souls. Of yore I saw you a white-robed rose, unclasped and unkissed save by sun and moon. You forbade me of old. What stands 'twixt us now?"

She hoarded her pride and her cold white look. Her eyes dilated as she answered his prayer.

"Of the past, Geoffrey, I have no thought. I am wife and mother. Let me be."

"But," he cried, "you parley with death. I see the graves and the dead man here. Look down! Am I clay in my surcoat of red? My heart is this color. Choose, Isabeau, choose."

"Simon returns," she said at last.

"Simon!" he cried, "a spoil-sport fool! He is dead in Zion, I have heard men say. It is twelve long months since he took the cross. The deserts and the pagans have done the rest."

Her eyes flashed at him over the wall. His words had touched the core of her heart. His taunts were her fears; his passion, her plague.

"Simon, my husband, will return," she said.

He scoffed in her face with passionate zeal.

"Your love is as wasted wine," he cried; "you keep faith with a fool who cares not a jot whether you droop and fester in pestilent walls. The pagan girls have eyes like the stars."

She did not debate with him, but cherished her scorn. The west was melting; the night hurried on.

"Mohammed's daughters are fair," he said; "this errant of yours has found them so."

"Liar!"

The word set the man's face ablaze in the twilight. He tossed up his sword to her and licked his lips.

"Come down to me here," he said, "or, by heaven and hell, I will break the gate!"

She cried out in terror at the look on his face.

"Geoffrey," she said, "have pity. I am worn with tears. You were not thus with me in the days of old."

"Let the dead years rot," he cried, with a snarl. "I take you to Lisiac towers to-night."

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Isabeau fled from him suddenly with twisting mouth, great fear in her heart of the man at the gate. She heard them gather upon the bridge, the clangor of arms, the groan of the wood. Panting, she ran across the court, climbed the tower stair, stumbling and clutching at the walls. The chamber was won where the dead child lay; she stood at the casement as the din grew below. Overhead the dark night was arustle with stars. A cool breeze played upon her face. She heard the gate give; saw swords smite through, gleam in the twilight like beams from the moon.

A sudden thought seized her as she stood. Taking a breviary from a shelf, she tore a half-lettered page therefrom. A quill and inkhorn lay in an ambry in the wall. With quaking hand she scrawled on the page blurred, hastening letters that fell as in panic from the pen. Geoffrey and his riders were crowding in the court. She heard the yelp of the smitten hound when Geoffrey's sword-point pierced its throat. Quick with terror, she took the page, tucked it beneath the crucifix on the wall, so that it hung there like a text in the gloom. Already the men were on the stairs. She flung herself across the cradle, so that her white face touched the child's.

Geoffrey of Lisiac, breathing hard, came in with his rout and found her thus. He seized her shoulders through the cloak of her hair and strove to drag her away from the child. In the struggle the cradle was overturned on the floor; the child fell forth, a snowflake shunning the breath of lust. Geoffrey lifted Isabeau up in his arms and bore her from Sagrazant, out by the graves, where the broken gate gaped towards the rising moon.

As the dawn came over the woods, smiting with a golden kiss each sleeping tree, a man in a ragged cloak of gray, with a holly staff in his hand, trudged up the sandy road towards Sagrazant on the hill. A mask of white cloth covered his face, giving view alone of his glistening eyes. His sandals were gray with the dust from the road as he turned and strode over the billowy meadows.

Sagrazant's tower showed in the woods, its battlements echoing the flash of the dawn. A long white cloud, like a banner, streamed from the tower, as though flying a welcome to the man in gray. At the first sight of his home he knelt on a hillock with folded arms. A gust of passion seemed to shake his frame, for he swayed as he knelt, like a tree in a wind. The sky ran blue above his head as he passed on slowly over the meads.

The first response to the pilgrim's prayer was the broken gate of his own hold. Rent and torn, it hung on its hinges, a grim text on the lips of love. The man saw the graves in the grass by the moat, the corpse stiff by the unfilled trench. The place was still as a rifled tomb. A strange awe encircled its very walls.

Simon of Sagrazant knelt down in the dust and buried his masked face in the sleeves of his gown. The graves in the grass, what knowledge was theirs? The broken gate, the silent walls, the staff with no banner adroop at its throat, all were as prophecies, warning his soul. From gate to tower, from tower to moat, his eyes wandered with empty desire.

Anon he rose up and entered in. The hound lay stretched within the gate, his blood like some purple moss on the stones. Simon touched the hairy head that had bayed him welcome in the days of yore. The dog at least had been true to the death. Climbing the stairway, he searched the tower. Its chambers were dark and dumb with mystery; they were garnished with memories rich and sad; the man's heart hurried as he searched them through.

He came at last to Dame Isabeau's room, to falter on the threshold like one afraid. Some woe lurked as poison in the wine of life; he dreaded to lift the cup to his lips.

The room was full of a sullen gloom as he thrust the door open and entered in. On the floor, by the overturned cradle, lay the child, half covered by the folds of a scarlet quilt. Simon knelt down and stared it over. It was his in death, though in life he had never heard its cry nor taken its hands into his father's heart. He laid the body again in the cradle and covered it with the scarlet quilt.

It was the face of his love that haunted him, that white face, pearl-bright un-

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der raven hair. He searched the chamber through and through, saw the scrawl beneath the crucifix, and plucked it down. He strode to the casement till the sun bathed his hands. The words on the page burnt in his brain:

"Of Geoffrey of Lisiac I am dishonored," they ran. "Save me, good husband, if you should come."

Thrice Sir Simon read the scrawl through before he thrust it away under his cloak. Slowly he passed down the winding stair, sad as the moon over winter woods. In his own great hall he found a chest where arms had been stored when his bride was young. He broke the catch with his pilgrim's knife, gazed in the depths, and smiled as he gazed. From the chest he drew a good bassinet, steel coat and shoulder-plates, greaves and shoes. A great sword quivered up in the sun; an iron-bound shield lay on his knees. He sat him down on an oaken settle, laced on the harness with steady hands. Then over the whole he cast cloak, cowl, and mask, and, leaving Sagrazant, passed out towards the woods.

At Lisiac towers the tall pines swayed under the moon where the moorlands swept to the murk of the woods. The night rang shrill with the noise of the wind, the creaking of boughs, the hissing of grass. Clouds swept fitfully over the sky; the stars peered through veils of wind-worn silver. Owls hooted and the nightjar croaked. The voice of the forest was as the voice of the sea.

In Lisiac hall flambeaux flared on the walls. The raftered roof was huge with gloom, aswirl with smoke from the torch-flare below. The rushes were clean upon the floor, the dais bedizened with scarlet cloth, the tables laden with charger and cup. From corbel and beam carved faces grinned on the scene beneath. The pennons waved with the draught through the door.

In Lisiac hall there was much flowing of wine, a rich tide to stifle the voice of death. Many a pale mouth touched the cup. There was dread in the blustering of the wind as it shook the casements and moaned in the tower. Roland, the squire, had died that day, with purple face and noisome skin. They had buried him deep in the silent woods. The black death waited at Lisiac gates.

On the dais, in his great carved chair of oak, sat Geoffrey, the knight, in a robe of green. The chair was studded with golden nails; a great red banner waved overhead. At his side sat Isabeau, Simon's wife, in a gown of purple and a chain of pearls. There was a wasted woe in her bloodless lips; her eyes were dull as with unshed tears; the deepened shadows told their tale.

Knight Geoffrey had ordered a feast that night, to keep the black death out of his spoilers' heart. Wine and mead had flushed his men's souls; they were brisk and merry despite the wind. Lutes chattered lightly from the minstrels' bench; viol and flute set the rafters humming. Geoffrey himself kept his cup-bearer busy. Like a feverish gamester he staked against death.

At the end of the board, below the salt, where the meaner guests had their benches, a pilgrim sat in his gown of gray. A mask of white cloth covered his face, and he kept his cowl down despite the hour. It was a vow, he said to those at the board, a vow to St. Jude in penance for crime. At his right hand sat a burly friar, red of jowl and loose of lip. The brown horn had outpaced the churchman's prayers. No man drank on the pilgrim's left. He was a surly soul, and chary of words.

Dame Isabeau watched from her carved oak chair like one whose heart was cold as stone. The clamor and music, the kiss of cups, were mocking rhymes on the tongue of shame. The hall was as an unclean pool at her feet. She had turned to Knight Geoffrey and besought a boon, that he would spare her the jeers and the jests. The man's face was flushed above his beard. When she pleaded he pinched her arm and laughed, breathed in her face with heavy breath. The loathing grew in her as he drank; and the hate in her eyes was as fire through glass.

The wind blustered overhead as though challenging those within. The casements shivered, the hangings waved. Midnight was near and the cups still passed. Only the pilgrim would touch no wine, shielding his temperance behind a vow. The fat friar slept with his head

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on his hands; men were slipping under the benches; the rushes were soiled with the lees of the feast.

Geoffrey of Lisiac slouched in his chair. He called for a song from the drunken choir while the silver goblet shook in his hand. Stretching out, he caught Dame Isabeau by a tress of the hair. He was mouthing words in her ivory ear as she strained aside with twisting face. Knotting her hair about his wrist, the man drew her towards him with drunken strength.

A sudden screech came from the hall, like the cry of a man whom black wolves rend. The pilgrim in gray had cast his skin; a great sword leaped to the smoke-grimed roof. Geoffrey, loosing Dame Isabeau's hair, struggled up and stared at the man in steel.

Simon of Sagrazant made no debate; his shield was up, his sword agleam. He smote right and left as the drunkards gathered, blows that rang and rent and slew. The hall was aboil with drunken men. They heaved up benches to beat him down, clutched and snatched at the leaping sword. A Titan's strength seemed to tread the hall, and their fuddled wits were like leaves in a wind.

None but Geoffrey withstood him at last, for he had maimed or slain them man by man. Lisiac's lord had taken a spear from the wall. Leaping down before the dais, he charged and lunged at Simon's throat. The great sword cut the lance staff short, and Geoffrey, clubbing the broken spear, smote at Sir Simon hard and fast. The knight of Sagrazant bided his time as they stamped and panted over the rushes. By the great fireplace Geoffrey sprang in, smote wide, and met Sir Simon's steel.

The great sword slid down the staff of the spear, severed both hands at the wrists with the blow. Struck on the jaw with Simon's fist, Lisiac's lord rolled back on the flames. The red blood hissed and steamed on the fire. With the smitten man's struggles the embers flew out, set the dry rushes in a blaze. Flames curled along the timbered floor, and ran up the hangings like wriggling snakes towards the roof.

Simon of Sagrazant ran to the dais, where Dame Isabeau sat in her carven chair, stiff as an image upon a tomb. She rose to him suddenly with open mouth, a great desire in her frightened eyes. The flames danced across the hall; smoke billowed up to the shadowy roof.

"Isabeau, wife!" cried the man in steel.

She started, fell forward, and clasped his knees, her hair like a black pennon blown by the fire. Simon lifted her up in his sinewy arms. He strode through the hall over carcass and bench, while Geoffrey writhed in a lake of flame. Isabeau's arms were round his neck as he pushed through the door to the gloomy court, where the moon swam above in a dishevelled sky.

"Simon," she said, as he set her down, "God bless thee, husband. I am saved from hell."

He sheathed his sword and unbarred the gate. A lurid crown began to gather on the castle's brows; pennons of flame ran out from the walls. The wind and the fire sang a glee together.

Simon and Isabeau passed out hand in hand. The black woods called to them under the moon. They turned away from Lisiac's tower, where the fire was purging the black death out.

Red was the sky above the pines when Simon and Isabeau fled away. A sudden sunset startled the trees, wreathing their limbs in scarlet flame. The forest gloom was studded with death moaned through on the wings of the wind.

The moon stood white overhead as they came from the thickets towards the moor. The thousand spires were silvered bright; far off a river gleamed in the gloom. Over the moon the clouds sped fast, frowning and smiling over the world. Lisiac tower, a tuft of flame, blossomed like a torch-lily above the trees.

Simon and Isabeau went hand in hand. The man was silent, as though weary or faint. He never looked down in his wife's face, but stared at the stars and the silvery clouds. Her hand lay cold within his palm, and she lagged a little as they crossed the moor.

"Simon, dear heart," she said at length, pressing her body close to his.

He stiffened of a sudden, as though in pain, and wound his fingers about her wrist. The mask on his face shone white

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towards the moon. The eyes glistened through with a strange unrest.

"Simon," she said, with tremulous mouth, "why do you hide your face from me?"

"Wife," he said, with straining hand, "have patience awhile. I will tell you all."

They had passed the moor and came to a wood where beeches circled a little lake. Wild roses starred the brushwood banks; the scent of thyme was on the air. The moonlight flickered through the leaves. A perfumed silence crowned the gloom.

"Simon!" she said, with sudden fear.

He felt her body slack in his arm as he stood and turned her face to his. A sudden fever shook her frame; her lips grew parched, her eyes full of dread.

"Simon," she said, "I am athirst. There is a hot pain twisting over my brow. A hand of ice seems over my heart."

Straightway he took her up in his arms and bore her into the darkening wood. Treading slowly under the trees, with her hot cheek laid on his shoulder-plate, he came to the rim of the little lake where the water lapped amid the sedge. He laid her down on the heather there, unlaced his casque, and knelt by the lake. The cup touched her fevered mouth; she drank of the water; her hands hung down.

"Simon," she said, with her head on his breast, "the black death has me. Leave me and fly."

He drew her closer within his arms, bent over her face and touched her hair.

"Should I fear death?" he said, anon. "Ah, husband mine, the plague will part us."

"Not yet, wife Isabeau."

"If you love me, go," she pleaded; "my breath is a pestilence. Leave me here."

He was silent awhile like a man who prays. The great stars watched them betwixt the clouds. There was an autumn flush on the woman's cheeks, a rosy gloom amid her hair.

"Simon," she said, "I am more than death."

He gave a great cry and hid his face. The water rippled out of the dusk, a silver streak, frail and fair.

"Wife," he whispered, "what if death is near? I fear it not now. Gaze on my face."

She turned in his arms and stared at the mask. There was a wistful glory in her eyes, a strange smile upon her mouth.

"Dear heart," she said, "I have guessed the truth. What matters it now, since I shall die?"

"Ah, Isabeau, I am a leper," he cried.

"God keep you, husband, I love you the more."

He laid him down on the grass at her side, while the wind blew the boughs above their heads. Their arms were twined round each other's necks. Sir Simon kissed her and said no more.

Thus it befell, when a third sun set, peasant folk wandering in search of wood found a knight and lady side by side dead on the heather, their eyes towards the sun. The black death had taken the one away; the other lay still with a sword in his heart. They buried them there, for fear of the plague, and set the knight's sword betwixt the two graves.

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DONA JUANA, WIFE OF VELASQUEZ

Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from a Portrait by Francisco Pacheco

Original Painting now in the Collection of C. Lambert, Esq., Paterson, N. J.

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A Portrait by Pacheco

WITH this age, Pacheco's reputation rests largely on the fact of his having been the master of Velasquez, but in his own day he figured as scholar and author, as well as painter and teacher. His house in Seville was the resort of the foremost artists and men of letters of the time. It was there Velasquez met Cervantes and Herrera, as also Olivares, through whose influence later, when but twenty-three, he was made Court Painter to the young king, Philip IV.

Velasquez, then a lad of fourteen, entered Pacheco's studio in 1613, and at the end of five years' studentship married his master's daughter Juana. It is her portrait, painted by her father, that Mr. Wolf has engraved from the original canvas in the collection of Mr. Lambert, at Bella Vista. It shows a more refined and pleasing exterior than the portrait by Velasquez, in the Madrid Gallery, of Juana at about the same age, but this impression may be due to the difference in method of the two painters. Pacheco here reveals himself as painstaking and as severely accurate as any of the Dutch masters. In fact, there is something not unlike the lesser masters of Holland perceptible in the work. One may discern the pedantic drawing, the pleasurable rendering of textures, the fondness for orderly detail which delighted them. Pacheco was not an innovator, like his brilliant pupil, but followed well-established lines. He took pleasure in the precise representation of inanimate objects, rather than in the portrayal of living personalities. Instead of an absolutely new creation on the canvas, this little lady suggests a sum of the painter's impressions of pictures and things seen,—in short, a review of his preferences and his personal assimilation.

W. STANTON HOWARD.

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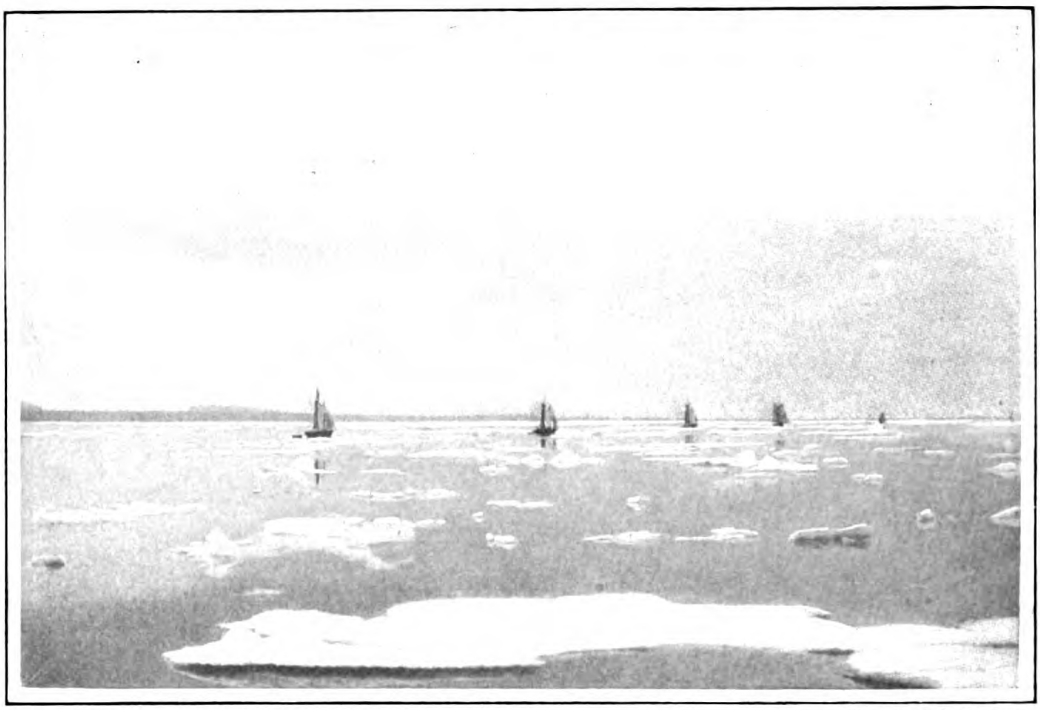

Photograph by Holloway

BOUND NORTH TO THE LABRADOR COAST

The Fleet on "The Labrador"

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

"THE Labrador" is a forbidding coast, indeed—naked, rugged, desolate, lying sombre in a mist. It is of weather-worn gray rock, broken at intervals by long ribs of black. In part it is low and ragged, slowly rising, by way of bare slopes and starved forest, to broken mountain ranges, which lie blue and bold in the inland waste. Elsewhere it rears from the edge of the sea in stupendous cliffs and lofty, rugged hills. There is no inviting stretch of shore the length of it—no sandy beach, no line of shingle, no grassy bank; the sea washes a thousand miles of jagged rock. Were it not for the harbors—innumerable and snugly sheltered from the winds and ground-swell of the open—there would be no navigating the waters of that region.

The Straits Shore, along which the great ships steam a nervous course, is buoyed, lighted, minutely charted. The reefs and currents and tickles* and harbors are all known. A northeast gale, to be sure, raises a commotion in those parts, and fog and drift-ice add something to the chance of disaster; but, as they say, from one peril there are two ways of escape to three sheltered places. The schooners ride at anchor with harbor near at hand; while the gales are brewing, they fly to shelter. Thereabouts, fishing is dull toil, without adventure apart from the routine of danger—mere familiar peril, which is not adventure, properly speaking, at all.

"No, zur," say the skippers; "this ain't nothin' but hard work!"

To the north, however, where the Labrador fleet goes to fish, the coast is best sailed on the plan of the skipper of the

* A "tickle" is a narrow passage to a harbor or between two islands.

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old *Twelve Brothers.* Said he, "You don't cotch *me* meddlin' with no land!" Past the Dead Islands, Snug Harbor, Domino Run, Devil's Lookout and the Quaker's Hat—beyond Johnny Paul's Rock and the Wolves, Sandwich Bay, Tumble-down Dick, Indian Harbor, and the White Cockade—past Cape Harrigan, the Farmyard Islands and the Hen and Chickens—far north to the great, craggy hills and strange peoples of Kikkertadsoak, Scoralik, Tunnulusoak, Nain, Okak, and, at last, to Cape Chidley itself—northward, every crooked mile of the way bold headlands, low outlying islands, sunken reefs, tides, fogs, great winds and snow make hard sailing of it.

It is an evil coast, ill-charted where charted at all; some part of the present-day map is based upon the guesswork of the eighteenth-century navigators. The skippers of the fishing-craft sail by guess and hearsay, by recollection and old rhymes: a heroic voyage, ventured every summer, for sake of the cod to be caught.

NORTHWARD WITH A FAIR WIND

In the thousand harbors of Newfoundland, whence, in the spring, the fleet sails north—twenty-five thousand stout fellows in little ships—there sounds a call to this adventure. Granted only that the heart of the man is true, he hears a call—persuasive, insistent, inevitable: it is real as a bugle note. The lads' hero is the skipper who knows the waters "off Chidley"—some weather-beaten old fellow, thick and broad about the chest and lanky below, long-armed, hammer-fisted, with a frowzy beard, bushy brows, and clear blue eyes which are strong and quick to look. He is most glorious when in from the Labrador, still sea-booted, oilskin-clad, dripping the spray of the night's gale from beard and sou'wester, with his feet on a wet deck, his fish dry below, and his big bow anchor gripping the bottom of the home port.

That's the man—that's the moment—to stir the deeps of the heart of Davy Roth o' Whaleback Harbor in Bonavist' Bay! Can the skipper say no more than, "Oh, I isn't been down no further 'n Indian," he is a commonplace fellow, however lucky with the fish; can he answer, with brisk pride, "How far down I been? Mugford, zur!" he earns some measure of respect; but let him once boast, "Oh, *I* been t' *Chidley!*" and he can do no more—win no more. The man who has sailed his schooner into the marvellous harbors of the far north—the man who has set eyes on the dark, dumpy little women who wear sealskin trousers, and carry babies on their backs—is the man for Davy Roth o' Bonavist' Bay. Aside from that, to have gone and come again—to have taken salt into strange seas and to have brought forth fish—is the incomparable achievement; and you may be sure that Davy knows it well enough. Says he, in his heart: "*I'll* do that when I'm growed up; 'n' I 'low I'll go further 'n *he* done—oncet I'm growed up!"

On winter nights, the lad gives ear to long tales of far-away harbors and queer folk. Of such are those which begin: "Well, 'twas the wonderfullest gale o' wind you ever seed—snowin' an' blowin', with the sea in mountains, an' it as black as a wolf's throat—an' we was somewheres off Cape Mugford. She were drivin' fair with a nor'east gale, with the shore somewheres handy t' l'eward. But, look! nar a one of us knowed where she

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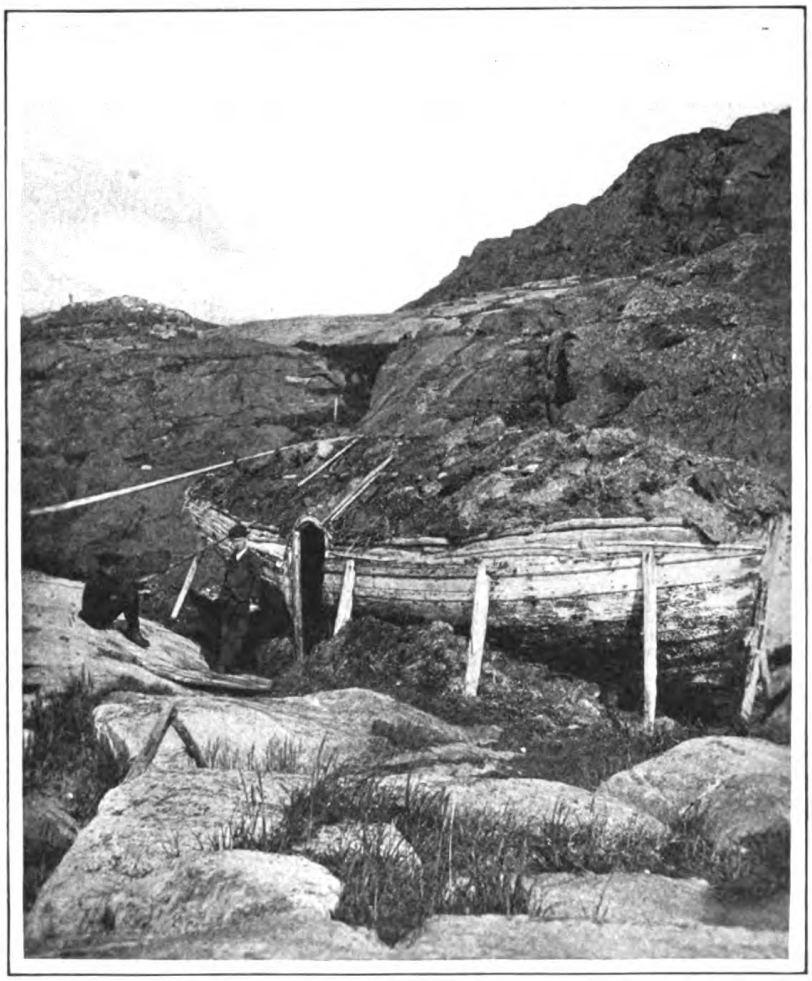

A "BULLY BOAT" TURNED INTO A DWELLING

were to, 'less 'twas in the thick o' the Thirty Devil Reefs. . . ." To this he listens with wide-open eyes and mouth and ears, from his corner by the glowing stove; and says he, to himself, "I 'low *I'd* know where she were to, an *I* were skipper o' she!"

Just so, no doubt, the Scandinavian lads of a thousand years ago were moved by tales told o' winter nights.

In the early spring — when the sunlight is yellow and the warm winds blow and the melting snow drips over the cliffs and runs in little rivulets from the barren hills—in the harbors of all the coast the great fleet is made ready for the long adventure. The rocks echo the noise of hammer and saw and mallet and the song and shout of the workers. The new schooners—building the winter long at the harbor side—are hurried to completion. The old craft—the weather-beaten, ragged old craft, which, it may be, have dodged the reefs and outlived the gales of forty seasons — are fitted with new spars, patched with new canvas and rope, calked anew, daubed anew, and, thus refitted, float brave enough on the quiet harbor water. There is no end to the bustle of labor on ships and nets—no end to the clatter of planning. From the skipper of the ten-ton *First Venture*, who sails with a crew of sons bred for the purpose, to the powerful dealer who supplies on shares a fleet of seventeen fore-and-afters manned from the harbors of a great bay, there is hope in the hearts of all. Whatever the last season, every man is to make a good "voyage" now. This season—*this* season—there is to be fish a-plenty on the Labrador!

The future is bright as the new spring days. Aunt Matilda is to have a bonnet with feathers — when Skipper Thomas gets home from the Labrador. Little Johnny Tatt, he of the crooked back, is to know again the virtue of Pike's Pain Compound, at a dollar a bottle, warranted to cure—when daddy gets home from the Labrador. Skipper Bill's Lizzie, plump, blushing, merry-eyed, is to wed Jack Lute o' Burnt Arm—when Jack comes back from the Labrador. Every man's heart, and, indeed, most men's fortunes,

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ON THE DECK OF THE MAIL-BOAT

are in the venture. The man who has nothing has yet the labor of his hands. Be he skipper, there is one to back his skill and honesty; be he hand, there is no lack of berths to choose from. Skippers stand upon their record and schooners upon their reputation; it's take your choice, for the hands are not too many: the skippers are timid or bold, as God made them; the schooners are lucky or not, as Fate determines. Every man has his chance. John Smith o' Twillingate provisions the *Lucky Queen* and gives her to the penniless Skipper Jim o' Yellow Tickle on shares. Old Tom Tatter o' Salmon Cove, with plea and argument, persuades the Four Arms trader to trust him once again with the *Busy Bee*. He'll get the fish *this* time. Nar a doubt of it! *He'll* be home in August—this year—loaded to the gunwale. God knows who pays the cash when the fish fail! God knows how the folk survive the disappointment! It is a great lottery of hope and fortune.

When, at last, word comes south that the ice is clearing from the coast, the vessels spread their little wings to the first favoring winds; and in a week — two weeks or three—the last of the Labradormen have gone "down north." The way is spread with dangers—the perils of ice and wind and reef and black fog. These are infinitely strong: the craft are tiny before them; but the hearts of the men are greater far than the toil and peril of the way. Little ships, indeed, they are—not great vessels, with a towering spread of canvas, whose security is in open water; the Labrador fleet is a fleet of doughty schooners—a white cloud of sail whose escape is into harbor. Most are little more than open boats: you must stoop when you enter the cabin, you can stand on the rail and rock them; they are of ten tons burden, of twenty, thirty, fifty, rarely of eighty or a hundred; and most are sailed by the hands that builded them in the harbors from which they hail.

It makes a man's heart swell and flutter to watch them dig their noses into the swelling seas—to see them heel and leap and make the white dust fly—to feel the

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rush of the wet wind that drives them, and to hear the swish of the frothy waste they toss upon—to know that the gray path of a thousand miles is every league of the way beset with peril. Brave craft, these—brave hearts to sail them! Hopeful hearts they carry—sad hearts they leave behind. The man who looks on turns to the suddy coast, lying low and black in the west—and to the leaden, ice-strewn seas of the north—and to the murky night creeping in from the open sea; and it may be that he sighs, and sighs again, while he watches the driving mist obscure the fleet behind.

The gusts and great waves of open water—of the free, wide sea, I mean, over which a ship may safely drive while the weather exhausts its evil mood—are menace enough for the stoutest heart. But the voyage of the Labrador fleet is inshore—a winding course among the islands, or a straight one from headland to headland, of a coast off which reefs lie thick: low-lying, jagged ledges, washed by the sea in heavy weather; barren hills, rising abruptly—and all isolated—from safe water; sunken rocks, disclosed, upon approach, only by the green swirl above them. Countless they are—scattered everywhere, hidden and disclosed. They lie in the mouths of harbors, they lie close to the coast, they lie offshore; they run twenty miles out to sea. Here is no plain sailing; the skipper must be sure of the way—or choose it gingerly: else the hidden rock will inevitably "pick him up."

To know the submerged rocks of one harbor and the neighboring coast, however evil the place, is small accomplishment. The Newfoundland lad of seven years would count himself his father's shame if he failed in so little. High tide and low tide, quiet sea and heavy swell, he will know where he can take the punt—the depth of water, to an inch, which overlies the danger spots. But here are a hundred harbors—a thousand miles of coast—with reefs and islands scattered like dust the length of it. The Labrador skipper must know it all like his own back yard—not in sunny weather alone, but in the night, when the headlands are like black clouds ahead, and in the mist, when the noise of breakers tells him all that he may know of his whereabouts. A flash of white in the gray distance, a thud and swish from a hidden place: the one is his beacon, the other his fog-horn. It is enough; he crawls into harbor.

You may chart rocks, and beware of them; but—it is a proverb on the coast—"there's no chart for icebergs." The Labrador current is charged with them—hard, dead-white glacier ice from the Arctic: massive bergs, innumerable, all the while shifting with tide and current and wind. What with floes and bergs—vast fields of drift-ice—the way north in the spring is most perilous. The skippers are in haste to make their berths: it is a race from the south for best places; they push on—push into the thick of the ice—long before the coast is clear of the first of the drift. The same bergs—widely scattered, diminished in number, dwarfed by the milder climate—give the transatlantic passenger evil dreams: somewhere in the night, somewhere in the mist, thinks he, they may lie; and he shudders. The skipper of the Labrador schooner *knows* that they lie thick around him: there is no surmise; when the night fell, when the fog closed in, there were a hundred to be counted from the masthead.

Violent winds are always to be feared—swift, overwhelming hurricanes: winds that catch the fleet unaware and wreck it in a night. They are not frequent; but they *do* blow—will again blow, no man can tell when. In such a gale, forty vessels were driven on a lee shore; in another, eighty were wrecked overnight—two thousand fishermen cast away, the coast littered with splinters of ships—and, once (it is but an incident), a schooner was torn from her anchors and flung on the rocks forty feet above the high-water mark. These are exceptional storms; the common Labrador gale is not so violent, but evil enough in its own way. It is a northeaster, of which the barometer more often than not gives fair warning; day after day it blows, cold, wet, foggy, dispiriting, increasing in violence, subsiding, returning again, until courage and strength are both worn out. Meantime, it stirs up the sea; the waves break over islands thirty feet high, and leap fifty feet up the sides of the precipices.

Reefs, drift-ice, wind and sea—and over all the fog: thick, wide-spread, per-

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sistent, swift in coming, mysterious in movement; it compounds the dangers. It blinds men—they curse it, while they grope along: a desperate business, indeed, thus to run by guess where positive knowledge of the way merely mitigates the peril. There are days when the fog lies like a thick blanket on the face of the sea, hiding the head-sails from the man at the wheel; it is night on deck, and broad day—with the sun in a blue sky—at the masthead; the schooner is steered by a man aloft. The *Always Loaded,* sixty tons and bound home with a cargo that did honor to her name, struck one of the outlying islands so suddenly, so violently, that the lookout in the bow, who had been peering into the mist, was pitched headlong into the surf. The *Daughter,* running blind with a fair, light wind—she had been lost for a day—ran full tilt into a cliff; the men ran forward from the soggy gloom of the after-deck into—bright sunshine at the bow! It is the fog that wrecks ships. "Oh, I runned her ashore," says the castaway skipper. "Thick? Why, *sure,* 'twas thick!" So men hate it, fear it, avoid it when they can, which is seldom; they are not afraid of wind and sea, but there are times when they shake in their sea-boots, if the black fog catches them out of harbor.

At Indian Harbor I went aboard the schooner *Jolly Crew.* It was a raw, foggy day, with a fresh northeast gale blowing, and a high sea running outside the harbor. They were splitting fish on deck; the skiff was just in from the trap—she was still wet with spray.

"I sails with me sons an' gran'sons, zur," said the skipper, smiling. "Sure, I be a old feller t' be down the Labrador, isn't I, zur?"

He did not mean that. He was proud of his age and strength—glad that he was still able "t' be at the fishin'."

"'Tis a wonder you've lived through it all," said I.

He laughed. "An' why, zur?" he asked.

"Many's the ship wrecked on this coast," I answered.

"Oh no, zur," said he; "not so many, zur, as you might think. Down this way, zur, *we knows how t' sail!*"

That was a succinct explanation of very much that had puzzled me.

"Ah, well," said I, "'tis a hard life."

"Hard?" he asked, doubtfully.

"Yes," I answered; "'tis a hard life—the fishin'."

"Oh no, zur," said he, quietly, looking up from his work. "'Tis just—just *life!*"

They do, indeed, know how "t' sail." The Newfoundland government, niggardly and utterly independable when the good of the fisherfolk is concerned, of whatever complexion the government may chance to be, but prodigal to an extraordinary degree when individual self-interests are at stake—this is a delicate way of putting an unpleasant truth,—keeps no light burning beyond the Strait of Belle Isle; the best it does, I believe, is to give wrecked seamen free passage home. Under these difficult circumstances, no seamen save Newfoundlanders, who are the most skilful and courageous of all, could sail that coast: and they only because they are born to follow the sea—there is no escape for them—and are bred to sailing from their earliest years.

"What you going to be when you grow up?" I once asked a lad on the far northeast coast.

He looked at me in vast astonishment.

"What you going to *be,* what you going to *do,*" I repeated, "when you grow up?"

Still he did not comprehend. "Eh?" he said.

"What you going to work at," said I, in desperation, "when you're a man?"

"Oh, zur," he answered, understanding at last, "I isn't clever enough t' be a parson!"

And so it went without saying that he was to fish for a living! It is no wonder, then, that the skippers of the fleet know "how t' sail." The remarkable quality of the sea-captains who come from among them impressively attests the fact—not only their quality as sailors, but as men of spirit and proud courage. There is one—now a captain of a coastal boat on the Newfoundland shore—who takes his steamer into a ticklish harbor of a thick, dark night, when everything is black ahead and roundabout, steering only by the echo of the ship's whistle! There is

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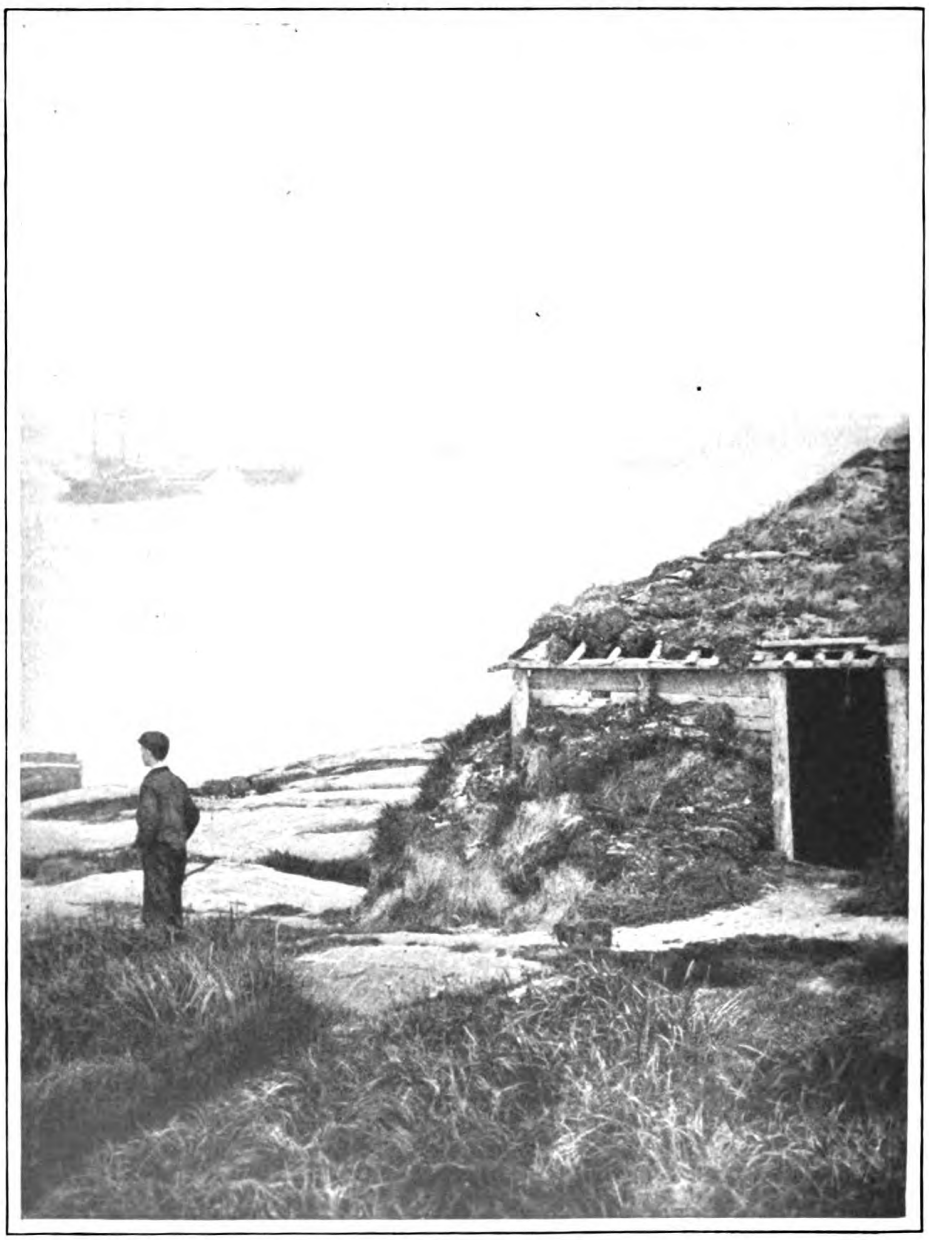

SCHOONERS AT ANCHOR IN THE FOG

another, a confident seaman, a bluff, high-spirited fellow, who was once delayed by bitter winter weather—an inky night, with ice about, the snow flying, the seas heavy with frost, the wind blowing a gale.

"Where have you been?" they asked him, sarcastically, from the head office.

The captain had been on the bridge all night.

"Berry-picking," was his laconic despatch in reply.

There is another—also the captain of a coastal steamer—who thought it wise to lie in harbor through a stormy night in the early winter.

"What detains you?" came a message from the head office.

"It is not a fit night for a vessel to be at sea," the captain replied; and thereupon he turned in, believing the matter to be at an end.

The captain had been concerned for his vessel—not for his life; nor yet for

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FISHER LADS ASHORE

his comfort. But the underling at the head office misinterpreted the message.

"What do we pay you for?" he telegraphed.

So the captain took the ship out to sea. Men say that she went out of commission the next day, and that it cost the company a thousand dollars to refit her.

It is to be remarked that a wreck on the Labrador coast excites no wide surprise. Never a season passes but some schooners are cast away. But that is merely the fortune of fishing: the folk are used to expecting catastrophe; when it comes, they accept it quietly. To the man from the south the marvel is not that some are lost, but that many safely return. Wrecked folk, of course, sorrow for the lost schooner; but they appear not to be moved at all by the happy issue which still leaves them their lives. They complain of fate for having robbed them of their schooner and their season's labor; it does not seem to occur to them that they might with propriety thank their lucky stars for having granted them the delight of once again setting their feet on solid ground. They seem not to think of their lives; a fair generalization would be that they are quite without thought of fear in so far as life is concerned. It may be that habit, if I may so call it, has dulled their sense of peril. Not that they are wickedly callous, not that they are contemptuous; merely accustomed to the monotony of the thing.

Most men—I hesitate to say all—have been wrecked; every man, woman, and child who has sailed the Labrador has narrowly escaped, at least. The fashion of that escape is sometimes almost incredible. There are times, in these wild northern seas, when the man is but a pygmy before the forces into the thick of whose dread passion his calling by chance takes him. The schooner *All's Well* (which is a fictitious name) was helpless in the wind and sea and whirling snow of a great blizzard. At dusk she was driven inshore — no man knew where. Strange cliffs loomed in the snow ahead; breakers—they were within stone's throw —flashed and thundered to port and starboard; the ship was driving swiftly into the surf. When she was fairly upon the

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rocks, Skipper John, then a hand aboard (it was he who told me the story), ran below and tumbled into his bunk, believing it to be the better place to drown in. "Well, lads," said he to the men in the forecastle, "we got t' go this time. 'Tis no use goin' on deck." But the ship drove through a tickle no wider than twice her beam and came suddenly into the quiet water of a harbor!

The *Army Lass*, bound north, was lost in the fog. They hove her to. All hands knew that she lay somewhere near the coast. The skipper needed a sight of the rocks—just a glimpse of some headland or island—to pick the course. It was important that he should have it. There was an iceberg floating near; it was massive; it appeared to be steady—and the sea was quiet. From the top of it, he thought (the fog was dense and seemed to be lying low), he might see far and near. His crew put him on the ice with the quarter-boat and then hung off a bit. He clambered up the side of the berg. Near the summit he had to cut his foothold with an axe. This was unfortunate; for he gave the great white mass one blow too many. It split under his feet. He fell headlong into the widening crevice. But he was apparently not a whit the worse for it when his boat's crew picked him up.

A schooner—let her be called the *Good Fortune*—running through dense fog, with a fair, high wind and all sail set, struck a "twin" iceberg bow on. She was wrecked in a flash: her jib-boom was rammed into her forecastle; her bows were stove in; her topmast snapped and came crashing to the deck. Then she fell away from the ice; whereupon the wind caught her, turned her about, and drove her, stern foremost, into a narrow passage which lay between the two towering sections of the "twin." She scraped along, striking the ice on either side; and with every blow, down came fragments from above. "It rained chunks," said the old skipper who told me the story. "You couldn't tell, look! what minute you'd get knocked on the head." The falling ice made great havoc with the deck-works; the boats were crushed; the "house" was stove in; the deck was littered with ice. But the *Good Fortune* drove safely through, was rigged with makeshift sails, made harbor, was refitted by all hands—the Labradormen can build a ship with an axe—and continued her voyage.

"A dunderhead," say the folk, "can *catch* fish; but it takes a *man* t' find un." It is a chase; and, as the coast proverb has it, "the fish have no bells." It is estimated that there are 7000 square miles of fishing-banks off the Labrador coast. There will be fish somewhere—not everywhere; not every man will "use his salt" (the schooners go north loaded with salt for curing) or "get his load." In the beginning — this is when the ice first clears away—there is a race for berths. It takes clever, reckless sailing and alert action to secure the best. I am reminded of a skipper who by hard driving to windward and good luck came first of all to a favorable harbor. It was then night, and his crew was weary, so he put off running out his trap-leader until morning; but in the night the wind changed, and when he awoke at dawn there were two other schooners lying quietly at anchor near by and the berths had been "staked." When the traps are down, there follows a period of anxious waiting. Where are the fish? There are no telegraph-lines on that coast. The news must be spread by word of mouth. When, at last, it comes, there is a sudden change of plan—a wild rush to the more favored grounds.

It is in this scramble that many a skipper makes his great mistake. I was talking with a disconsolate young fellow in a northern harbor where the fish were running thick. The schooners were fast loading; but he had no berth, and was doing but poorly with the passing days.

"If I hadn't—if I *only* hadn't—took up me trap when I did," said he, "I'd been loaded an' off home. Sure, zur, would you believe it? but I had the berth off the point. Off the point—the berth off the point!" he repeated, earnestly, his eyes wide. "An', look! I hears they's a great run o' fish t' Cutthroat Tickle. So I up with me trap, for I'd been gettin' nothin'; an'—an'—would you believe it? but the man that put his down where I took mine up took a hundred quintal*

* A quintal is, roughly, a hundred pounds. One hundred quintals of green fish are equal, roughly, to thirty of dry, which, at $3, would amount to $90.

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out o' that berth next marnin'! An' he'll load," he groaned, "afore the week's out!"

When the fish are running, the work is mercilessly hard; it is kept up night and day; there is no sleep for man or child, save, it may be, an hour's slumber where they toil, just before dawn. The schooner lies at anchor in the harbor, safe enough from wind and sea; the rocks, surrounding the basin in which she lies, keep the harbor water placid forever. But the men set the traps in the open sea, somewhere off the heads, or near one of the outlying islands; it may be miles from the anchorage of the schooner. They put out at dawn — before dawn, rather; for they aim to be at the trap just when the light is strong enough for the hauling. When the skiff is loaded, they put back to harbor in haste, throw the fish on deck, split them, salt them, lay them neatly in the hold, and put out to the trap again. I have seen the harbors—then crowded with fishing-craft—fairly ablaze with light at midnight. Torches were flaring on the decks and in the turf huts on the rocks ashore. The night was quiet; there was not a sound from the tired workers; but the flaring lights made known that the wild, bleak, far-away place—a basin in the midst of barren, uninhabited hills—was still astir with the day's work.

At such times, the toil at the oars, and at the splitting-table,* whether on deck or in the stages—and the lack of sleep, and the icy winds and cold salt spray—is all bitter cruel to suffer. The Labrador fisherman will not readily admit that he lives a hard life; but if you suggest that when the fish are running it may be somewhat more toilsome than lives lived elsewhere, he will grant you something.

"Oh, ay," he'll drawl, "when the fish is runnin', *'tis* a bit hard."

I learned from a child—he was merry, brave, fond of the adventure—that fishing is a pleasant business in the sunny midsummer months; but that when, late in the fall, the skiff puts out to the trap at dawn, it is wise to plunge one's hands deep in the water before taking the oars, no matter how much it hurts, for one's wrists are then covered with salt-water sores and one's palms are cracked, even though one take the precaution of wearing a brass chain—that, oh yes! it is wise to plunge one's hands in the cold water, as quick as may be; for thus one may "limber 'em up" before the trap is reached.

"'Tis not hard, now," said he. "But, oh—oo—oo! when the big nor'easters blow! Oo—oo!" he repeated, with a shrug and a sage shake of the head; "'tis won-der-ful hard those times!"

The return is small. The crews are comprised of from five to ten men, with, occasionally, a sturdy maid for cook, to whom is given $30 for her season's work; some old hands will sail on no ship with a male cook, for, as one of them said, "Sure, some o' thim min can't boil water without burnin' it!" A good season's catch is one hundred quintals of dry fish a man. A simple calculation—with some knowledge of certain factors which I need not state—makes it plain that a man must himself catch, as his share of the trap, 30,000 fish if he is to net a living wage. If his return is $250 he is in the happiest fortune — richly rewarded, beyond his dreams, for his summer's work. One-half of that is sufficient to give any modest man a warm glow of content and pride. Often—it depends largely upon chance and the skill of his skipper—the catch is so poor that he must make the best of $25 or $30. It must not be supposed that the return is always in cash; it is usually in trade, which is quite a different thing—in Newfoundland.

The schooners take many passengers north in the spring. Such are called "freighters" on the coast; they are put ashore at such harbors as they elect, and, for passage for themselves, families, and gear, pay upon the return voyage twenty-five cents for every hundredweight of fish caught. As a matter of course, the vessels are preposterously overcrowded. Dr. Grenfell, of the Deep Sea Mission, tells of counting thirty-four men and sixteen women (no mention was made of children) aboard a nineteen-ton schooner, then on the long, rough voyage to the north. The men fish from the coast in small boats just as the more prosperous "green-fish catchers" put out from the schooners. Meantime, they live in mud

* A "clever hand" can split—that is, clean—thirty fish in a minute.

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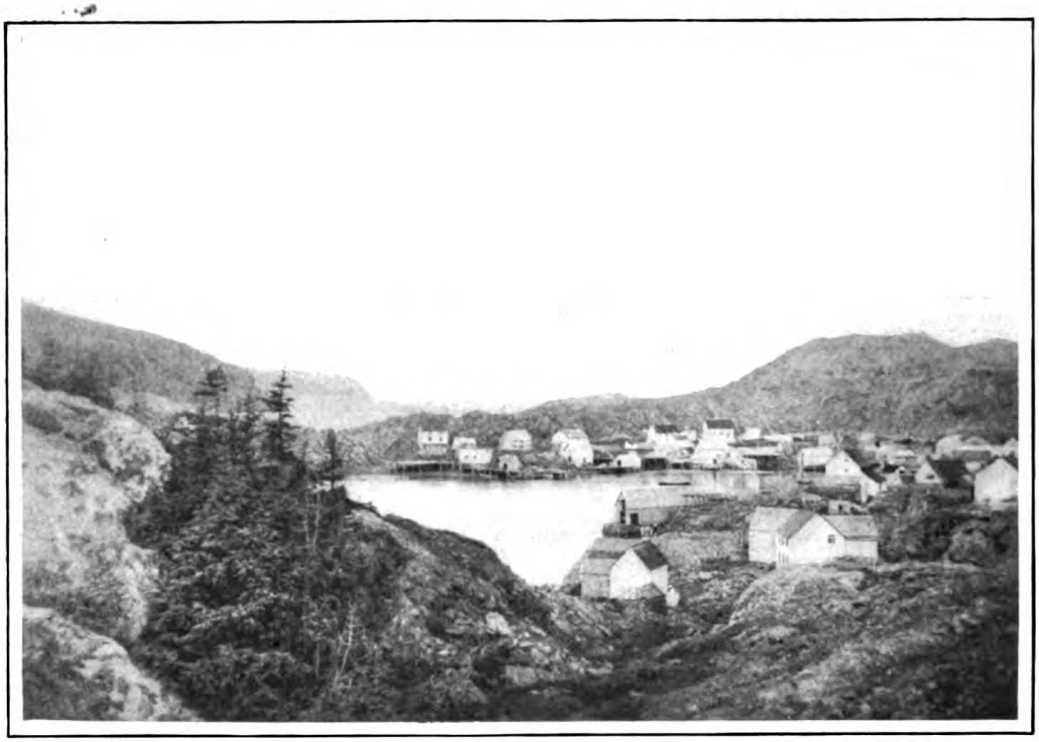

A Home Port in Newfoundland

huts, which are inviting or otherwise, as the womenfolk go; some are damp, cave-like, ill-savored, crowded; others are airy, cozy, the floors spread deep with powdered shell, the whole immaculately kept. When the party is landed, the women sweep out the last of the winter's snow, the men build great fires on the floors; indeed, the huts are soon ready for occupancy. At best, they are tiny places—much like children's play-houses. There was once a tall man who did not quite fit the sleeping-place assigned him; but with great good nature he cut a hole in the wall, built a miniature addition for his feet, and slept the summer through at comfortable full length. It is a great outing for the children; they romp on the rocks, toddle over the nearer hills, sleep in the sunshine; but if they are eight years old, as one said—or well grown at five or seven—they must do their little share of work.

Withal, the Labradormen are of a simple, God-fearing, clean-lived, hardy race of men. There was once a woman who made boast of her high connection in England, as women will the wide world over; and when she was questioned concerning the position the boasted relative occupied, replied, "Oh, *he's* Superintendent o' Foreign Governments!" There was an austere old Christian who on a Sunday morning left his trap—his whole fortune—lie in the path of a destroying iceberg rather than desecrate the Lord's day by taking it out of the water. Both political parties in Newfoundland shamelessly deceive the credulous fisherfolk; there was a childlike old fellow who, when asked, "And what will you do if there *is* no fish?" confidently answered: "Oh, they's goin' t' be a new Gov'ment. *He'll* take care o' we!" There was a sturdy son of the coast who deserted his schooner at sea and swam ashore. But he had mistaken a barren island for the mainland, which was yet far off; and there he lived, without food, for twenty-seven days! When he was picked up, his condition was such as may not be described (the Labrador fly is a vicious insect); he was unconscious, but he survived to fish many another season.

The mail-boat picked up Skipper Thomas of Carbonear—then master of a

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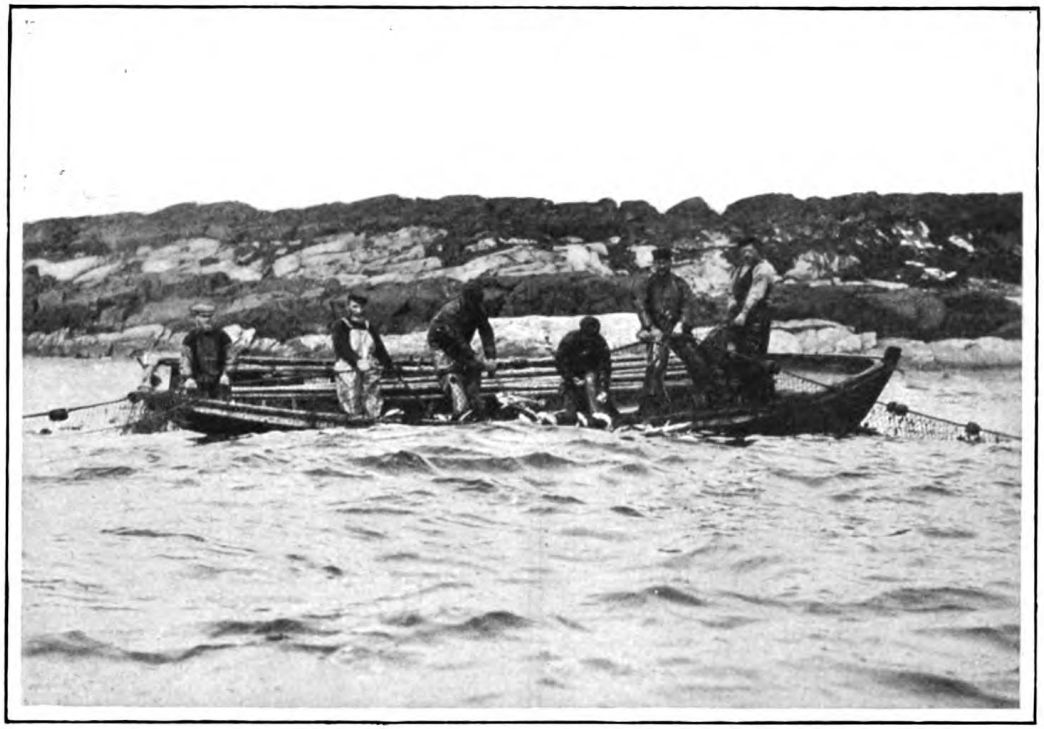

HAULING THE TRAP

loaded schooner—at a small harbor near the Straits. His crew carried him aboard; for he was desperately ill, and wanted to die at home, where his children were.

"He's wonderful bad," said one of the men. "He've consumption."

"I'm just wantin' t' die at home," he said, again and again. "Just that—just where my children be!"

All hearts were with him in that last struggle—but no man dared hope; for the old skipper had already beaten off death longer than death is wont to wait, and his strength was near spent.

"Were you sick when you sailed for the Labrador in the spring?" they asked him.

"Oh, ay," said he; "I were terrible bad then."

"Then why," they said—"why did you come at all?"

They say he looked up in mild surprise. "I had t' make me livin'," he answered, simply.

His coffin was knocked together on the forward deck next morning—with Carbonear a day's sail beyond.

The fleet goes home in the early fall. The schooners are loaded—some so low with the catch that the water washes into the scuppers. "You could wash your hands on her deck," is the skipper's proudest boast. The feat of seamanship, I do not doubt, is not elsewhere equalled. It is an inspiring sight to see the doughty little craft beating into the wind on a gray day. The harvesting of a field of grain is good to look upon; but I think that there can be no more stirring sight in all the world, no sight more quickly to melt a man's heart, more deeply to move him to love men and bless God, than the sight of the Labrador fleet beating home loaded—toil done, dangers past; the home port at the end of a run with a fair wind. The home-coming, I fancy, is much like the return of the viking ships to the old Norwegian harbors must have been. The lucky skippers strut the village roads with swelling chests, heroes in the sight of all; the old men, long past their labor, listen to new tales and spin old yarns; the maids and the lads renew their interrupted love-makings. There is great rejoicing—feasting, merrymaking, hearty thanksgiving.

Thanks be to God, the fleet's home!

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The Cenotaph

BY MARY TRACY EARLE

DANE found himself pacing the sidewalk in front of Mrs. Petrie's door, without the courage to go up the steps and ring. After all, in recalling himself he would only recall the saddest hours of her life. They had seen each other constantly for nearly a year, and his memory could unroll the whole time in a long panoramic succession of meetings; but what was she likely to remember of him, except the day when she had followed him from her husband's room and he had told her there was no hope, and that other day when her husband died? Their acquaintance had not stopped then, otherwise it would be impossible for him to think of recalling himself without some definite excuse, but he felt that her recollection of him must stop at the moment when she lifted her eyes from Donald Petrie's face to his to make sure that nothing else could be done. It had been one of those cases where, until the last, there is hope of a temporary respite, and the possibility of gaining it had obliged him to stay in the room until the very end. Afterwards he had wished that he had left them alone together and forfeited the slender chance which could have given the dying man only a day or two at the best. She had not seemed to think him an intruder; he had been so impersonal to her, so entirely an appliance for prolonging her husband's life, that he doubted if she had been conscious of his presence, but the look of her face had haunted him in the five intervening years, and it came between him and his purpose whenever he drew near her door.

When he last saw her she was still in her deepest mourning, and the stricken expression had not left her. She had been glad to see him—pathetically, tenderly glad, — yet the meeting had evidently made her grief more poignant, and to him the pain of it had been unbearable. He had been waiting since for some sign that her life had regained its poise. She wrote occasionally to one of his sisters, but although the black border on her notepaper disappeared, the letters were still those of a woman unalterably sad. Dane was sure that in some ways she showed her heart more frankly in them than she would to a friend with whom her acquaintance was more intimate and who could compare them with her daily life, making them a key to her actions; and he pictured her trying to take up her interests, yet shrinking from human contacts. He could even see her face, calm now, and gaining lines of strength, yet haunted by that look — a cry without voice or words—which bound him to her, yet held him away. In his vision of her she was always wearing black, and the pallor of the sick-room which he had been shocked to find still upon her face when he saw her last was now fixed as a part of her in his memory.

A carriage had been waiting at the door when he came, and was still there when he went up the steps. The place was an old house, humanized by long occupation as a private dwelling, but now made over into apartments; its entrance offered no questionable pretension of boy in uniform, but Dane was familiar with the rites by which one is admitted through locked doors which no visible attendant opens. He stepped into the vestibule, rang the Petrie bell, and put his hand on the door-knob, ready to take advantage of the moment, in the midst of mysterious and nervous clickings, when the latch would yield; but before the hidden contrivances could do their work the door was opened by people on their way out, and he found himself facing Eva Petrie.

His first knowledge, beyond recognition, was that of her radiance. There was a faint yet entirely vital glow upon her rounded cheeks, her eyes and lips were smiling, and her dress, only half con-

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Half-tone plate engraved by Frank E. Pettit

SHE LOOKED AT HIM WITH INQUIRING POLITENESS

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cealed by the long cloak which hung from her shoulders, was a glittering, shimmering thing to his perceptions — a light evening gown. A gentleman was holding open the door for her, and at her side was a little, mild-faced, elderly lady, resembling her just enough to be the ghost of her beauty. Dane stepped back to make way, and almost unconsciously spoke her name.

For an instant she looked at him with the inquiring politeness she would have shown to a stranger. Then she put out her hand.

"Dr. Dane!" she said, in a voice which blended surprise and pleasure and old associations of sorrow. The cordiality of her hand-clasp seemed to welcome him with all that his coming might stand for. Her manner had no reserves. It even blotted out her brief failure to recognize him, and the smile which her face had held for another man when the door opened.

Afterwards, as he walked away, he remembered the smile, and lost a part of the elation with which he had stood beside her, answering her rapid questions, greeting her mother and friend, and promising to return the next evening, when she would be at home.

When the time came and he presented himself, he found that her "at home" was not only literal but social in its significance, and although there was nothing formal in the little company which he entered, his desire to see her and no one else made him feel misplaced among her guests. It was a gay little party, and she was its life. The joyousness of her manner threw him back into the bewilderment with which he had recognized her the night before, and when she tried to draw him into the circle of good-fellowship he felt subtly and unjustifiably resentful. He would have liked to reproach her for not telling him that she was not to be alone.

Mrs. Carew, Mrs. Petrie's shadowy little mother, a waif from other days and associations, sat in one corner of the room talking with a youth whose eyes wandered from her at times. Dane had spoken with her when he first came, but had been carried away by Mrs. Petrie to meet her friends. At times, as he chatted perfunctorily with one and another, he was aware that from her corner Mrs. Carew kept timid watch of him, and in time he made his way back to her, relieving the youth who had been keeping faith with his sense of duty for so long.

He could see that she was eager and tremulous as he took his place beside her, yet he had to do all the talking at first, and now, instead of dwelling on him, her eyes followed her daughter. Suddenly she turned to him with the abruptness which all shy people have when they force themselves to touch a real interest.

"Don't you think her greatly changed?" she asked.

They had not been speaking of Mrs. Petrie, but the pronoun was sufficient.

"Greatly," he assented. "But the change is natural. I knew her when she was worn with care and very sad."

"Of course it's natural for the first sharpness of grief to wear away," Mrs. Carew admitted, with a certain glibness, as if she had struck upon a phrase worn smooth by frequent use in her mind. Her small, time-worn hands were clasped in her lap. She looked down at them in embarrassment, and then her fluttered gaze reached Dane again, and she went on hurriedly. "It's in the last two years that she has changed so. Before that time I couldn't have believed—" She paused, and her half-apologetic, wholly timid and nervous, manner told with what an effort she was goading herself to some irretrievable plunge. She made it at last, with her eyes turned away. "You don't know how painful it is to see any one you love closing her heart to a sacred past."

He hesitated an instant before allowing her to draw him further into such an unexpected confidence. "But if the past is too sad to dwell upon?" he suggested, finally.

"Nothing that is sacred is too sad," Mrs. Carew returned, with an insistent note in her voice. "There are few such perfect marriages as hers and Donald's. You must have seen that it was perfect."

Dane inclined his head. The mild, ruthless lady was entangling him in a discussion as awkward to the time and place, even in their sequestered corner, as it was to his own hopes.

In his silence Mrs. Carew sat nervously clasping and unclasping her hands.

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Eventually she turned to him again, repeating her effect of timid brusqueness.

"You wonder at my speaking to you like this, but for two years I have been racked by anxiety," she told him. "Sometimes I have thought of writing to ask your advice, for I felt free to consult no one who was near me. None of her friends here knew her when Donald was alive, and I thought that you, who had seen them together till the last, might tell me how to bring her back to her real self. She was never high-keyed and bent on amusement like this when she was a child, and for her to be so now, after what she has been through, seems—seems lacking in balance. If you watch her long, you will begin to fear, as I do, that she is on the way to committing some folly,—I—I mean making some connection that her true self will regret always. These people around her are all young and thoughtless. Not one of them understands that she is never really happy except when she is thinking of Donald—not one of them could understand why it pains me to see her so changed. They think that life is just a game of making one another laugh. But you are different. The mere sight of you ought to recall the past."

The words reached Dane like an unexpected clammy touch. "I was afraid it might do just that," he said. "I hesitated a long time before I decided to come."

"Ah," Mrs. Carew answered, "and I shouldn't have wanted you to come two years ago. But now that everything is changed—now that you see there is no danger of paining her too much—" She checked herself suddenly and fell into a more conventional tone. "You will call on us frequently, will you not?—I think the mere sight of you—"

Dane rose. Distrust of his right to be even in the same room with Mrs. Petrie chilled him, yet was mingled with an impersonal amusement at Mrs. Carew's total oblivion to all that was passing in his mind. "I cannot tell; I think not," he said. Suddenly he bent slightly towards her, and the very fact that he himself had been almost shocked, almost offended, by the great change in her daughter, added a vibration of bitterness to his voice.

"Why do you wish her never to forget?" he asked. "Why should she always be sitting in the death-chamber?"

Mrs. Carew drew back from him, a delicate fright in her eyes. He did not wait for an answer, but added, more gently,

"If she seems happy, let me beg you to be thankful and not to interfere with her."

"But if happiness changes her—makes her hard?" Mrs. Carew gasped, looking up at him with eyes that suffused as suddenly as a rebuked child's,—"if she isn't really happy at all, but only so gay that people must think her heartless? Oh, you mustn't think I wish her to be unhappy,—only to be true to herself, to show that the past is sacred to her, and be quietly at peace."

He took her hand and bowed over it; he had known many people with this longing for the obvious parades of memory. "I do not misunderstand you," he said, and moved away.

It was his intention to take his leave at once, but when he tried to say good-by to Mrs. Petrie she refused to hear him.

"You must stay until I can talk to you," she said. "I should have asked you some other time, some time when I should be quite alone, but there are no such times. When I have no engagements at home I have them away from home.—You see, my life has changed since you saw me last." She met his eyes fully, as if daring his disapproval of the change, and there was a nervous constraint in her manner which showed him that her mother had commented on her gayety until it had grown defiant. But after an instant the challenge in her eyes gave place to depth of remembrance. "You'll not go?" she asked, gently, and he stayed.

When the other guests had said good-by they found themselves alone, for Mrs. Carew had disappeared. Mrs. Petrie sat down and motioned him to a chair facing her. He was in a mood far too complex for saying the first word, and she, apparently, was in no hurry to say it. She leaned back as if tired, and all the brightness left her face.

As Dane sat watching her, his presence in the room began to seem to him monstrous, and, after all, he was first to speak.

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"You made a mistake in asking me to stay," he said. "Seeing me gives you nothing but sad thoughts."

She looked up at him quite simply, disregarding his protest. "I don't know what I'm going to do," she said. "I try everything and fail. I've spent the last two years in running away from myself, but I never get away. I'm tired to-night. I want to sit still, even if I have to think of—everything."

There was not a trace of self-consciousness or assumed feeling in her tone; her words might have seemed studied if some one else had spoken them; from her they were absolutely natural, absolutely hopeless, and Dane's distrust of his presence near her gave way to the painful outgoing of tenderness which had marked his thought of her for years. But plainly as her face had expressed sorrow in the past, she had never spoken of it to him before, and between his love and his surprise and his pity he was at a loss what to say.

"Are you afraid of a sad woman?" she asked, after a pause. "Every one I know is afraid of sadness. I must either laugh or isolate myself. The loneliness was so terrible—I grew afraid of it. And now I'm half afraid of the laughter."

He bent forward with a motion of entreaty. "I am not afraid of your sorrow," he said. "Be yourself with me as you are now."

"Are you sure that you mean that, or will you reproach me in some unspoken way the next time we meet if I am not amusing?"

"I am sure of myself."

She questioned him still a little longer with her eyes, and then put out her hand to him with a motion so thankful, yet so strangely joyless, that he knew he was pledging himself to his utmost of patience and self-sacrifice, and that he was doing it without much reckoning of the cost.

It was days before he saw her again. He felt shy about presenting himself in his unique capacity as the one person to whom she could show her sadness; to do so would seem to invite her to be sad. She, too, must have felt that his reappearance would be difficult; for one day a note came from her—a note so gay, so like to the flash of her smile and the soft murmur of her silks, that, while understanding her intention, he felt himself half dismissed into the ranks of her superficial friends. Her message was an invitation. He accepted it, and thereafter found himself counted into her plans as often as his work allowed.

A strange situation ensued between them. At first she was chary of seeing him alone, and forced him high-handedly into her amusements. From very pride, that he might not seem to others the skeleton at the feast which he often feared that he must be to her, he cultivated lightness of manner; yet he never chanced to touch her hand or meet her glance that the remembrance of what he had promised did not pass between them. It gave them a painful, sometimes almost an embarrassed, sense of hidden intimacy, from which they could only escape by alienation or the deepest, most frankly avowed friendship. For a time Dane was keenly miserable—keenly aware that his chance with her hung in the balance. Then her manner changed. Instead of taking refuge from him with her other friends, she began to see much of him and avoid them. They in their turn naturally grew to count upon her less and less, and it was not long before he found himself almost her sole companion, with the exception of Mrs. Carew.

Having gained intimacy and what from outside appeared to be a clear field, Dane began to discover how much force a quiet, shadowy, middle-aged lady could exert upon the affairs of people younger and more vividly alive than herself. Mrs. Carew proved to be a finger-post obtruding itself at every turn in her daughter's road, and pointing away from the future, back into the past. After his first conversation with her, Dane had fancied that there was some special phase of her daughter's attempt at gayety, or some special friendship appertaining to it, which troubled Mrs. Carew; but he soon discovered that she reproved or apologized for every act and every friendship of Eva's which was not strictly commemorative. She herself was a vocalized memorial tablet celebrating Donald Petrie. It seemed to Dane that if she would only oppose his growing intimacy with her daughter, he might break through her opposition and gain ground by it; but instead of opposing, she showed

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it a favor which, decorous and timid as it was, bordered close upon delight, and branded him as in her mind a useful *memento mori*, directing Mrs. Petrie's gaze not toward her own death, but toward her husband's. Neither his first protest nor anything that he could find to say afterwards had disabused her of the idea that he was both her ally and her compeer in age; and she spoke of his "experience" as if it extended through as many years as her own marvellously preserved ignorance of human character. Accepting his visits to her daughter as solely for the purpose of bolstering up Donald Petrie's memory, she even drew him aside when opportunity offered and poured anecdotes of her son-in-law into his ears, to the end that he might weave them into his discourse with Eva, and he could see that her own conversation with her daughter consisted of little but reminders of the past. She had a marvellous way of recalling the very day and hour of the bygone events which he wished might recede into a haze, and he could see that to live with her was to be condemned to a continual regrinding of the grist of life while she struggled to exclude all new grain from the stones.

At first he had regarded her continual directing of all themes toward Donald Petrie as an annoyance, but as one at which he could afford to smile. Later there came a time when he felt quite otherwise. In ordinary matters he was not a man to shrink from obstacles, tangible or intangible, but in his relations with Mrs. Petrie he was governed by an almost quixotic tenderness. He was continually guarding her from the world, from her mother, from himself; within the circle of his forbearance she was wonderfully safe from his love, which only looked through at her when her face was turned away, and was denied all hope except the unsatisfactory one that in the course of long companionship her attachment for him would become too close to permit a subsequent parting. In fact, he was still waiting for Mrs. Petrie to perform the feat of drifting into love for him—difficult in any case for a mature woman—when Mrs. Carew forced herself upon his attention as an anchor to windward. If she was a peripatetic epitaph, she was also a cable and a grappling-hook. Gentle and faithful and affectionate as she was, she seemed to be almost anything specially created to stand between him and his happiness. He realized that she was shallow, that she had set up the memory of Donald merely as a romantic ideal, and that if the transfer of her devotion could only be arranged she would be quite as happy in any other act of sentiment; yet he believed that her persistent reminiscences had their effect upon Mrs. Petrie, whose deeper nature was equipped with no gauge for the real value of her mother's attitude. Intense love, followed by loss and suffering, had given the younger woman a bent towards morbidness, towards believing that her nature held but one possibility of happiness instead of the many widely varying possibilities which all sane natures afford. Her own courage had combated this morbidness with gayety, but her mother fostered it, continually reminding her that instead of a woman with a future she was a widow with a past.

One could never tell what apparently insignificant, irrelevant word or action would call up one of these reminders, and Dane felt himself reduced to the condition of a man with a scruple against treading on graves, who, nevertheless, is searching for his lady-love through a cemetery in the dark.

But while he realized that he was cutting a preposterous figure as a lover, Mrs. Carew's embarrassing reliance on him as a friend continually increased. He could occasionally escape from the long discussions of Eva in which she rejoiced, but he could never evade the tone of confederacy which she adopted towards him, and he felt that his mere presence, if it did not always recall the past to Mrs. Petrie, at least emboldened Mrs. Carew in her pertinacity of reference to it.

As a character study she would have amused him if he had found her less acutely annoying. In spite of her apologetic audacity, he was sure that she was really as timid as she appeared; he had seen from the first that she shrank from many of the interferences which she required of herself, but for a long time he was unaware of one of the most marked characteristics showing her timidity.

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This was a tendency to write notes to the people whom she saw daily. If she fancied she had been misunderstood, or if it occurred to her that she had given pain, written explanations and apologies emanated from her. As a child Eva had received all serious reproof by letter, and when she returned to her mother's house after Donald's death, Mrs. Carew was untiring in supplementing her spoken sympathy with closely inscribed pages of condolence. Later, when Eva's season of gayety began, her mother's remonstrances were quite as often in manuscript as by word of mouth.

Dane learned of these facts one day when Mrs. Carew brought a note into the room where Mrs. Petrie and he were talking together. Evidently she had expected to find her daughter alone; at sight of Dane she was visibly startled, and as he rose to greet her he noticed that her face was tear-marked. For a moment she stood hesitant and her delicate features trembled; then they settled into an appealing smile, and in answering his greeting she fairly clung to his hand as if asking his aid. To her daughter she murmured, "Pardon me," and walking across the room with a certain nervousness of gait, as she might have walked across a dangerously crowded street, she laid a folded note upon the table near which Mrs. Petrie was sitting; then, looking from it to her daughter's face, as if to say, "Be guided while there is time," she turned and picked her way out of the room.

Mrs. Petrie had never spoken to Dane of the constant petty annoyances which he knew Mrs. Carew innocently visited upon her. Her whole attitude towards her mother showed that she would have thought it paltry not to screen the small altercations which are the too usual form of worship at the family altar. But this peculiar entrance and exit required some explanation; she lifted the note, which bore the simple word "Eva" as an address, and with a humor which in some way gave the subject a subtle general interest, as if she were discussing the idiosyncrasies of mothers as a race, she told of Mrs. Carew's epistolatory habits. The letter, however, she left unread until Dane should have taken his leave, and he could fancy that she expected it to contain some last straw, some final scarcely forgivable intrusion into her mental reserves.

On the following morning it was his turn to receive a note from Mrs. Carew. This was not delivered in person, but reached him among his other letters. It was long; she referred much to her reliance on him, renewing the vague references to anxiety about her daughter with which their first interview had been filled, but which she had abandoned when Mrs. Petrie gave up her gayeties. The only clear point of it all was a request that he would call at an early hour that afternoon, as she had something of great importance to beg of him before he kept an engagement which he had made with Mrs. Petrie for a later hour.

There was no one in the room into which he was ushered when he presented himself in answer to this summons, but he was told that Mrs. Carew would see him at once. He took his favorite chair and looked around him almost with curiosity, for although he knew his environment by heart, he felt strangely alien to be waiting in it for any one but Mrs. Petrie. He and she had talked over every one of the books and pictures and articles of furniture. He had advised her to rehang some of the pictures, and she had taken his advice after a long argument. He was so intimate with her chairs that there were certain of them which he always berated, and the little desk at which he was sure she had written her first note to him he had chosen to declare more inimical to the process of writing than any other piece of furniture he had ever seen, though secretly its very inconveniences were dear to him. He half closed his eyes. His love for her which had gone out to all these surroundings seemed reflected back from them in an overpowering flood, and as he thought of his months of forbearance it seemed sheer madness — a madness which had robbed him of both hope and power.

There was a faint stir at the door. He looked up and saw Mrs. Carew. She came forward in her startled, apologetic way, murmuring profuse thanks to him for coming; but when they were both seated she lapsed into silence and began to study her small, nervous hands. Evidently she

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was trying to construct one of those neatly graded mental causeways which seemed to her proper in approaching a delicate subject, but which she could never complete in time for use.

Suddenly she glanced across at Dane and began with her brusque timidity. "Poor Donald," she remarked.

Dane could think of no fitting rejoinder; there was another short pause; but after a moment she made a second attempt to overleap the gap.

"Poor Donald," she said, "was born just forty years ago at four o'clock this afternoon. His mother told me the hour herself."

Dane felt uncertain whether congratulations or condolences were expected of him, so he merely met her statement with an expression of interest.

"It is a sacred date," she continued,—"a date too sacred to be intruded upon by outside interests. I was sure if you knew it you would cancel your engagement with Eva for four o'clock."

"Ah?" Dane said. He leaned slightly towards Mrs. Carew, stung by her assumption of his disinterestedness as all her wearying assumptions of it had never stung him before. "When she made her engagement with me, had she forgotten the matter of the birthday?" he asked.

"Oh no," Mrs. Carew answered, quickly. "I never allow her to forget a sacred date."

"That's true," Dane said. Suddenly he connected this fact with the note which he had seen delivered the day before, and something assured him that the missive had been a final plea to Mrs. Petrie to break the engagement herself. That she had not done so might mean nothing at all to him. He knew how she must be harassed by her mother's ideals of the keeping of such dates, and if she sometimes rebelled and claimed some little time out of the year for living interests, it did not prove that he was the essential element for her in the interests which they shared. He had talked to her of his work, of medical problems and problems of life as he came across them; he had tried to lead her into regions of thought where interest came without effort or pretence; he had tried to help her lose the consciousness of self as a centre towards which happy or unhappy influences converged, and to help her gain the healthful sentience of the observer. If it should ever prove that he had succeeded too well for his own happiness, if she should emerge from her long shadow into independence of him as well as independence of the past, he would have to bear it as he could, but it would be something to know that he had led her into a free air where choice and alternative were open to her. He squared himself in his chair and smiled at Mrs. Carew.

"In that case," he said, slowly, "the suggestion for giving up our engagement for this afternoon will have to come from her. If she is willing, I should prefer to keep it, myself."

There was something in his expression which forced understanding upon Mrs. Carew, and a look took possession of her face which brought the blood burning into his. There was chagrin and accusation in it, and a sudden resentment which flashed back across the months, recognizing him for the first time as other than a sage adviser, her ally, and her compeer in age.

Dane drew a deep, exhilarated breath, and for several moments they confronted each other. She was too decorous to question or reproach him, but her face asked all possible questions bearing on the case, and, in spite of her total surprise, at each question she seemed to find the answer she had expected and to have expected nothing good. From a broader-minded woman such a summing up would have left him seared. From this upholder of the bygone it was an elixir of hope. Her disfavor might mean nothing, yet it intoxicated him. They were both startled when a small clock broke the silence by striking four clear notes.

Dane acknowledged its reminder with a smile, half grim and half amused, but Mrs. Carew gave a pained, almost protesting glance at it, and her eyes filled. At the same instant the door opened and, punctual to her engagement, Mrs. Petrie entered. She was dressed for walking, and had evidently just come in from the street, for she brought a breath of outside freshness with her. There was an instant in which she looked from one to the other. Then Mrs. Carew rose hastily.

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"I—I have nothing more to say," she murmured, and drawing a filmy handkerchief from some hiding-place, she pressed it to her lips and left the room.

When she was fully gone, Mrs. Petrie came forward. With expostulations to herself fresh upon her nerves, she could not fail to understand that Mrs. Carew had appealed the case of the birthday from her to Dane, as to a higher court, and that her decision had been sustained. She sank into a chair and gave a slight, embarrassed laugh.

"So you have been found wanting too," she commented.

All that was left of the husk of mere friendliness dropped from Dane. "Yes, thank God," he said, and smiled down at her. At first she met his gaze almost in fright, as if, in trying to free herself from Mrs. Carew's standards, she had been precipitated beyond her own; but gradually her face softened. A sense of the breadth and depth of the companionship that was offered to her wakened in it, and without further words the understanding between them grew final. Its completeness was made evident when, after a time, recognizing Mrs. Carew as a factor which the solution of their problem had cancelled, a gleam of compassionate humor came into Mrs. Petrie's eyes and she said,

"Poor mother."

For weeks, nevertheless, though she no longer swayed their consciences, she rested heavy on their contentment. They did not tell her their plans at once, and she abstained from all inquiries, withdrawing herself from their presence when she could, and when she could not withdraw, making silently reproachful efforts to obliterate herself. Then one day Dane found that a secret adjustment was taking place,—that she had discovered a comforting employment—a self-sacrificing, commemorative way of passing time.

He was passing through one of the wards for women in a hospital which he frequented, when he caught the sound of her voice. She was sitting at a bedside reading aloud, but at each footstep on the hard floor, each sound of pain or stir of ministration—as when screens were drawn around a bed,—she started violently, her brow wrinkled with shocked apprehension, and she gave a nervous glance over her shoulder, like a child in the dusk. No presence could have brought less reassurance with it, and when she turned back to her reading with a gently forced smile, he felt sure that the patient saw tears in her eyes. Altogether, there was such an amount of genuine but misplaced sensibility about her that, if she had been in the ward as a sufferer, the nurses and doctors might have regarded her as leniently as they would a child, but, looking on her as one who had come to give instead of to receive help, he knew that they must share one common desire to send her home.

He was on the point of turning away, fearing that chance might direct one of her startled reconnoissances towards him, when she lowered her book to comment on a passage.

"In each life there are certain sacred dates," she began, with the assured diction which marked her rehearsal of a formulated thought, "and if each person's friends were aware of these dates they would avoid intruding on them with desecrating interests.—At least," she added, "friends of fine feeling would avoid—"

Dane smiled to himself. She would not soon forgive him, but he was relieved to see that she had safely erected her memories on another site.

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Verona

BY ARTHUR SYMONS

I

IN Verona the gutters are of marble. The ledge you lean upon, the flight of steps going up outside a house, the posts which block a street against wheels, the fountain in the market-place, are all made of white or red marble. Pillars of white or red marble hold up the overhanging roofs of shops, and the shopkeepers paste their advertisements over the marble. Every street has its marble doorway, window, or balcony, shaped after a fine Renaissance pattern or carved with beautiful ornament. The Loggia, in that Piazza dei Signori which holds so much history in its stones, shows only, in its harmony of delicate proportions and faint colors, white and gold and pink, a subtler and more conscious use of the materials which lie ready to the hand everywhere in Verona.

In an angle near the Ponte Navi, made by the Via Leoni and the Lungadige Bartolomeo Rubele, is an old fragment of white marble, on which two old and sleepy lions, wounded and worn with age, crouch on each side of a low pediment. To the right and left is a short marble pillar, with a square cross in a circle carved upon it. Over the tops of the houses, opposite the river, one sees the red and white tower, and the choir with its pointed gables set between slender cone-topped pillars, of the Gothic church of San Fermo Maggiore. In this huddle of white stone, which lies uncared for, in the road, before the doors of two shops, the forms are still alive, though sunk into the uneasy sleep of the wounded; for the back of one of the lions is clean broken away, and the faces of both have gone dim, as if rubbed and washed out by rains and dust. Not far off, along the Via Leoni, is the Arch of the Lions, a beautiful fragment of a double Roman gateway, built into the wall of a house, with a shop-window fitted into the arch, and oil-lamps in the shop-window; it stands there, just turned aside from the tramline, a beautiful and indestructible thing, all its forms washed over and half obliterated, but still keeping the pathetic grace of a broken statue.

And there are monsters everywhere, in red and white marble, crouching at the doors of churches and leaning over from the lintels, and carved in slabs let into the walls of houses. A very dreadful beast, with a face like a wheel, squats over the side doorway of the cathedral, clutched, I think, from behind by another beast whose home is in the stone; and over the pillar on the other side of the doorway there is another fantastic wrestle. At the main doorway there are two monsters of red marble, which still look alive and hardly older after seven centuries; their fur ribbed elegantly in conventional patterns along their smooth sides, and on one of them a strange design of a wheel, as if stamped into its flesh. They have not the solemn humor of the two red marble lions outside St. Mark's at Venice, homely, companionable beasts, but are fierce and watchful. They have the heads of cats or tigers, and one of them lays its heavy claws upon two rams' heads, which it crushes under it, while the other clutches the coils of a great snake which bites it with wide-open jaws. Columns of twisted and fluted red marble are set on their backs, and columns of smooth white marble stand behind them; and they help to hold up the under arch of the square doorway, with its alternate layers of smooth red marble and carved white marble.

And the two colors of Veronese marble, red and white, are repeated in bricks, in pavements, in castles, churches, palaces, and bridges; and at sunset the whole city seems to flush with ruddy light. After the lamps are lighted the colors are still visible. Square towers rise white and red above the houses, and everywhere there are tall archways which open upon

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A Fragment of the Arena

lines of ruddy walls, or upon the gold blackness of a narrowing street.

II

In the Piazza Erbe there is a marble fountain of the time of Berengarius I.; a later statue, a little distracting, has been added to it, but its original design is the most simple and ample of any fountain I know. The basin is but slightly hollowed, and the water falling into it overflows upon a pavement that slopes outwards only just enough for the water to pour off it into a narrow rim around its edge, from which it is drained off on one side through an iron grating. The Tribuna, the other marble columns, the column with the lion of St. Mark, set there when Verona became tributary to Venice, stand about it in the Piazza; and all over the ground white umbrellas rise like a wood of tall mushrooms, covering the stalls of fruit and vegetables, each umbrella set solidly into its wooden box, upon which it stands furled at night, like a great unlighted altar-candle. The Piazza Erbe is the most individual square that I know; hardly two houses are of the same century, and each has its own personal quality. There is one house

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eight stories high; an ancient carved pillar stands in front of it; but it is mean, discolored, the plaster blackened, the green shutters peeled and stained; it is but two windows in breadth, and under almost every window there is a fragment of carved stone under the rusty iron balcony. The frescos in the Casa Mazzanti, Can Grande's house, where Dante was a guest, are not yet all gone from the walls; poor people look out between them from every window, and look on a square hardly changed except for its tram-line.

In the Via Mazzanti, at the back of the Piazza Erbe, the house of the Scalas is covered with balconies in long lines, with others set irregularly; and a tall outer staircase goes up along the wall to the third story. A few fine windows are still left; and below, clamped by long trails of iron hanging from the walls on each side of the narrow street, is a marble well, its eight sides covered with florid, effective carving, colored to many shades by age and dust. On the walls of the house, beside the Volto Barbaro, a passage which goes under fragments of old brickwork, looking out from the midst of modern building, there is an inscription, typical of many which may be seen in Verona: "Mastino I della Scala, eletto Podestà nel 1260, Capitano del Popolo nel 1261, cadde ucciso a tradimento li 17 Ottobre 1277, presso questo volto da ciò detto Barbaro" (Mastino I della Scala, elected Podestà in 1260, Captain of the People in 1261, fell, treacherously slain, the 17th October, 1277, near this arch, thence called Barbarous).

The Piazza was once the Forum, when Verona was Roman; now it is the fruit-market, and the tram runs backwards and forwards through it all day long, down the street of the Lions, and past the house where they tell you Juliet lived. I was walking through it after dark, and I heard a thin tinkle of music coming out between half-closed shutters. Looking through them, I saw the waiter of the "Deposito di Birra," in his shirt-sleeves, whirled round in the arms of a customer who wore a hat and was smoking a Virginia. A moment later the landlady and a woman who had been sitting at one of the tables waltzed past the window. The guitar tinkled; the dancers laughed, stopped, and went back to the tables at which they sat or waited.

III

Among the many pictures at Verona I remember chiefly two Mantegnas. In San Zeno there is a throned Madonna and Saints, painted in 1459, and in this early picture one sees the suggestion of almost everything that is to become essentially the quality of Mantegna. It is fine, firm, and admirably designed, but with something in it a little hard and stiff. The figures, the architecture, the curious and elaborate scrollwork, are all characteristic; and the formal part of a style is there already. But there is not yet a complete mastery, soul as well as form; the temperament, which is to make the artist the great

THE MARBLE LIONS

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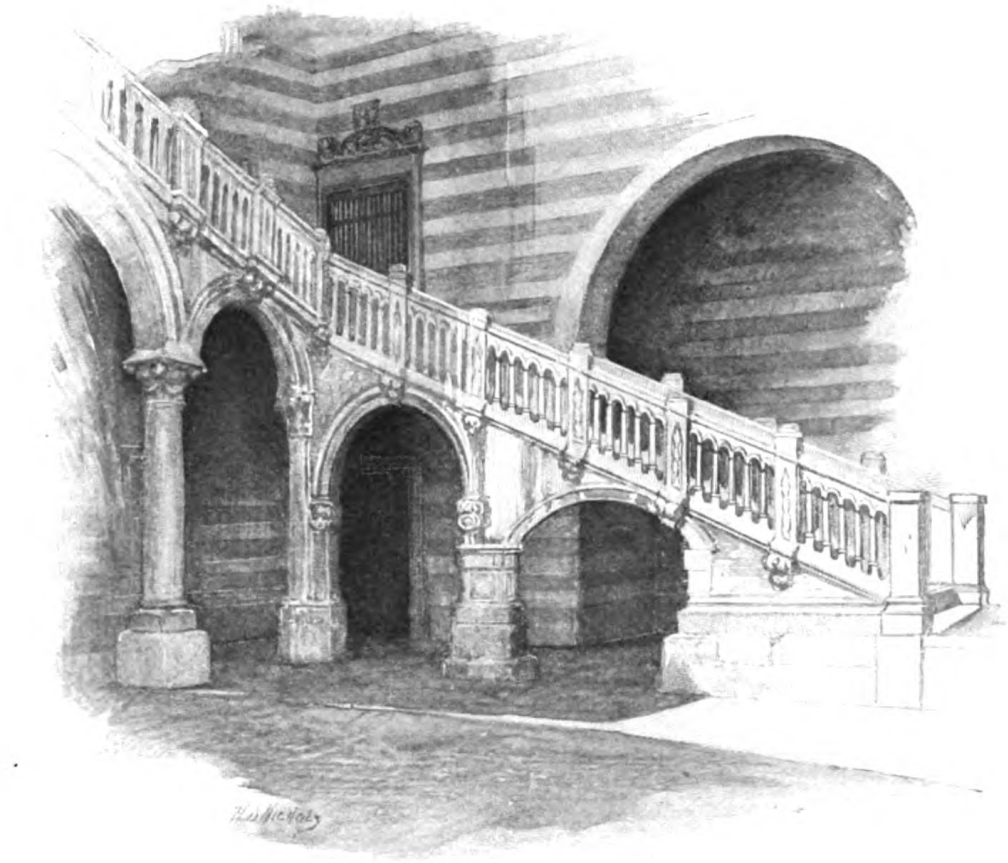

THE OUTER STAIRCASE IN THE COURTYARD

artist, waits. In the Mantegna of the Palazzo Pompei the paint is cracked and rubbed, giving a roughened surface to the whole picture; but it is wholly fine, and full of gracious and very personal severity. The face of the Madonna is taken from the same model as the famous Madonna in the Brera at Milan; but what seems so much like mere prettiness in that charming composition has disappeared, and the beauty has deepened.

In the same gallery there is a Cesare da Sesto, a Pietà, with the conventional rocks, the conventional arches; but in the tiny picture there is a lovely jewel-like quality which one does not always find in the work of that uncertain painter. There is a Francia, too, a Holy Family, almost like a Perugino, which has a simpler quality of charm than any Francia I remember, with none of that forced and empty quality of pious emphasis which renders so large a part of his work uninteresting. And there is a Holy Family of Titian which is more purely a picture than anything in the gallery. In Titian's work it is hardly remembered; but it stands there, among so many admirable things, the work of the most wholly pictorial of all the painters.

IV

When I try to call up Verona, it is always the cypresses of the Giardino Giusti, and the tall terraces which their tops almost reach, that come first to my mind. They are among the oldest cypresses in Europe, and among the tallest. I remember a bronze label on one incredibly wrinkled, dry, wizened, but still living bark, attesting it to have stood there four hundred years. The lean, ancient things stood as straight as pillars; the whole slender stem seemed to sway with every breath of wind, as I looked down on them from the height from which

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one sees across Verona to the Apennines. A cypress never looks young, and these, when one saw only the sombre green fur of their foliage, looked no older than any cypress in any Turkish graveyard. To pass under them, and look close, was to see how like is the work of time working by centuries upon the vegetable life of trees, to the work of time on the little animal lifetime of men.

And then, as I think again of Verona, I see the church porch at the end of the street to which I came back every day, Sant' Anastasia, with its ribbed brickwork and the marble arch of the doorway, and the fresco of the lunette. The bronze gates of San Zeno, each with its twenty-four reliefs, in the literal twelfth-century manner; the plain arches of the Roman bridge and the winglike Ghibelline battlements of Can Grande's bridge of the fourteenth century, with its inner galleries; a glimpse of old tall houses going right down into the river, as one sees them in Canaletto's pictures of Verona, done before the embankment straightened and spoiled it; and then the lizard which I saw clinging to the wall of the hotel as I looked out of the window, and the inch-long snake which lay asleep by the side of the pavement—these, by I know not what unconscious choice of the memory, come back before my eyes, and help to station Verona. And, as vividly as anything there, I see the old water-seller who sat just aside from the Via Nuova, her copper-topped table of green wood with its pattern of brass nails, made to fit between the two short pillars of red marble with tops of white marble which stood at the entrance of the alley; the bottles with brass stoppers which held some colored liquid, the large copper can which held the water, and the vast copper bowl with water for washing the glasses.

V

The Via Nuova is a narrow street which leads from the Piazza Erbe to the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele; it is a street of shops, closed at both ends to traffic, like the Sierpes at Seville, and, like that, it is the evening promenade, or the beginning of a promenade which expands into that immense square which contains the Arena in one corner, leaving enough space over for the Municipio, the old Guard House, and the mediæval gateway of the Viscontis, besides a palace, cafés, shops, around no more than

HOUSES NEAR THE ROMAN BRIDGE

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its outer edges. Beside the Arena, the oldest things in Verona are new, and look already passing into decay. When Dante walked in it, it was a ruin, and since that century it has suffered little except at the hands of the restorers. It was built for cruel use, not for beauty; and there is a sternness in its aspect which would suit ill with any not serious or deadly sport. But now, browned, defaced, the whole skeleton of its walls left naked, one ruinous fragment of an outer wall still standing, unsupported and in all the disarray of age, it has that beauty of use, order, and strength which we have learned to see in the unadorned and very simple building of the Romans, almost wherever two stones are left on one another and not yet cast down. Seen at night, with a purple sunset facing it across the gate of the Viscontis, and a tragic moon breaking through clouds, in a circle of white light, behind and above the great curve of its wall, it has another, romantic, almost Gothic, aspect, like that of those ruins of the Middle Ages which we begin to tire of, as being, like Swiss scenery, too picturesque, too splendidly arranged for effect. But a quieting of the clouds brings it back to its austerity.

SIDE DOORWAY OF CATHEDRAL

In the evenings the band plays in the Piazza, and the chairs of the cafés spread right across the broad pavement, and the people walk slowly up and down, coming from the Via Nuova, passing by the Arena, and going nearly up to the old gateway. I sat there with great content, thinking of other city squares where I had sat watching the people from a chair set on the pavement outside a café, and I wondered whether even in the great square of St. Mark's, where I should soon be, I should find more to remember, in what my eyes rested on, or a more adventurous point of flight for dreams.

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The Gray Chieftain

BY OHIYESA—A SIOUX INDIAN

(CHARLES A. EASTMAN, M.D.)

ON the westernmost verge of the Cedar Butte stood Haykinskah and his mate. They looked steadily toward the setting sun, over a landscape which up to that time had scarcely been viewed by man—the inner circle of the Bad Lands.

Cedar Butte guards the southeastern entrance of that wonderland, standing fully a thousand feet above the surrounding country, and nearly half a mile long by a quarter of a mile wide. The summit is a level, grassy plain, its edges heavily fringed with venerable cedars. To attempt the ascent of this butte is like trying to scale the walls of Babylon, for its sides are high and all but inaccessible. Near the top there are hanging lands or terraces and innumerable precipitous points, with here and there deep chimneys or abysses in the solid rock. There are many hidden recesses, and more than one secret entrance to this ancient castle of the Gray Chieftain and his ancestors, but to assail it successfully required more than common skill and spirit.

Many a coyote had gone up as high as the second leaping bridge, and there abandoned the attempt. Old Grizzly had once or twice begun the ascent with doubt and misgiving, but soon discovered his mistake, and made clumsy haste to descend before he should tumble into an abyss from which no one ever returns. Only Igmutanka, the mountain-lion, had achieved the summit, and at every ascent he had been well repaid; yet even he seldom chose to risk such a climb, when there were many fine hunting-grounds in safer neighborhoods.

So it was that Cedar Butte had been the peaceful home of the Big Spoonhorns for untold ages. To be sure, some of the younger and more adventurous members of the clan would depart from time to time to found new families, but the wiser and more conservative were content to remain in their stronghold. There stood the two patriarchs, looking down complacently upon the herds of buffalo, antelope, and elks that peopled the lower plains. While the red sun hovered over the western hills, a coyote upon a near-by eminence gave his accustomed call to his mate. This served as a signal to all the wild hunters of the plains to set up their inharmonious evening serenade, to which the herbivorous kindred paid but little attention. The phlegmatic Spoonhorn pair listened to it all with a fine air of indifference, like that of one who sits upon his own balcony, superior to the passing noises of the street.

It was a charming moonlight night upon the cedar-fringed plain, and there the old chief presently joined the others in feast and play. His mate sought out a secret resting-place. She followed the next gulch, which was a perfect labyrinth of caves and pockets, and after leaping two chasms she reached her favorite spot. Here the gulch made a square turn, affording a fine view of the country through a windowlike opening. Above and below this were perpendicular walls, and at the bottom a small cavity —the washout made by a root of a pine which had long since fallen. To this led a narrow terrace—so narrow that man or beast would stop and hesitate long before making the venture. The place was her own by right of daring and discovery, and the mother's instinct had brought her here to-night.

In a little while relief came, and the ewe stood over a new-born lamb, licking tenderly the damp, silky coat of hair, and trimming the little hoofs of their cartilaginous points. The world was quiet now, and those whose business it was to hunt or feed at night must do so

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SHE TENDERLY CARESSED THE LAMB

in silence, for such is the law of the plains. The wearied mother slept in peace.

The sun was well above the butte when she awoke, although it was cool and shadowy still in her concealed abode. She gave suck to the lamb, and caressed it for some time before she reluctantly prepared its cradle according to the custom of her people. She made a little pocket in the floor of the cave and gently put the baby in. Then she covered him all up, save the nose and eyes, with dry soil. She put her nose to his little sensitive ear and breathed into it warm love and caution, and he felt and understood that he must keep his eyes closed and breathe gently, lest bear or wolf or man should catch his big eyes or hear his breathing if they should find her trail. Again she put her warm, loving nose to his eyes, she patted a little more earth on his body and smoothed it off. The tachinchana closed his eyes in obedience, and she left him for the plain above, in search of food and sunlight.

At a little before dawn two wild hunters left their camp and set out for the Cedar Butte. Their movements were marked by unusual care and secrecy. Presently they hid their ponies in a deep ravine and groped their way up through the difficult Bad Lands, now and then pausing to listen. The two were close friends and rival hunters of their tribe.

"I think, friend, you have mistaken the haunts of the Spoonhorn," remarked Grayfoot, as the pair came out upon one of the lower terraces. He said this rather to test his friend, for it was their habit thus to criticise and question one another's judgment, in order to extract from each other fresh observations. What the one did not know about the habits of the animals they hunted in common, the other could usually supply.

"This is his home. I know it," replied Wahye. "And in this thing the animals are much like ourselves. They will not leave an old haunt unless forced to do so, either by lack of food or overwhelming danger."

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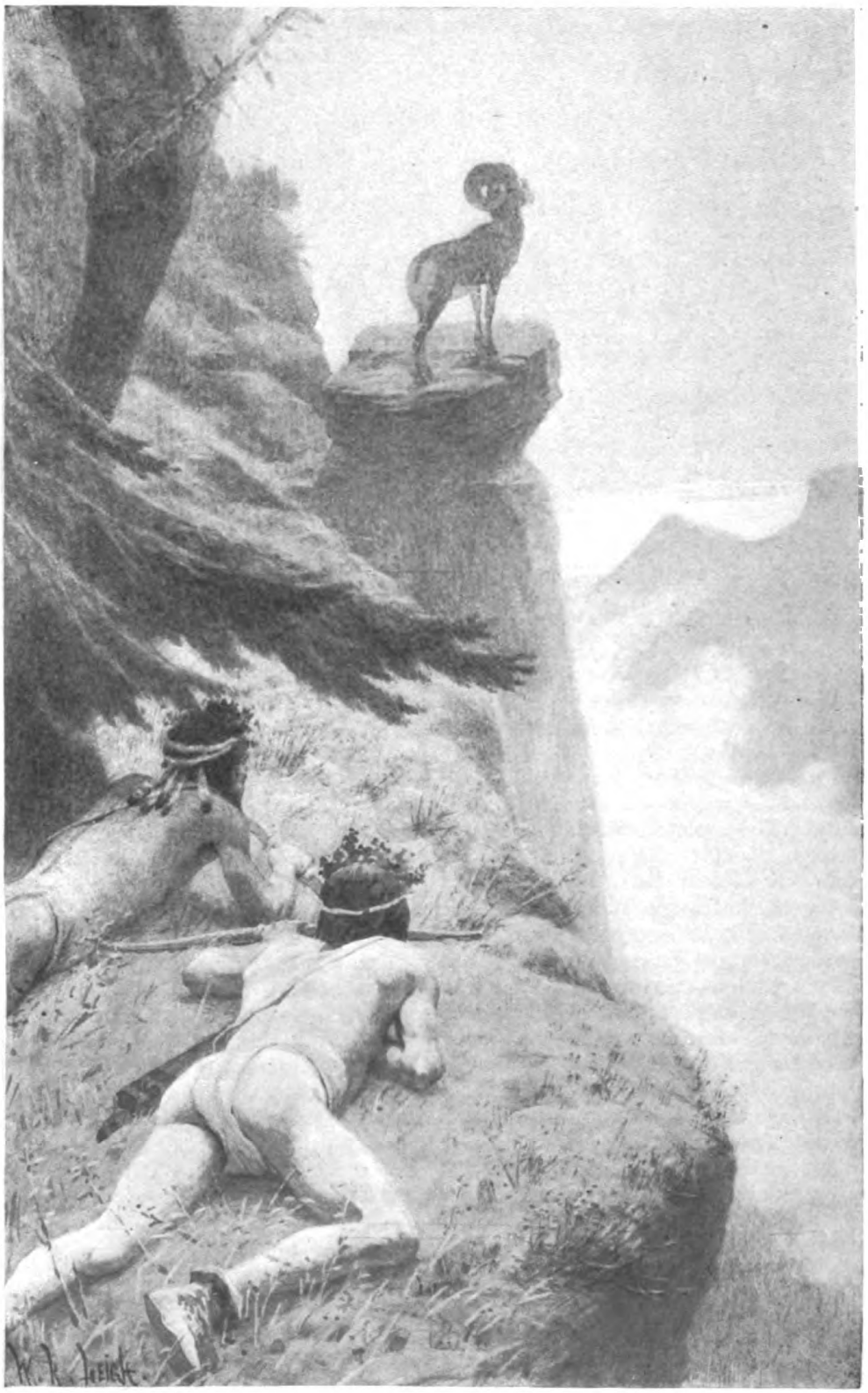

THERE, IN ALL HIS MAJESTY, STOOD THE GRAY CHIEFTAIN

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They had already passed on to the next terrace and leaped a deep chasm to gain the opposite side of the butte, when Grayfoot suddenly whispered, "Inajin!" (Stop!). Both men listened attentively. "Tap, tap, tap," an almost metallic sound came to them from around the perpendicular wall of rock.

"He is chipping his horns," exclaimed the hunter, overjoyed to surprise the chieftain at this his secret occupation. "Poor beast! they are now too long for him, so that he cannot reach the short grass to feed. Some of them die starving, when they have not the strength to do the hard bucking against the rock to shorten their horns. He chooses this time, when he thinks no one will hear him, and he even leaves his own clan when it is necessary for him to do this. Come, let us crawl upon him unawares!"

They proceeded cautiously and with catlike steps around the next projection, and stood upon a narrow strip of slanting terrace. At short intervals the pounding noise continued, but, strain their eyes as they might, they could see nothing. Yet they knew that a few paces from them, in the darkness, the old chief was painfully driving his massive horns against the solid rock. So they lay flat upon the ground under a dead cedar, whose trunk and the color of the scanty soil resembled their clothing, and on their heads they had stuck some bunches of sage-bush, to conceal them from the eyes of the Spoonhorn.

With the first gray of the approaching dawn the two hunters looked eagerly about them. There, in all his majesty, heightened by the wild grandeur of his surroundings, stood the Gray Chieftain of the Cedar Butte! He had no thought of being observed at that hour. Entirely unsuspicious of danger, he stood alone upon a pedestal-like terrace, from which vantage-point it was his wont to survey the surrounding country every morning. If the secret must be told, he had done so for years, ever since he became the head chief of the Cedar Butte clan.

It is the custom of their tribe that when a ram attains the age of five years he is entitled to a clan of his own. He must thereafter defend his right and supremacy against all comers. His experience and knowledge are the guide of his clan. In view of all this, the Gray Chieftain had been very thorough in his observations. There was not an object anywhere near the shape of bear, wolf, or man for miles around his kingdom upon Hanta Pahah that was not noted, as well as the relative positions of rocks and conspicuous trees.

The best time for Haykinskah to make his daily observations is at sunrise and sunset, when the air is usually clear and objects appear distinct. Between these times the clan feed and settle down to chew their cud and sleep; yet some are always on the alert to catch a passing stranger within their field of observation. But the old chief Spoonhorn pays very little attention. He may be nestled in a gulch just big enough to hold him, either sound asleep or leisurely chewing his cud. The younger members of the clan take their position upon the upper terraces of the great and almost inaccessible butte, under the shade of its projecting rocks, after a whole night's feasting and play upon the plain.

As Spoonhorn stood motionless, looking away off toward the distant hills, the plain below appeared from this elevated point very smooth and sheetlike, and every moving object a mere speck. His form and color were not very different from the dirty gray rocks and clay of the butte.

Wahye broke the silence: "I know of no animal that stands so long without movement, unless it is the turtle. I think he is the largest ram I have ever seen."

"I am sure he did not chip where he stands now," remarked Grayfoot. "This chipping-place is a monastery to the priests of the Spoonhorn tribe. It is their medicine-man's lodge. I have more than once approached the spot, but could never find the secret entrance."

"Shall I shoot him now?" whispered his partner in the chase.

"No, do not do it. He is a real chief. He looks mysterious and noble. Let us learn to know him better. Besides, if we kill him we will never see him again. Look; he will fall to that deep gulch ten trees' length below, where no one can get at him."

As Grayfoot spoke, the animal shifted his position, facing them squarely. The two men closed their eyes and wrinkled

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their motionless faces into the semblance of two lifeless mummies. The old sage of the mountains was apparently deceived; but after a few moments he got down from his lofty position and disappeared around a point of rock.

"I never care to shoot an animal while he is giving me a chance to know his ways," explained Grayfoot. "We have plenty of buffalo meat. We are not hungry. All we want is spoons. We can get one or two sheep by and by, if we have more wit than they."

To this speech Wahye agreed, for his curiosity was now fully aroused by Grayfoot's view, although he had never before thought of it in that way. It had always been the desire for meat that had chiefly moved him in the matter of the hunt.

Having readjusted their sage wigs, the hunters made the circuit of the abyss that divided them from the ram, and as they looked for his trail, they noticed the tracks of a large ewe leading down toward the inaccessible gulches.

"Ah! she has some secret down there. She never leaves her clan like this, unless it is to steal away for a personal affair of her own."

So saying, Grayfoot and his fellow tracked the ewe's footprint along the verge of a deep gulch with much trouble and patience. The hunter's curiosity and a strong desire to know her secret impelled the former to lead the way.

"What will be our profit if one slips and goes down into the gulch, never to be seen again?" remarked Wahye, as they approached a leaping-place. The chasm below was of a great depth and dark. "It is not wise for us to follow farther; this ewe has no horns that can be made into spoons."

"Come, friend, it is when one is doubting that mishaps are apt to occur," urged his companion.

"Koda, heyu yo!" exclaimed Wahye the next moment in distress.

"Hehehe, koda! hold fast!" cried the other.

Wahye's moccasined foot had slipped on the narrow trail, and in the twinkling of an eye he had almost gone down a precipice of a hundred feet; but by a desperate launch forward he caught the bough of an overhanging cedar and swung by his hands over the abyss.

Quickly Grayfoot pulled both their bows from the quivers. He first tied himself to the trunk of the cedar with his packing-strap, which always hung from his belt. Then he held both the bows toward his friend, who, not without difficulty, changed his hold from the cedar bough to the bows. After a short but determined effort the two men stood side by side once more upon the narrow foothold of the terrace. Without a word they followed the ewe's track to the cave.

Here she had lain last night! Both men began to search for other marks, but they found not so much as a sign of scratching anywhere. They examined the ground closely, but without success. All at once a faint "ba-a-a" came from almost under their feet. They saw a puff of smokelike dust as the little creature called for its mother. It had felt the footsteps of the hunters, and mistaken them for those of its own folk.

Wahye hastily dug into the place with his hands and found the soil loose. Soon he uncovered the little lamb. "Ba-a-a," it cried again, and quick as a flash the ewe appeared, stamping the ground in wrath.

Wahye seized an arrow and fitted it to the string, but his companion checked him. "No, no, my friend. It is not the skin or meat that we are looking for. We want horn for ladles and spoons. The mother is right. We must let her babe alone."

The wild hunters silently retreated, and the ewe ran swiftly to the spot and took her lamb away.

"So it is," said Grayfoot, after a long silence, "all the tribes of earth have some common feeling. I believe they are people as much as we are. The Great Mystery has made them what they are. Although they do not speak our tongue, we seem to understand their thought. It is not right to take the life of any of them unless necessity compels us to do so.

"You know," he continued, "the ewe conceals her lamb in this way until she has trained it to escape from its enemies by leaping up or down from terrace to terrace. I have seen her teaching the yearlings and two-year-olds to dive down the face of a cliff which was fully twice the height of a man. They strike on the

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head and the two forefeet. The ram falls largely upon his horns, which are curved in such a way as to protect them from injury. The body rebounds slightly, and they get upon their feet as easily as if they had struck a pillow. At first the yearlings hesitate and almost lose their balance, but the mother makes them repeat the performance until they have accomplished it to her satisfaction.

"They are then trained to leap chasms on all fours, and finally the upward jump, which is a more difficult feat. If the height is not great they can clear it neatly, but if it is too high for that, they will catch the rocky ledge with their forefeet and pull themselves up like a man.

"In assisting their young to gain upper terraces they show much ingenuity. I once saw them make a ladder of their bodies. The biggest ram stood braced against the steep wall as high as his body could reach, head placed between his forefeet, while the next biggest one rode his hind parts, and so on until the little ones could walk upon their broad backs to the top. We know that all animals make their young ones practise such feats as are necessary to their safety and advantage, and thus it is that these people are so well fitted to their peculiar mode of life.

"How often we are outwitted by the animals we hunt! The Great Mystery gives them this chance to save their lives by eluding the hunter, when they have no weapons of defence. The ewe has seen us, and she has doubtless warned all the clan of danger."

But there was one that she did not see! When the old chief left his clan to go to the secret place for chipping his horns, the place where many a past monarch of the Bad Lands has performed that painful operation, he did not intend to rejoin them immediately. It was customary with him at that time to seek solitude and sleep.

The two hunters found and carefully examined the tracks of the fleeing clan. The old ram was not among them. As they followed the trail along the terrace they came to a leaping-place which did not appear to be generally used. Grayfoot stopped and kneeled down to scrutinize the ground below. "Ho!" he exclaimed, "the old chief has gone down this trail, but has not returned. He is lying down near his chipping-place, if there is no other outlet from there."

Both leaped to the next terrace below, and followed the secret pass into a rocky amphitheatre, opening out from the terrace upon which they had first seen the old ram. Here he lay asleep.

Wahye pulled an arrow from his quiver.

"Yes," said his friend, "shoot now! A warrior is always a warrior—and we are looking for horn for spoons!"

The old chief awoke to behold the most dreaded hunter—man—upon the very threshold of his sanctuary! Wildly he sprang upward to gain the top of the cliff. But Wahye was expert and quick in the use of his weapon. He had sent into his side a shaft that was deadly. The monarch's forehoofs caught the edge—he struggled bravely for a moment, then fell limply to the floor below.

"He is dead. My friend, the noblest of chiefs is dead!" exclaimed Grayfoot as he stood over him, in great admiration and respect for the Gray Chieftain.

The Ascent of Man

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

STRANGE gods dwelt near to men in olden days;
Yea, through this world ethereal feet once trod.
Since now they pace their high secluded ways,
Oh, slowly man climbs up to each lost god!

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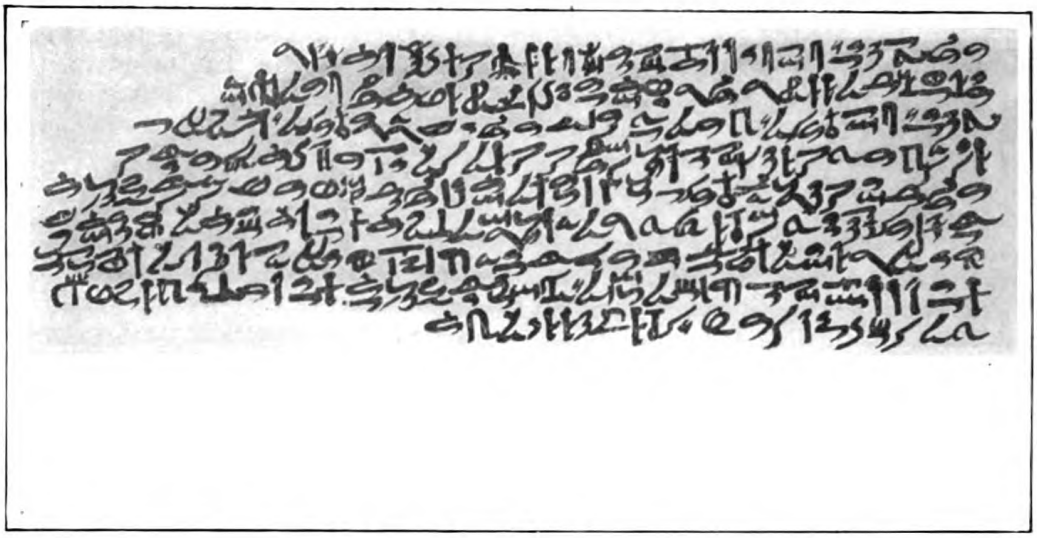

HIERATIC WRITING: THE PRISSE PAPYRUS
"The oldest book in the world;" about 2500 B C. Now in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris

The Primitive Book

BY HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS, LL.D.

IN viewing the work of ancient scribes, it is somewhat difficult to say just what constitutes a book. We may assume, however, for the present purpose, that a book is any written or printed document, more extensive than a mere letter, intended to convey information from one person to another. Our chief concern will be with the primitive types of books. Making a very bold and general classification, there may be said to be five of these, namely: first, the papyrus roll, as used by the early Egyptians; second, the tablet of baked clay; third, the prism or cylinder of the same material, used by the Babylonians and Assyrians; fourth, the palm-leaf type, as employed by the Hindoos and their followers of the Far East; fifth, folded books.

It is perhaps impossible to say with certainty which of these types is the most primitive. The oldest books in existence are, doubtless, those of the Babylonians; but the great permanency of these is explained by the material of which they are composed, and it does not necessarily follow that they were the first books to be made. We know that the Egyptians employed a papyrus roll from the earliest historical periods, and that the Hindoos made their palm-leaf books at a very early day. In short, every civilized nation is discovered, at the very dawn of its history, in full possession of a system of book-making.

It is equally impossible to decide the question as to whether one nation borrowed from another in developing the idea of book-making. The diversity of materials does not suggest such borrowing, and it would seem that such widely separated nations as, for example, the Aztecs of Mexico, the Egyptians, and the Hindoos could not greatly have influenced one another, unless, indeed, the origin of books dates back to a period when all of these nations were still members of the same prehistoric body politic —a supposition which is not altogether gratuitous, but which carries us too far into the realm of conjecture to be pursued further here.

Limiting our view strictly to the historic period, we find, as has been said, the five types of books in general use.

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BAKED CLAY TABLETS
From the library of Assurbanipal at Nineveh

We have now to consider briefly the distinguishing characteristics of each of these types before going on to note the steps of development through which the modern book was evolved. First let us give attention to the papyrus roll of the Egyptians. As has been said, this type of book was employed in Egypt from the earliest day of the historical period. As is well known, papyrus is a species of primitive paper — the word "paper" being, indeed, a derivative of "papyrus" — which was made of strips of the papyrus plant placed together to form two thin layers, the fibres of one crossing those of the other, and the whole made into a thin, firm sheet with the aid of glue and mechanical pressure. The strips of papyrus were usually from eight to fourteen inches in width, and from a few feet to several yards in length. This scroll was not used, as might perhaps have been expected, for the insertion of a single continuous column of writing. A moment's consideration will make it clear that such a method would have created difficulties both for the scribe and for the reader; therefore the much more convenient method was adopted of writing lines a few inches in length, so placed as to form transverse columns, which followed one another in regular sequence from the beginning to the end of the scroll. Each such column was, therefore, closely similar, in size and appearance, to the page of a modern book. It will be seen that such a scroll could be read conveniently by rolling up one end as fast as the other end was unrolled, the process, however, re-

FRAGMENT OF ASSYRIAN BAKED CLAY TABLET
The inscription is part of the Babylonian account of the creation. Preserved in the British Museum

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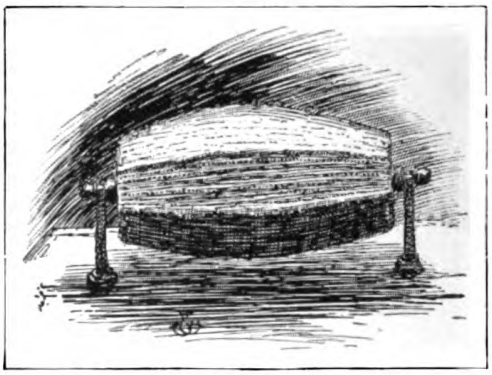
quiring the use of both hands. When not in use, the book formed a compact roll, convenient either for carrying about or for storing on a shelf.

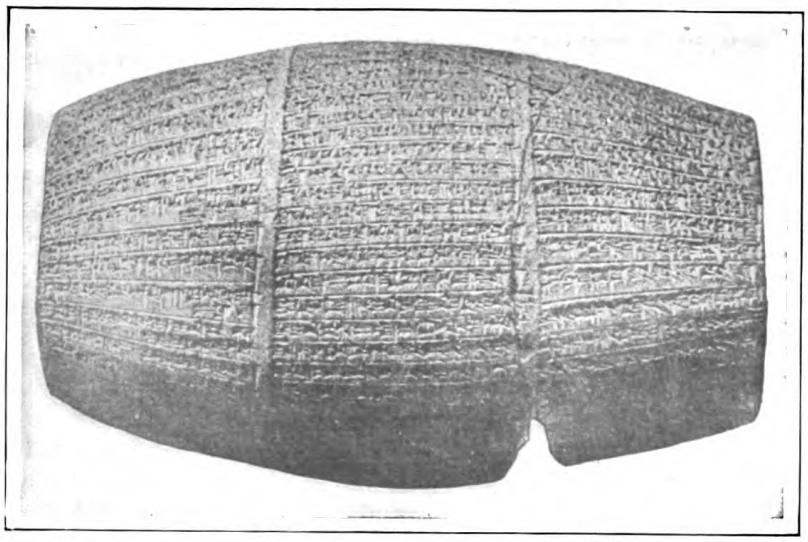
That this form of book had great practical merits is shown by the fact that it was adopted by the Greeks and Romans. Parchment was the substitute for papyrus as material for the roll, but the form of the book itself was not changed in any essential throughout the classical period. All of the Greek and Roman books consisted of such rolls, and this, presumably, was the form also in which the Hebrew writings were first given to the world. It will be recalled that the classical writers usually divided their works into so-called books of comparatively small extent. Thus the History of Herodotus, as every one knows, is divided into eight books. It is probable that originally each book occupied a single papyrus or parchment roll, and that the division into books was adopted for mechanical convenience to avoid too large a roll. A single work—what we should call a single volume—thus consisted ordinarily of several parchment or papyrus rolls.

Since the papyrus roll was so convenient and so extensively used, there can be little doubt that it made its way, at one time or another, to Mesopotamia, the home of the Babylonians and Assyrians, who were so long the greatest rivals of



BAKED CLAY CYLINDER OF SARGON II., KING OF ASSYRIA, 721-705 B.C.
Inscribed with a chronicle of his expeditions

the Egyptians. This supposition is more than an inference, for the sculptures of the Assyrians show their scribes making records upon what appear to be scrolls of some flexible material. It seems tolerably certain, however, that no traces of books of this character have been preserved in Mesopotamia, the explanation being that the climatic conditions are very different there from those existing in Egypt. Even had the Babylonians used papyrus habitually, it is highly improbable that a single scrap of this material would have been preserved to the present time. The fact that no books of the classical period have been preserved in Greece or in Italy, with the single exception of a library in the buried city of Herculaneum, explains by implication the absence of papyrus books from the Babylonian tumuli.



CYLINDER OF NABONIDUS, KING OF BABYLON FROM 555 TO 538 B.C.
Preserved in the British Museum

But, on the other hand, it is highly probable that the Babylonians and Assyrians were never altogether converted to the use of the Egyptian form of book, and that, from first to last, they used by pref-

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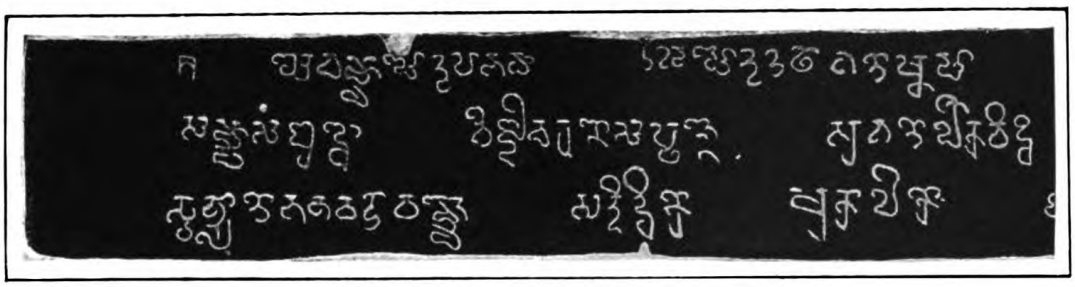


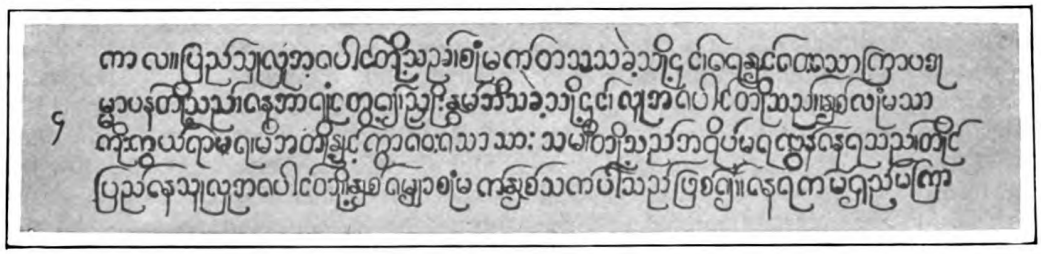
OLD PALI INSCRIPTION ON GOLD PLATE
Found at Maunggun, Burmah (Fifth Century A.D.?) Preserved in the British Museum

erence the form of book that is so characteristic of their civilization, and of which tens of thousands of specimens have been preserved, namely, the tablet or cylinder of baked clay. These tablet books first came to the eye of modern scholarship through the excavations that were made at the site of old Nineveh by the Frenchman Botta, and a little later by Sir Henry Layard, about the middle of the nineteenth century. The most important collection that the early investigations of Layard brought to light was found in the ruins of the library of the famous Assyrian King Assurbanipal. This collection had peculiar interest because it contained, among other things, the fragments of the sacred books of the Babylonians and Assyrians, including creation and deluge stories somewhat closely akin to those of the Hebrews. Subsequent explorations revealed vast quantities of similar books in the ruins of much older cities than Nineveh, in particular at Nippur, one of the oldest cities of Babylonia, where the famous researches of the University of Pennsylvania have been carried out, and where many thousands of tablets have been discovered in a single collection.

These tablets are not all entitled to be called books, many of them being mere business documents, such as bills of sale, records of loans, and the like. But others of the tablets preserve the text of literary documents precisely comparable to modern books.

The tablets are usually oblong in shape. The usual size is perhaps three or four inches in width by five or six in length and half an inch to an inch in thickness. Each tablet is complete in itself, constituting virtually the leaf of a book, but there are no means of holding these leaves together. They were merely piled one upon another on the shelves of the library. As an aid to the reader, an expedient was adopted which the printers of modern books reinvented, independently, some thousands of years later, and which has only recently gone out of vogue—the expedient, namely, of repeating at the foot of each page the first word of the next page. To make quite sure, the Assyrian scribe usually repeated an entire line.

The writing upon the clay tablet was done with a sharp curved implement, which readily made the little arrow-shaped stroke which is the foundation of



BURMESE OFFICIAL DOCUMENT ON IVORY, A.D. 1858
Preserved in the British Museum

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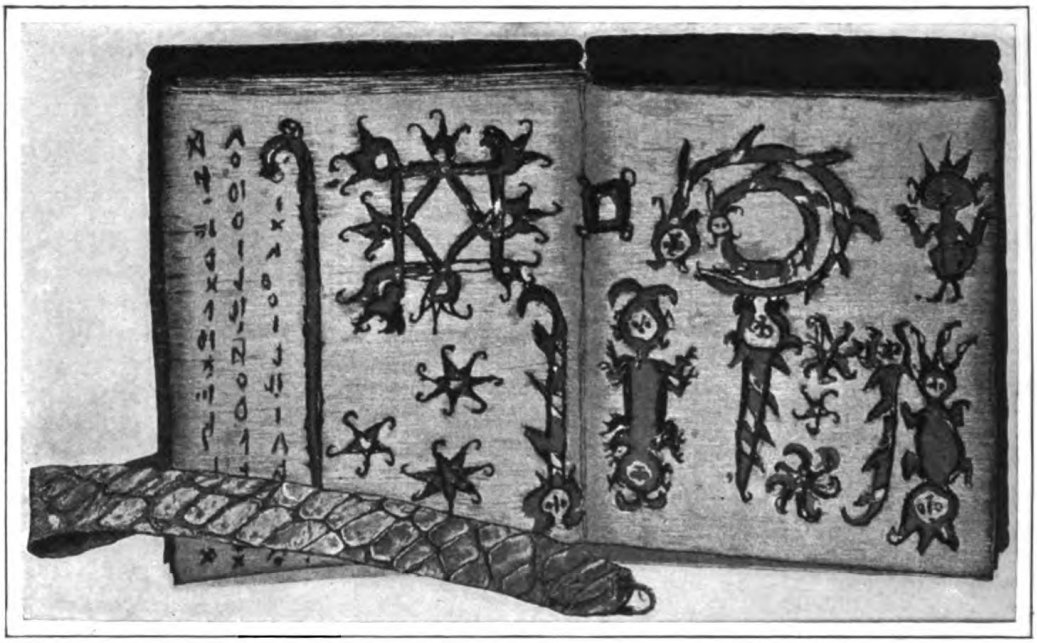

BOOK MADE OF FOLDED BARK FROM SUMATRA
The inscription is in the Battak character. Preserved in the India office, London

the Babylonian script. The deftness and regularity with which these so-called cuneiform inscriptions were made have been the amazement of all modern scholars who have studied them. Notwithstanding the relative perfection of execution, however, these inscriptions are extremely difficult to decipher. This is particularly true of some of the smaller tablets, where the character is very small. It will be understood, of course, that the inscriptions were made on these tablets while the clay of which they were composed was in a soft condition. The tablet was subsequently either dried in the sun or baked in an oven, becoming a brick of almost imperishable hardness. This, of course, accounts for the preservation of the vast quantities of Babylonian and Assyrian records. Thanks to the imperishable material of these books, the present-day student of ancient history is gaining a more direct and specific knowledge of Oriental history than we shall, perhaps, ever be able to obtain regarding much more recent classical periods. For, as already pointed out, the Greeks and Romans made their records chiefly on perishable materials which time has not spared.

In addition to the flat tablet, the Babylonians and Assyrians wrote some of their books on large prisms and cylinders. Some of these cylinders are as much as two feet in length and eight to ten inches in diameter. Being made of the same material as the tablets, they are necessarily heavy and cumbersome, yet they were in some ways more convenient for reading, since they were perforated longitudinally, and placed on a spindle, so as to revolve. In some cases the writing runs from end to end of the cylinder, which is then suspended horizontally. In other cases the cylinder is upright, the columns running from top to bottom. In the latter case the book is usually not a true cylinder, but a prism of six, eight, or ten sides, each side inscribed with a separate column of writing like the page of a book. These prisms and cylinders were commonly selected by the kings to contain records of their deeds. Thus the British Museum contains prisms on which are recorded achievements of such famous conquerors as Sargon, Sennacherib, and the Elamite warrior Cyrus. The last-named cylinder has peculiar interest because it describes the taking of Babylon. There

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is also a cylinder of King Nabonidus, the ruler of Babylon, which contains another account of the same transaction. It appears that Nabonidus capitulated to Cyrus, and that there was no such scene of carnage as the Hebrew imagination has pictured in connection with the fall of the famous city. Neither was there a King Belshazzar in Babylon at this or at any other time. King Nabonidus, however, had a son named Belshazzar, whom the Hebrews probably confused with his father, as they also confused the capture of Babylon by Cyrus with the subsequent capture by Darius. The Oriental mind was, and is, curiously defective in its conceptions of the necessities of exact history.

The examples of the Egyptians and Babylonians illustrate the fact that the material selected for book-making depends upon natural conditions of the environment. So, when we go still farther to the East, it is not surprising that we find the knowledge of the Hindoos recorded on books of a quite novel character. The type here is a peculiar form of palm leaf, two or three inches in width, cut in sections of a convenient length, say from one to two feet. Such strips of palm leaf afford a convenient surface for receiving the writing, and they have the merit of requiring no preliminary treatment beyond mere drying. Each strip is comparable to the leaf of a book, the writing, as a rule, being placed upon it longitudinally. The leaves are then piled upon one another in sequence. Sometimes they were perforated at each end and strung together after the style of Venetian blinds.

This principle of long, relatively narrow leaves, inscribed on only one side and piled together to make a book, was adopted everywhere in the Far East. The palm leaf was the model, as just suggested, and it continued a favorite medium; but in course of time various nations, perhaps finding it difficult to secure the native material, imitated it with artificial mediums. Thus the sacred books of the Buddhists in India itself and in Burmah are sometimes written on strips of gold, of wood, or of ivory, and the books of Thibet, though retaining the essential character of the palm-leaf book, are inscribed on what is virtually a form of paper. Even certain kinds of cloth were sometimes made to serve the same purpose.

It will be obvious that this palm-leaf type of book has many elements of convenience. It is light and portable, unlike the Babylonian books, which it resembles in plan (though so dissimilar in appearance), and it is certainly more easy to manage in reading than the papyrus roll of the Egyptians. To handle the palm leaves is virtually equivalent to turning the leaves of a modern book, and it seems odd that some inventive Hindoo did not hit upon the idea of fastening the leaves together at one end and leaving the other end free. Had this been done, the type of the modern European book would have been invented.

A much nearer approach to the form of the modern book was made by an obscure people called the Battak, who inhabited the island of Sumatra. This people invented, or adopted from some unknown source, a form of book consisting of a long strip of thin bark, five or six inches in width, and therefore closely resembling a strip of Egyptian papyrus. But a fundamental innovation was made in the art of book-making, for the Battak, instead of rolling his strip of bark in the simple Egyptian manner, folded it into accordion-like pleats; so that it took precisely the form of a modern book with leaves uncut at the edge. Wooden covers were then put on either side of the book, the whole being sometimes bound together with a piece of snakeskin. Had the Battak scribe gone one step further by cutting the leaves of his book and writing on both sides, we should have had the exact prototype of the modern European book. But notwithstanding the obvious economy of material that this expedient would have brought about, there is no evidence that any Battak ever utilized this idea. So the Battak book, though standing one step nearer to the modern form, is still imperfect.

Curiously enough, the Aztec Indians of Mexico were found in possession of books precisely of the Battak type when the Europeans first invaded their territory. The material of these Aztec books was a kind of paper, so the Americans had in this regard advanced upon the Battaks; but the leaves of these books,

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like the others, remained uncut, and half the writing surface was still wasted.

The extravagance of the universal method of writing on one side only of the material must have been obvious to the ancient scribes of Egypt and Greece, particularly when it chanced that papyrus and parchment were difficult to secure. The fact that the backs of papyrus rolls were often used to receive odd bits of writing, such as memoranda, personal accounts, and the like, is in itself proof that the matter received attention, but it is equally clear that the manner of rolling a book left the outer surface too much exposed to make its regular use feasible. Nor did the Egyptian ever change his method in this regard. Perhaps the abundance of papyrus plants and the relative ease of securing book material withheld the stimulus that might otherwise have led to invention. But outside of Egypt this stimulus made itself felt with sufficient vigor. In the time of the Seleucids, the inheritors of Alexander's empire in western Asia found it difficult to secure papyrus, and were forced to the use of parchment, which was said to have been invented at Pergamus, but which was probably only perfected there, since a statement of Herodotus makes it clear that the use of skins in writing had been practised long before. In any event, parchment eventually superseded papyrus as a book material everywhere in the Western world, outside of Egypt. It continued to be almost the exclusive book material everywhere in Europe until paper was invented, late in the Middle Ages.

It must be obvious that parchment, being made of specially prepared skins of animals, is a much more costly material than papyrus. In point of fact, it became very costly indeed in the Middle Ages, and, in securing it, the scribes of the time were often put to their wits' end. Here, then, was the traditional stimulus to invention—necessity. The unmarked outer surface of this parchment roll must have appealed persistently to the eye of even the least inventive scribe, and we can little doubt that many a scribe was led to utilize this surface, even while the form of the book still remained a roll. It must be added, however, that this is an inference only, for no rolls written on both sides have been preserved to us—a fact sufficiently explained, however, by the almost total loss of the earliest examples of European book-making. The oldest parchment books that are preserved date only from the third or fourth century A.D., at which time the folded book, with writing on both sides of the leaf precisely as in the modern printed book, had made its appearance.

By what steps had this transition from the roll to the folded book been accomplished? We can only guess. A natural inference, based on the observation of the Battak and Aztec books, would be that some one was led to adopt the same plan of folding the parchment scroll which we have seen in vogue among these nations, and that the accidental tearing open or wearing away of the edges of such a book, with the consequent exposure of the unused surface, forced new possibilities upon the attention. But it is always futile in such a case as this to attempt to reason from effects back to causes. Things seem so easy, after they are done, that it is more natural to accuse our predecessors of stupidity for their delay than to give them credit for their invention. And in this particular case it seems so natural a thing to use both sides of a sheet of paper in writing that one can hardly avoid wondering at the conservatism of the many generations of ancient scribes who wasted half their writing material.

But whatever the exact stages of transition, the folded book with cut leaves, inscribed upon both surfaces, the said leaves fastened together at one edge and bound into a volume almost precisely like a modern book, had fully established itself in popular usage by the third or fourth century of our era. Since that time there have been numerous minor modifications or shifts of fashion in book-making, but the essential principles of the mere mechanics of the art have not been modified. When in the fifteenth century the printing-press began to supersede the old-time scribe, there was no question of inventing a new type of book; the whole thought of the makers of printing-presses was merely how to adapt their machinery to the form of book which custom had sanc-

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tioned for many centuries; which, as we know, it still sanctions. If this form of book lacks anything of perfection, no one has as yet pointed out a plan for its betterment.

Thus far we have considered the book as a mechanical contrivance for the reception of writing. We have now to turn attention to that really essential feature the writing itself. Here, again, it is the mechanics of the subject that will generally claim our attention. That is to say, we shall disregard questions of philology and of systems of writing, and call attention merely to certain peculiarities which were common to all the different systems, and which, therefore, may be considered as characteristic of the mental development of our race. Our inquiry will have to do with such practicalities of writing as the direction of the script, the division of words, punctuation, capitalization, and paragraphing. All of these convenient accessories seem fundamentally essential to us, but not one of them was utilized by the earliest makers of books.

An examination of any ordinary scroll of Egyptian writing will show that the figures of birds, animals, and men all face in one direction. In some scrolls they are all turned to the right, and in others all to the left, and, as a rule, the same plan holds throughout any single piece of writing. The explanation of this is that the Egyptian writing is always to be read from the direction toward which the figures face, and that no uniformity existed in practice as to which that direction should be. It appears to have been a matter of indifference to the Egyptian scribes and readers whether they wrote and read from right to left or from left to right. It would seem as if convenience would have established the custom in favor of one direction or the other; but such appears not to have been the case.

With the Babylonians, however, such a custom of writing always in one direction had been early inaugurated. The character of the Egyptian writing, which consisted essentially of drawing pictures, made it perhaps equally convenient for the scribe to write in either direction. But this was not the case with the Babylonian and Assyrian writing, which, being made rapidly with the aid of a small stylus, could be much more conveniently carried forward from left to right—assuming the scribe to be right-handed—than in the opposite direction. Hence the method of writing from left to right gained universal prevalence. This method, as every one knows, has the sanction of all European nations to-day. It is also used by the Ethiopians, but, curiously enough, it is not employed by such nations as the Arabians and Turks, who are of the racial stock of the Babylonians, nor by the Persians. Nor did the earliest Europeans adopt this direction of writing without cavil. Some of the oldest Greek and Roman inscriptions show a departure from any Oriental model in that the writing runs in opposite directions in alternate lines, leading thus backward and forward across the page, in a way which suggested to the Greek mind the alternate furrows of a ploughed field, and which, therefore, received the name of the boustrophedon, or—in an awkward literal translation—oxwise.

This plan had certain conveniences. The immediate contiguity of the end of one line with the beginning of the next makes it easy for the eye to follow on without danger of skipping. The reversed character of the letters and words of each alternate line is a little puzzling at first, but presents no difficulties to the practised eye. It is at least open to question whether this method might not have been adopted for the printed page, particularly where the lines are long, with distinct advantage. Be that as it may, however, the ancient scribe decided against the plan in course of time, and boustrophedon writing appears to have gone out of vogue altogether at least four or five centuries before the beginning of our era.

It seems so natural for us to write from left to right that the selection of this direction in preference to the other seems to call for no explanation. If explanation were required, the fact that the majority of scribes are right-handed seems an all-sufficient one. Yet the equally familiar fact that the vast literature of Arabia, Turkey, and Persia is written in a flowing script that runs from right to left robs this explanation

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of its plausibility; unless, indeed, it can be shown that the Oriental scribes are either ambidextrous or left-handed — a suggestion for which there is apparently no evidence. Whatever the motives actuating the selection, the fact remains that Oriental writing, as a rule, is inscribed from right to left, Occidental writing uniformly from left to right, and that each style finds its prototype in the varied scripts of old Egypt.

As regards the incidental aids to reading supplied by the separation of words from one another, the usage of punctuation marks, of capitals, and of division into paragraphs, ancient writings, with very few exceptions, show a striking uniformity. To each and all of them these expedients are quite unknown. The so-called determinatives at the end of Egyptian and Babylonian words give to the practised eye a clue that is equivalent to the space which we moderns always leave between words; but to the casual inspector of the writing the signs and symbols appear to run on in an unbroken sequence. There is nothing to indicate where one word ends and the other begins. Neither is there any variation in the type of letter to suggest the beginning of a sentence, or any mark of punctuation to indicate the end of a sentence or a shift in a phase of thought. In short, the characters making up the text run on in an unbroken phalanx from top to bottom of the page, and the better the manuscript is as a work of art, the more uniform and unvarying is the distribution of its characters.

This applies not merely to the Oriental writings, but to the early Greek manuscripts as well. It is very puzzling, even to a person with a fair knowledge of the language, to attempt to decipher one of these continuous scripts. Doubtless the scholars of the time, having, of course, a perfect familiarity with their language, found no difficulty in reading such a script. Yet the real embarrassments that hamper such a system will be evident to any one who will have a sentence in his own language written on a typewriter with the omission of spaces between the words. Hereisaprinted sampleinillustration. The reader who stumbles a little over this sentence will be given a realizing sense of the difficulties that confronted a school-child of, for example, the Greek classical period.

It goes without saying that the shift from the unspaced, unpunctuated, unparagraphed sentence to the modern method was not made in a day or a generation. The study of a long series of manuscripts affords interesting illustrations of the slow invention of these conveniences and the unreadiness with which a conservative world adopted them. The old Persians were the only Orientals of antiquity who saw the desirability of indicating word divisions. Curiously enough, as it seems to us, they did not hit upon the plan of merely leaving a wider space at the end of words, but adopted instead the more laborious and less graphic method of placing an oblique line at a particular angle at the end of each word,—a line or, more accurately, a wedge-shaped mark differing in no respect, except in its angle of placement, from other marks that are variously grouped to make the characters of their writing.

It will be recalled that the Persians divide with the Phœnicians the honor of the invention of an alphabetical system of writing. In the light of this fact, it is interesting to recall that one of the oldest pieces of writing in the Phœnician alphabetical script, namely, the inscription of the Moabite Stone, shows a tendency to mark with dots the division between words. It appears from this that the idea of the separation of words had occurred to scribes of a very early day. Why so convenient an expedient, once suggested, should have failed of universal recognition is food for conjecture.

Whatever the explanation, it is a familiar fact that most early Greek and Roman manuscripts are altogether guiltless of attempt at word separation or of punctuation, and that tentatives toward the use of these convenient expedients do not begin to show themselves until we come to manuscripts of the old Roman period. Indeed, it is not until about the tenth century of our era that the manuscripts of Europe give evidence of the general adoption of word-spacing, punctuation, capitalization, and paragraphing.

As regards capitalization, the earlier writings afforded no opportunities, since

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the Greeks and Romans of the classical time and their successors of the early Middle Ages used capitals exclusively in writing their books. The development of small letters — the so-called minuscules — was a space-saving and time-saving invention of the monks of the seventh and eighth centuries. When the minuscule script had come into vogue, the capitals were retained at the beginnings of sentences, perhaps quite as much for their ornamental effect as for any other reason. And the same motive, perhaps, was instrumental in establishing the custom of paragraphing; but the need of word divisions and punctuation marks had made itself felt by scribes and readers who dealt with a language not their mother tongue, and these various accessories came in time to be regarded as absolute essentials.

The full elaboration of the system of punctuation marks now in vogue was, however, a work of even more recent centuries. No manuscript prior to the day of the printing-press is punctuated in quite the modern fashion; but, for that matter, the popular method of punctuating varies a good deal from generation to generation. Just at present, for example, the colon is very much less in evidence on the printed page than it was fifty years ago.

But these are mere details. From a broader view it may be said that all of the modern aids to the reader had gained practically universal acceptance among the makers of books before the close of the Middle Ages. We have already seen that the books themselves at this period were almost exact prototypes of modern books as regards form and binding. Indeed, as already mentioned, the early printers made an effort to duplicate the written book. It may be added that it is sometimes difficult to tell at first glance whether a book of the fifteenth century is a specimen of early printing or a very perfect example of the writing of a scribe. It does no harm to recall that the connoisseur of the period regarded the printed book precisely in the same light in which a modern connoisseur of wood-engraving or etching regards a photo reproduction— as a cheap, meretricious, inartistic imitation, not to be countenanced by a person of taste or culture.

A Pastel

BY MARGARET LEE ASHLEY

GRAY of the sand and green of the reeds,
Silver green, like a field afloat;—
Green of the water with tangled weeds;
Green of the moss on the gray old boat.

Gray of the sand;—and the fisher's hut
Leans as the gnarled beach cedars lean:—
How many years since your door was shut,
Little gray hut with your thatch of green?

Even the gulls have passed you by,
Hiding here in your veil of haze;—
Gray of the sand and gray of the sky,
And one late rose in a crimson blaze.

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Love, the Destroyer

BY ELIZABETH JORDAN

THE story I am going to tell now is about something that happened to Mabel Blossom and me. It is very, very sad, but very interesting and instructive, and I hope frivolous readers will not turn from it because it has not a happy ending. It has wrecked our lives, Mabel's and mine; and as that is the saddest thing in the story, I will mention it at once, so my readers can get over it. Mabel and I know we can never get over it. We have come into our heritage of sorrow, and we realize that never, never again can we laugh, or share the careless pastimes of our young schoolmates of St. Catharine's, or enjoy any more of Maudie Joyce's Welsh rarebits. But even though we are only fourteen we know that happiness is not everything. There is Development of Soul, and there is Fortitude under Affliction, and there are Heroic Endurance and High Nobility and Strength of Character; and somebody who knows life even better than we do said that no soul can be truly strong until it has been hammered good and hard by the blows of Fate.

So when I pointed out to Mabel how we had gained all these things, she admitted at once that they were better than mere thoughtless, girlish happiness, and that, as the poet says, we had climbed on our dead selves to higher things. Then we began to feel better right away, but we are not cheerful yet, and we are not going to be. We are just strong and calm and brave. That is more than most girls would be under the circumstances, I can tell you. I will now begin this story at the place where it begins.

For a long time I had been feeling unhappy. Sister Irmingarde thought it was indigestion again—she always does; and the girls thought it was a symptom that I was going to write another story. So Sister Irmingarde sent me to the Infirmary for some medicine, and all the girls let me alone, because they suspected it was a plot, and they know I don't like to be interrupted when I am thinking of my Art. But this time it was neither a plot nor indigestion; and the strange part of it all was that I did not know myself what was the matter with me. I didn't know whether it was going to turn out to be a story or only typhoid fever or something. That was the way I felt when I went home for Christmas.

My presents cheered me a little. They were very nice, and a lot of them were quite grown-up things. For, as I have long pointed out to papa and mamma, I am standing with reluctant feet at the place where they cannot treat me as a child any longer. But even the presents did not help much, and I kept longing to go back to school. This was strange indeed, for though I strive to give my mind to studious pursuits when I am at St. Catharine's, I am always able to remember that the brain must not be constantly overtaxed, and that it is a comfort to forget all about the old books sometimes.

Well, one day I was at Grace's (she is Mrs. George Verbeck and the dearest sister in the whole world!)—one day I was at her house and she was at the piano singing for Mrs. Russell. Mrs. Russell was Grace's chum at St. Catharine's, and they are just as fond of each other now as they were in those olden times when they were girls. I remind Maudie Joyce of that sometimes when she seems to be afraid our friendship will not last till we die. Grace and Mrs. Russell have been friends for twelve whole years, and now Mrs. Russell's baby, Jack Russell, plays all day long with Grace's little boy, Georgie. Georgie is my nephew. He is 'most four, and that is another reason, I suppose, why my mind is so mature. Character develops under responsibility, and to be an aunt at ten was a great deal of responsibility.

Maudie and I used to plan how we

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would live side by side, the way Grace and Mrs. Russell do, and our babies would play together, too. I was going to have six boys and Maudie six girls, so they could all marry each other when they grew up. But those plans were in the days before my life was blighted. All is now changed and poor Maudie's children will have to get along the best they can without playmates. Mabel Blossom and I are going to devote our few remaining years after we leave school to work among the poor. I will now return to Grace at the piano, and you need not think I had forgotten her, either. The true literary artist throws out many lines of thought in different directions and then gathers them in at the end of her story. Such is my method.

Grace and Mrs. Russell had been talking about what they called a "cycle" of songs, and Grace said she would sing some of them for Mrs. Russell, and she did. I was sitting by the window looking out on the whirling eddies of feathery flakes, that were coming down just as hard as they could, and I was wondering how I could best occupy the few remaining years that lie before me. For of course I realize that I shall not live long. You know how it was with Keats and Shelley and Charlotte Brontë. The true artist always gives his beautiful message to the world and then fades away young. I was thinking how sad it was, and remembering how easily I take cold, and wondering whether it would be consumption, when all of a sudden some words Grace was singing caught my attention. They were German, but papa is very particular about having me study the modern languages, so I understood them. They were about some beautiful Sister in a convent, and a little child was asked which was the most beautiful of all the Sisters, and he cried, "*'Tis Irmingarde.*" The music is lovely just as he says this. You feel your heart turn right straight over as you listen. I jumped up and asked Grace what the song was, and she looked flustered and began to talk about something else very fast, and later I heard her say to Mrs. Russell in a low voice that she had forgotten that child was 'round. Then I knew she meant me, and I rose and swept haughtily out of the room. But all the same I was interested and I remembered the sweet sad strain of the music, and I began to think of our own Sister Irmingarde at St. Catharine's, and a great revelation came to me, just as if you turned on an electric light in a dark room. I knew what was the matter with me. I knew I loved Sister Irmingarde, and that the reason I wanted to go back to school was because I missed her.

It surprised me so and it stirred my whole nature so profoundly that I sat right down on the floor in the hall to think it over. Grace was singing again and the music came to me plainly, but I could not hear any more words. Everything I thought of made it clearer and more convincing. I could remember the littlest things about our Sister Irmingarde—I mean even the things that were not important. I could see just how her eyes looked—she has blue ones with the dearest twinkle in them. And she smiles a great deal, though you can see that she tries not to, for she thinks a Sister mustn't. Then she's very serious and dignified for quite a while afterwards. Often she smiles at something we girls think is not funny at all. We don't always understand quite what she *is* smiling at. Then, sometimes when *we* are very much amused, she isn't—but this I have noticed in all too many grown-up people. My father and mother frequently laugh at things I know are serious and vital; and even Grace does it, too, sometimes.

Well, I just sat there and let Memory paint her beautiful pictures on the wall, as the poet says, and they all had Sister Irmingarde in them. I recalled the time last month when she kept me after the others to tell me she was afraid my literary ambitions were distracting my mind from my other studies, and she talked to me beautifully about how I needed the other things too. It impressed me so much that I went right straight off and studied all my lessons, and when Maudie Joyce and Mabel Blossom came and rapped at my door I turned my ear coldly from their siren songs. That means I didn't open the door. They were mad, too, and didn't give me any of the cake Mabel's aunt had sent her, and they ate it all and it made them sick. But that is not a part of this story, so I will pass

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hurriedly on without saying any of the things I *could* say right in here if I wished. Then there was the time Sister Irmingarde let me walk to the gate with her. I hadn't realized *then* what it was to me, but I did now, and I got right up that minute and wrote it in my diary. And I added these words:

"December 27.—*Love came into my life this day.*"

For you see I never had really cared for any one before in that strange, uplifting way. The other girls had, and talked about it, and it was rather annoying sometimes to Maudie and Mabel and me, because it always made them want to be so much better and nobler that they wouldn't go into any of our school larks. Often it lasted for months and they missed a lot. That is, I used to think they missed things, but now I know better. Love is indeed the great instructor. Now I could understand Mabel Muriel Murphy if she told me again that she once cried all night because she must graduate in four years and leave the buildings that sheltered Sister Edna. Forgive me, Mabel Muriel, for laughing at you on that sad occasion. Perhaps I should not put that in here, but papa says the time to confess a mistake is when you know you have made it.

I will now explain very carefully indeed the difference between the love I felt for Sister Irmingarde and what I felt for Maudie Joyce and Mabel Blossom; and I am sure I hope it will not hurt their feelings if Sister Irmingarde reads this story aloud to the class.

In the first place, Mabel and Maudie are my own age, and I will state at once that they are my very best friends at St. Catharine's. If they gave me a rose I would thank them politely and keep it in a little glass of water on my desk till it faded, and then I would throw it away. But if Sister Irmingarde gave me one, I'd be so excited I might forget to thank her, and I'd wear it on my breast with two pins stuck through it so it would not fall out and get lost. And I'd think of it every minute and know it was there. When it faded I would put it in a favorite book and keep it always, and I'm 'most sure that I would leave instructions for my family to place it above my heart as I lay dead. Of course Sister Irmingarde never gave me a rose, and now I know all too well she never will. But that is the way I felt in the dear, dead days that are no more.

I could go right on and give many more illustrations which would show exactly the way I felt, but I think one is enough. It is hard to show the inside of one's heart to the world at any time, but as a student of life I have learned that a spurned heart is harder to show than any other kind. And mine has been spurned. So has Mabel Blossom's. Of course Sister Irmingarde did it as kindly as she could, but you can imagine how Mabel and I felt while she was doing it. I will now go back to where I left myself sitting in the hall, listening to Grace's music, and dreaming, dreaming, dreaming.

That night I dreamed of Sister Irmingarde, and every night after that while I was home. And I thought of her all day long. Once I began a letter to her, and it was a good thing I did, for I learned right there the strange truth that comes to the most gifted artist, which is that no matter how many words you know, you don't know enough to write a love-letter that really says what you mean. I used most all I knew, and a good many others that I was not quite sure of, and I sat up most of one night; but when I got through, the letter was not right. It sounded just like the letters the Brownings wrote, and Byron and Burns, and Maudie Joyce, and I wanted something different for Sister Irmingarde, so I didn't send it. It was a great disappointment, but who am I that I should not suffer like my fellow creatures? as another author so beautifully asks.

I guess mamma and papa and Grace were surprised by the girlish cheerfulness I showed the morning I went back to school. Usually it is dreadful to leave them, and I always beg to stay a day or two longer. And when I was younger and my moral sense was undeveloped, I used to pretend to have a sore throat and headaches, so they would keep me home. But this time I didn't cry a bit even when I said good-by to mamma and Grace's little boy. Poor Georgie looked surprised, too, and hurt, and the corners of his mouth went away down. I felt wicked indeed as I remembered how real

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the sorrows of childhood are, and how I must have darkened his baby life. But when I looked back he was making snowballs, so perhaps he got over it. He is only four.

All the way to St. Catharine's I thought of Sister Irmingarde and planned things to say to her—brilliant things, that would make her look at me in surprise. And I remembered that she liked quiet girls, so I decided that my mien should be dignified and reserved to everybody else, but to her I would show little unexpected tendernesses that no one would look for in so calm and cold a nature. I was not sure she would let me be tender; they never will, somehow. But I made up my mind I'd try.

When I got off the train at St. Catharine's station the very first person I saw was Mabel Blossom. For a minute I forgot to be dignified and stately, but pretty soon I noticed how strangely silent Mabel was, and ever and anon she sighed. While we were driving up to the Academy I asked her what was the matter, and she shook her head and sighed again, and said it was a secret and she couldn't tell even me, though she admitted it would be a comfort to lean on the heart of a friend. She is always using that expression. I think she heard it somewhere.

I wouldn't be much of a student of life if I could not see through Mabel Blossom, so I just sighed myself, and said every heart had its sorrows and God knows I had mine; and then, with a great effort, I began to talk about something else, the way the leading lady does on the stage. Mabel stopped sighing and looked at me and thought a while, and pretty soon she said she would tell me hers if I told her mine. So I said all right and asked her to tell first, and she leaned back and closed her eyes and sighed again and said, "I love."

My, but I was excited, for you can see how thrilling it must have been. I cried out: "So do I. *Who, who, who?*" And Mabel kept her eyes shut and said very faintly, "Sister Irmingarde," and drew the word out so it lasted a long time. It was well indeed she had her eyes closed, for had she but turned them on me she would have been surprised. I felt my face grow stiff, and I got away from her as far as I could into my corner of the carriage, and I didn't say a word. I don't think I was ever so much annoyed. Of course a General's daughter must be strictly honorable—but wouldn't anybody feel angry to have her very best friend pick out her very own Sister like that?

Finally Mabel opened her eyes and asked why I didn't say something, and I said coldly that I thought she might have chosen some one else. Mabel was too much absorbed in her own selfish emotions to observe how disapproving my manner was, and she went on to explain that it all happened at Christmas, and that she did not know it herself till she got home and saw how she missed Sister Irmingarde.

Then I saw that it was Fate, and that we were indeed poor human souls helpless in the relentless grasp of destiny. So I told Mabel my secret, and she was mad too, at first, but when we talked it over we saw that it was going to be fun. Of course I don't mean that exactly, but we could lean on each other's heart and talk to each other about Sister Irmingarde. And each of us promised the other then and there that she would tell all that happened and everything Sister Irmingarde said and did. We shook hands on it.

When we went into the Academy through the big main entrance the first person we saw was Sister Edna and the second was Sister Irmingarde. Sister Irmingarde was saying good-by to some worldly friend who was with her, so she merely bowed and smiled at us as we went by. My heart was thumping just as hard, and Mabel's was too! She said so. But Sister Irmingarde looked perfectly calm, and the delicate pink flush in her cheeks did not deepen, as real writers say. She hasn't any pink flush. Little did she know as we walked by that our hearts were wholly hers. Later we went to her class-room, but she was very busy and there were lots of girls around, so nothing happened. She kissed Mabel's cheek and mine, and asked us a few questions, and we answered in well-chosen words, and our manners were so dignified and so elegant that she seemed a little worried. Finally she said: "What is the matter with you two girls? Have you been quarrelling?" And I said: "No, Sister. On

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the contrary, our hearts are now knit together by a tie no bond can break, and you are it."

She looked at us in a kind of puzzled way, and we withdrew and left those enigmatic words ringing in her ears. When we got outside the door Mabel simply hugged me. She said she thought I had expressed the most delicate sentiment in the most beautiful way. I reminded her that this is indeed the province of the artist, and that she must always let me do the talking, so she said she would. That evening Mabel and I talked about Sister Irmingarde till the "Great Silence" fell. You know what the Great Silence is in a convent, I suppose. It begins at nine at night and lasts till after mass the next morning, and no Sister is supposed to speak between those times. I like it, and I always have. I like to feel that hundreds of human beings are within those great walls and that every one is silent and speechless. That night, before I went to sleep, I lay thinking of Sister Irmingarde, and I made up my mind to be exactly like her when I grew up. Then I fell asleep and dreamed that some doctor was trying to put a twinkle into my eyes, and that Sister Irmingarde and Georgie were snowballing each other at the station.

I will now pass over several months of time, though there are indeed many things I could tell you. But I cannot pass quietly over the conduct of Mabel Blossom. Instead of giving me the privileges a friend, an artist, and a student of life should have, Mabel Blossom tagged after me everywhere, because she was afraid I would see more of Sister than she did. And on those all too infrequent occasions when my literary work drew us together—Sister Irmingarde and myself, I mean—and we were engaged in conversation suggested by our mutual interest in life and literature, Mabel Blossom would stay right there and interrupt and chat with Sister Irmingarde in her frivolous, girlish way. Poor Mabel! She is so crude, so immature! Still, as I strive to be frank and to write of life exactly as it is, I must add here that Sister Irmingarde was just as nice to her as she was to me, and seemed to like her just as much. We had never said anything more to her about what we felt. We thought we would let our actions speak, not words. But finally the climax came, and now I am coming right to the crisis in this story.

One morning Mabel Blossom came into the class-room simply beaming. She has a way of showing all her teeth when she smiles—both rows; I used to like it, but now I don't, so much. She smiled all morning, and her eyes shone, and every now and then she looked at me in a very mysterious way and made signs that she had something to tell me. As soon as we got out she did tell me, too, and those were terrible moments for me, as I took my first long draught out of the bitter cup of jealousy. Mabel said Sister Irmingarde had stopped her as she was passing through the hall, and told her she was much pleased and encouraged by the improvement in Mabel's manner and her lessons since the holidays, and that she had always had faith in Mabel and believed she had material in her for a fine, noble woman. And she said the other Sisters had noticed Mabel's improvement, too, and she wanted to encourage Mabel by telling her that her efforts were appreciated. Well, I will not make this sad story any sadder than it is by describing how I felt as my young friend thus told me of her joy. I congratulated her, but my throat felt queer and my voice sounded as if it belonged to some one else. Then Mabel went off humming to herself, and I staggered to my room and hid my anguish from the world.

That afternoon we had a lecture, and Mabel Blossom took a seat in the front row, where Sister Irmingarde could see her all the time. Sister Irmingarde was there with her class. And Mabel kept her head thrown back and her eyes a little lifted, and tried to look like the picture of St. Cecilia in Sister Irmingarde's class-room. The other girls were deeply impressed by it, but I was not. I did not think she looked a bit like St. Cecilia; I thought she only looked as if she saw a spot on the wall; but my insight is, of course, greater than that of the thoughtless mass.

That night I sought Mabel Blossom, for I knew just where to find her. It was Sister Irmingarde's evening to preside over the study hall, and I knew Mabel would be in the very front row, study-

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ing from all her books at once and trying to look like St. Cecilia. It was even so. It is my artistic nature that gives me this remarkable knowledge of what is going to happen. I opened the door and beckoned to Mabel and she came out into the hall. Then I told her right off that I could not live if things went on like this. Mabel blinked and asked what I wanted to do. She is sometimes strangely dull in following one's meaning. I said we must wait till Sister Irmingarde was alone in the study hall, and then we would go in together and ask her to choose between us.

Mabel kind of gasped and looked scared. She is not very brave. Her people are not in the Army. She said she thought Sister Irmingarde had already chosen her.

"Well," I said, "if she has, she's got to tell me so. Then I will fade out of your lives for ever and ever. But it is also possible that she is good and kind to you because she is indifferent to you, and that she is concealing from us the gnawing worm of a hidden love for me. You know how people do that in books."

Then Mabel looked worried and cried in the hall, and said she had been so happy and I had spoiled everything, and I cried too, because I felt so nervous. But I remained firm.

We hung around till all the girls had gone, and then we went into the study hall hand in hand. Sister Irmingarde stood at her desk examining some papers. Suddenly she looked up and saw standing before her two fair young girls with tear-stained eyes and their noses flushed. It was no other than myself and Mabel. For one tragic moment we three gazed at each other. Then Mabel lifted her chin and began to look like St. Cecilia, and I broke the silence with a few simple but eloquent words.

"Sister," I said in low and thrilling tones, "Mabel and I have come to tell you we can endure our sufferings no longer."

Mabel began to cry again right off. She is a nervous child. My voice trembled, but I fixed my sad eyes on Sister and stood before her, broken but brave. Her eyebrows drew together a little, the way they always did when she was puzzled.

"Children," she asked, "what do you mean? Are you in trouble?"

I laughed a bitter little laugh.

"We are," I said, firmly. "We can't eat much, or sleep much, or fix our minds on our studies, and the foolish chatter of our frivolous friends falls painfully on our ears. All we can do is to sit and brood."

Sister Irmingarde's lips twisted in a queer way and she turned her face from us for a moment. But when she looked at us again she was very sympathetic.

"It sounds quite alarming," she said, soberly. "And to what do you attribute all this?"

Then Mabel and I spoke up together in clear ringing tones, just like one of those Greek choruses you read about.

"To you," was our unanimous cry.

Sister Irmingarde sat down suddenly, but before she could speak I went right on.

"It is love, Sister," I said. "Love for you that has blossomed in our hearts. We have tried to be strong, but we have suffered. Now we must know from your own lips to which of us you have given your heart in return. Then the other will go far, far away from the scene of your happiness, and if she lives she will strive to forget."

I might have said more, but just then Mabel Blossom sniffed so loudly that I could hardly hear myself talk, and at that identical moment Sister Irmingarde laid her arms on her desk and buried her face in them. Then we saw her form shake and we heard strange sounds.

My heart stopped beating. Mabel told me afterwards that hers did, too. She looked at Sister with her eyes hanging out on her cheeks, and I saw her lips part as if she was going to speak. I checked her with a royal gesture. It was sad, sad, that Sister Irmingarde should suffer, but had we not suffered too? And I saw now that it was a difficult—yea, a terrible choice we were forcing her to make. I drew myself up and stood there pale but calm, and Mabel Blossom, after an admiring look at me, did the same. Thus we waited, and thus she saw us as she raised her stately, black-veiled head. The sight must have touched her deeply, we knew, for she put it down again right off, and we heard her say, "Oh, oh, oh!"

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like that, three times, and we could see her back rock with emotion. Still, we waited, grim, implacable, and finally she took her handkerchief out of her pocket and wiped her eyes and raised her face again. Then I spoke, softly and tenderly, and I told her some of the things I had been reading about love since it came into my life. I said it brought sorrow, but it brought joy, too, and I said she must not blame herself, for both Mabel and I felt it had developed our characters and given us a shield to carry on our breasts in life's grim and terrible struggle. Her head went down again at that, and she gasped out something about "extraordinary infants" being the death of her, and then Mabel Blossom and I discovered something at the same moment. I will put it in large letters, so you will understand how important it was:

SHE WAS LAUGHING!

You will not believe the evidence of your horrified eyes as you read this. Neither did Mabel Blossom and I as we saw it. But it is indeed all too true and I will simply put it down without saying much about it. For if the gentle reader knows anything at all he will know how we felt. She was laughing and she kept on laughing, though we could see she was trying hard to stop, and that she was embarrassed over it, as well she might be. Finally she was able to speak, and she said she hoped we would forgive her, and she murmured something about fearing she had been discourteous and unsympathetic. Mabel had stopped looking like St. Cecilia by that time, and her face was very red. I guess mine was, too. Suddenly Sister Irmingarde sat up straight and "pulled herself together," as my brother Jack says, and then she talked to us beautifully for a long time, and when she finished we felt as if she was nine hundred and twenty years old and we were just six. I never felt so young before. She said of course she liked us both, just as she liked all the girls, and that she was deeply interested in our development, and that we must be sensible girls and avoid foolish and hysterical sentiment. While she was talking we didn't feel so bad, because she was so sweet and nice about it. But after she had dismissed us and we went out into the hall and looked at each other, our sensitive natures realized what had happened.

I will not dwell here upon our sufferings. Oh, if we could but die now and she could see us lying pallid and cold! But we are both rather healthy girls, and we fear we must remain on earth several years longer. One thing is certain: We will never love again. I have destroyed the steel pen she gave me out of her box one day, and Mabel has thrown away the piece of chalk she had been cherishing. Sister Irmingarde had used it once, to write something on the board. Maudie Joyce is giving a little Welsh-rarebit supper to-morrow night—to cheer and comfort us, she says. It won't, but we have decided to go, so those kind but thoughtless girls may look upon us and see how grief is borne by noble souls. Even our aching hearts find a faint gleam of comfort in this thought: We can never again be happy, but we can still be Models to the Young.

N.B.—Sister Irmingarde did *not* read this story to the class.

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Aeronautic Spiders

BY HENRY C. McCOOK, D.D., Sc.D., LL.D.

MAN is adapted by nature to move upon the earth's surface. Yet, in fancy, he has always been an aeronaut. Like the Psalmist, he has sighed, "Oh that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away." The writer of this article never gave a serious practical thought to aeronautics, but the one dream of sleep that has persisted for many years is that he could fly! This is a common experience. Such visions of the night have typified the waking dreams of the race. Montgolfier with his balloon made the first practical step towards their fulfilment. Since his day men have puzzled over and planned a dirigible balloon or air-ship.

It is interesting and curious to find a lowly arthropod a close fellow with ourselves in the above experience. The spider, like man, is a terragrade. Like man, she can overstep nature's bounds and move over or through the water. Like man, she has invaded the air and essays to fly; though, also like man, she falls short of directing her mimic air-ship and, in chief at least, drifts before the wind. Moreover, like man, in rare divergence from the habit of lower animals, she does these things, as she gets her food, by the aid of a manufactured implement, and not by direct use of her natural locomotoria. These facts give zest to our study of "ballooning"—or, as they are popularly called, "flying"—spiders. That an animal which has none of the natural gifts of winged creatures for progress through the air should nevertheless be able to overcome gravity, mount aloft, and make long aerial journeys, is well suited to excite imagination, awaken curiosity, and stimulate research.

Spider ballooning is not limited to any period of the year. But the seasons when it most prevails are spring or early summer, and the autumn after the young have been hatched. The fall is especially the time for flying spiders, and October the month most favored. But in early November the balloonists are abroad, notably during Indian summer. Nor is the habit confined to any one group. It is probable that the young of all spiders, and certain that many small species of all the great groups, are more or less given to aeronautics. The infant aranead, when aloof from its fellows and exposed to a puff of air, seems instinctively to throw out its spinnerets and send forth jets of silken filament, just as a human baby sets in motion its hands and feet. As the jets are soon of sufficient buoyancy to counterbalance the spider's weight, the creature becomes an aeronaut, nolens volens. One can see how from this involuntary act the habit of ballooning could have been formed, and fixed by heredity.

Let one walk in the fields on a warm October day, when a soft breeze is blowing. If he will stoop low and glance along the meadow, his eyes will catch the sheen of myriads of fine silken filaments. They float from every elevated spot. They fringe fence-posts and hedges. They stream like pennants from tall weeds. They interlace the foliage of bushes with delicate meshes, or flutter like ribbons from their tops. These are the ropes and netting of ballooning spiders. If, now, one will glance upward, he will be apt to see long white sinuous filaments drifting through the air, over tree-tops, across streams, far aloft, or perhaps low enough to be within reach. If he will grasp one of these threads he may find in his hand a small spider; but not always, for many drifting filaments are simply trial threads, or loose bits of the drag-lines which spiders are apt to throw out as anchors when they walk. His captive will be a flying spider, arrested in aeronautic flight, and the silken filament is in fact her balloon.

The story of a baby spider's life is

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most interesting, from its silken cocoon cradle to the final flitting and setting up for one's self on an independent web. In all stages thereof the ballooning habit has much to do. But let us now suppose that baby life is over. The strong foster-hand of nature is on the young aranead, urging it by the instinct of migration to seek a home in the wide world of yonder meadow. It is a Lycosid, a ground-spider, we will say; yet here we find it on the top of this fence-post, where, with the aid of a pocket-lens, one can watch its movements. Fences are favorite ascension points, and upon these clusters of young Lycosids are gathered. But the bushy heads of tall weeds, the dainty circular platform of the wild carrot's mosaic bloom, the feathered plumes of the goldenrod, the star-faced blossoms of the field-daisy, are requisitioned for their flight by groups of balloonists. The purpose in choosing these elevated spots is plain, the currents of air being stronger there than close to the surface, thus facilitating flight. A wise volition seems clear in the case of Lycosids, at least, which, being ground-spiders, are not found habitually in higher places.

We return to our place of observation, one of the side-posts of the "bars" that form the gateway between two fields. These are let down to allow fair opportunity to follow the aeronaut, when it shall ascend, without the stress and delay of getting over the fence. With back to the sun and lens in hand you may see the mode of ascension. Several younglings are atop of the post and the upper rail near by. You fix your eye upon one. It leaps upward and is off! No; it is back again, like a boy's return-ball. The buoyancy of the thread exuded is insufficient to sustain the animal's weight, and it cannot rise aloft. Other feints, perhaps, will follow, which soon cover the posts and top rails with streaming trial threads.

In the mean time you have noted the spider's attitude preceding flight. It faces the direction of the wind. The abdomen is elevated about forty-five degrees, and at the same time the eight legs, four on either side, are straightened out, and the body thus raised above the surface. At the apex of the abdomen and beneath it are the spinnerets, covered with minute spinning-spools, through which jets of liquid silk are forced from a multitude of glands within the body. These harden at contact with the air, and are held apart or combined at the spider's will, by closing or outspreading the spinning mammals. Keep the lens directed upon the spinnerets of your little adventurer. A ray of several threads is issuing, which, caught by the breeze, are drawn out and upward six, ten, even twenty or more feet. Meanwhile, the legs incline towards the breeze and the joints stiffen. The foremost pair sink almost to the level of the post. All the legs and the whole attitude show the muscular strain of an animal resisting an uplifting force.

Suddenly and simultaneously the eight claws are unloosened, and the spider mounts with a sharp bound into the air, and floats above the meadow at a rate more or less rapid, according to the velocity of the wind. The threads have been drawn out so far that their buoyancy has overcome the specific gravity of the balloonist, and thus she is able to keep afloat.

What is her manner of flight? It may be a long time before the observer shall find examples that give satisfactory answer. Some are caught up into the heavens with so sharp a rapture that they are out of sight at once. Others scud along under so swift a wind that they cannot be followed. But fortune favors patience. Here at last is one that is off before a light breeze, and is hugging the ground at about the height of a man's face. And there, too, goes the man, following her across the meadow at a brisk run, his head turned to one side, his eyes fixed on what seems vacancy to yonder ploughmen, who have stopped their teams to gaze in wonder and debate the question of his sanity! Nevertheless, he has seen something which sane people will be glad to learn.

As the spiderling vaults upward, by a swift motion the body is turned back downward, the ray of floating threads is separated from the spinnerets and grasped by the feet, which also by deft and rapid movements weave a tiny cradle or net of delicate lines, to which the claws cling. At the same moment a second

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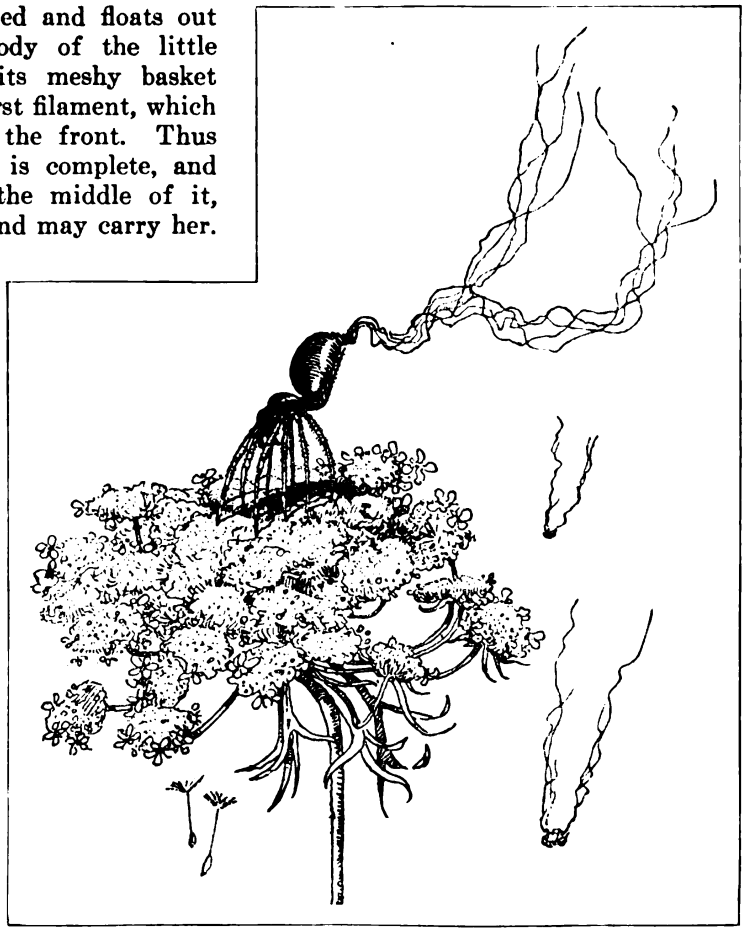
silken filament is ejected and floats out behind, leaving the body of the little voyager balanced on its meshy basket between that and the first filament, which now streams up from the front. Thus our aeronaut's balloon is complete, and she sits or hangs in the middle of it, drifting whither the wind may carry her.



THE FIRST ATTITUDE OF FLIGHT

Balloonist spider issuing silken streamers. Figures of spiders in this and following illustrations are relatively much magnified

She is not wholly at the mercy of the breeze, however, for she has an ingenious mode of bringing herself to earth. When the human aeronaut wishes to descend, he contracts his balloon's surface and lessens its buoyancy by letting out its gas. The spider acts upon the same principle, by drawing in the filaments that buoy her up and give sailage surface to the wind. Working hand over hand, as one may say, she pulls down the long threads, which, as they are taken in, she rolls up into a flossy white ball above her jaws.

As the floatage shortens, the aerial vessel loses its buoyancy, and at last the spider sinks by her own weight to the field. Thereupon she throws out a silken rope, after the manner of aeronauts, which anchors to the foliage, and the young voyager abandons her "basket" and begins life in her new-found site. This voluntary descent seems to be a rather exceptional experience. For the most part the balloon is stopped by striking against some elevated object.

The above description covers the average manner of the araneal aeronaut. There are variations, of course, one of which may be noted. Some orb-weavers, instead of vaulting into the air from a perch, spin against a filament streaming from some elevated object a tiny cone-shaped puff or pellet of silken floss, underneath which they hang until it is twisted off by the wind or cut loose by their sharp jaws. This, with streamers floating fore and aft, forms the little creature's balloon. On a soft October day one may see many such swinging and drifting away from shocks of corn, from clumps of thistles and goldenrod, and from russet patches of blackberry-vines.

Given a steady breeze and a free course, there is practically no limit to the distance which a ballooning spider may traverse. The writer has taken orb-weavers from their snuggeries under divers sheltering projections at the highest attainable point on the dome of St. Peter's in Rome, whither they had doubtless been carried by the wind when younglings. One may see flecks of gossamer afloat at far greater heights. Seafaring folk often note spider balloons speeding

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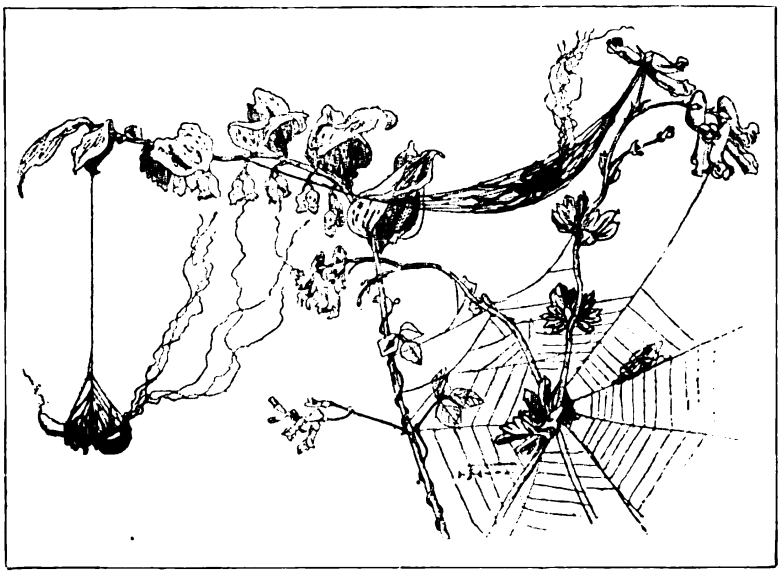

SPIDERS ISSUING TRIAL THREADS FROM FOOT-BASKET AND HAMMOCK

by them at sea or entangled upon various parts of the vessel. Darwin, in his famous voyage of the *Beagle*, when sixty miles from land saw great numbers of small spiders with their webs. When they first came in contact with the rigging they were seated upon threads, and while hanging to these the slightest breath of air would bear them out of sight. Thus, though so far from land, the wee voyagers were still moving on over the main.

Captain George H. Dodge, of the American Line steamship *Pennsylvania*, told the writer, during a voyage in the winter of 1881-2, of a like observation made by him. While sailing along the eastern coast of South America during the month of March, his ship was covered with innumerable spider-webs. He was then more than two hundred miles from land, about four hundred miles south of the equator. The wind was blowing from the continent. "The spiders seemed like elongated balls," said the captain, "with a sort of umbrella canopy above them. They settled upon the sails and rigging, and finally disappeared as they came. You know," he added, "that it is not unusual for birds to be blown out to sea. How much easier for a spider, provided he has the means to keep himself suspended in the air!"

To the ballooning habit of spiders is due so-called "gossamer showers." On an early autumn morning when the dew upon floating spider filaments betrays their presence, one is surprised at the vast amount visible. Later in the day quantities of this spinning-work will be seen sailing through the air. A great excess of tufts of filaments is known as a gossamer shower. At times it has assumed such proportions as to win record as a natural marvel. Pliny appears to have seen one when he noted that "in the consulate of I. Paulus and C. Marcellus it rained wool about the Castle Carissa." In later days in England, where gossamer showers seem rather prevalent, they received a stranger explanation than Pliny's, as voiced by some of the English bards. Thus Spenser wrote:

> More subtle web Arachne cannot spin:
> Nor the fine nets, which oft we woven see,
> Of scorched dew, do not in th' ayre more lightly flee.

Even as late as Thomson's day this curious fancy had utterance in the "Seasons":

> How still the breeze! save what the filmy threads
> Of dew evaporate brushes from the plain.

Such records serve to mark our progress in the knowledge of natural phenomena. Our school-children now know better than to account for floating cobwebs by such impossible theories as a rain of wool or a descent of autumnal dews scorched by the sun.

The writer has never seen in America such notable downfalls of gossamer as described by English authors. The Rev. Mr. Kirby, for example (Kirby and Spence, Introduction to Entomology), tells us of gossamers observed by him

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early in the morning, spread over stubbles and fallows so thickly that they seemed "covered with a gauzy carpet, or rather, overflown by a sea of gauze, presenting, when studded with dewdrops, a most enchanting spectacle." The Rev. Gilbert White, whose *Natural History of Selborne* is still a delightful and inspiring book, describes a gossamer shower that occurred in England, September 21, 1714. At daybreak the stubble and clover grounds were matted with a thick coat of cobwebs, in the meshes of which a heavy dew hung so plentifully that the whole face of the country seemed covered with fishing set-nets drawn one above the other. The dogs were so blinded by this deposit that they could not hunt, but lay down and scraped the webs from their faces. As the morning advanced, the sun grew warm and the day became cloudless and serene. About nine o'clock an unusual appearance demanded attention. A shower of cobwebs fell from a great height and continued until evening. These webs were not single filmy threads, but flakes or shreds, some of which were nearly an inch wide and six inches long. The velocity of their fall showed that they were much heavier than the atmosphere. On every side the observer noted a continuous succession of fresh flakes falling into sight from the upper air, and twinkling like stars as they turned their white sides toward the sun. This shower extended over at least eight miles of territory. One of Mr. White's neighbors met it while riding abroad, and rode to a near-by hill three hundred feet high in order to escape it. When he reached this lofty spot he was astonished to find the gossamers as far above him as before. The flakes, adds Mr. White, hung in the trees and hedges so thick that one might have gathered baskets full.

The origin of the gossamer thread has been explained already. It needs only to add an explanation of the shreds and flakes. In many, perhaps in most cases, a number of feints are made before ascent. A spider will take due position and spin out a thread; but it fails to mount aloft. Other unsuccessful attempts follow, each producing a filament. These, while waving to and fro in the eddying

BALLOONING SPIDERS IN THE ACT OF FLIGHT

The lower figure shows attitude immediately after vaulting. The upper figure shows manner of floating after adjusting the foot-basket.

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GATHERING IN THE BUOYING LINES
The way ballooning spiders regulate their descent

air, are often tangled together before they are whipped off. Others again are united in the air after release. If now we think of the myriads of young spiders abroad at this season, all moved by the impulse to flee their present site, and all spinning out gossamer threads, we may imagine the enormous quantity that would be set afloat within a brief time. These masses of gauzy material are carried up by the warm ascending currents of air; and as the day grows cooler and the currents begin to descend the flakes fall, often entangling in their fibrous meshes minute insects.

Closely related to the ballooning habit of spiders is their ability to pass from point to point by means of bridge-lines of varying length. Thus, also, are formed the foundation-lines strung between various objects, upon which the orb-weaver spins her geometric snare, sometimes thereby bridging a brook with her dainty lacelike web. In the same way, some individuals have been known to sail over the surface of water by setting loose several long filaments which, floating above the creature's back, act as a sail. The wind playing upon these streamers drives the voyager over the water as she stands erect with outspread legs upon the surface.

The recent bicentenary of the philosopher and theologian Dr. Jonathan Edwards suggests that the name of this great man is associated with the habits here reviewed. While a boy in his thirteenth year he was led, by his unaided observations, to anticipate in their main features some of the discoveries of our own time. He hit upon a rudely accurate division of the several groups of spiders. He noticed that the ballooning habit is

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THE ORB-WEAVER'S BALLOON

A tiny cone-shaped puff or pellet of silken floss with streamers floating fore and aft

associated with the bridge-lines stretched from tree to tree across roads, between fences and like positions. He appears to have seen that the spider, while engaged in casting out its threads, often swings free in a little basket of gossamer lines held between its bunched feet—an observation which the writer long supposed original with himself. He even defined accurately the manner in which the spider's web is formed. He perceived that the balloonist-spider had no direction of its frail aerial vessel after it had once embarked, but went perforce at the will of the wind, and disembarked wherever its air-ship was entangled. And he correctly discerned and explained the theory of equilibrium by which the spider navigates the air.

In view of these facts, one may well echo the language of Professor Benjamin Silliman, one of the most eminent of America's men of science: "The observations recorded by him present a very curious and interesting proof of philosophic attention in a boy of twelve years. Had he devoted himself to physical science, he might have added another Newton to the extraordinary age in which he commenced his career; for his star was just rising as Newton's was going down."

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Awakened

BY SOPHIE JEWETT

I PRAYED for other life to come;
You prayed for sleep.
We passed. The sentinels were dumb,
The road was steep.

I have forgotten days and hours;
I found you, late,
Asleep where grow tall nameless flowers,
Within the Gate.

To shimmering heights of amethyst
A bright path led;
Far off I saw, through silver mist,
The blessèd dead.

Those holy hills where souls rejoice
Seemed flint and sand,
If I must go without your voice,
And miss your hand.

No less for me all Paradise
Were dust and thorn,
Should I in your awakening eyes
See pain reborn.

I feared to touch your shining hair,
To breathe your name.
I waited while the golden air
Brightened to flame.

Across your eyes the glory fell;
They opened wide,—
How beautiful I may not tell,—
How satisfied.

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The Tie of Partnership

BY PHILIP VERRILL MIGHELS

THE midnight puff and grind and shriek of machinery, telling off the fevered annals of the mining-camp of Goldenville, fell on deadened ears, as Bronson sat there in his cabin slowly accepting the all that it meant if his partner's words were true.

The light of the candle fell on his flannel shirt, his faded overalls, and wrinkled boots, revealing lines of rugged young manhood, more eloquent for the very weariness which the day of toil had brought upon him. On his face there was more than pallor—there was anguish.

Larry Mott stood silently before him, watching his partner. For a moment he felt a pang of regret to behold the blighting effect upon the unsuspecting Bronson of the lie that love and jealousy had prompted him to tell. But a madness screamed in his brain that with Bronson gone a change would come, and she—she must—she would forget that Bronson had ever existed! Even now Mott beheld her, in her beauty, as she crimsoned with her half-confessed rapture over Bronson's attentions.

He observed his comrade's every phase of pain. Bronson did not lift his head, even when he spoke.

"No," he presently said, as if after cruel reflection,—"no—I wouldn't care to see her again. I'd rather not."

Mott made no response.

"We've wanted to get out prospecting, anyhow," added Bronson, after another moment of silence. "We might as well start in the morning."

Mott felt his heart-beats quicken. So many of their miner-kind had gone forth into the desolation of the mountains never to return.

"Where shall we go?" he said.

"I don't care, Larry," Bronson replied, in his spiritless way. "Yellow Buttes, Iron Valley, or the Death-trap Range—it's all the same to me."

"'Lost Gold' is over in the Death-trap hills," suggested Mott.

"And no water," supplemented his partner.

Mott's face flushed, as if he had been detected in a sinister thought, but Bronson's gaze was fixed upon the floor.

"No one knows whether there's water or not," Larry answered. "Anyway, there's gold."

"'Lost Gold'!" said Bronson, bitterly. "'Lost gold' that I shall never find! . . . Larry, perhaps the Death-trap Range is the best—for all concerned. Let's tackle the game."

Again that heavy, quickened beat was swinging Larry's heart. "All right," said he. "We'll get an early start to-morrow morning."

He could not refuse to shake the hand that Bronson extended, but he made no attempt to look his partner in the eye.

Mountains in conclave, mountains numerous as waves upon a sea, mountains everywhere — prodigiously ribbed with rock, and incredibly nude in their treeless, barren desolation — wrinkled, folded, and encompassed all the world where Mott and Bronson blazed a virgin trail.

How utterly insignificant the three living creatures appeared — Bronson, his partner, and the gray little donkey, laden with blankets, provisions, and implements—toiling forward among these giant upheavals of earth! They seemed but illusions evolving from the shimmer and quiver of the heated air.

The day was fearfully hot. It was heat, heat, heat wheresoever a man could turn. The glare was crudely brassy. The sun beat down nakedly as if the intervening veil of atmosphere were gone. The rocks flung irradiated heat from hill to hill incessantly. The sand was as scorching hot as living ashes. Dryness

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could be tasted in the air. The whole vast universe of rumpled planetary surface was desiccated. In the stunted brush an occasional locust sang as if he spun the heat into vibratory sound. Black, shining lizards lay upon the granite fragments, panting in the glow.

The ravine up which the men were pushing was narrow, winding, monotonous. Bronson was leading the way. Presently halting, he shifted his hat on his head and stood there scanning the scene of barren hills in the quivering air.

It was fifteen miles rearward to the nearest spring of water, and yet they were scarcely more than on the edge of the region wherein the gold was reputed to abound. Despite himself Bronson felt a dread of all the region.

"Larry," said he, "the thing for us to do will be to make a camp in the first good place we find, and then prospect around in the cool of the evening and at daybreak every morning."

"I've got to fill again," said Mott, and going to the donkey, he drew the plug from a hot little keg in the load and filled his canteen with tepid water.

"We'll have to go as slowly as possible on the water," cautioned Bronson. "There was only enough for a couple of days when we left the spring."

"I'll die if I don't have a drink," answered Mott, and he poured at least a pint down his throat, whereas a sip should have been sufficient.

"We'll camp at the first good place," repeated his partner, and again he led the way.

For half an hour they plodded onward in silence. Twice in this time Mott drank from his can in his prodigal fashion. As a matter of fact, his thirst was consuming, for to nerve himself to some deed of finality the man had swallowed a dose of whiskey from a flask he had fetched in his pocket. Moreover, he hated these horrible hills. He feared the place. He loathed the heat, the deprivations, the inclose of the desolate mountains. His one mad thought was to flee back to Goldenville—and to go alone. Hour by hour, day by day, he had stared at the barren region, contenting himself with the one reflection—what a place it was in which to be rid of a partner!

On and on plodded Bronson meantime, searching eagerly for a tolerable spot whereon to make a camp.

They were nineteen miles from the water they had left behind, and men and donkey were alike exhausted, when at length they came to a deep-cut gorge, in the depth of which a towering cliff threw a cooling shadow. Here they halted, Bronson unpacking the burro and heaping the blankets and provisions on the earth.

"There is mighty little water in the keg," he said, as he lifted the precious supply from the pack. "You must have been drinking it faster than you thought."

"Oh, there's plenty," answered Mott. "Don't be fussy."

His partner made no reply. He simply determined they would start back out of the Death-trap Mountains in the morning.

Their supper was cooked and eaten early. Darkness came upon the gorge while the sun was blazing still on the western ridges. The beds were made by seven o'clock, and at nine the weary Bronson was sleeping heavily.

Mott was fearfully awake. For another hour he waited, his madness burning more and more fiercely in his brain. He arose from his blankets at last and paused beside them, listening, his heart pounding dully in his breast. Bronson's breathing was regular and slow. How fearfully still was all that world!

Noiselessly the man glided over to the pack where it lay upon the earth. His mouth was gluey with nervous thirst and dryness. He drank, and then he filled not only his can, but a number of empty flasks as well, with water from the keg. Again he listened. Bronson slept like a child.

Having laid in his own provision of water, Mott now deliberately turned out all that remained, and craftily adjusted the keg above the dampened earth in such a manner as to make it appear that the thing had leaked.

The sweat was beaded on his forehead. He drank again, and sneaking like a thief to the stake to which the donkey was tethered, he tore it from the ground. Coiling up the length of rope, he led the little animal silently away from the camp, up the nearest slope, over the ridge, and down in a hollow, where at last he

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halted. For a moment then remorse all but checked his madness. He was swayed again by his passion, however, almost at once. Not even the burro could be left for Bronson's possible use. With the butt of his heavy revolver he felled the faithful creature to the earth, and when he turned away at the end the burro was dead in the sand, but without a sign of violence upon its body. Should Bronson find it lying there, he could think of a hundred accidents before he would dream of treachery.

Like a criminal, Mott returned to the base of the cliff, where his partner still remained asleep. With a shiver of dread at the things he had done, the man crept silently into his blankets and waited, sleeplessly, for the dawn.

A thousand times before the morning came the man would have given almost life itself to alter his work of the night. The silence awed his spirit; Bronson's trust and confidence weighed fearfully upon him; the thought of daylight and detection assumed all the guises of nightmare. From the troubled sleep that came at length upon him Mott awoke in a fever, fighting off a horrible horde of demons that peopled his dreams. By then the eastern sky was paling.

Bronson was roused by the daylight. He was promptly out of his bed. Mott was intently listening, even as he lay there still, pretending sleep. He heard his partner rise, and heard the note of concern he uttered when he presently discovered the absence of the donkey.

"Larry!" said Bronson. "Larry!"

Mott sat up in his blankets and rubbed his eyes. "Hullo!" he answered.

"The burro is gone—escaped," said Bronson. "I don't see how he managed to pull up the stake."

With well-acted anger Mott was instantly out of his bed, cursing the animal roundly.

"He can't be very far away," said Bronson. "But in all these rocks we can't expect to pick up his trail. We'll have to hunt for him blindly."

The sudden success of his scheming had fired Mott anew with madness, craft, and determination.

"What about breakfast?" he presently inquired.

"Grub can wait," replied his partner. "We'd better get the burro back before the sun begins to bake the hills."

"All right," Mott agreed, controlling his nervous tension by a mighty effort. "You hunt upwards and I'll hunt down the canyon. The one who finds him first can fire a shot as a signal."

"He can't be very far away, with all that rope on his neck," repeated Bronson. "I hope we'll find him before it gets too hot."

With blazing eyes Mott watched his partner swing his half-filled canteen across his shoulder, as his sole preparation for striking out in the wrong direction to search for the donkey. If in his thirst as he climbed the hills the man would only consume what little water his can contained, no power on earth could keep him alive to walk those nineteen miles of parching rocks and acclivities that lay between this camp and the water back there on the way to Goldenville.

Unsuspiciously Bronson started up the gorge. For a moment after he had gone Mott remained in camp. A feeble impulse to run and call his partner back—to give him at least a chance for his life—stirred for a moment in Larry's breast. Then the all that a mad, blind love had prompted possessed him more powerfully than ever before. Quickly selecting a fair supply of food from the pack, he started, as swiftly as he could travel, back the way they had come. He knew that he had a sufficient quantity of water to last him to the spring, and that Bronson had not.

In the hour and a half that Mott had been hastening onward in his treachery the sun had lifted up above the barren ridges and was scorching all the world again with its merciless fire.

The man was walking less swiftly. He paused very often to drink from the second of his flasks of water. One he had emptied already and thrown away. Somewhat desperately now he scanned the lifeless mountains. There was nothing in all the prospect that he thought he had seen before. Yet it was utterly absurd to suppose a man could make a mistake in directions. He remembered climbing and descending a number of insignificant hills with his partner—just such ridges as the one before him here.

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How horribly hot the rocks and earth were becoming! He drank all the water remaining in his second flask and flung the bottle away. Up the acclivity before him he labored. The air was filled as with the buzz of heat where the locusts droned. Wavering semi-visible fume arose from the hills. He reached the summit of the rise, and descending on the farther side, came abruptly into a meagre amphitheatre, where he almost stumbled over the body of an animal—the gray little burro, dead where he himself had slain him.

The man staggered backward from the sight. For a moment he could not believe that such a thing could be. How could this carcass be here? Then a feeling of horror crept swiftly upon him. After all his haste to get out of the desolation of mountains to the spring—he had circled about, and was almost back at the camp!

The sweat oozed out on his brow. A fever of fear was on him. The water he had remaining might not be sufficient to last him out of this hideous world of rocks and hills, unless he hurried with all his might! He tried to think—to map out a course. Since the burro was here, then the camp was just over there, and the trail to the outside world must lay a little to the right!

For a time that seemed eternal he hastened on. Then fairly racing down a fold in the heated upheaval of granite and gravel, he presently halted and uttered a guttural cry of dismay.

There before him, in the dizzy glare of the amphitheatre, lay the body of the burro.

Mott nearly went crazy. His water was half consumed and he had circled again! The hills seemed swinging about him through the shimmering air. The drone of the locusts was so horribly monotonous, persistent—mocking! But one clear thought remained in his brain—Bronson! Bronson could save him!

He ran up the barren slope in the heat and sped downward on the farther side of the ridge. As he went he looked about him for the cliff of rocks beneath which the camp had been made. No cliff could he find. On and on he ran. His lips were swelling. He drank from his can in his feverish extravagance.

At length he remembered the signal on which they had agreed should the donkey be found. Hurriedly drawing his revolver, he fired every chamber, in his panic.

But he ran on, panting, glaring about at the barren mountains, pausing only to drink. His pistol he loaded and fired repeatedly. The weapon grew unbearably hot. The shots rang out with startling detonations, till the echoes clattered from the hills; yet silence—save for that dull, hot droning of the locusts—succeeded always when the last faint return of sound had died away.

He was blundering farther and farther from the camp. The moment came when his last drop of water was gone. He still raced onward, up hill and down, firing his heated pistol like a madman.

When an answering shot came from far to his left, the man became as weak as a child. He tried to shout, to call on Bronson's name, but his throat was parched and his strength had wilted. He could merely stumble up the slope, from the farther side of which the sound had come. As fast as he could load and fire he signalled with his pistol. But when at length he came in sight of his partner, he fell to the earth in a heap.

It was Bronson's canteen of water at his lips at which Mott was presently gulping. It was Bronson's arm that helped him to his feet.

"Larry, try to help yourself a little," he said. "We'll have to get back to the camp and the shade."

Mott's one thought was that of fleeing from the place. "Can we make the spring?" he demanded, in his fear. "Can you get us out?"

There was no concealment of his terror, his helplessness.

"I don't know," answered Bronson. "Perhaps we can, after sunset, when it's cooler. I went to the camp, but found you had not come back, and I started out again to hunt you up. The water in the keg has leaked away."

Mott groaned in his guilt. He could make no other answer. Something like a chill of horror at his own blind folly shook him from head to foot. He suffered himself to be led where Bronson listed, but he limped.

With an instinct for directions as un-

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erring as an Indian's, Bronson chose the straightest cut for the cliff in the gorge. It was more than two miles away. They could make but wretched progress, for the fearful heat momentarily increased, the way was rough, and the hill they were breasting was steep. In half an hour they had gone no more than a mile of the distance. By then their condition was growing desperate.

Together they came down a sloping field of rocks, dull black from the fires of bygone centuries. Not even the stunted brush could grow upon this smitten hill. Up the slope beyond they toiled with painful slowness. Its ridge was traversed in the glare and shimmer of a heat that seemed insupportable. Beyond it lay a basin, scooped in blistered adamant, yet down at the bottom of this dead arena something greenish appeared to be growing.

Toward this spot the two men descended. Then they presently halted at the edge of a jump-off, six to eight feet high, and stared in unbelief at the sight before them. Fifty feet from where they stood, spread out in the unobstructed glare of the sun, lay a limpid pool of water.

Mott for a moment felt he had suddenly surrendered his senses. The thing could not be true! Bronson, in his sanity, thought of mirage—of anything save that this could be reality. And then a chilling breath of horror swept through his being.

About the well lay a dreadful company —skeletons and carcasses of birds, rabbits, chipmunks, coyotes. A buzzard, recently perished, was there upon its back, its talons stiffened in an attitude of torture—a mute, grim witness pinned to the ground in some hopeless fight with death. A squirrel lay doubled over, its head half buried in the sand, but the grim destroyer held it fast in its clutch, forever.

Bronson was staggered. Then all the tales he had ever heard—of poisonous springs, of caldrons of natural acid spewed from the venomous caverns of the earth—rushed in tumult to his mind. Those still, drawn forms could never in their torture have screamed out a story more awful than they told in their silent poses, about the hole. Death in a score of fantastic grimaces had frozen the unsuspecting creatures, come here out of the parching desolation to sip from a seeming oasis! The man was cold with awe.

But Mott had eyes for water only. His reason, no better than a famishing squirrel's, could drive his muscles only. He uttered a cry of delirious joy and started madly for the well.

Momentarily Bronson failed to realize what his partner meant to do. Then he knew the full extent of the man's frenzy.

"Larry! Larry!" he bawled. "Don't touch it! It's poisonous! It's death!"

But Mott was not to be halted. Bronson beheld him, with outstretched arms, running to fling himself down at the brink of the pool and sink his face in the deadly potion.

"Larry!" he shouted once again.

In a sudden decision he leaped from the granite bank, and darting down upon his partner, heaved his weight in violence against him. Mott went down, but he staggered to his feet at once.

"Let me drink!" he screamed, in a thickened utterance. "Let me drink!"

"No! It's poison! Can't you see it's poison?" cried Bronson. "Look at the dead things—"

"Water! It's water," interrupted Mott. He lurched toward the hole.

Bronson himself was wild for a great long draught. He knew how his partner was burning. But he hurled himself once more against him to fend him away from the deadly well.

Mott hit out at him madly. He missed, and Bronson caught him in his arms. But Larry was strong in his mania. They wrestled in the fearful heat of the sun and rocks. They swayed towards the poisonous spring; they scuffled backward from its brink, raucously panting.

Mad and more mad grew Mott to get to the water. Thickly cursing between his violent catches of breath, he was gaining the mastery. His face had become diabolical. Clutching his partner by the throat, he choked him backward. About to fling him off, he felt a rock give way beneath his foot. He nearly fell; his hold relaxed. Instantly Bronson struck him on the chin. Down he went, in a limber heap, beside a dead coyote.

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All but overcome himself, Bronson stood above his comrade, pressing his hand to his throat, and breathing with labor.

"It—would kill you—Larry," he said.

Afraid to moisten Larry's lips with the water from his can lest Mott return to consciousness and again make an effort to drink from the pool, he took the merest sip himself; then, by exerting the utmost of his failing strength, he carried and dragged the inert form away from the horrible spot, up the slope, and over the ridge. Thus he came at length upon a ledge of rock, in the narrow shade of which he dropped his partner to the sand.

The meagre hoarding of water remaining between the men and death was again reduced when Mott once more opened his eyes. He was weak, yet a certain muscular energy was in him that the heat served only to increase. No sooner had he staggered once more to his feet than he fell to cursing his comrade, and demanding that Bronson direct him back to the well of poison.

Bronson heard him threaten, beg, and pray, unmoved.

"Larry, don't be a fool," he said. "It would kill you in fifteen minutes—maybe less."

"A drink is worth it!" answered Mott, in his thickened voice. "I'll die as it is! I'd rather have it over! I want a drink!"

"If we sit here and wait for night, we may be able to save our lives," said Bronson, who was suffering intensely, not only from thirst, but also from his recent exertions. He added, "This is our only chance."

Mott regarded his partner in fury. Had he dared to face the mountains alone he would simply have slain Nick Bronson on the spot, snatched the can of water, and fled from the place, so desperate was his state of mind. But to lose himself as he had before and to perish alone—the thought nearly drove the man insane.

"We'll never get out! We'll never get out!" he said.

Bronson made no answer. Idly he fingered the rock of the ledge in the shade of which he was sitting. It was rotten quartz. A piece came away in his hand. He looked at it dully. Then he held it up for Mott to see, a faint, grim smile upon his lips.

"The stuff is rich," he said. "We've found the 'Lost Gold' ledge."

For a moment Mott regarded the glittering particles of yellow metal sprinkled through the dross, then again he cursed. He cursed the gold, the mountains, the world. He cursed himself and he cursed his partner, but he dared not curse his God. The fearful heat, the appalling region, the merciless hills—cast fear and awe upon his helpless being. He shivered at the thought of a God whose wrath could have touched this stricken place.

"Gold!" he cried. "Gold! gold! gold!—when all I want is water!"

"I'll give you a sip," said Bronson; "then, Larry, for Heaven's sake sit down and be quiet—or you'll never live to make a try to-night."

"A sip!" answered Mott. "A sip!"

Yet he took it, and flung himself down on the earth.

For an hour they lay there, beholding the slender margin of shade diminish as the sun climbed nearer and nearer to meridian. By then the radiation from the rocks and sand was overpowering. The visible atmosphere rose in a dizzying dance. Madness was certainly coming with this inactivity. To forge ahead was to hasten towards the open arms of death; to wait was only to invite an end more lingering.

"We'll have no shade in fifteen minutes more," said Bronson, finally. "We can't stay here."

"Come on!" cried Mott, in his thickened utterance. "Come on!" and he started to his feet.

"We can't go—far," replied his partner.

"Come on! What else can we do?" demanded Mott.

"Larry," answered Bronson, "there is one slim chance—for you—or me. We can't live it out till night sitting still, and we can't both make it back to decent water. We tackled this game as pards—let's look it in the face as partners still."

Mott said, "Well?"

Bronson looked at him with boyish

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THEY WRESTLED BY THE POISONOUS SPRING

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affection in his eyes. "There may be water enough for one, if it's carefully used," he said. "And it's better one should be saved than both should croak. Draw straws with me, Larry, to see which one of us takes the can and strikes out for home."

Mott regarded him wildly for a second, then cunning altered the look in his eyes. A vision of Goldenville arose before his mind—Goldenville and water! —Goldenville and Agnes!—Goldenville and life! But a sudden fear of getting lost shattered all of his dream.

"If I won—I couldn't find the way," he answered, hoarsely.

"I can point it out so you can't go wrong," replied his partner. "What do you say?"

Larry's heart was pumping madly. That can of water! And the heat was driving him crazy.

"All right," he said. "I'll hold the straws. The long one wins."

In excitement he turned his back, and elaborately selecting and arranging two brittle twigs from a stunted shrub, he held them in his fists as he turned to face his companion.

Bronson was pale, but Mott was paler.

"There is nothing better we can do, is there, Larry?" said Nick.

"No," muttered Mott. "And there's no going back on the game. It's your suggestion and what you want?"

"It's all there is," replied his friend.

For a moment the two men faced each other in silence. Mott held forth his hands, each with a bit of the slender gray "straw" protruding above his fingers.

"Take either one," he said, raucously.

Bronson laid his hand on Larry's arm —the left.

"This one," was all he said.

Mott held his partner's gaze with his feverish eyes, while he craftily broke Bronson's straw in his hand by the slightest pressure.

"Take it," he muttered.

Bronson drew it forth. Broken short off, it was barely an inch in length.

"There is the other," said Larry, and as Bronson's gaze was swinging to the second twig, over two inches in length, Mott quickly dropped the bit retained in the hand from which his partner had taken his fate.

A paler cast spread for a moment on Bronson's countenance. "It's all right, Larry," he said. "I'm glad you won."

He took the precious canteen from his shoulder and gave it over to his partner. Then lucidly and briefly he explained the path that Mott was to travel to win his way from the Death-trap Range.

"Don't drink the water too fast, old man," he instructed. "Just plod ahead and only sip it when you feel you absolutely must. It ought to last you through, but you'd better start at once. . . . So-long." He held out his hand for a farewell shake.

"What—are you going to do?" stammered Mott, thickly.

"I'll take it—the best I can," said Bronson, smiling faintly. "If the worst comes—I know the way to the poison hole. Go on. Don't waste your time—and, Larry, don't drink up the water too fast."

Mott felt nothing for the moment save the weight of that small canteen of water on the strap. Goldenville and Agnes—Goldenville and life! cried his fevered brain. He gripped the outstretched hand of his partner, but he did not look him in the eyes.

"So-long," he said, and he started away across the blistering path of rock and gravel.

At the brow of the hill, the descent of which would forever hide his partner from his gaze, Mott came to a halt and turned about.

Back there through the shimmering waves of heat, standing alone by the ledge of gold, was Bronson, watching unflinchingly. He raised his hand and waved good-by.

How terribly alone he seemed! How horribly hot was all that furnace of mountains about him! He had no water! Larry's thought was shrieking—he had no water!

Something suddenly snapped in Larry's bosom. Something was flooding his being. Boyhood memories, chummings and affections, and manhood's thoughts of Bronson's tenderness and sacrifice of self, surged in upon his heart overwhelmingly. He stood revealed to himself in all his perfidy, all his selfishness, all his shame. And the tie of partnership refused to sever.

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"Oh, Nick — I can't — I can't!" he cried out, hoarsely, in sudden anguish, and dizzily running, back he came, the precious canteen stripped off and held before him in his hands. "I can't!" he repeated, in self-accusation, as he ran. "Nick, I cheated! I cheated! I cheated!"

Despite the somewhat wild revulsion of feeling upon him, Mott could confess to nothing but the trickery by which he had robbed his partner of the can of water. He could not reveal his former treacheries. A boyish eagerness to hold to Bronson's affections, a yearning for friendship, a dread of being hated, shunned, mistrusted, here in this terrible place, put an absolutely unbreakable seal upon his lips. He could only think of a strange semi-prayer that God might give him a chance to redeem himself before the hour should pass forever.

In the all that he told he scathed himself without mercy. He begged his partner to take the water and to go—to leave him there to the fate he had earned. He was shaken by sobs that were parched to distressing dryness.

It was almost more than Bronson could endure. He could not take the can of water and save himself. His affection for Larry had increased a thousandfold in the stress of the moment.

"Larry," said he—"Larry—come on, old man. Let's stick together and make one last try at least." He held forth his hand, and Mott took it eagerly.

"Nick," he said, in his thickened utterance, "I'm not worth trying to save. I'll follow—that's all. If I drop —go on. You could save yourself, I know—if it weren't for me."

The sky was quivering wheresoever their blearing gaze could turn. A million specks of mica blazed from the rocks and gravel—microcosms of the glaring sun. Exhausted before they started, and suffering extremely from thirst, the partners nevertheless toiled slowly up the hill before them, the hot canteen with its meagre supply of heated water brought soon into requisition, despite the conserving fanaticism now aflame in the mind of either man.

They dragged themselves across a barren ridge, down through a glowing depression, and then along a shallow channel, where the air seemed fairly hurtling with sun-blaze, flung from granite to right and left.

"Larry — take a decent drink — or you're—going to drop," said Bronson, at last, speaking with obvious difficulty. "Take it all. It—can't make but—little difference—now."

Mott refused the can. "Sooner I go —the better," he answered, with a dreadful but an honest smile on his swollen lips. Raising his hand, however, he pointed. "Shade," he said.

A huge, projecting shelf of rock hung so far outward from the side-hill that even the noonday sun could not attack the patch of shade beneath its bulk. Towards this the two men staggered. It was somewhat up the slope, however, and the way was steep. Before they could make the refuge, Bronson abruptly sank to the earth, unconscious.

It was almost a crazed sort of joy with which Larry Mott poured the last remaining half-cup of water down his partner's throat. Bronson was partially revived. Mott supported his weight and urged him again to his feet. In a frenzy of superhuman effort the two reeled drunkenly up the acclivity and reached the shelter of the ledge.

Mott collapsed at once. He fell without a sound, and Bronson sank into helplessness beside him in the sand. From the opposite slope the irradiating heat came dizzily across. The sky was like a monstrous cover that shut the sun and the two men into the furnace of the mountains together.

Bronson, finally responding a little to the cooler breath of the shaded cliff of rock, was presently aware that Mott was gone in a stupor from which he might never recover. Heedless of his partner now, heedless of the end which he felt to be close upon him, Bronson closed his eyes, his thought a vagary of golden heat and fury.

How long a semi-dreaming condition was upon him he could not have known. He was conscious at last of a certain impatience that life could cling to a dried-out, suffering body so stubbornly. Then he was dully aware that something was prodding his brain to activity.

It was sound.

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From somewhere out of the awful heat and desolation came a faint, elusive note of whistling—a single note, repeated in a quick staccato manner.

For a moment the man felt his pulses quicken. Then he smiled in a grim, sardonic manner. It was nothing but the torture of a dream.

But the sound came once again, and with crazy leaping of his blood in his veins the man knew the call of the mountain-quail!

Had a patter of rain been sounding on the earth he could scarcely have felt a more intense excitement.

Quail!—in such a place as this! The brown little travellers—here!—and their tongues so wet they could whistle!

It was noon—the hour when quail come down to drink. They must have knowledge of a spring!

With a chill of nervous excitement shivering through his being, Bronson rose to his feet and started from the shade, his senses all on edge to catch that faint, sweet sound of calling.

It came once more, from down the ravine below the cliff. Cautiously, silently, the man stole out upon the heated sand and rocks and began to descend the canyon.

In its merciless glare the sun beat down upon him. Famishing before he left the shelter, he was presently ready to fall again for want of water. His strength was gone. He fell repeatedly, but staggered on. The sound of the quail calling ceased. His desperation then was boundless. He puckered his lips in an effort to imitate the call. Not a sound could he make. Again he dropped to the earth. Crawling on hands and knees over blistering gravel and fragments of granite, he summoned all the force of will remaining in his body to make one sound of whistling.

Three—four notes, in the clear staccato of the quail-call, came from his lips.

From over a rise of earth and rock a brown little pilgrim made reply.

A mighty hope leaped in the breast of the man. He stumbled to his feet once more in the strength of a heaven-sent impulse, and reeling, toiling upward, came presently in sight of a spot of green, where a dwarfed and drying willow reared its leaves above the bed of the gulch.

Bronson could have cried, had the moisture remained in his body. Bruised from falling, blinded by the shimmer of the air, he plunged insanely towards the willow, startling half a dozen of the quail from cover as he stumbled through the stunted brush and fell face downwards on the earth.

Like a madman he crept to the willow, wildly searching the sand for a trickle of water.

Above the willow there was nothing. Below, the gravel burned with heat. Beneath the pitiful growth there was just an ooze of moisture, where a bird might catch up a crystal drop, but the jealous sun and sand were drinking here with rivalry insatiate.

Bronson thrust his face in the dampened earth and drew in a breath. It was moist—it was sweeter than wine!

With his fingers he dug in the gravel, unearthing a root of the willow. For a moment the hollow in the sand almost filled, but the gravel absorbed the water, even as the man's parched lips descended for a drink. He dug again madly, but the heat was already in his shallow well, and the trickle disappeared.

"If it only were shaded!" said the man, in despair.

In the frenzy of strength that hope was inspiring in his breast, he tore up stunted brush and bent down the willow to form a crude, inadequate tent, as it were, above the dampened spot.

Time after time he thrust his face in the scooped-out hole and got at least a breath that did not scorch his swollen lips. But the shade he had formed could not, it seemed, woo back the ooze of water. With returning strength he toiled to make the shelter more complete.

"To-night the water will drip," he told himself repeatedly. "To-night—to-night!"

In the shade he created, the sand cooled off by the end of an hour. A single drop of water trembled forth from the end of an uncovered root and fell to the earth.

With a cry of disappointment Bronson would have snatched it back, but it sank immediately. He placed his hot canteen beneath the root, however, and waited.

A second drop came forth and fell within the can. A third and a fourth

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Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

WETTING THEIR LIPS FROM THE SLOWLY DRIPPING ROOT

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were similarly caught. Like a mother-creature sitting there to brood and watch, Bronson remained beside the willow garnering those crystal drops, one by one, as they issued from the earth.

It was over an hour more before he had enough to take to Larry, back there unconscious in the shade. Bronson by then had recovered much of his strength. He hastened up the slope to the cliff, and had the joy of reviving his partner sufficiently to get him to his feet. Then together the two descended to the spring, where they lay upon the earth, alternately wetting their lips from the slowly dripping root and breathing from the moisture of the sand.

All afternoon the broiling sun and the hungering gravel fought with the men for the water. All afternoon the locusts droned, the air ascended in its awful dance, the desolation baked.

But the shadows crept silently eastward at last, and the twilight came as a sweetening presence to the world. In the night the rocks still radiated heat, but the air was cool, and the drop, drop, drop at the tiny spring increased. At twelve o'clock the stars were lending the majesty of their pageant to all the world of mountains.

"The cans are full," said Bronson. "We can make it out to safety by the morning."

They were two haggard, toil-worn men who limped down the trail to Goldenville at last, as one of those hot, dry days was coming to an end. Privation had chiselled its furrows on their faces; suffering still held them in its grip, yet a certain light of joy was burning in Bronson's eyes.

They were almost come to the mining-camp. The grind and puff and shriek of engines came on the air with a sweetness inconceivable. Man was there!—man whose tumult is the voice of life!—man whose symbol is a home!

And yet Larry Mott felt his heart grow ill, even as some little sound of joy escaped the lips of his partner. He had toiled and endured and sacrificed unremittingly, day after day, to atone a little for the wrongs he had done, and peaks of anguish he had climbed without complaint; yet now before him loomed the steepest, hardest, most forbidding peak of all—the struggle with himself.

"Nick," he said, hoarsely, as he paused in the trail,—"Nick—there is something I feel I've got to tell. You've fetched me home—you've saved my life—you've been a partner all the time,—but you may not want to shake my hand—not ever again—when I tell you what I did."

"Why, Larry, what's the matter?" Bronson answered. "If you mean about the day we drew straws for the water—"

"No—I don't mean that," said Mott, interrupting. "It was worse than that. I lied to you, Nick, before we started off. I lied about Agnes. She loves you. I was jealous — crazy — everything low and sneaking. I hoped you would go to the Death-trap hills, and when we were there at the cliff I killed the burro and ran off the water in the keg, and tried to get out of the mountains and leave you there to die. I did it all for a crazy love. I love her now! I can't help loving her, Nick, with all my wretched heart; but—God knows I love my partner!—I had to tell you — now that we are home — but you'll never want to see my face again!"

He leaned against a granite boulder that lay beside the road, and hiding his face in the curve of his arm, was shaken convulsively.

Bronson looked at him strangely as the meaning of the bald confession slowly worked through his brain. Then he presently came and laid his hand on Larry's shoulder.

"We're pards," he said; "don't forget that, Larry—don't. We're better friends than ever. I might have done the same myself. It's over now. Come on, shake hands, and begin to forget. It's past, old man, like that day in the hills—that awful day when we found the 'Lost Gold' ledge."

And after a time, when they had started again for the camp, poor Mott took heart to speak.

"Please don't tell it to Agnes," he said. "I hope she'll some day let me be a friend."

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Whence and Whither?

BY C. W. SALEEBY

IT is well to begin at the beginning, but it is not an easy matter to make sure where that beginning logically lies. Where would the writer begin who was proposing to write a treatise on all things? Should he not make a start with psychology or with the physiology of sensation, so that he might determine the nature and validity of his knowledge? Surely he would need first to discuss the doctrine of innate ideas, quoting his Kant and his Locke, and having decided which to accept, he might then proceed to build thereon. Or he might argue that he consisted, like all other living things, essentially of cells, and he might regard the living cell as the logical starting-point. Or, again, he might well think it necessary to begin with an ethical question, attempting to set forth the reasons which justified his writing, or with a teleological, outlining the ends which he held in view.

While recognizing the claims of all these initial themes, the present writer would ask leave to beg a host of questions concerning them—notably as to the epistemological, which demands that he define the origin and value of his supposed "knowledge"—and would begin with a topic not yet mentioned, yet also competing for priority in this hypothetical treatise upon all time and all existence. This topic is the nebular origin of the solar system, which is now established as a corner-stone in the edifice of scientific truth, but which he must introduce with a few sentences defining the axioms—in the Euclidean sense—which he desires to assume.

Briefly, then, I want to assume—without seeking for proofs at this time—that the Cosmos consists of two entities, called matter and energy. The page before you is an example of the one, and the heat which is being developed in your brain as a result of reading it is an example of the other. As far as science knows, everything that is comes under one or other of these categories. It is highly probable that the latest work on physics is no blind guide in pointing to the conclusion that matter is, so to speak, only a concentrated manifestation of energy, so that the Cosmos may veritably be reduced to that which the great minds of all ages have thought it—an absolute monism, one and indivisible. But for convenience we shall long continue to speak of matter and energy as the two entities that constitute the sum of things.

I have not forgotten the no longer hypothetical ether, of which we must conceive as a tenuous form of matter. Now we have agreed that it is well to begin at the beginning, the mind of man — the "cause-seeking animal"— naturally turns to the question, "Whence?" I shall attempt no answer to this: it is one of the questions that I ask leave at this time to beg.

Let us take it that matter and energy do exist, and merely predicate one series of facts about them. These may be indicated in the terms Conservation of Matter and Conservation of Energy: universally accepted propositions which assert that matter and energy are *eternal, indestructible,* and *uncreatable.* The matter in the ink on this sheet and the energy combined with it (since, for instance, the page has a certain temperature and therefore contains a certain amount of heat energy) have existed from the beginning—if beginning there was,—will continue to exist, as we believe, forever, are indestructible by any conceivable combination of forces in all the universe, and cannot be increased by any power whatever. In other words, the sum of matter and energy in the universe is a constant quantity. If you will not mistake my meaning, I will add, a *finite* quantity; for, though the universe be infinite, we conceive of it as consisting of a total which is finite in

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the sense that it suffers of no addition or increment.

Granted these premises, it is the purpose of this essay to trace the evolution or the history of the matter and energy, now disposed as they are in the solar system, from the earliest stage that we are entitled to assume. This, then, constitutes my attempt to begin at the beginning.

Let us conceive, then, of an immense cloud or nebula, situate at some point in infinite space certainly far removed from the present position of the solar system—a position which is changing at the rate of twelve miles a second as you read. And before you are willing to follow the argument, you will stop and ask where this nebula came from; for you have already grasped the laws of Conservation; you know that the nebula did not spring into existence out of nothing, and you very properly decline to continue until this most legitimate question is answered. You repeat that most ancient maxim of Ionian science, "Ex nihilo nihil fit"—an axiom which is a proven truth to-day—and demand to know where I get this nebula of which I talk so glibly. Will you wait until the sequel? for the last chapter in the history of the solar system — in the history of that nebula—will be the same as the first: wherein will be seen the rhythm of the universe and will be exemplified the truth that there is no new thing under the sun.

The thesis, then, which science now believes itself to have established is that by the working of the forces inherent in this nebula—forces which act according to laws immutable, then as now—it has been resolved essentially by a process of contraction into a central or parent mass which we call the sun, and into a number of subordinate bodies called planets and satellites. To these must probably be added those comets which have not been imprisoned within the solar system by the force of gravitation, but which have originated within it, and also the meteoric particles, such as the Leonids, which occur in myriads in the interplanetary spaces. Astronomy having brought the evolution of the nebula thus far, other branches of science take up the tale and declare that the continued action of these same forces has resulted—to take the most instant case—in the formation of the earth's crust, and in that "vital putrescence of the dust"—to use Stevenson's phrase—which we call living matter, and which has now continued the evolutionary advance so far as to result in the existence of man. Hence we believe that Newton, Shakespeare, and Beethoven were potential in that nebula, as were Kant and Laplace, whose destiny it was to advance and establish the nebular theory of their own and our origin.

This is no less than a stupendous theory, but its basis is mathematical and therefore essentially irrefragable. We must attempt to outline it in intelligible language.

Given a nebula or gaseous cloud of any shape whatever; given, indeed, a nebula whose particles are moving in a condition of absolute chaos, obviously without order and apparently without law; given, in other words, what is probably the initial stage of all nebulæ—it is demonstrable by the infallible processes of mathematics acting upon the basis provided by the law of gravitation, that it must inevitably assume a spiral shape. The law of the "Conservation of Momentum," which enables the mathematician to forecast the history of any two or more particles moving in any directions, but constituting a system not subjected to any external influences, is the foundation of this assertion that any nebula must become spiral. This spiral form is essential in the production of a stellar system such as the Pleiades or a solar system such as ours. It therefore behooves us to look for a moment at the spiral nebulæ, as constituting the most important link in the chain of events.

The astronomers of this particular planet are acquainted with some hundred and twenty thousand nebulæ, of which about one-half are spiral in form. This large proportion of the whole is sufficient to exclude chance in their formation, and to suggest that there must be an inevitability in their development. We are entitled to say that the spiral nebulæ constitute, next to the fixed stars, the most important and characteristic series of objects in the heavens. The first to be discovered was the great nebula in Andromeda, which is still the largest

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that is known. It was first seen by Lord Rosse, and was one of the earliest of his rewards for constructing his great telescope. The French criticism passed at the time was that the astronomer had mistaken a spiral scratch, such as might easily be produced in cleaning one of the lenses of a telescope, for a celestial object! This, however, was no more than ingenious. We now know that the spiral nebulæ constitute the second stage in the evolution of a system, those which one may for convenience style the "chaotic nebulæ" being the first.

The transition is not difficult of comprehension. The countless gaseous particles of which the chaotic nebula is composed are subject to their mutual gravitational influence. The nebula therefore *shrinks*. (Our sun—the central mass of the original solar nebula—is shrinking at this hour, at the rate of about sixteen inches each year, and has thereby produced the heat and light which enabled me to write, you to read, and the plant from which this paper is made to grow.) As the solar nebula, which once extended as far as the orbit of Neptune, began to shrink, the atoms which composed it tended, in accordance with the law of Conservation of Momentum, to arrange themselves in a number of planes, of which one was the most frequented, and was called the principal plane.

When we learn the origin of the nebula we shall know what conditions determine the presence and position of the principal plane. But "the great ages onward roll," and the influence of gravitation causes the atoms in these various planes to attract one another, so that ultimately the whole substance of the nebula is disposed in one plane, which is, approximately of course, the principal plane already described.

The chaos has now been resolved into a *flat* object, nearly all the atoms of which are now revolving in the same direction—as do the planets and satellites of the solar system—around their common centre of gravity, which in our case is now represented by the sun. But there is another most important difference between the chaotic or primitive nebula and the flattened spiral nebula to which it has yielded.

Time was when we thought it probable that a nebula was merely a star-cluster, too distant for terrestrial telescopes to resolve it into its constituent stars. No advance in the construction of telescopes could ever have answered this objection; but a new astronomy arose, which left the telescope with its limitations and wielded a new instrument, the spectroscope. In its simplest form this is simply a prism, which spreads out a beam of white light into its components, the colors of the spectrum. This was the famous experiment in which Newton proved the composite nature of white light.

Now the spectroscope gives different results according as it is placed in the path of light from a glowing gas or light from a solid body. The spectrum of sunlight is continuous, consisting of bands of colors which shade off into one another. The spectrum of a true gas, on the other hand, consists of a series of bright lines separated by dark intervals, and is known as a discontinuous spectrum. It was shown by Sir William Huggins that the spectrum of a young or chaotic nebula is discontinuous, which is a proof that these nebulæ are not distant star-clusters, but are what they appear to be, clouds of gas—often many times greater in extent than the diameter of the solar system. But Huggins applied his spectroscope to the light from a spiral nebula, with the most significant result that its spectrum was found to be continuous. The denser patches in the spiral nebulæ therefore indicate places where the nebula is beginning to solidify, where planets are beginning to be formed. I say planets, taking the solar system as a type, but we must remember that the nebula from which our system is formed was comparatively a small one.

The most magnificent nebula in the heavens is that in Orion, its place being indicated by the "star"—as it appears to the naked eye—which is the middle one of the three that form the sword-handle of the mighty huntsman. This superb object really consists of six stars enmeshed in and surrounded by a great nebula, which has thus already given birth to six suns.

The Pleiades, which photographic as-

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tronomy has resolved into a group of some fifty thousand stars, were probably formed in a similar manner from some nebula of ultra-Titanic proportions.

We learn, therefore, that a spiral nebula is formed of more or less solid bodies—destined to become suns or planets—surrounded by a rarer gas, which ultimately attaches itself to them, so that there is produced a system of revolving bodies separated by empty space. This is the present state of our own system. But is it final? In an ironical passage Carlyle assures us that "to many a Royal Society the creation of a world is little more mysterious than the cooking of a dumpling," and that "Lagrange, it is well known, has proved that the planetary system, on this scheme, will last forever." The "scheme" is the theory of gravitation, by which, and by which alone, as Carlyle goes on to say, Laplace guesses that the planetary system was made. But Lagrange had not taken all the factors into consideration. It is a deduction from the law of gravitation that the planetary system will *not* endure forever.

Charles Darwin was a champion of the theory of evolution in the realm of biology, and George Darwin, his son, has greatly added to our knowledge of evolution in the realm of astronomy. By a study of the tides he has forecast the future of the solar system. Even at this hour the tides are acting as a brake upon our earth as she rotates, and are lengthening the day by about twenty-two seconds in each century. The tides are at present mainly produced, we know, by the gravitational action of the moon. The moon herself was probably formed by the breaking loose of the matter rolling upon the earth some fifty million years ago when her surface was molten. The Atlantic and Pacific oceans probably mark the scars left by the two masses which ultimately joined to form the moon. Now the present effect of the tides is so to alter the relative lengths of the month and the day that the moon and the earth will eventually rotate together just as if a solid bar ran between them. There will then be no moon-raised tides upon the earth.

But—ignoring the influence of the other planets—the earth will raise tides upon the sun, just as Jupiter certainly does now. These solar tides act as a brake upon his rotation just as the terrestrial tides act upon the rotation of the earth.

From these alterations in rate of rotation serious consequences will follow. The law of the Conservation of Momentum states that a certain amount of what the mathematician, in an unfortunate phrase, calls "moment of momentum" is present in our system. Not one particle of that finite quantity can be lost by the solar system as a whole. The alterations now occurring in the distribution of this total in the solar system have led Professor George Darwin to predict that the moon will ultimately return to the earth which gave her sudden birth so many ages before; and it may further be prophesied that the planets and their satellites must ultimately yield to the gravitational influence of our dying sun and must return to the bosom of their parent. We must conceive of the solar system of to-day, then, as gathered into one central mass, closely aggregated around that point which, from the beginning, has constituted its centre of gravity. And what will be the state of this shrunken object? It will be a dark star, a dead sun. There are myriads such in the heavens. Sir Robert Ball has said that to count all the bright stars that we can see and say "these are all there are," would be like counting the red-hot horseshoes in England and saying "this is the total number." This dark to-be will therefore be just such another as millions more. There will be no life upon it. We cannot conceive the terror of its cold, for the nebula has been dissipating energy, in the form of light and heat, into the chilly depths of intersidereal space ever since the first hour of its longæval shrinkage.

What is the destiny of this dead sun, amongst whose constituent atoms, remember, will be those in the printer's ink before your eyes and those in the eyes themselves? Are they forever—"stable in desolation," as Stevenson has it—to be borne onwards through infinite space? No; this shrivelled globe, the common tomb of Sun and Earth and Mars and of the bodies of the great that once breathed thereon, may live again. Give it but the

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consuming embrace of such another voyager and in a moment a new nebula will be born. The force of their impact will suffice to evaporate their substance into another cloud which will repeat the history of the old. The path of the two dead suns will determine the position of the "principal plane" which will form the ground-plan of the new system. A new system, I say, new in time, alien in place, yet in part composed of the same imperishable substance of the old.

You asked me whence I derived the nebula which I proposed to consider? and I replied that its last stage would indicate its first. We believe that the nebula from which the solar system is formed was itself derived from the impact of two or more bodies, each of which may well have been the dark epitome and consummation of a system such as ours.

We hear much of waves and vibrations nowadays. From the formation of one nebula to its phœnixlike end in the formation of another is surely the wave-length of the Great Vibration. Do we want a great measure of Time—an *annus magnus*? Surely this, the epoch between two nebulæ, might be taken as the Unit wherewith faintly and with unutterable unsuccess to measure Eternity. The rhythm of Universal History, the strides of the Eternal, are from nebula to nebula.

And we?—ephemeral dwellers on the doomed satellite of a dying sun; we, to whom a scroll so sempiternal has been unfolded,—how does it all strike us, as from our standpoint between two nebulæ we survey the Cosmos of which we are, if an ephemeral, yet an inalienable part? For our bodily substance has a past how long and glorious, a future how fraught with possibility. The atoms in the tear wherewith your winking eyelid has just now—for its benefit—moistened your eyeball, where were they when the solar nebula reached out as far as Neptune? Or can you figure them borne on some precedent world and scattered in affright when it collided with another? Or can you trace them farther back still in an illimitable past, or forward to an illimitable future? They may have moistened the eyes of a greater than Shakespeare in the course of the history of the last nebula but one, or, gathered into overflowing tears, they may express the agony of sorrow or the ecstasy of joy in some heart like yours that may beat in the course of Cosmic evolution some ten or a billion nebulæ hence, after a few more unconsidered paces in the path of the universe.

It seems to me that the fact of the Conservation of Matter, teaching us that there shall never be one lost atom, nor ever has been — considered with the nebular theory which teaches us afresh and with the authoritative voice of mathematical science the lesson of Heraclitus and Herbert Spencer, that the Cosmos pursues an eternal succession of cyclical changes,—reveals to the imagination a vista of sheer sublimity. My pen can but adumbrate it, yet surely the reader, accepting the simple statement of matter and energy, eternally indestructible, eternally pursuing this cyclic course, and ever and again giving rise to sentient and reasoning creatures such as himself, may agree with me that here is an Epic indeed.

Experience

BY W. D. HOWELLS

THE first time, when at night I went about
Locking the doors and windows everywhere,
After she died, I seemed to lock her out
In the starred silence and the homeless air,
And leave her waiting in her gentle way
All through the night, till the disconsolate day,
Upon the threshold, while we slept, awake:
Such things the heart can bear and yet not break.

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The Fire-Warden

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

I

"AND of course what I buy is my own," continued Burleson, patiently. "No man here will question that, I suppose?"

For a moment there was silence in the cross-roads store; then a lank, mud-splashed native arose from behind the stove, shoving his scarred hands deep into the ragged pockets of his trousers.

"Young man," he said, harshly, "there's a few things you can't buy; you may think you can buy 'em—you may pay for 'em, too—but they can't be bought an' sold. You thought you bought Grier's tract; you thought you bought a lot o' deer an' birds an' fish, several thousand acres in timber, and a dozen lakes. An' you paid for 'em, too. But, sonny, you was took in; you paid for 'em, but you didn't buy 'em, because Grier couldn't sell God's free critters. He fooled ye that time."

"Is that the way you regard it, Santry?" asked Burleson. "Is that the way these people regard private property?"

"I guess it is," replied the ragged man, resuming his seat on the flour-barrel. "I cal'late the Lord A'mighty fashioned His wild critters f'r to peramble round about, offerin' a fair mark an' no favor to them that's smart enough to git 'em with buck, bird-shot, or bullet. Live wild critters ain't for sale; they never was made to buy an' sell. The spryest gits 'em;—an' that's all about it, I guess, *Mister* Burleson."

A hard-faced young man leaning against the counter added significantly: "We talked some to Grier, an' he sold out. He come here, too, just like you."

The covert menace set two spots of color deepening in young Burleson's lean cheeks; but he answered calmly:

"What a man believes to be his own he seldom abandons from fear of threats."

"That's kinder like our case," observed old man Santry, chewing vigorously.

Another man leaned over and whispered to a neighbor, who turned a grim eye on Burleson without replying.

As for Burleson and his argument, a vicious circle had been completed, and there was little chance of an understanding; he saw that plainly, but loath to admit it, turned toward old man Santry once more.

"If what has been common rumor is true," he said, "Mr. Grier, from whom I bought the Spirit Lake tract, was rough in defending what he believed to be his own. I want to be decent; I desire to preserve the game and the timber, but not at the expense of human suffering. You know better than I do what has been the history of Fox Cross-roads. Twenty-five years ago your village was a large one; you had tanneries, lumber-mills, paper-mills,—even a newspaper. To-day the timber is gone, and so has the town, except for your homes—twenty houses, perhaps. Your soil is sand and slate, fit only for a new forest; the entire country is useless for farming, and it is the natural home of pine and oak, of the deer and partridge."

He took one step nearer the silent circle around the stove. "I have offered to buy your rights; Grier hemmed you in on every side to force you out. I do not want to force you; I offer to buy your land at a fair appraisal. And your answer is to put a prohibitive price on the land."

"Because," observed old man Santry, "we've got you ketched. That's business, I guess."

Burleson flushed up. "Not business; blackmail, Santry."

Another silence, then a man laughed: "Is that what they call it down to York, Mr. Burleson?"

"I think so."

"When a man wants to put up a sky-scraper an' gits all but the key-lot, an' if the owner of the key-lot holds out for his price, do they call it blackmail?"

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"No," said Burleson; "I think I spoke hastily."

Not a sound broke the stillness in the store. After a moment old man Santry opened his clasp-knife, leaned forward, and shaved off a thin slice from the cheese on the counter. This he ate, faded eyes fixed on space. Men all around him relaxed in their chairs, spat, recrossed their muddy boots, stretching and yawning. Plainly the conference had ended.

"I am sorry," said young Burleson; "I had hoped for a fair understanding."

Nobody answered.

He tucked his riding-crop under one arm and stood watching them, buttoning his tan gloves. Then with the butt of his crop he rubbed a dry spot of mud from his leather puttees, freed the incrusted spurs, and turned toward the door, pausing there to look back.

"I hate to leave it this way," he said, impulsively. "I want to live in peace with my neighbors. I mean to make no threats—but neither can I be moved by threats. . . . Perhaps time will aid us to come to a fair understanding; perhaps a better knowledge of one another. Although the shooting and fishing are restricted, my house is always open to my neighbors. You will be welcome when you come—"

The silence was profound as he hesitated, standing there before them in the sunshine of the doorway—a lean, well-built, faultless figure, an unconscious challenge to poverty, a terrible offence to their every instinct—the living embodiment of all that they hated most in all the world.

And so he went away with a brief "Good morning," flung himself astride his horse, and cantered off, gathering bridle as he rode, sweeping at a gallop across the wooden bridge into the forest world beyond.

The September woods were dry—dry enough to catch fire. His troubled eyes swept the second growth as he drew bridle at a gate set in a fence eight feet high and entirely constructed of wire net interwoven with barbed wire, and heavily hedged with locust and buckthorn.

He dismounted, unlocked the iron gate, led his horse through, refastened the gate, and walked on, his horse following as a trained dog follows at heel.

Through the still September sunshine ripened leaves drifted down through interlaced branches, and the whispering rustle of their fall filled the forest silence. The wood road, carpeted with brilliant leaves, wound through second growth, following the edge of a dark, swift stream, then swept westward among the pines, where the cushion of brown needles deadened every step, and where there was no sound save the rustle of a flock of rose-tinted birds half buried in the feathery fronds of a white pine. Again the road curved eastward, skirting a cleft of slate rocks, through which the stream rushed with the sound of a wind-stirred woodland; and by this stream a man stood, loading a rusty fowling-piece.

Young Burleson had retained Grier's keepers, for obvious reasons; and already he knew them all by name. But this man was no keeper of his; and he walked straight up to him, bidding him a rather sharp good-morning, which was sullenly returned.

Then Burleson told him as pleasantly as he could that the land was preserved, that he could not tolerate armed trespassing, and that the keepers were charged to enforce the laws.

"It is better," he said, "to have a clear understanding at once. I think the law governing private property is clearly set forth on the signs along my boundary. This preserve is posted and patrolled; I have done all I could to guarantee public rights; I have not made any application to have the public road closed, and I am perfectly willing to keep it open for public convenience. But it is not right for anybody to carry a gun in these preserves; and if it continues I shall surely apply for permission to close the road."

"I guess you think you'll do a lot o' things," observed the man, stolidly.

"I think I will," returned Burleson, refusing to take offence at the insolence.

The man tossed his gun to his shoulder and slouched toward the boundary. Burleson watched him in silence until the fellow reached the netted wire fence, then he called out,

"There is a turnstile to the left."

But the native deliberately drew a hatchet from his belt, opened the wire netting with one heavy slash, and

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crawled through. Then wheeling in his tracks outside, he cursed Burleson and shook his gun at him, and finally slouched off toward Fox Cross-roads, leaving the master of the forest a trifle white and quivering under the cutting curb of self-control.

Presently his spasmodic grip on the riding-crop relaxed; he looked about him with a long, quiet breath, flicked a burr from his riding-breeches, and walked on, head lowered and jaw set. His horse followed at his heels.

A mile beyond he met a keeper demolishing a deadfall along the creek, and he summoned him with a good-humored greeting.

"Rolfe, we're headed for trouble, but it must not come,—do you hear? I won't have it if it can be avoided—and it must be avoided. These poor devils that Grier hemmed in and warned off with his shotgun patrol are looking for that same sort of thing from me. Petty annoyances shall not drive me into violence; I've made it plain to every keeper, every forester, every man who takes wages from me. If I can stand insolence from men I am sorry for, my employees can and must. . . . Who was that man I met below here?"

"Abe Storm, sir."

"What was he doing—building deadfalls?"

"Seven, sir. He had three muskrats and a mink when I caught him—"

"Rolfe, you go to Abe Storm and tell him I give him leave to take muskrat and mink along Spirit Creek, and that I'll allow him a quarter bounty on every unmarked pelt, and he may keep the pelts too."

The keeper looked blankly at the master: "Why—why, Mr. Burleson, he's the dirtiest, meanest market hunter in the lot!"

"You do as I say, Rolfe," said the master, amiably.

"Yes, sir—but—"

"Did you deliver my note to the fire-warden?"

"Yes, sir. The old man's abed with miseries. He said he'd send his deputy at noon."

Burleson laid his gloved hand on his horse's saddle, looking sharply at the keeper.

"They tell me that Mr. Elliott has seen better fortune, Rolfe."

"Yes, sir. When the Cross-roads went to pot, he went too. He owned a piece o' land that was no good only for the timber. He's like the rest o' them, I guess—only he had more to lose—an' he lost it same as all o' them."

Burleson drew out his watch, glanced at it, and then mounted.

"Try to make a friend of Abe Storm," he said; "that is my policy, and you all know it. Help me to keep the peace, Rolfe. If I keep it, I don't see how they're going to break it."

"Very well, sir. But it riles me to—"

"Nonsense! Now tell me where I'm to meet the fire-warden's deputy. Oh! then I'll jump him somewhere before long. And remember, Rolfe, that it's no more pleasure for me to keep my temper than it is for anybody. But I've got to do it, and so have you. And, after all, it's more fun to keep it than to let it loose."

"Yes, sir," said Rolfe, grinning like a dusty fox in July.

So Burleson rode on at a canter, presently slacking to a walk, arguing with himself in a low, calm voice:

"Poor devils—poor, half-starved devils! If I could afford to pay their prices I'd do it. . . . I'll wink at anything short of destruction; I can't let them cut the pine; I can't let them clean out the grouse and deer and fish. As for lawsuits, I simply won't! There must be some decent way short of a shotgun."

He stretched out a hand and broke a flaming maple leaf from a branch in passing, drew it through his buttonhole, thoughtful eyes searching the road ahead, which now ran out through long strips of swale bordered by saplings.

Presently a little breeze stirred the foliage of the white birches to a sea of tremulous gold; and at the same moment a rider appeared in the marsh beyond, galloping through the blanched swale-grass, which rose high as the horse's girth.

Young Burleson drew bridle; the slim youth who sat his saddle so easily must be the deputy of the sick fire-warden; this was the time and the place.

As the young rider galloped up, Burleson leaned forward, offering his hand

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Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

AWAY THEY WENT, KNEE-DEEP IN DRY, SILVERY GRASSES

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with an easy, pleasant greeting. The hand was unnoticed, the greeting breathlessly returned; two grave, gray eyes met his, and Burleson found himself looking into the flushed face of a young girl.

When he realized this, he took off his cap, and she inclined her head, barely acknowledging his salute.

"I am Mr. Elliott's daughter," she said; "you are Mr. Burleson?"

Burleson had the honor of presenting himself, cap in hand.

"I am my father's deputy," said the girl, quietly, gathering her bridle and wheeling her horse. "I read your note. Have you reason to believe that an attempt has been made to fire the Owl Vlaie?"

There was a ring of business in her voice that struck him as amusingly delightful,—and such a sweet, clear voice, too, untinged with the slightest taint of native accent.

"Yes," said Burleson, gravely, "I'm afraid that somebody tried to burn the vlaie. I think that a change in the wind alone saved us from a bad fire."

"Shall we ride over?" inquired the girl, moving forward with unconscious grace.

Burleson ranged his big horse alongside; she set her mount at a gallop, and away they went, wheeling into the swale, knee-deep in dry silvery grasses, until the deputy fire-warden drew bridle with a side-flung caution: "Muskrats! Look out for a cropper!"

Now, at a walk, the horses moved forward side by side through the pale glistening sea of grass stretching out on every side.

Over a hidden pond a huge heron stood guard, stiff and shapeless as a weather-beaten stake. Blackbirds with crimson-slashed shoulders rose in clouds from the reeds, only to settle again as they passed amid a ceaseless chorus of harsh protest. Once a pair of summer duck came speeding overhead; and Burleson, looking up, exclaimed:

"There's a bird I never shoot at. It's too beautiful."

The girl turned her head, serious gray eyes questioning his.

"Have you ever seen a wood-duck?—a drake? in full plumage?" he asked.

"Often—before Mr. Grier came."

Burleson fell silent, restless in his saddle, then said:

"I hope you will see many wood-duck now. My boats on Spirit Water are always at Mr. Elliott's disposal—and at yours."

She made the slightest sign of acknowledgment, but said nothing. Once or twice she rose upright, standing straight in her stirrups to scan the distance under a small inverted hand. East and north the pine forest girdled the vlaie; west and south hardwood timber laced the skyline with branches partly naked, and the pine's outposts of white birch and willow glimmered like mounds of crumpled gold along the edges of the sea of grass.

"There is the stream!" said Burleson, suddenly.

She saw it at the same moment, touched her mare with spurred heels, and lifted her clean over with a grace that set Burleson's nerves thrilling.

He followed, taking the water-jump without effort; and after a second's hesitation ventured to praise her horse.

"Yes," she said, indifferently, "'The Witch' is a good mare." After a silence, "My father desires to sell her."

"I know a dozen men who would jump at the chance," said the young fellow. "But"—he hesitated—"it is a shame to sell such a horse—"

The girl colored. "My father will never ride again," she said, quietly. "We should be very glad to sell her."

"But — the mare suits you so perfectly—"

She turned her head and looked at him gravely. "You must be aware, Mr. Burleson, that it is not choice with us," she said. There was nothing of bitterness in her voice; she leaned forward, patting the mare's chestnut neck for a moment, then swung back, sitting straight as a cavalryman in her saddle. "Of course," she said, smiling for the first time, "it will break my heart to sell 'The Witch,' but"—she patted the mare again—"the mare won't grieve; it takes a dog to do that; but horses—well, I know horses enough to know that even 'The Witch' won't grieve."

"That is a radical theory, Miss Elliott," said Burleson, amused. "What about the Arab and his loving steed?"

"That is not a legend for people who

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know horses," she replied, still smiling. "The love is all on our side. You know horses, Mr. Burleson. Is it not the truth —the naked truth stripped of poetry and freed from tradition?"

"Why strip poetry from anything?" he asked, laughing.

She rode on in silence for a while, the bright smile fading from lips and eyes.

"Oh, you are quite right," she said; "let us leave what romance there may be in the world. My horse loves me like a dog. I am very happy to believe it, Mr. Burleson."

From the luminous shadow of her sombrero she looked out across the stretch of marsh, where from unseen pools the wild duck were rising, disturbed by the sound of their approach. And now the snipe began to dart skyward from under their horses' feet, filling the noon silence with their harsh "squak! squak!"

"It's along here somewhere," said Burleson, leaning forward in his saddle to scan the swale-grass. A moment later he said, "Look there, Miss Elliott!"

In the tall blanched grasses a velvety black space marked the ashes of a fire, which had burned in a semicircle, then westward to the water's edge.

"You see," he said, "it was started to sweep the vlaie to the pine timber. The wind changed, and held it until the fire was quenched at the shore."

"I see," she said.

He touched his horse, and they pressed forward along the bog's edge.

"Here," he pointed out, "they fired the grass again, you see, always counting on the west wind; and here again, and yonder too, and beyond that, Miss Elliott,—in a dozen places they set the grass afire. If that wet east wind had not come up, nothing on earth could have saved a thousand acres of white pine—and I'm afraid to say how many deer and partridges and woodcock. . . . It was a savage bit of business, was it not, Miss Elliott?"

She sat her horse, silent, motionless, pretty head bent, studying the course of the fire in the swale. There was no mistaking the signs; a grass fire had been started, which, had the west wind held, must have become a brush fire, and then the most dreaded scourge of the north, a full-fledged forest fire in tall timber. After a little while she raised her head and looked full at Burleson, then, without comment, she wheeled her mare eastward across the vlaie toward the pines.

"What do you make of it?" he asked, pushing his horse forward alongside of her mare.

"The signs are perfectly plain," she said. "Whom do you suspect?"

He waited a moment, then shook his head.

"You suspect nobody?"

"I haven't been here long enough. I don't exactly know what to do about this. It is comparatively easy to settle cases of simple trespass or deer-shooting, but, to tell the truth, Miss Elliott, fire scares me. I don't know how to meet this sort of thing."

She was silent.

"So," he added, "I sent for the fire-warden. I don't know just what the warden's duties may be."

"I do," she said, quietly. Her mare struck solid ground; she sent her forward at a gallop, which broke into a dead run. Burleson came pounding along behind, amused, interested at this new caprice. She drew bridle at the edge of the birches, half turned in her saddle, bidding him follow with a gesture, and rode straight into the covert, now bending to avoid branches, now pushing intrusive limbs aside with both gloved hands.

Out of the low bush pines, heirs of the white birches' heritage, rabbits hopped away; sometimes a cock grouse, running like a rat, fled, crested head erect; twice twittering woodcock whirred upward, beating wings tangled for a moment in the birches, fluttering like great moths caught in a net.

And now they had waded through the silver birches which fringed the pines as foam fringes a green sea; and before them towered the tall timber, illuminated by the sun.

In the transparent green shadows they drew bridle; she leaned forward, clearing the thick tendrils of hair from her forehead, and sat stock-still, intent, every exquisite line and contour in full relief against the pines.

At first he thought she was listening, every nerve keyed to sense sounds inaudible to him. Then, as he sat, fascinated, scarcely breathing lest the en-

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chantment break, leaving him alone in the forest with the memory of a dream, a faint aromatic odor seemed to grow in the air; not the close scent of the pines, but something less subtle.

"Smoke!" he said, aloud.

She touched her mare forward, riding into the wind, delicate nostrils dilated; and he followed over the soundless cushion of brown needles, down aisles flanked by pillared pines, whose crests swam in the upper breezes, filling all the forest with harmony.

And here, deep in the splendid forest, there was fire,—at first nothing but a thin, serpentine trail of ashes through moss and bedded needles; then, scarcely six inches in width, a smouldering, sinuous path from which fine threads of smoke rose straight upward, vanishing in the woodland half-light.

He sprang from his horse and tore away a bed of green moss through which filaments of blue smoke stole; and deep in the forest mould, spreading like veins in an autumn leaf, fire ran underground, its almost invisible vapor curling up through lichens and the brown carpet of pine-needles.

At first, for it was so feeble a fire, scarcely alive, he strove to stamp it out, then to smother it with damp mould. But as he followed its wormlike course, always ahead he saw the thin blue signals rising through living moss,—everywhere the attenuated spirals creeping from the ground underfoot.

"I could summon every man in this town if necessary," she said; "I am empowered by law to do so; but—I shall not—yet. Where could we find a keeper—the nearest patrol?"

"Please follow me," he said, mounting his horse and wheeling eastward.

In a few moments they came to a foot-trail, and turned into it at a canter, skirting the Spirit Water, which stretched away between two mountains glittering in the sun.

"How many men can you get?" she called forward.

"I don't know; there's a gang of men terracing below the lodge—"

"Call them all; let every man bring a pick and shovel. There is a guard now!"

Burleson pulled up short and shouted, "Murphy!"

The patrol turned around.

"Get the men who are terracing the lodge. Bring picks, shovels, and axes, and meet me here. Run for it!"

The fire-warden's horse walked up leisurely; the girl had relinquished the bridle and was guiding the mare with the slightest pressure of knee and heel. She sat at ease, head lowered, absently retying the ribbon on the hair at her neck. When it was adjusted to her satisfaction she passed a hat-pin through her sombrero, touched the bright thick hair above her forehead, straightened out, stretching her legs in the stirrups. Then she drew off her right gauntlet, and very discreetly stifled the daintiest of yawns.

"You evidently don't believe there is much danger," said Burleson, with a smile which seemed to relieve the tension he had labored under.

"Yes, there is danger," she said.

After a silence she added, "I think I hear your men coming."

He listened in vain: he heard the wind above filtering through the pines; he heard the breathing of their horses and his own heart-beats, too. Then very far away a sound broke out.

"What wonderful ears you have," he said,—not thinking of their beauty until his eye fell on their lovely contour. And as he gazed, the little clean-cut ear next to him turned pink, and its owner touched her mare forward—apparently in aimless caprice, for she circled and came straight back, meeting his gaze with her pure, fearless gray eyes.

There must have been something not only perfectly inoffensive, but also well bred, in Burleson's lean, bronzed face, for her own face softened into an amiable expression, and she wheeled the mare up beside his mount, confidently exposing the small ear again.

The men were coming; there could be no mistake this time. And there came Murphy, too, and Rolfe, with his great, swinging stride, gun on one shoulder, a bundle of axes on the other.

"This way," said Burleson, briefly; but the fire-warden cut in ahead, cantering forward up the trail, nonchalantly breaking off a twig of aromatic black birch, as she rode, to place between her red lips.

Murphy, arriving in the lead, scanned

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the haze which hung along the living moss.

"Sure, it's a foolish fire, sorr," he muttered, "burrowing like a mole gone mad. Rest aisy, Misther Burleson; we'll scotch the divil that done this night's worruk!—bad cess to the dhirrty scut!"

"Never mind that, Murphy. Miss Elliott, are they to dig it out?"

She nodded.

The men, ranged in an uneven line, stood stupidly staring at the long vistas of haze. The slim fire-warden wheeled her mare to face them, speaking very quietly, explaining how deep to dig, how far a margin might be left in safety, how many men were to begin there, and at what distances apart.

Then she picked ten men and bade them follow her.

Burleson rode in the rear, motioning Rolfe to his stirrup.

"What do you think of it?" he asked, in a low voice.

"I think, sir, that one of those damned Storms did it—"

"I mean, what do you think about the chances? Is it serious?"

"That young lady ahead knows better than I do. I've seen two of these here underground fires; one was easy killed; the other cleaned out three thousand acres."

Burleson nodded. "I think," he said, "that you had better go back to the lodge and get every spare man. Tell Rudolf to rig up a wagon and bring rations and water for the men. Put in something nice for Miss Elliott—see to that, Rolfe; do you hear?"

"Yes, sir."

"And, Rolfe, bring feed for the horses—and see that there are a couple of men to watch the house and stables—" He broke out bitterly, "It's a scoundrelly bit of work they've done!—" and instantly had himself under control again. "Better go at once, Rolfe, and caution the men to remain quiet under provocation if any trespassers come inside."

II

By afternoon they had not found the end of the underground fire. The live trail had been followed and the creeping terror exterminated for half a mile; yet, although two ditches had been dug to cut the fire off from further progress, always ahead the haze hung motionless, stretching away westward through the pines.

Now a third trench was started—far enough forward this time, for there was no blue haze visible beyond the young hemlock growth.

The sweating men, stripped to their undershirts, swung pick and axe and drove home their heavy shovels. Burleson, his gray flannel shirt open at the throat, arms bared to the shoulder, worked steadily among his men; on a knoll above, the fire-warden sat cross-legged on the pine-needles, her straight young back against a tree. On her knees were a plate and a napkin. She ate bits of cold partridge at intervals; at intervals she sipped a glass of claret, and regarded Burleson dreamily.

To make certain, she had set a gang of men to clear the woods in a belt behind the third ditch; a young growth of hemlock was being sacrificed, and the forest rang with axe strokes, the cries of men, the splintering crash of the trees.

"I think," said Burleson to Rolfe, who had just come up, "that we are ahead of the trouble now. Did you give my peaceful message to Abe Storm?"

"No, sir; he wasn't to home—damn him!"

The young man looked up quickly. "What's the trouble now?" he asked.

"There's plenty more trouble ahead," said the keeper, in a low voice. "Look at this belt, sir!" and he drew from his pocket a leather belt, unrolled it, and pointed at a name scratched on the buckle. The name was "Abe Storm."

"Where did that come from?" demanded Burleson.

"The man that fired the vlaie grass dropped it. Barry picked it up on patrol. There's the evidence, sir. The belt lay on the edge of the burning grass."

"You mean he dropped it last night, and Barry found it where the grass had been afire?"

"No, sir; that belt was dropped two hours since. *The grass was afire again.*"

The color left Burleson's face, then came surging back through the tightening skin of the set jaws.

"Barry put out the blaze, sir. He's on duty there now with Chase and Con-

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nor. God help Abe Storm if they get him over the sights, Mr. Burleson."

Burleson's self-command was shaken. He reached out his hand for the belt, flung away his axe, and walked up the slope of the knoll where the fire-warden sat calmly watching him.

For a few moments he stood before her, teeth set, in silent battle with that devil's own temper which had never been killed in him, which he knew now could never be ripped out and exterminated, which must, *must* lie chained—chained while he himself stood tireless guard, knowing that chains may break.

After a while he dropped to the ground beside her, like a man dead tired. "Tell me about these people," he said.

"What people, Mr. Burleson? My own?"

Her sensitive instinct had followed the little drama from her vantage-seat on the knoll; she had seen the patrol display the belt; she had watched the color die out and then flood the young man's face and neck; and she had read the surface signs of the murderous fury that altered his own visage to a mask set with a pair of blazing eyes. And suddenly, as he dropped to the ground beside her, his question had swept aside formality, leaving them on the very edge of an intimacy which she had accepted, unconsciously, with her low-voiced answer.

"Yes—your own people. Tell me what I should know. I want to live in peace among them if they'll let me."

She gathered her knees in her clasped fingers and looked out into the forest. "Mr. Burleson," she said, "for every mental, every moral deformity, man is answerable to man. You dwellers in the pleasant places of the world are pitiless in your judgment of the sullen, suspicious, narrow life you find edging forests, clinging to mountain flanks, or stupidly stifling in the heart of some vast plain. I cannot understand the mental cruelty which condemns with contempt human creatures who have had no chance—not one single chance. Are they ignorant? Then bear with them for shame! Are they envious, grasping, narrow? Do they gossip about neighbors, do they slander without mercy? What can you expect from starved minds, human intellects unnourished by all that you find so wholesome? Man's progress only inspires man; man's mind alone stimulates man's mind. Where civilization is there are many men; where is the greatest culture, the broadest thought, the sweetest toleration, there men are many, teaching one another unconsciously, consciously, always advancing, always uplifting, spite of the shallow tide of sin which flows in the footsteps of all progress—"

She ceased; her delicate, earnest face relaxed, and a smile glimmered for a moment in her eyes, in the pretty curled corners of her parted lips.

"I'm talking very like a schoolmarm," she said. "I am one, by the way, and I teach the children of these people—*my* people," she added, with an exquisite hint of defiance in her smile.

She rested her weight on one arm and leaned toward him a trifle.

"In Fox Cross-roads there is much that is hopeless, much that is sorrowful, Mr. Burleson; there is hunger, bodily hunger; there is sickness unsolaced by spiritual or bodily comfort—not even the comfort of death! Ah, you should see them—*once!* Once would be enough! And no physician, nobody that knows, I tell you,—nobody through the long, dusty, stifling summers,—nobody through the lengthening bitterness of the black winters,—nobody except myself. Mr. Burleson, old man Storm died craving a taste of broth; and Abe Storm trapped a partridge for him, and Rolfe caught him and Grier jailed him—and confiscated the miserable, half-plucked bird!"

The hand which supported her weight was clenched; she was not looking at the man beside her, but his eyes never left hers.

"You talk angrily of market hunting, and the law forbids it. You say you can respect a poacher who shoots for the love of it, but you have only contempt for the market hunter. And you are right sometimes—" She looked him in the eyes. "Old Santry's little girl is bedridden. Santry shot and sold a deer—and bought his child a patent bed. She sleeps almost a whole hour now without much pain."

Burleson, eyes fixed on her, did not stir. The fire-warden leaned forward, picked up the belt, and read the name

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scratched with a hunting-knife on the brass buckle.

"Before Grier came," she said, thoughtfully, "there was misery enough here—cold, hunger, disease—oh, plenty of disease always. Their starved lands of sand and rock gave them a little return for heart-breaking labor, but not enough. Their rifles helped them to keep alive; timber was free; they existed. Then suddenly forest, game, vlaie, and lake were taken from them—fenced off, closed to these people whose fathers' fathers had established free thoroughfare where posted warnings and shotgun patrols now block every trodden trail! What is the sure result?—and Grier was brutal! What could be expected? Why, Mr. Burleson, these people are Americans!—dwarfed mentally, stunted morally, year by year reverting to primal type—yet the fire in their blood set their grandfathers marching on Saratoga!—marching to accomplish the destruction of all kings! And Grier drove down here with a coachman and footman in livery and furs, and summoned the constable from Brier Bridge, and arrested old man Santry at his child's bedside—the new bed paid for with Grier's buck. . . ."

She paused; then with a long breath she straightened up and leaned back once more against the tree.

"They are not born criminals," she said. "See what you can do with them, —see what you can do for them, Mr. Burleson. The relative values of a deer and a man have changed since they hung poachers in England."

They sat silent for a while, watching the men below.

"Miss Elliott," he said, impulsively, "may I not know your father?"

She flushed and turned toward him as though unpleasantly startled. That was only instinct, for almost at the same moment she leaned back quietly against the tree.

"I think my father would like to know you," she said. "He seldom sees men—men like himself."

"Perhaps you would let me smoke a cigarette, Miss Elliott?" he ventured.

"You were very silly not to ask me before," she said, unconsciously falling into his commonplace vein of easy deference.

"I wonder," he went on, lazily, "what that débris is on the land which runs back from the store at Fox Cross-roads. It can't be that anybody was simple enough to go boring for oil."

She winced; but the smile remained on her face, and she met his eyes quite calmly.

"That pile of débris," she said, "is, I fancy, the wreck of the house of Elliott. My father did bore for oil and found it—about a pint, I believe."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," cried Burleson, red as a pippin.

"I am not a bit sensitive," she said. Her mouth, the white, heavy lids of her eyes, contradicted her.

"There was a very dreadful smash-up of the house of Elliott, Mr. Burleson. If you feel a bit friendly toward that house, you will advise me how I may sell 'The Witch.' I don't mind telling you why. My father has simply got to go to some place where rheumatism can be helped—be made bearable. I know that I could easily dispose of the mare if I were in a civilized region; even Grier offered half her value. If you know of any people who care for that sort of horse, I'll be delighted to enter into brisk correspondence with them."

"I know a man," observed Burleson, deliberately, "who would buy that mare in about nine-tenths of a second."

"Oh, I'll concede him the other tenth!" cried the girl, laughing. It was the first clear, care-free laugh he had heard from her—and so fascinating, so delicious, that he sat there silent in entranced surprise.

"About the value of the mare," she suggested, diffidently, "you may tell your friend that she is only worth what father paid for her—"

"Good Lord!" he said, "that's not the way to sell a horse!"

"Why not? Isn't she worth that much?"

"What did your father pay for her?"

The girl named the sum a trifle anxiously. "It's a great deal, I know—"

"It's about a third what she's worth," announced Burleson. "If I were you, I'd add seventy-five per cent., and hold out like—like a demon for it."

"But I cannot ask more than we paid—"

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"Why not?"

"I—don't know. Is it honorable?"

They looked at one another for a moment, then he began to laugh. To her surprise, she felt neither resentment nor chagrin, although he was plainly laughing at her. So presently she laughed too, a trifle uncertainly, shy eyes avoiding his, yet always returning curiously. She did not know just why; she was scarcely aware that she took pleasure in this lean-faced young horseman's company.

"I have always believed," she began, "that to sell anything for more than its value was something as horrid as—as usury."

"Such a transaction resembles usury as closely as it does the theory of Pythagoras," he explained; and presently their laughter aroused the workmen, who looked up, leaning on spade and pick.

"I cannot understand," she said, "why you make such silly remarks or why I laugh at them. A boy once affected me in the same way—years ago."

She sat up straight, a faint smile touching her mouth and eyes. "I think that my work is about ended here, Mr. Burleson. Do you know that my pupils are enjoying a holiday — because you choose to indulge in a forest fire?"

He strove to look remorseful, but he only grinned.

"I did not suppose you cared," she said, severely, but made no motion to rise.

Presently he mentioned the mare again, asking if she really desired to sell her; and she said that she did.

"Then I'll wire to-night," he rejoined. "There should be a check for you day after to-morrow."

"But suppose the man did not wish to buy her?"

"No chance of that. If you say so, the mare is sold from this moment."

"I do say so," she answered, in a low voice,—"and thank you, Mr. Burleson. You do not realize how astonished I am—how fortunate—how deeply happy—"

"I can only realize it by comparison," he said.

What, exactly, did he mean by that? She looked around at him; he was absorbed in scooping a hole in the pine-needles with his riding-crop.

She made up her mind that his speech did not always express his thoughts; that it was very pleasant to listen to, but rather vague than precise.

"It is quite necessary," he mused aloud, "that I meet your father—"

She looked up quickly. "Oh! have you business with him?"

"Not at all," said Burleson.

This time the silence was strained; Miss Elliott remained very still and thoughtful.

"I think," he said, "that this country is only matched in Paradise. It is the most beautiful place on earth!"

To this astonishing statement she prepared no answer. The forest was attractive, the sun perhaps brighter than usual,—or was it only her imagination due to her own happiness in selling "The Witch"?

"When may I call upon Mr. Elliott?" he asked, suddenly. "To-night?"

No; really he was too abrupt, his conversation flickering from one subject to another without relevance, without logic. She had no time to reflect, to decide what he meant, before, crack! he was off on another trail—and his English no vehicle for the conveyance of his ideas!

"There is something," he continued, "that I wish to ask you. May I?"

She bit her lip, then laughed, her gray eyes searching his. "Ask it, Mr. Burleson, for if I lived a million years I'm perfectly certain I could never guess what you are going to say next!"

"It's only this," he said, with a worried look, "I don't know your first name."

"Why should you?" she demanded, amused, yet instinctively resentful. "I don't know yours, either, Mr. Burleson,—and I don't even ask you!"

"Oh, I'll tell you," he said; "my name is only John William. Now will you tell me yours?"

She remained silent, coping with a candor that she had not met with since she went to parties in a muslin frock. She remembered one boy who had proposed elopement on ten minutes' acquaintance. Burleson, somehow or other, reminded her of that boy.

"My name," she said, carelessly, "is Constance."

"I like that name," said Burleson.

It was pretty nearly the last straw. Never had she been conscious of being

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so spontaneously, so unreasonably, approved of since that wretched boy had suggested flight at her first party. She could not separate the memory of the innocent youth from Burleson; he was intensely like that boy; and she had liked the boy too—liked him so much that in those ten heavenly minutes' acquaintance she was half persuaded to consent—only there was nowhere to fly to, and before they could decide her nurse arrived.

"If you had not told me your first name," said Burleson, "how could anybody make out a check to your order?"

"Is *that* why—" she began; and without the slightest reason her heart gave a curious little tremor of disappointment.

"You see," he said, cheerfully, "it was not impertinence—it was only formality."

"I see," she said, approvingly, and began to find him a trifle tiresome.

Meanwhile he had confidently skipped to another subject. "Phosphates and nitrogen are what those people need for their farms. Now if you prepare your soil—do your own mixing, of course—then begin with red clover and plough—"

Her gray eyes were so wide open that he stopped short to observe them; they were so beautiful that his observation continued until she colored furiously. It was the last straw.

"The fire is out, I think," she said, calmly, rising to her feet; "my duty here is ended, Mr. Burleson."

"Oh—are you going?" he asked, with undisguised disappointment. She regarded him in silence for a moment. How astonishingly like that boy he was—this six-foot—

"Of course I am going," she said, and wondered why she had said "of course" with emphasis. Then she whistled to her mare.

"May I ride with you to the house?" he asked, humbly.

She was going to say several things, all politely refusing. What she did say was, "Not this time."

Then she was furious with herself, and began to hate him fiercely, until she saw something in his face that startled her. The mare came up; she flung the bridle over hastily, set foot to metal, and seated herself in a flash. Then she looked down at the man beside her, prepared for his next remark.

It came at once. "When may we ride together, Miss Elliott?"

She became strangely indulgent. "You know," she said, as though instructing youth, "that the first proper thing to do is to call upon my father, because he is older than you, and he is physically unable to make the first call."

"Then by Wednesday we may ride?" he inquired, so guilelessly that she broke into a peal of delicious laughter.

"How old are you, Mr. Burleson? Ten?"

"I feel younger," he said.

"So do I," she said. "I feel like a little girl in a muslin gown." Two spots of color tinted her cheeks. He had never seen such beauty in human guise, and he came very near saying so. Something in the aromatic mountain air was tempting her to recklessness. Amazed, exhilarated by the temptation, she sat there looking down at him; and her smile was perilously innocent and sweet.

"Once," she said, "I knew a boy—like you—when I wore a muslin frock, and I have never forgotten him. He was extremely silly."

"Do you remember only silly people?"

"I can't forget them; I try."

"Please don't try any more," he said.

She looked at him, still smiling. She gazed off through the forest, where the men were going home, shovels shouldered, the blades of axe and spade blood-red in the sunset light.

How long they stood there she scarcely reckoned, until a clear primrose light crept in among the trees, and the evening mist rose from an unseen pond, floating through the dimmed avenues of trees.

"Good night," she said, gathered bridle, hesitated, then held out her ungloved hand.

Galloping homeward, the quick pressure of his hand still burning her palm, she swept along in a maze of disordered thought. And being by circumstances, though not by inclination, an orderly young woman, she attempted a mental reorganization. This she completed as she wheeled her mare into the main forest road; and, her happy, disordered thoughts rearranged with a layer of cold logic to quiet them, reaction came swiftly; her cheeks burned when she remembered her own attitude of half-accepted

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intimacy with this stranger. How did he regard her? How cheaply did he already hold her—this young man idling here in the forest for his own pleasure?

But she had something more important on hand than the pleasures of remorseful cogitation as she rode up to the store and drew bridle, where in their shirt-sleeves the prominent citizens were gathered. She began to speak immediately. She did not mince matters; she enumerated them by name, dwelt coldly upon the law governing arson, and told them exactly where they stood.

She was, by courtesy of long residence, one of them. She taught their children, she gave them pills and powders, she had stood by them even when they had the law against them—stood by them loyally, and in the very presence of Grier fencing with him at every move, combating his brutality with deadly intelligence.

They collapsed under her superior knowledge; they trusted her, fawned on her, whined when she rebuked them, carried themselves more decently for a day or two when she dropped a rare word of commendation. They respected her in spite of the latent ruffianly instinct which sneers at women; they feared her as a parish fears its priest; they loved her as they loved one another—which was rather toleration than affection; the toleration of half-starved bob-cats.

And now the schoolmarm had turned on them—turned on them with undisguised contempt. Never before had she betrayed contempt for them. She spoke of cowardice, too. That bewildered them. Nobody had ever suggested that.

She spoke of the shame of jail; they had heretofore been rather proud of it;—all this seated there in the saddle, the light from the store lamp shining full in her face; and they huddled there on the veranda, gaping at her, stupefied.

Then she suddenly spoke of Burleson, praising him, endowing him with every quality the nobility of her own mind could compass. She extolled his patience under provocation, bidding them to match it with equal patience. She bade them be men in the face of this Burleson, who was a man; to display a dignity to compare with his; to meet him squarely, to deal fairly, to make their protests to his face and not whisper crime behind his back.

And that was all; she swung her mare off into the darkness; they listened to the far gallop, uttering never a word. But when the last distant hoof-stroke had ceased, Mr. Burleson's life and forests were safe in the country. How safe his game was they themselves did not exactly know.

That night Burleson walked into the store upon the commonplace errand of buying a jack-knife. It was well that he did not send a groom; better still when he explained, "one of the old-fashioned kind—the kind I used as a schoolboy."

"To whittle willow whistles," suggested old man Santry. His voice was harsh; it was an effort for him to speak.

"That's the kind," said Burleson, picking out a one-blader.

Santry was coughing; presently Burleson looked around.

"Find swallowing hard?" he asked.

"Swallerin' ain't easy. I ketched cold."

"Let's see," observed Burleson, strolling up to him and deliberately opening the old man's jaws, not only to Santry's astonishment, but to the stupefaction of the community around the unlighted stove.

"Bring a lamp over here," said the young man.

Somebody brought it.

"Tonsilitis," said Burleson, briefly. "I'll send you something to-night."

"Be you a doctor?" demanded Santry, hoarsely.

"Was one. I'll fix you up. Go home; and don't kiss your little girl. I'll drop in after breakfast."

Two things were respected in Fox Cross-roads—death and a doctor—neither of which the citizens understood.

But old man Santry, struggling obstinately with his awe of things medical, rasped out, "I ain't goin' to pay no doctor's bills fur a cold!"

"Nobody pays me any more," said Burleson, laughing. "I only doctor people to keep my hand in. Go home, Santry; you're sick."

Mr. Santry went, pausing at the door to survey the gathering with vacant astonishment.

Burleson paid for the knife, bought a

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dozen stamps, tasted the cheese and ordered a whole one, selected three or four barrels of apples, and turned on his heel with a curt good-night.

"Say!" broke out old man Storm as he reached the door; "you wasn't plannin' to hev the law on Abe, was you?"

"About that grass fire?" inquired Burleson, wheeling in his tracks. "Oh no; Abe lost his temper and his belt. Any man's liable to lose both. By the way"—he came back slowly, buttoning his gloves—"about this question of the game,—it has occurred to me that it can be adjusted very simply. How many men in this town are hunters?"

Nobody answered at first, inherent suspicion making them coy. However, it finally appeared that in a community of twenty families there were some four of nature's noblemen who "admired to go gunnin' with a smell dog."

"Four," repeated Burleson. "Now just see how simple it is. The law allows thirty woodcock, thirty partridges, and two deer to every hunter. That makes eight deer and two hundred and forty birds out of the preserve, which is very little—if you shoot straight enough to get your limit!" he laughed. "But it being a private preserve, you'll do your shooting on Saturdays, and check off your bag at the gate of the lodge—so that you won't make any mistakes in going over the limit." He laughed again, and pointed at a lean hound lying under the counter.

"Hounds are barred; only 'smell dogs' admitted," he said. "And"—he became quietly serious—"I count on each one of you four men to aid my patrol in keeping the game-laws and the fire-laws and every forest law on the statutes. And I count on you to take out enough fox and mink pelts to pay me for my game—and you yourselves for your labor; for though it is my game by the law of the land, what is mine is no source of pleasure to me unless I share it. Let us work together to keep the streams and coverts and forests well stocked. Good-night."

About eleven o'clock that evening Abe Storm slunk into the store, and the community rose and fell on him and administered the most terrific beating that a husky young man ever emerged from alive.

III

In October the maple leaves fell, the white birches showered the hillsides with crumpled gold, the ruffed grouse put on its downy stockings, the great hare's flanks became patched with white. Cold was surely coming; somewhere behind the blue north the Great White Winter stirred in its slumber.

As yet, however, the oaks and beeches still wore their liveries of rustling amber, the short grass on hillside pastures was intensely green, flocks of thistle-birds disguised in demure russet passed in wavering flight from thicket to thicket, and over all a hot sun blazed in a sky of sapphire, linking summer and autumn together in the magnificence of a perfect afternoon.

Miss Elliott, riding beside Burleson, had fallen more silent than usual. She no longer wore her sombrero and boy's clothes; hat, habit, collar, scarf—ay, the tiny polished spur on her polished boot—were eloquent of Fifth Avenue; and she rode a side-saddle made by Harrock.

"Alas! alas!" said Burleson, "where is the rose of yesterday?"

"If you continue criticising my habit—" she began, impatiently.

"No—not for a minute!" he cried. "I didn't mention your habit or your stock—"

"You are always bewailing that soiled sombrero and those unspeakable breeches—"

"I never said a word—"

"You did. You said, 'Where is the rose of yesterday?'"

"I meant the wild rose. You are a cultivated rose now, you know—"

She turned her face at an angle which left him nothing to look at but one small, close-set ear.

"May I see a little more of your face by and by?" he asked.

"Don't be silly, Mr. Burleson."

"If I'm not, I'm afraid you'll forget me."

They rode on in silence for a little while; he removed his cap and stuffed it into his pocket.

"It's good for my hair," he commented, aloud; "I'm not married, you see, and it behooves a man to keep what hair he has until he's married."

As she said nothing, he went on re-

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flectively: "Eminent authorities have computed that a man with lots of hair on his head stands thirty and nineteen-hundredths better chance with a girl than a man who has but a scanty crop. A man with curly hair has eighty-seven chances in a hundred, a man with wavy hair has seventy-nine, a man—"

"Mr. Burleson," she said, exasperated, "I am utterly at a loss to understand what it is in you that I find attractive enough to endure you."

"Seventy-nine," he ventured, — "my hair is wavy—"

She touched her mare and galloped forward, and he followed through the yellow sunshine, attendant always on her caprice, ready for any sudden whim. So when she wheeled to the left and lifted her mare over a snake-fence, he was ready to follow; and together they tore away across a pasture, up a hill all purple with plumy bunch-grass, and forward to the edge of a gravel-pit, where she whirled her mare about, drew bridle, and flung up a warning hand just in time. His escape was narrower; his horse's hind hoofs loosened a section of undermined sod; the animal stumbled, sank back, strained with every muscle, and dragged himself desperately forward; while behind him the entire edge of the pit gave way, crashing and clattering into the depths below.

They were both rather white when they faced one another.

"Don't take such a risk again," he said, harshly.

"I won't," she answered, with dry lips; but she was not thinking of herself. Suddenly she became very humble, guiding her mare alongside of his horse, and in a low voice asked him to pardon her folly.

And, not thinking of himself, he scored her for the risk she had taken, alternately reproaching, arguing, bullying, pleading, after the fashion of men. And, still shaken by the peril she had so wilfully sought, he asked her not to do it again, for his sake—an informal request that she accepted with equal informality and a slow droop of her head.

Never had she received such a thorough, such a satisfying scolding. There was not one word too much,—every phrase refreshed her, every arbitrary intonation sang in her ears like music. And so far not one selfish note had been struck.

She listened, eyes downcast, face delicately flushed—listened until it pleased him to make an end, which he did with amazing lack of skill:

"What do you suppose life would hold for *me* with you at the bottom of that gravel-pit?"

The selfish note rang out, unmistakable, imperative—the clearest, sweetest note of all to her. But the question was no question and required no answer. Besides, he had said enough—just enough.

"Let us ride home," she said, realizing that they were on dangerous ground again—dangerous as the gravel hill.

And a few moments later she caught a look in his face that disconcerted and stampeded her. "It was partly your own fault, Mr. Burleson. Why does not your friend take away the mare he has bought and paid for?"

"Partly — my — fault!" he repeated, wrathfully.

"Can you not let a woman have that much consolation?" she said, lifting her gray eyes to his with a little laugh. "Do you insist on being the only and perfect embodiment of omniscience?"

He said, rather sulkily, that he didn't think he was omniscient, and she pretended to doubt it, until the badinage left him half vexed, half laughing, but on perfectly safe ground once more.

Indeed, they were already riding over the village bridge, and he said: "I want to stop and see Santry's child for a moment. Will you wait?"

"Yes," she said.

So he dismounted and entered the weather-battered abode of Santry; and she looked after him with an expression on her face that he had never surprised there.

Meanwhile along the gray village thoroughfare the good folk peeped out at her where she sat her mare, unconscious, deep in maiden meditation.

She had done much for her people; she was doing much. Fiction might add that they adored her, worshipped her very footprints!—echoes all of ancient legends of a grateful tenantry that the New World believes in but never saw.

After a little while Burleson emerged from Santry's house, gravely returning the effusive adieux of the family.

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"You are perfectly welcome," he said, annoyed; "it is a pleasure to be able to do anything for children."

And as he mounted he said to Miss Elliott, "I've fixed it, I think."

"Fixed her hip?"

"No; arranged for her to go to New York. They do that sort of thing there. I see no reason why the child should not walk."

"Oh, do you think so?" she exclaimed, softly. "You make me very happy, Mr. Burleson."

He looked her full in the face for just the space of a second.

"And you make me happy," he said.

She laughed, apparently serene and self-possessed, and turned up the hill; he following a fraction of a length behind.

In grassy hollows late dandelions starred the green with gold, the red alder's scarlet berries flamed along the roadside thickets; beyond, against the sky, acres of dead mullein stalks stood guard above the hollow scrub.

"Do you know," she said, over her shoulder, "that there is a rose in bloom in our garden?"

"Is there?" he asked, without surprise.

"Doesn't it astonish you?" she demanded. "Roses don't bloom up here in October."

"Oh yes, they do," he muttered.

At the gate they dismounted, he silent, preoccupied; she uneasily alert and outwardly very friendly.

"How warm it is!" she said; "it will be like a night in June with the moon up—and that rose in the garden. . . . You say that you are coming this evening?"

"Of course. It is your last evening."

"Our last evening," she repeated, thoughtfully. . . . "You said . . ."

"I said that I was going South, too. I am not sure that I am going."

"I am sorry," she observed, coolly. And after a moment she handed him the bridle of her mare, saying, "You will see that she is forwarded when your friend asks for her?"

"Yes."

She looked at the mare, then walked up slowly and put her arms around the creature's silky neck. "Good-by," she said, and kissed her. Turning half defiantly on Burleson, she smiled, touching her wet lashes with her gloved wrist.

"The Arab lady and the faithful geegee," she said. "I know 'The Witch' doesn't care, but I can't help loving her. . . . Are you properly impressed with my grief?"

There was that in Burleson's eyes that sobered her; she instinctively laid her hand on the gate, looking at him with a face which had suddenly grown colorless and expressionless.

"Miss Elliott," he said, "will you marry me?"

The tingling silence lengthened, broken at intervals by the dull stamping of the horses.

After a moment she moved leisurely past him, bending her head as she entered the yard, and closing the gate slowly behind her. Then she halted, one gloved hand resting on the closed gate, and looked at him again.

There is an awkwardness in men that women like; there is a gaucherie that women detest. She gazed silently at this man, considering him with a serenity that stunned him speechless.

Yet all the while her brain was one vast confusion, and the tumult of her own heart held her dumb. Even the man himself appeared as a blurred vision; echoes of lost voices dinned in her ears—the voices of children—of a child whom she had known when she wore muslin frocks to her knees—a boy who might once have been this man before her—this tall, sunburnt young man, awkward, insistent, artless—oh, entirely without art in a wooing which alternately exasperated and thrilled her. And now his awkwardness had shattered the magic of the dream and left her staring at reality—without warning, without the courtesy of a "*garde à vous!*"

And his answer? He was waiting for his answer. But men are not gods to demand!—not highwaymen to bar the way with a "Stand and deliver!" And an answer is a precious thing—a gem of untold value. It was hers to give, hers to withhold, hers to defend.

"You will call on us to say good-by this evening?" she asked, steadying her voice.

A deep color stung his face; he bowed, standing stiff and silent until she had passed through the open door of the veranda. Then, half blind with his

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Half-tone plate engraved by H. Lemroth

THERE WAS THAT IN BURLESON'S EYES THAT SOBERED HER

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misery, he mounted, wheeled, and galloped away, "The Witch" clattering stolidly at his stirrup.

Already the primrose light lay over hill and valley; already the delicate purple net of night had snared forest and marsh; and the wild ducks were stringing across the lakes, and the herons had gone to the forest, and plover answered plover from swamp to swamp, plaintive, querulous, in endless reiteration — "Lost! lost! she's lost—she's lost—she's lost!"

But it was the first time in his life that he had so interpreted the wild crying of the killdeer plover.

There was a gown that had been packed at the bottom of a trunk; it was a fluffy, rather shapeless mound of filmy stuff to look at as it lay on the bed. As it hung upon the perfect figure of a girl of twenty it was, in the words of the maid, "a dhream an' a blessed vision, glory be!" It ought to have been; it was brand-new.

At dinner, her father coming in on crutches, stared at his daughter—stared as though the apparition of his dead wife had risen to guide him to his chair; and his daughter laughed across the little table—she scarcely knew why—laughed at his surprise, at his little tribute to her beauty—laughed with the quick tears brimming in her eyes.

Then, after a silence, and thinking of her mother, she spoke of Burleson; and after a while of the coming journey, and their new luck which had come up with the new moon in September — a luck which had brought a purchaser for the mare, another for the land—all of it, swamp, timber, barrens, — every rod, house, barn, garden, and stock.

Again leaning her bare elbows on the cloth, she asked her father who the man could be that desired such property. But her father shook his head, repeating the name, which was, I believe, Smith. And that, including the check, was all they had ever learned of this investor who had wanted what they did not want, in the nick of time.

"If he thinks there is gas or oil here, he is to be pitied," said her father. "I wrote him and warned him."

"I think he replied that he knew his own business," said the girl.

"I hope he does; the price is excessive —out of all reason. I trust he knows of something in the land that may justify his investment."

After a moment she said, "Do you really think we may be able to buy a little place in Florida—a few orange-trees and a house?"

His dreamy eyes smiled across at her.

"Thank God!" she thought, answering his smile.

There was no dampness in the air; she aided him to the garden, where he resumed his crutches and hobbled as far as the wonderful bush that bore a single belated rose.

"In the South," he said, under his breath, "there is no lack of these. . . . I think—I think all will be well in the South."

He tired easily, and she helped him back to his study, where young Burleson presently found them, strolling in with his hands in the pockets of his dinner jacket.

His exchange of greetings with Miss Elliott was quietly formal; with her father almost tender. It was one of the things she cared most for in him; and she walked to the veranda, leaving the two men alone—the man and the shadow of a man.

Once she heard laughter in the room behind her; and it surprised her, pacing the veranda there. Yet Burleson always brought a new anecdote to share with her father — and heretofore he had shared these with her, too. But now!—

Yet it was by her own choice she was alone there, pacing the moonlit porches.

The maid—their only servant—brought a decanter; she could hear the ring of the glasses, relics of better times. . . . And now better times were dawning again—brief perhaps for her father, yet welcome as Indian summer.

After a long while Burleson came to the door, and she looked up, startled.

"Will you sing? Your father asks it."

"Won't you ask me, too, Mr. Burleson?"

"Yes."

"But I want to show you my rose first. Will you come?—it is just a step."

He walked out into the moonlight with her; they stood silently before the bush which had so capriciously bloomed.

"Now—I will sing for you, Mr. Burle-

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son," she said, amiably. And they returned to the house, finding not a word to say on the way.

The piano was in decent tune; she sat down, nodding across at her father, and touched a chord or two.

"The same song—the one your mother cared for," murmured her father.

And she looked at Burleson dreamily, then turned, musing with bent head, sounding a note, a tentative chord. And then she sang.

A dropping chord, lingering like fragrance in the room, a silence, and she rose, looking at her father. But he, dim eyes brooding, lay back unconscious of all save memories awakened by her song. And presently she moved across the room to the veranda, stepping out into the moonlit garden,—knowing perfectly well what she was doing, though her heart was beating like a trip-hammer, and she heard the quick step on the gravel behind her.

She was busy with the long stem of the rose when he came up; she broke it short and straightened up, smiling a little greeting, for she could not have spoken for her life.

"Will you marry me?" he asked, under his breath.

Then the slow, clear words came, "I cannot."

"I love you," he said, as though he had not heard her. "There is nothing for me in life without you; from the moment you came into my life there was nothing else, nothing in heaven or earth but you—your loveliness, your beauty, your hair, your hands, the echo of your voice haunting me, the memory of your every step, your smile, the turn of your head,—all that I love in you,—and all that I worship—your sweetness, your loyalty, your bravery, your honor. Give me all this to guard, to adore,—try to love me; forget my faults, forgive all that I lack. I know—*I* know what I am—what little I have to offer,—but it is all that I am, all that I have. Constance! Constance! Must you refuse?"

"Did I refuse?" she faltered. "I don't know why I did."

With bare arm bent back and hand pressed over the hand that held her waist imprisoned, she looked up into his eyes. Then their lips met.

"Say it," he whispered.

"Say it? Ah, I do say it: I love you—I love you. I said it years ago—when you were a boy and I wore muslin gowns above my knees. Did you think I had not guessed it? . . . And you told father to-night—you told him, because I never heard him laugh that way before. . . . And you are Jack—my boy that I loved when I was ten—my boy lover? Ah, Jack, I was never deceived."

He drew her closer and lifted her flushed face. "I told your father—yes. And I told him that we would go South with him."

"You—you dared assume that!—before I had consented!" she cried, exasperated.

"Why—why, I couldn't contemplate anything else."

Half laughing, half angry, she strained to release his arm, then desisted, breathless, gray eyes meeting his.

"No other man," she breathed,—"no other man—" There was a silence, then her arms crept up closer, encircling his neck. "There is no other man," she sighed.

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The Gayety of Life

BY AGNES REPPLIER

IN the beginning of the last century an ingenious gentleman, Mr. James Beresford, Fellow of Merton College, Oxford, diverted himself and—let us hope—his friends by drawing up and publishing an exhaustive list of the minor miseries of life. It is a formidable document, realistic in character, and ill calculated to promote the spirit of content. No one would ever imagine that so many disagreeable things could happen in the ordinary course of existence, until the possibilities of each and every one are plainly and pitilessly defined. Some of these possibilities have passed away in the hundred years that lie between King George's day and ours; but others remain for our better discipline and subjection. Political discussions at the dinner table rank high among Mr. Beresford's grievances; also weak tea—"an infusion of balm, sage, and rosemary," he calls it—and "being expected to be interested in a baby."

A great deal of modern literature, and not a little modern conversation, closely resemble this unhappy gentleman's "blacklist." There is the same earnest desire to point out what we would rather not observe. Life is so full of miseries, minor and major, they press so close upon us at every step of the way, that it is hardly worth while to call each other's attention to their presence. People who do this thing on a more imposing scale than Mr. Beresford are spoken of respectfully as "unfaltering disciples of truth," or as "incapable of childish self-delusion," or as "looking with clear eyes into life's bitter mysteries"; whereas in reality they are merely dwelling on the obvious, and the obvious is the one thing not worth consideration. We are all painfully aware of the seamy side because we are scratched by the seams. What we want to contemplate is the beauty and the smoothness of that well-ordered plan which it is so difficult for us to discern.

The thinkers of the world should by rights be the guardians of the world's mirth; but thinking is a sorry business, and a period of critical reflection, following a period of vigorous and engrossing activity, is apt to breed the "plaintive pessimist," whose self-satisfaction is disproportionate to his worth. Literature, we are assured by its practitioners, "exists to please"; but it has some doubtful methods of imparting pleasure. If, indeed, we sit down to read books on degeneracy and kindred topics, we have no reason to complain of what we find in them. It is not through such gates as these that we seek an escape from mortality. But why should poets and essayists and novelists be so determinedly depressing? Why should "the earnest prophetic souls who tear the veil from our illusory national prosperity"—I quote from a recent review—be so warmly praised for their vandalism? Heaven knows they are always tearing the veil from something, until there is hardly a rag left for decency. Yet there are few nudities so objectionable as the naked truth. Granted that our habit of exaggerating the advantages of modern civilization and of modern culture does occasionally provoke and excuse plain speaking. There is no need of a too merciless exposure, a too insulting refutation, of these agreeable fallacies.

As for poets and novelists, their sin is unprovoked and unpardonable. Storytelling is not a painful duty. It is an art which, in its best development, adds immeasurably to the conscious pleasure of life. It is an anodyne in hours of suffering, a rest in hours of weariness, and a stimulus in hours of health and joyous activity. It can be made a vehicle for imparting instruction, for destroying illusions, and for dampening high spirits; but these results, though well thought of in our day, are not essential to success. Want and disease are mighty factors in

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life; but they have never yet inspired a work of art.

"Poverty," said old Robert Burton, "is a most odious calling," and it has not grown any more enjoyable in the past three hundred years. Nothing is less worth while than to idealize its discomforts, unless it be to sourly exaggerate them. But there has arisen of late years a school of writers—for the most part English, though we have our representatives—who paint realistically the squalor and wretchedness of penury, without admitting into their pictures one ray of the sunshine that must sometimes gild the dreariest hovel or the meanest street. A notable example of this black art is Mr. George Gissing, whose novels are too powerful to be ignored and too depressing to be forgotten. The London of the poor is not a cheerful place; it is perhaps the most cheerless place in Christendom; but this is the way it appears in Mr. Gissing's eyes when he is compelled to take a suburban train:

"Over the pest-stricken region of East London, sweltering in sunlight which served only to reveal the intimacies of abomination; across miles of a city of the damned, such as thought never conceived before this age of ours; above streets swarming with a nameless populace cruelly exposed by the unwonted light of heaven; stopping at stations which it crushes the heart to think should be the destination of any mortal—the train made its way at length beyond the outmost limits of dread, and entered upon a land of level meadows, of hedges and trees, of crops and cattle."

Surely this is a trifle strained. The "nameless populace" would be not a little surprised to hear itself described with such dark eloquence. I remember once encountering in a third-class English railway carriage a butcher-boy—he confided to me his rank and profession—who waxed boastful over the size and wealth of London. "It's the biggest city in the world, that's wot it is; it's got five millions of people in it, that's wot it's got; and I'm a Londoner, that's wot I am," he said, glowing with pride that was not without merit in one of mean estate. The "city of the damned" appeared a city of the gods to this son of poverty.

Such books sin against the gayety of life.

. . . . all the earth round,
If a man bear to have it so,
Things which might vex him shall be found;

and there is no form of sadness more wasteful than that which is bred of a too steadfast consideration of pain. It is not generosity of spirit which feeds this mood. The sorrowful acceptance of life's tragedies is of value only when it prompts us to regard more jealously or to impart more freely life's manifold benefactions. Mr. Pater has subtly defined the mental attitude which is often mistaken for sympathy, but which is a mere ineffectual yielding to depression over the sunless scenes of earth.

"He"—Carl of Rosenmold—"had fits of the gloom of other people, their dull passage through and exit from the world, the threadbare incidents of their lives, their dismal funerals, which, unless he drove them away immediately by strenuous exercise, settled into a gloom more properly his own. Yet at such times outward things would seem to concur unkindly in deepening the mental shadows about him."

This is precisely the temper which finds expression in much modern verse. Its perpetrators seem wrapped in endless contemplation of other people's gloom, until, having absorbed all they can hold, they relieve their oppressed souls by unloading it in song. Women are especially prone to mournful measures, and I am not without sympathy for that petulant English critic who declined to read their poetry on the plea that it was "all dirges." But men can be mourners too, and

In all the endless road you tread
There's nothing but the night,

is too often the burden of their verse, the unsolicited assurance with which they cheer us on our way. We do not believe them, of course, except in moments of dejection; but these are just the moments in which we would like to hear something different. When our share of gayety is running pitifully low, and the sparks of joy are dying on life's hearth, we have no courage to laugh down the voices of those who, "wilfully living in sadness, speak but the truths thereof."

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Hazlitt, who was none too happy, but who strove manfully for happiness, used to say that he felt a deeper obligation to Northcote than to any of his other friends who had done him far greater service, because Northcote's conversation was invariably gay and agreeable. "I never ate nor drank with him; but I have lived on his words with undiminished relish ever since I can remember; and when I leave him, I come out into the street with feelings lighter and more ethereal than I have at any other time." Here is a debt of friendship worth recording, and blither hearts than Hazlitt's have treasured similar benefactions. Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson gladly acknowledged his gratitude to people who set him smiling when they came his way, or who smiled themselves from sheer cheerfulness of heart. They never knew —not posing as philanthropists—how far they helped him on his road; but he knew, and has thanked them in words not easily forgotten:

"There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy. By being happy we sow anonymous benefits upon the world, which remain unknown even to ourselves, or, when they are disclosed, surprise nobody so much as the benefactor. . . . A happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five-pound note. He or she is a radiating focus of good-will; and their entrance into a room is as though another candle had been lighted."

There is little doubt that the somewhat indiscriminate admiration lavished upon Mr. Stevenson himself was due less to his literary than to his personal qualities. People loved him, not because he was an admirable writer, but because he was a cheerful consumptive. There has been far too much said about his ill health, and nothing is so painful to contemplate as the lack of reserve on the part of relatives and executors which thrusts every detail of a man's life before the public eye. It provokes maudlin sentiment on the one side, and ungracious asperity on the other. But, in Mr. Stevenson's case, silence is hard to keep. He was a sufferer who for many years increased the gayety of life.

Genius alone can do this on a large scale; but everybody can do it on a little one. Our safest guide is the realization of a hard truth—that we are not privileged to share our troubles with other people. If we could make up our minds to spare our friends all details of ill health, of money losses, of domestic annoyances, of altercations, of committee work, of grievances, provocations, and anxieties, we should sin less against the world's good-humor. It may not be given us to add to the treasury of mirth; but there is considerable merit in not robbing it. I have read that "the most objectionable thing in the American manner is excessive cheerfulness," and would like to believe that so pardonable a fault is the worst we have to show. It is not our mission to depress, and one recalls with some satisfaction St. Simon's remark anent Madame de Maintenon, whom he certainly did not love. Courtiers less astute wondered at the enduring charm which this middle-aged woman, neither handsome nor witty, had for her royal husband. St. Simon held the clew. It was her "decorous gayety" which soothed Louis's tired heart. "She so governed her humors that at all times and under all circumstances she preserved her cheerfulness of demeanor."

There is little profit in asking ourselves or others whether life be a desirable possession. It is thrust upon us, without concurrence on our part. Unless we can abolish compulsory birth, our relish for the situation is not a controlling force. "Every child," we are told, "is sent to school a hundred years before he is born;" but he can neither profit by his schooling nor refuse his degree. Here we are in a world which holds much pain and many pleasures, oceans of tears and echoes of laughter. Our position is not without dignity, because we can endure; and not without enjoyment, because we can be merry. Gayety, to be sure, requires as much courage as endurance; but without courage the battle of life is lost. "To reckon dangers too curiously, to hearken too intently for the threat that runs through all the winning music of the world, to hold back the hand from the rose because of the thorn, and from life because of death—this is to be afraid of Pan."

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"PIGMENTS OF THE CLOUDS, VOLATILE AS A PERFUME"

Æsthetics of the Sky

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

IN none of his works does that tremendous artist Nature reveal himself so magically as in the airy transformations and changing harmonies of the clouds. Mighty and mystical master, his art is here seen at its strangest and its simplest. How few and intangible his materials; how apparently simple his methods—vapor and currents of air and the old sun and moon; and yet what an impressive and mysterious beauty he creates from them, there on the canvas of the sky! Nowhere else is he seen so triumphantly as an artist of pure effect. Elsewhere we may meet with him as a melodramatist of the everlasting hills, a scene-painter of gorge and gloom and the white torrent; but in creating such effects he has employed materials so enduring as to be called everlasting. Nature will be his own Salvator Rosa millions of years after the name of Salvator Rosa has faded from the memory of the universe, because his Salvator Rosas are made of that veritable rock and lightning and ancient darkness which the Italian could only imitate with perishable paint-pot and canvas. But when Nature, so to speak, turns Titian and Turner, he is at a disadvantage in his materials, for the pigments of the clouds are volatile as a perfume, and fade even as the artist lays them on morning or evening sky. With the invisible artist of the clouds it is now or never for his effects, and the pictures he paints are gone even as he paints them, never to be seen again. Perhaps only one eye in all the world has seen them, some lonely figure lost in the twilight—

> One eye alone in all Verona cared for the soft sky—

his pictures must pass like a strain of music. Effect, pure effect; not effect caught and fossilized as in sculpture, or arrested awhile as in painting, but effect alive and changing every moment, effect musical in its development—music, indeed, made visible in color.

All human art must pass away, but most of it has a certain spurious stability. If you are rich, you can buy a Titian for the woman you love, but you cannot

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buy her a sunrise. Even while you run to fetch her to look at it, it is gone. He will not even wait while she dons a morning wrapper,—that arrogant Whistler of the sky. Transitory as emotion, it has the same pathos as all poignant passing things, this art of the heavens, the same keen excitement.

Perhaps we should soon learn to tire of it if it were not so mobile. Even some masterpieces have hung too long upon the walls of time. It is this expressive movement of sensitive vapor, this unforeseen touch of change here and there—a shining finger seen for a moment and then withdrawn,—this disposition and redisposition of masses, this slow womblike trouble of darkness and light, this sudden avenue of splendid swords, this calm overture of glory, these marching trumpets of light—this radiant issue of immortal fire: it is in such effects as this that the mysterious art of the sky o'ertops the arts of earth. Fading as it is fashioned, it has a power to move the heart and stir the senses, and, above all, to thrill and summon the soul, which surely no earthly arts can claim. With no formulæ, no conventions, no traditional motives, classically to command us—absolutely without notation of any kind—it is yet able to say all that the human heart has ever felt or ever dreamed.

There is no emotion of whatever kind that you cannot, one time or another, find expressed for you in the sky. If you are sad and lonely, and your heart almost breaking with the fine-drawn music of regret, look at yonder sky. You are not so sad and lonely as that. Why, you almost forget your own sorrow as you gaze on that exquisite sorrow.

Would you have silence, would you dream of a peace made of mother-of-pearl and the evening star: there again is the sky!

And would you be pure, and firm of faith, and free as the boundless air—look at the sky.

On the other hand, did you ever see a face so wicked as is sometimes the face of the sky, so sinister with hushed menace, so livid with ambushed evil, so truculently brutal with thunder?

There is nothing that you can dream of or dread that is not pictured in the

"ALIVE AND CHANGING EVERY MOMENT"

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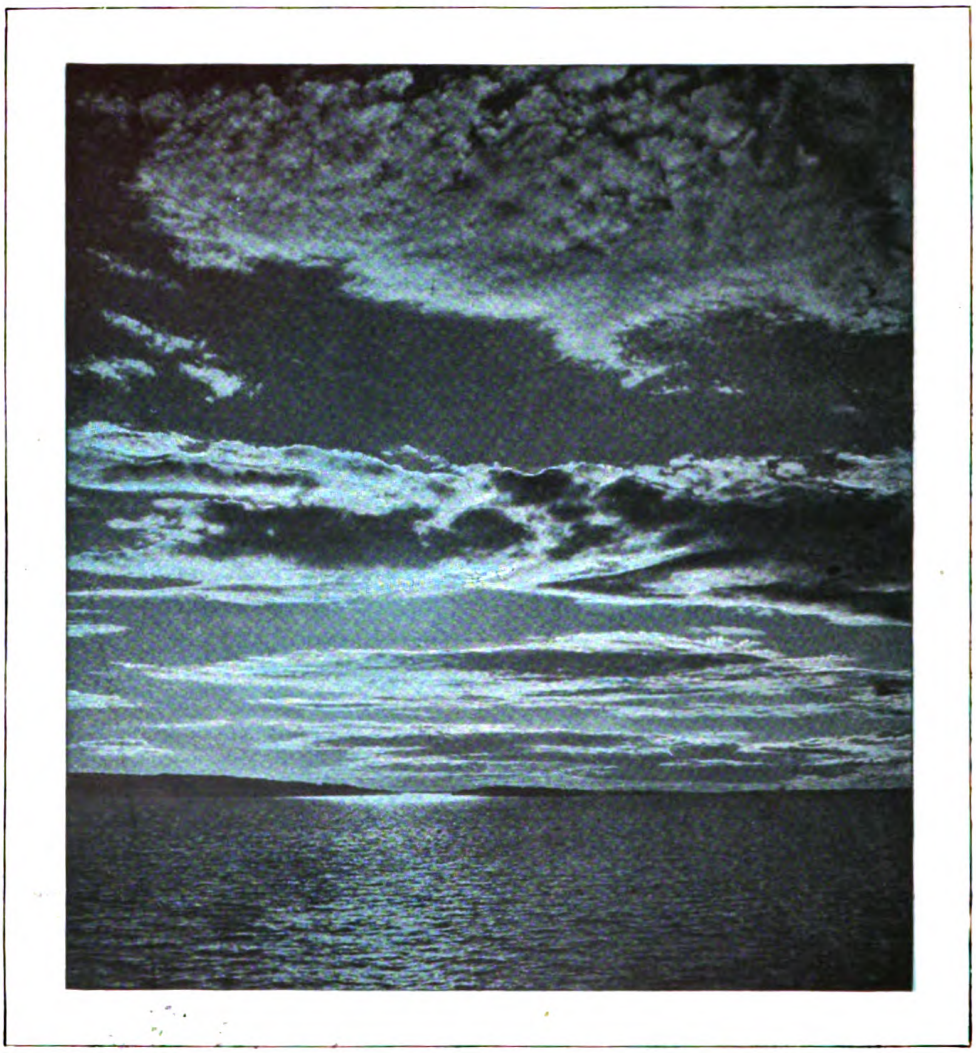

"TRANSITORY, PAINTED PHANTOMS OF THE SKY"

sky, with a force and intensity such as elsewhere you must seek in dreams. Black continents of monsters jawed with fire; lagoons of shining ether; a star, safe and silent, like a candle burning by a sleeping child; floating islands rimmed with silver; bergs of saffron fire drifting in the solar sea; gardens and golden gates and towers of snow; armies with drums of darkness and terrible spears; a dove all alone in heaven; bosoms filled with roses; cataracts of moonshine falling from cloud to cloud; peacocks made of stars; gonfalons of flaming dew; and battlements thronged with unearthly faces. . . .

There is, indeed, no such picture-book as this picture-book of the clouds; but it is not by such concrete shapes of fancy as these that the art of the sky seriously takes hold of us—these merely imitative, one might say punning, simulacra, accidental and unmeaning as faces seen in the fire; it is rather by pictorial moods of expressiveness too fluid to be called symbolic, great abstract schemes of modulated radiance, that, like some of the greatest pictures, mean nothing but—Eternity; Eternity—or some other words hardly less simply profound: in its power, in fact, of expressing the trancelike dreams of the spirit, moods of the imagination, and even states of the mind.

Perhaps the strangest thing about this art of the sky is its power over the soul. With all its pomp and magnificence of color, it is never sensual. Its glories and its revelries, though bright as a

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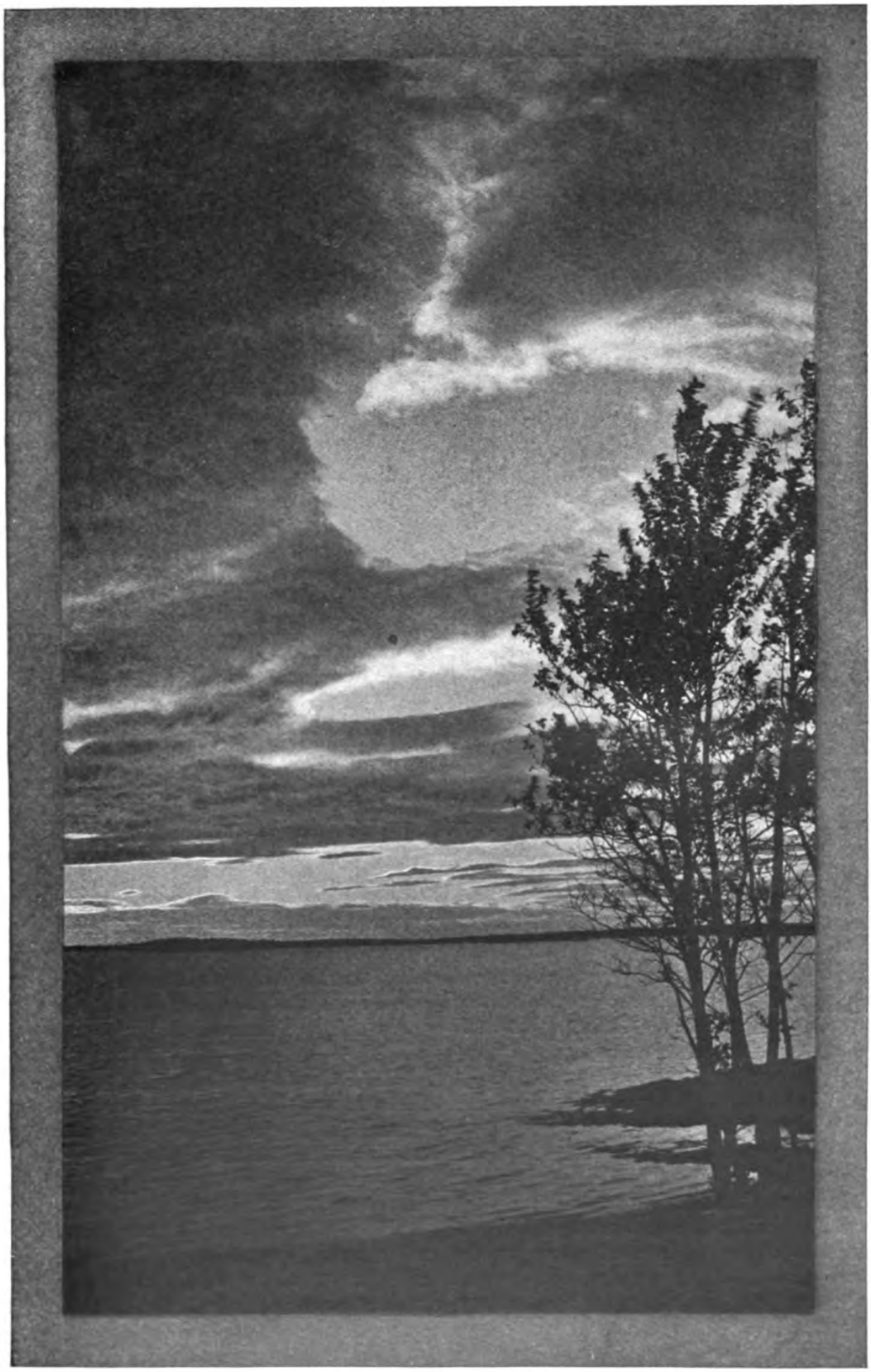

"NATURE LOVES TO EXPERIMENT"

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Persian carpet and Dionysiac as the feast of Belshazzar, seem somehow purged of earthly significance. Addressing the mere mortal eye with such prismatic eloquence, their true message seems somehow to our immortal part. The beauty of the earth too often demoralizes, like the beauty of some sensual painter, but no one ever was demoralized by looking at the sky. Its pictures are like those of some Hebrew prophet, or those in the Book of Revelation. They have all the colored magnificence of earth, yet they mean nothing but heaven. There is something mysteriously pure about this artist of the sky.

But it is not merely the purity of the spirit to which he answers; it is perhaps especially the prodigious perspective of its ambition that he makes visible; for another strange thing about the sky is that it never daunts, but only corroborates, the soul. Of course there are now and again times when a solitary man lying on an empty moorland, and looking up into the sky, is momentarily impressed and overborne with his mortal insignificance; but the impression is, as I said, momentary, speedily to be followed by an exultant sense of his immortal significance—his mastery over, his spiritual possession of, all that infinite stillness and power. The arch of the sky is not really greater than the arch of his brow, and there is a starry vastness within his small skull that binds stronger bands than those of Orion. It is only when a man looks at the earth that he is afraid. So soon as he looks at the sky, that irresistible serenity of spiritual power, which he has either learned from the sky or read into it, returns to him. He feels —nay, he knows—that this sky is but the provocative avenue of his destiny, the triumphal highway of his conquering soul, hung with rosy garlands of clouds.

No argument for the immortality of the soul can compete with the rising of the moon. Man, it is to be feared, pays but little attention to doctors of divinity, but even a common sailor, as the phrase is, thinks something of his poor existence as he sights the Southern Cross. Yes, the worst and the best of us answer to, and, indeed, eagerly watch, the sky. In a sense we are all astrologers, all augurs of the clouds, and in a sense astrologers are right; for the stars are the chart of the soul.

A less transcendental observation of the clouds may yet be intrusted with a record of visible data hardly less mystical than the foregoing impressions. It must, for example, take note of the mysterious way in which Nature loves to repeat in the sky the patterns he has delighted to stamp upon this or that creature or aspect of the earth, or upon the moving curtain of the sea. Nature, like all great artists, loves to experiment with materials. He loves to try the old effect in the new medium. In summer he makes dim ferns, so delicate in shape that you can hardly believe that they have roots, except, maybe, in fairy-land; then in winter he tries the same patterns on the window-pane.

Nothing in nature, if it has happened to strike you, or if you care to give it a serious thought, is more mysterious than this decorative repetition — this duplication and reduplication of decorative pattern, now in one material and now in another. When Nature has taken a fancy to a pattern there is no work of his hands with which he will not impress it, however apparently incongruous the impression. He will as effectively depict the tiger as the lily or the deer, and crowd upon the wings of a butterfly all the glories of earth and heaven. How he loves to emblazon some little frightened fish as though he were a fine gentleman in the sun, or hang a serpent with colored rings as though he were the planet Saturn! How he lavishes his gold and his bronze upon the beetle, and in the dead of night decks the under wings of the sleepy moth with the lost purple of Tyre! And again how he delights to rainbow the roots of inaccessible hills with gardens of amazing crystal! But nowhere is he more imitative than in the sky. There is not a color-scheme of earth, not a pattern of flower or a tint or rhythm of the sea, that he will not match for you in those misty lawns and silks and aery muslins of his; and one wonders, as one watches his phantasmagoria, where lies the secret soul of color and form in the universe, and what Nature means by this love of the same shape over and over again, and one might say the same metre. But we

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"THE TRIUMPHAL HIGHWAY OF MAN'S CONQUERING SOUL"

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A Dream of Silence and of Peace"

shall only know that when we can affirmatively answer those majestic questions put by the Eternal to the stricken Job; when we know where the light dwelleth, and as for darkness, where is the place thereof; when we have entered into the treasures of the snow, and seen the treasure of the hail, and discovered the hidden ordinances of heaven.

Yes, there is nothing in nature more provocative of meditation than these painted phantoms of the sky, so transitory that the life of a flower is long by comparison; and one other element of strangeness about them is that they are literally phantoms, and in a sense subjective appearances, the shape and color of which are not merely determined by the physical materials of which they are composed, but by the distance from which they are seen. So it is with some pictures — Sargent's portraits, for example. Seen close, we have but an unmeaning motley of paint. The distance is literally a part of the enchantment. Literally, there is no picture close to; and so it is with the clouds. It is open to the moralist to say that so it is with life itself, more or less so with all our experience; for is not Life a species of Fata Morgana seen afar off in youth, a wonderland of rainbows to which we hasten through the morning dew? But when at length in middle age we come to occupy these cloud-capped towers—alas! for the fairy colors and the glory forever passed away. And yet I don't know but that this is a superficial moral to draw from the clouds; indeed, I am more than a little sure that it is, and for myself prefer rather to put my trust in those mystical intimations of immortality with which, as I said before, they beckon the soul. Even in their very immateriality and transitoriness, their brief existence of pure effect, there is something that delights, and is, so to speak, cousinly to, the spirit, whose own life is a vapor, blown before the breath of God, and for a little while colored by the sun. They are but appearances, yet so are we and the whole world; passing embodiments of the Protean soul of things, all alike mysterious, all alike stirring in us the need of an interpreter, but none more, perhaps, than these shapes of air and shining dew.

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The Man of Flesh and Blood

BY SUSAN KEATING GLASPELL

THE elements without were not in harmony with the spirit which it was desired should be engendered within. By music, by gay decorations, by speeches from prominent men, the board in charge of the boys' reformatory was striving to throw about this dedication of the new building an atmosphere of cheerfulness and good-will — an atmosphere vibrant with the kindness and generosity which emanated from the State, and the thankfulness, appreciation, and loyalty which it was felt should emanate from the boys.

Outside the world was sobbing. Some young trees which had been planted along the driveway of the reformatory grounds, and which it was desired should grow up in the way they should go, were rocking back and forth in passionate insurrection. Fallen leaves were being spit viciously through the air. It was a sullen-looking landscape which Philip Grayson, he who was to be the last speaker of the afternoon, saw stretching itself down the hill, across the little valley, and up another little hill. In his ears was the death wail of the summer. It seemed the spirit of the out-of-doors was sending itself up in mournful, hopeless cries.

The speaker who had been delivering himself of pedantic encouragement about the open arms with which the world stood ready to receive the most degraded one, would that degraded one but come to the world in proper spirit, sat down amid perfunctory applause led by the officers and attendants of the institution, and the boys rose to sing. The brightening of their faces told that their work as performers was more to their liking than their position as auditors. They threw back their heads, and waited with a kind of well-disciplined eagerness for the signal to begin. Then, with the strength and native music there are in some three hundred boys' throats, there rolled out the words of the song of the State.

There were lips which opened only because they must, but as a whole they sang with the same heartiness, the same joy in singing, that he had heard a crowd of public-school boys put into the song only the week before. When the last word had died away, there was over the whole crowd of them a look of well-defined regret, and it seemed to Philip Grayson that the sigh of the world without was giving voice to the sigh of the world within as the well-behaved crowd of boys sat down to resume their duties as auditors.

And then one of the most important of the professors from the State University was telling them about the kindness of the State: the State had provided for them this beautiful home; it gave them comfortable, neat clothing and well-tasting, nutritious food; it provided that fine gymnasium in which to train their bodies; it provided books and teachers to train their minds; it provided those fitted to train their souls, to work against the unfortunate tendencies — the professor stumbled a little there—which had led to their coming. The State gave liberally, gladly, and in return it asked but one thing: that they come out into the world and make useful, upright citizens, citizens of which any State might be proud. Was that asking too much? the professor from the State University was saying.

The sobbing of the world without was growing more intense. Many pairs of eyes from among the auditors were straying out to where the summer lay a-dying. Did they know—those boys whom the State classed as unfortunates—that out of this death there would come again life? Or did they see but the darkness—the decay—of to-day?

The professor from the State University was putting the case very fairly. There were no flaws—seemingly—to be picked in his logic. The State had been kind; the boys were obligated to good

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citizenship. But the coldness!—comfortlessness!—of it all. The open arms of the world!—how mocking in its abstractness. What did it mean? Did it mean that they—the men who uttered the phrase so easily—would be willing to give those boys aid, friendship, when they came out into the world? What would they say, those boys whose ears were filled with high-sounding, non-committal phrases, if some man were to stand before them and say, "And so, fellows, when you get away from this place, and are ready to get your start in the world, just come around to my office and I'll help you get a job"? At thought of it there came from Philip Grayson a queer, partly audible laugh, which caused those nearest him to look his way in surprise.

But he was all unconscious of their looks of inquiry, for his brain was growing hot with the thoughts that crowded upon it. How far away the world—his kind of people—must seem to those boys of the State Reform School. The speeches they had heard, the training that had been given them, had taught them—unconsciously perhaps, but surely—to divide the world into two great classes: the lucky and the unlucky, those who made speeches and those who must listen, the so-called good and the so-called bad; perhaps—he smiled a little at his own cynicism—those who were caught and those who were not.

There came over him then those divinely human words from a poet whom he had always loved:

> In men whom men pronounce as ill,
> I find so much of goodness still;
> In men whom men pronounce divine,
> I find so much of sin and blot;
> I hesitate to draw the line
> Between the two, when God has not.

When God has not! The words seemed to get into the very bone and fibre of Philip Grayson. He turned and looked out at the sullen sky, returning—as all men do at times—to that conception of his childhood that somewhere beyond the clouds was God. God! Did God care for the boys of the State Reformatory? Was that poet of the Western mountains right when he said that God was not a drawer of lines, but a seer of the good that was in the so-called bad, and of the bad that was in the so-called good, and a lover of them both?

If that was God, it was not the God the boys of the reformatory had been taught to know. They had been told that God would forgive the wicked, but it had been made clear to them—if not in words, in implications—that it was they who were the wicked. And the so-called godly men, men of such exemplary character as had been chosen to address them that afternoon, had so much of the spirit of God that they, too, were willing to forgive, be tolerant, and—Philip Grayson looked out at the bending trees with a smile—disburse generalities about the open arms of the world.

What would they think—those three hundred speech-tired boys of the State Reformatory—if some man who had been held before them as exemplary were to rise and lay bare his own life—its weaknesses, its faults, its sins, perhaps its crimes—and tell them there was good and there was bad in every human being, and that the world-old struggle of life was to conquer one's bad with one's good.

The idea took him in mighty grip. It seemed the method of the world—at any rate it had been the method of that afternoon—for the men who stood before their fellows with clean hands to plant themselves on the far side of a chasm of conventions, or narrow self-esteem, of easily bought virtue, and say to those beings who struggled on the other side of that chasm—to those human beings whose souls had never gone to school: "Look at us! Our hands are clean, our hearts are pure. See how beautiful it is to be good! Come ye, poor sinners, and be good also." And the poor sinners, the untaught, birthmarked human souls, would look over at the self-acclaimed goodness which they could see far across the chasm, and though they might feel somewhere deep within them faint stirrings of that passion for good which, asleep or awake, is in everything that is of God, they were uncertain about the depth of the chasm, uncertain about that thing which awaited them beyond, and so the passions which had behind them the strength of years outmatched that passion which was but a possibility, and the untaught, birthmarked human souls looked purposelessly across the man-made chasm, and went on

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with the working out of that thing which is called destiny.

He was lost to the speaker now, lost to everything save this great thought which was burning through and through him, and to the sobbing minor of the world without. Was this chasm—this whole idea—but a wild creation of his fancy? With one of those great sweeps which the human mind can make in moments of white heat, he went back from the struggles of a primitive world up to the law-bounded philanthropy of his own time, and it seemed to him then—he could read it through the teachings of good and great men, and through the policies of good and great kings—that the aloofness, the self-centredness, the complacency of the good—

It was the shrill coughing of one of the three hundred which brought him sharply back to the concrete. He scanned the three hundred faces of the auditors, and then he looked into the faces of those few men who had been set up as embodying the other side of things. And the world of concrete things to which he had returned but moved him to a new sense of the absurdity of that man-made chasm, which was so real to him now that the chill from its depths seemed to blow over him and make him cold. Were they not of the same clay—the three hundred and the three? Had they not the same fights to make, and the same sorrows to know? If there was a difference, it was only that the three had fought their fight, had known their sorrow, and should it be that they were among those for whom the battle of self was an easy battle, then out of an easy victory should have been born a greater tolerance.

With what arrogance they had flaunted their virtue—their position! How condescendingly they had spoken of the home which we, the good, prepare for you, the bad, and what namby-pambyness there was, after all, in that sentiment which all of them had voiced—and now you must pay us back by being good!

Oh for a man of flesh and blood to stand up and tell how he himself had sinned and suffered! For a man who could bridge that damning chasm with strong, broad, human understanding and human sympathies — a man who could stand among them pulse-beat to pulse-beat and cry out, "I know! I understand! I fought it, and I'll help you fight it too!"

The sound of his own name broke the passionate, exalted spell that was upon him. He looked to the centre of the stage and saw that the professor from the State University had seated himself and that the superintendent of the institution was occupying the place of the speaker. And the superintendent was saying:

"We may esteem ourselves especially fortunate in having him with us this afternoon. He is one of the great men of the State, one of the men who by high living, by integrity and industry, has raised himself to a position of great honor among his fellow men. A great party—may I say the greatest of all parties?—has shown its unbounded confidence in him by giving him the nomination for the Governorship of the State. No man in the State is held in higher esteem to-day than he. And so it is with special pleasure that I introduce to you that man of the future—Philip Grayson."

The superintendent sat down then, and he himself—Philip Grayson—was standing in the place where the other speakers had stood. It was with a mighty rush which almost swept away his outward show of calm that it came to him that he — candidate for the Governorship—was well fitted to be that man of flesh and blood for whom in his dreamy exaltation he had sighed. That he—even he—was within grasp of an opportunity to get beneath the jackets and into the very hearts and souls of these boys, and make them feel that a man of sins and virtues, of weaknesses and strength, a man who had had much to conquer, and for whom the fight would never be quite done, was standing before them stripped of his coat of conventions and platitudes, and in nakedness of soul and sincerity of heart was talking to them as a man who understood.

Almost with the inception of the idea was born the consciousness of what it might cost. And as in answer to the silent, blunt question, Is it worth it? there looked up at him three hundred pairs of eyes—eyes behind which there was good as well as bad—eyes which had burned with the fatal rush of passion, and had burned, too, with the hot tears

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of remorse—eyes which no mother had ever kissed—eyes which had opened—

And then the eyes of Philip Grayson could not see those other eyes which were before him, and he put up his hand to break the blinding mist — little caring what those men upon the platform would think of him, little thinking what effect the words which were crowding into his heart would have upon his candidacy. But one thing was vital to him now: to bring upon that ugly chasm the levelling forces of a throbbing humanity, and to make those boys who were of his clay feel that a being who had fallen and risen again, a being for whom life would always mean a falling and a rising again, was standing before them, and—not as the embodiment of a distant goodness, not as a pattern, but as one among them, verily as man to man—was telling them a few things which his own life had taught him were true.

It was his very consecration which made it hard to begin. He was fearful of estranging them in the beginning, of putting between them and him that very thing he was determined there should not be. And it was not easy to unlock the chamber of one's heart when that chamber held much of which the world did not know.

"I have a strange feeling," he said, with a winning little smile which had helped the candidate for Governor up many a round, "that if I were to open my heart to-day, just open it clear up the way I'd like to if I could, that you boys would look into it, and then jump back in a scared kind of way and cry, 'Why—that's me!' You would be a little surprised — wouldn't you? — if you could look back and see the kind of boy I was, and find I was much the kind of boy you are?

"Do you know what I think? I think hypocrisy is the worst thing in the world. I think it's worse than stealing, or lying, or any of the other bad things you can name. And do you know where I think lots of the hypocrisy comes from? I think it comes from the so-called self-made men—from the real good men, the men who say, 'I haven't got one bad thing charged up to my account.'

"Now the men out campaigning for me call me a self-made man. Your superintendent just now spoke of my integrity, of the confidence reposed in me, and all that. But do you know what is the honest truth? If I am any kind of a man worth mentioning, if I am deserving of any honor, any confidence, it is not because I was born with my heart filled with good and beautiful things, for I was not. It is because I was born with much in my heart that we call the bad, and because, after that bad had grown stronger and stronger through the years it was unchecked, and after it had brought me the great shock, the great sorrow of my life, I began then, when older than you boys are now, to see a little of that great truth, which you can put, briefly, into these words: 'There is good and there is bad in every human heart, and it is the struggle of life to conquer the bad with the good.' What I am trying to say is, that if I am worthy any one's confidence to-day, it is because, having seen that truth, I have been able, through never ceasing trying, through slow conquering, to crowd out some of the bad, and to make room for a little of the good.

"You see," he went on, three hundred pairs of eyes hard upon him now, "some of us are born to a harder struggle than others. There are people who study what is called ethics who might make a fuss about that statement, and there are lots of people who would object to my saying it to you, even if I believed it. They would say you would make the fact of being born with much against which to struggle an excuse for being bad. But look here a minute; if you were born with a body not as strong as other boys' bodies, if you couldn't run as far, or jump as high, you wouldn't be eternally saying, 'I can't be expected to do much; I wasn't born right.' Not a bit of it! You'd make it your business to get as strong as you could, and you wouldn't make any parade of the fact that you weren't as strong as you should be. We don't like people who whine, whether it's about weak bodies or weak souls.

"I've been sitting here this afternoon wondering what to say to you boys. I had intended telling some funny stories about things which happened to me when I was a boy. But for some reason a sort of serious mood has come over me, and I

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don't feel just like those stories now. I haven't been thinking of the funny side of life in the last half-hour. I've been thinking instead of how much suffering I've endured since the days when I, too, was a boy."

He paused then, his face twitching with earnestness. At last he went on, his voice testing to the utmost the silence of the room: "There is lots of sorrow in this old world. It is sin causes most of the sorrow, and we all know there is plenty of sin. Maybe I'm on the wrong track, but as I see it to-day human beings are making a much harder thing of their existence than there is any need of. There are millions and millions of them, and year after year, generation after generation, they fight over the same old battles, live through the same old sorrows. Doesn't it seem all wrong that after the battle has been fought a hundred million times it can't be made a little easier for those who still have it before them?

"If a farmer had gone over a very bad road, and the next day saw another farmer about to start over the same road, wouldn't he send him back? Doesn't it seem too bad that in things which concern one's whole life people can't be as decent as they are about things which involve only an inconvenience? Doesn't it seem that when we human beings have so much in common we might stand together a little better? I'll tell you what's the matter,—most of the people of this world are coated round and round with self-esteem, and they're afraid to admit any understanding of the things which aren't good. Suppose the farmer had thought it a disgrace to admit he had been over that road, and so had said: 'From what I have read in books, and from what I have learned in a general way, I fancy that road isn't good.' Would the other farmer have gone back? I rather think he would have said he'd take his chances. But you see the farmer said he *knew,* and how did he know? Why, because he'd been over the road himself."

He looked down at them then with the almost overpowering sense of three hundred lives having been put in his keeping. Deep down in three hundred stormy and perhaps little understood hearts was a something which held wrapped within its own self the possibilities of manhood. Looking down into the three hundred faces now turned eagerly up to him, he was stern in the consciousness that if that potential manhood, that something which could germinate into the good, was not stirred to-day, it might enter soon upon its death sleep. It was with new force shining in his face he took a step nearer the edge of the platform. What he had done they could do—it was that he must show them. As to the hurt it might do his own career, that was disposed of by the simpleness of the ratio of three hundred to one.

It was thus he began, slowly, the telling of his life story:

"I was born with strange, wild passions in my heart. I don't know where they came from; I only know they were there. I resented authority. If some one who had a right to dictate to me said, 'Philip, do this,' then Philip would immediately begin to think how much he would rather do the other thing. And," he smiled a little, and some of the boys smiled with him in anticipation, "it was the other thing which Philip usually did.

"I didn't go to a reform school, for the very good reason that there wasn't any in the State where I lived." Some of the boys smiled again, and he could hear the nervous coughing of one of the party managers sitting close to him. "I was what you would call a very bad boy. I didn't mind any one. I was defiant—insolent. I did bad things just because I knew they were bad, and—and I took a great deal of satisfaction out of it."

The sighing of the world without was the only sound which vibrated through the room. "I say," he went on, "that I got a great deal of satisfaction out of it. I did not say I got happiness; there is a vast difference between a kind of momentary satisfaction and that thing—that most precious of all things—which we call happiness. Indeed, I was very far from happy. I had hours when I was so morose and miserable that I hated the whole world. And do you know what I thought? I thought there was no one in all the world who had the same kind of things surging up in their hearts that I did. I thought there was no one else with whom it was as easy to be bad, or as hard to be good. I thought that no

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one understood. I thought that I was all alone.

"Did you ever feel like that? Did you ever feel that no one ever knew anything about the feelings you had? Did you ever feel that here was you, and there was the rest of the world, and that the rest of the world didn't know anything about you, and was just generally down on you? Now that's the very thing I want to talk away from you to-day. You're not the only one. We're all made of the same kind of stuff, and there's none of us made of stuff that's flawless. We all have a fight; some an easy one, and some a big one, and if you have formed the idea that there is a kind of dividing-line in the world, and that on the one side is the good, and on the other side is the bad, why, all I can say is that you have a very ridiculous notion of things.

"Well, I grew up to be a man, and because I hadn't fought against any of the bad things in my heart they kept growing stronger and stronger. I did lots of wild, bad things, things of which I am bitterly ashamed. I went to another place, and I fell in with just the sort of set you can imagine I felt at home with. I had been told when I was a boy that it was wrong to drink and gamble. I think that was the chief reason I took to drink and gambling."

There was another cough, more pronounced this time, from the party manager, and the superintendent was twisting rather uneasily in his seat. It was the strangest speech that had ever been delivered at the boys' reformatory. The boys were leaning forward in their seats—self-forgetful, intent. "One night I was playing cards with a crowd of my friends, and one of the men, the best friend I had, said something that made me mad. There was a revolver right there which one of the men had been showing us. Some kind of a demon got hold of me, and without so much as a thought I picked up that revolver and fired at my friend."

The party manager gave way to an audible exclamation of horror, and the superintendent half rose from his seat. But before any one could say a word Philip Grayson continued, looking at the half-frightened faces before him: "I suppose you wonder why I am not in the penitentiary. I was wildly excited, and I missed my aim, and I was with friends, and it was smoothed over."

He rested his hand upon the desk, and looked out at the sullen landscape. His voice was not just steady as he went on: "It's not an easy thing to talk about, boys. I never talked about it to any one before in all my life. I'm not telling it now just to entertain you or to create a sensation. I'm telling it," his voice grew terrible in its earnestness, "because I believe in my heart of hearts that this world could be made a better and a sweeter place if those who have lived, and sinned, and suffered would not be afraid to reach out their hands and cry: 'I know that road—it's bad! I steered off to a better place, and I'll help you steer off, too.'"

There was not one of the three hundred pairs of eyes but was riveted upon the speaker's colorless face. The masks of sullenness and defiance had fallen from them. They were listening now—not because they must, but because into their hungry and thirsty souls was being poured the very sustenance for which—unknowingly—they had yearned.

"We sometimes hear people say," resumed the candidate for Governor, "that they have lived through hell. If by that they mean they've lived through the deepest torments the human heart can know, then I can say that I, too, have lived through hell. What I suffered after I went home that night no one in this world will ever know. Words couldn't tell it; it's not the kind of thing words can come anywhere near. My whole life spread itself out before me, and I saw it then in its blackness and its hideousness. But at last, boys, out of the depths of my darkness, I began to get a little light. I began to get some understanding of the battle which it falls to the lot of some of us human beings to wage. There was good in me, you see, or I wouldn't have cared like that, and it came to me then, all alone that terrible night, that it is the good which lies buried away somewhere in our hearts must fight out the bad. And so—all alone, boys—I began the battle of trying to conquer the evil that was in my own soul. And do you know—this is God's truth—it was with the beginning of that battle I got my first taste of

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happiness. There is no joy in all the world so great as that of winning, in your own heart, a victory for good. It was not easy—the power that is above me can testify to that. I spent hours such as I hope few men have ever known, but out of every victory came possibilities of victories to come. I am not standing here to-day and asking you to look upon me as a man who has come into complete mastery of himself. There are many times when the old demonlike passion flames up within me; but I can say in all humility that I have fought a great fight, and that I have had some measure of success."

He leaned upon the table then, as though very weary. "I don't know, I am sure, what the people of my State will think of all this. Perhaps they won't want a man for their Governor who once tried to kill another man. But," he looked around at them with that smile of his which some way could go straight to men's hearts, "there's only one of me, and there's three hundred of you, and how do I know but that in telling you of that stretch of bad road ahead I've made a dozen Governors this very afternoon! Wouldn't it be a greater thing to make a dozen Governors than to make just one?"

He looked from row to row of them, trying to think of some last word which would leave them with a sense of his sincerity. What he did say was: "And so, boys, when you get away from here, and go out into the world to get your start, if you find the arms of that world aren't quite as wide open as you were told they would be, if there seems no place where you can get a hold, and you are saying to yourself, 'It's no use—I'll not try,' before you finally give up just remember there was one man who said he knew all about it, and give that one man a chance to show he meant what he said. So look me up, if luck goes all against you, and maybe I can give you a little lift." He took a backward step, as though to resume his seat, and then he said, with a dry little smile which took any suggestion of heroics from what had gone before, "If I'm not at the State-house, you'll find my name in the directory of the city where I live."

He sat down, and there followed a moment of eloquent silence. Then full-souled, heart-given, came the applause. It was not led by the attendants this time; it was the attendants who rose at last to stop it. And when the clapping of the hands had ceased, many of those hands were raised to brush away the tears which stood for gratitude and hope.

The exercises were drawn to a speedy close, and he found the party manager standing by his side. "It was very grand," he sneered, "very high-sounding and heroic, but I suppose you know," jerking his hand angrily toward a table where a reporter for the leading paper of the opposition was writing, "that you've given them the winning card."

As he replied, in far-off tone, "I hope so," the candidate for Governor, he who had laid bare his soul in all its one-time blackness in order that out of that blackness the world might know a greater light, was looking, not at the reporter who was sending out a new cry for the opposition, but into those faces aglow with the light of greater understanding and brighter hopes. He stood there watching them filing out into the corridor, craning their necks in order to throw him one last look of gratitude, and as he turned then and looked from the window it was to see that the storm had sobbed itself away, and that along the driveway of the reformatory grounds the young trees—unbroken and unhurt—were rearing their heads towards God's heaven.

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Editor's Easy Chair.

WHETHER pleasure of the first experience is more truly pleasure than that which comes rich in associations from pleasures of the past, is a doubt that no hedonistic philosopher seems to have solved yet. We should, in fact, be sorry if any had, for in that case we should be without such small occasion as we now have to suggest it in the forefront of a paper which will not finally pass beyond the suggestion. When the reader has arrived at our last word we can safely promise him he will still have the misgiving we set out with, and will be confirmed in it by the reflection that no pleasure, either of the earliest or the latest experience, can be unmixed with pain. One will be fresher than the other; that is all; but it is not certain that the surprise will have less of disappointment in it than the unsurprise. In the one case, the case of youth, say, there will be the racial disappointment to count with, and in the other, the case of age, there will be the personal disappointment, which is probably a lighter thing. The racial disappointment is expressed in what used to be called, somewhat untranslatably, *Weltschnerz*. This was peculiarly the appanage of youth, being the anticipative melancholy, the pensive foreboding, distilled from the blighted hopes of former generations of youth. Mixed with the effervescent blood of the young heart, it acted like a subtle poison, and eventuated in more or less rhythmical deliriums, in cynical excesses of sentiment, in extravagances of behavior, in effects which commonly passed when the subject himself became ancestor, and transmitted his inherited burden of *Weltschnerz* to his posterity. The old are sometimes sad, on account of the sins and follies they have personally committed and know they will commit again, but for pure gloom—gloom positive, absolute, all but palpable—you must go to youth. That is not merely the time of disappointment, it is in itself disappointment; it is not what it expected to be; and it finds nothing which confronts it quite, if at all, responsive to the inward vision. The greatest, the loveliest things in the world lose their iridescence, or dwindle before it. The old come to things measurably prepared to see them as they are, take them for what they are worth; but the young are the prey of impassioned prepossessions which can never be the true measures.

The disadvantage of an opening like this is that it holds the same quality, if not quantity of disappointment as those other sublime things, and we earnestly entreat the reader to guard himself against expecting anything considerable from it. Probably the inexperienced reader has imagined from our weighty prologue something of signal importance to follow; but the reader who has been our reader through thick and thin for many years will have known from the first that we were not going to deal with anything more vital, say, than a few emotions and memories, prompted, one night of the past winter, by hearing one of the old-fashioned Italian operas which a more than commonly inspired management had been purveying to an over-Wagnered public. In fact, we had a sense that this sort of reader was there with us, the night we saw *L'Elisir d'Amore*, and that it was in his personality we felt and remembered many things which we could have fancied personal only to ourselves.

He began to take the affair out of our keeping from the first moment, when, after passing through the crowd arriving from the snowy street, we found our way through the distracted vestibule of the opera-house into the concentred auditorium and hushed ourselves in the presence of the glowing spectacle of the stage. "Ah, this is the real thing," he whispered, and he would not let us, at any moment when we could have done so without molesting our neighbors, censure the introduction of Alpine architecture in the entourage of an Italian village piazza. "It is a village at the foot of the Alps, probably," he said, "and if not, no matter. It is as really the thing as all the rest; as the chorus of peasants

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and soldiers, of men and women who impartially accompany the orchestra in the differing sentiments of the occasion; as the rivals who vie with each other in recitative and aria; as the heroine who holds them both in a passion of suspense while she weaves the enchantment of her trills and runs about them; as the whole circumstance of the divinely impossible thing which defies nature and triumphs over prostrate probability. What does a little Swiss Gothic matter? The thing is always opera, and it is always Italy. I was thinking, as we crowded in there from the outside, with our lives in our hands, through all those trolleys and autos and carriages and cabs and sidewalk ticket-brokers, of the first time I saw this piece. It was in Venice, forty-odd years ago, and I arrived at the theatre in a gondola, slipping to the water-gate with a waft of the gondolier's oar that was both impulse and arrest, and I was helped up the sea-weedy slippery steps by a beggar whom age and sorrow had bowed to just the right angle for supporting my hand on the shoulder he lent it. The blackness of the tide was pierced with the red plunge of a few lamps, and it gurgled and chuckled as my gondola lurched off and gave way to another; and when I got to my box—a box was two florins, but I could afford it—I looked down on just this scene, over a pit full of Austrian officers and soldiers, and round on a few Venetians darkling in the other boxes, and half-heartedly enjoying the music. It was the most hopeless hour of the Austrian occupation, and the air was heavy with its oppression and tobacco, for the officers smoked between the acts. It was only the more intensely Italian for that; but it was not more Italian than this; and when I see those impossible people on the stage, and hear them sing, I breathe an atmosphere that is like the ether beyond the pull of our planet, and is as far from all its laws and limitations."

Our friend continued to talk pretty well through the whole interval between the first and second acts; and we were careful not to interrupt him, for from the literary quality of his diction we fancied him talking for publication, and we wished to take note of every turn of his phrase.

"It's astonishing," he said, "how little art needs in order to give the effect of life. A touch, here and there, is enough; but art is so conditioned that it has to work against time and space, and is obliged to fill up and round out its own body with much stuff that gives no sense of life. The realists," he went on, "were only half right."

"Isn't it better to be half right than wrong altogether?" we interposed.

"I'm not sure. What I wanted to express is that every now and then I find in very defective art of all kinds that mere *look* of the real thing which suffices. A few words of poetry glance from the prose body of verse and make us forget the prose. A moment of dramatic motive carries hours of heavy comic or tragic performance. Is any piece of sculpture or painting altogether good? Or isn't the spectator held in the same glamour which involved the artist before he began the work, and which it is his supreme achievement to impart, so that it shall hide all defects? When I read what you wrote the other month, or the other year, about the vaudeville shows—"

"Hush!" we entreated. "Don't bring those low associations into this high presence."

"Why not? It is all the same thing. There is no inequality in the region of art; and I have seen things on the vaudeville stage which were graced with touches of truth so exquisite, so ideally fine that I might have believed I was getting them at first hand and pure from the street-corner. Of course the poor fellows who had caught them from life, had done their worst to imprison them in false terms, to labor them out of shape, and build them up in acts where anything less precious would have been lost; but they survived all that and gladdened the soul. I realized that I should have been making a mistake if I had required any 'stunt' which embodied them to be altogether composed of touches of truth, of moments of life. We can stand only a very little radium; the captured sunshine burns with the fires that heat the summers of the furthest planets; and we cannot handle the miraculous substance as if it were mere

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mineral. A touch of truth is perhaps not only all we need but all we can endure in any one example of art."

"You are lucky if you get so much," we said, "even at a vaudeville show."

"Or at an opera," he returned, and then the curtain rose on the second act. When it fell again, he resumed, as if he had been interrupted in the middle of a sentence. "What should you say was the supreme moment of this thing, or was the radioactive property, the very soul? Of course it is there where Nemorino drinks the elixir and finds himself freed from Adina; when he bursts into that joyous song of liberation, and gives that delightful caper—

Which signifies indifference, indifference,
Which signifies indifference,

and which not uncommonly results from a philter composed entirely of claret. When Adina advances in the midst of his indifference, and breaks into the lyrical lament—

Neppur mi guarda!—

she expresses the mystery of the sex which can be best provoked to love by the sense of loss, and the vital spark of the opera is kindled. The rest is mere incorporative material. It has to be. In other conditions the soul may be disembodied, and we may have knowledge of it without the interposition of anything material; but if there are spiritual bodies as there are material bodies, still the soul may wrap itself from other souls, and emit itself only in gleams. But putting all that aside, I should like to bet that the germ, the vital spark of the opera, felt itself life, felt itself flame, first of all in that exquisite moment of release which Nemorino's caper conveys. Till then it must have been rather blind groping, with nothing better in hand than that old worn-out notion of a love-philter. What will you bet?"

"We never bet," we virtuously replied. "We are principled against it in all cases where we feel sure of losing; though in this case we could never settle it, for both composer and librettist are dead."

"Yes, isn't it sad that spirits so gay should be gone from a world that needs gayety so much? That is probably the worst of death; it is so indiscriminate," the reader thoughtfully observed.

"But aren't you," we asked, "getting rather far away from the question whether the pleasure of experience isn't greater than the pleasure of inexperience; whether later operas don't give more joy than the first?"

"Was that the question?" he returned. "I thought it was whether Italian opera was not as much at home in exile as in its native land."

"Well, make it that," we responded tolerantly.

"Oh, no," he met us half-way. "But it naturalizes itself everywhere. They have it in St. Petersburg and in Irkutsk, for all I know, and certainly in Calcutta and Australia, the same as in Milan, and Venice and Naples, or as here in New York, where everything is so much at home, or so little. It's the most universal form of art."

"Is it? Why more so than sculpture, or painting, or architecture?"

Our demand gave the reader pause. Then he said: "I think it is more immediately universal than the other forms of art. These all want time to denationalize themselves. It is their nationality which first authorizes them to be; but it takes decades, centuries sometimes, for them to begin their universal life. It seems different with opera. *Cavalleria Rusticana* was as much at home with us in its first year as *L'Elisir d'Amore* is now in its sixtieth or seventieth."

"But it isn't," we protested, "denationalized. What can be more intensely Italian than an Italian opera is anywhere?"

"You're right," the reader owned, as the reader always must, if honest, in dealing with the writer. "It is the operatic audience, not the opera which is denationalized when the opera becomes universal. We are all Italians here, tonight. I only wish we were in our native land, listening to this musical peal of ghostly laughter from the past."

The reader was silent a moment while the vast house buzzed, and murmured and babbled from floor to roof. Perhaps the general note of the conversation, if it could have been tested, would

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have been found voluntary rather than spontaneous; but the sound was gay, and there could be no question of the splendor of the sight. We may decry our own almost as much as we please, but there is a point where we must cease to depreciate ourselves; even for the sake of evincing our superiority to our possessions we must not undervalue some of them. One of these is the Metropolitan Opera House, where the pride of wealth, the vanity of fashion, the beauty of youth, and the taste and love of music fill its mighty cup to the brim in the proportions that they bear to one another in the community. Wherever else we fail of our ideal, there we surely realize it on terms peculiarly our own. Subjectively the scene is intensely responsive to the New York spirit, and objectively it is most expressive of the American character in that certain surface effect of thin brilliancy which remains with the spectator the most memorable expression of its physiognomy.

No doubt something like this was in the reader's mind when he resumed, with a sigh: "It's rather pathetic how much more magnificently Italian opera has always been circumstanced in exile than at home. It had to emigrate in order to better its fortunes; it could soon be better seen if not heard outside of Italy than in its native country. It was only where it could be purely conventional as well as ideal that it could achieve its greatest triumphs. It had to make a hard fight for its primacy among the amusements that flatter the pride as well as charm the sense. You remember how the correspondents of Mr. Spectator wrote to him in scorn of the affected taste of 'the town,' when the town in London first began to forsake the theatre and to go to the opera?"

"Yes, they were very severe on the town for pretending to a pleasure imparted in a language it could not understand a word of. They had all the reason on their side, and they needed it; but the opera is independent of reason, and the town felt that for its own part it could dispense with reason too. The town can always do that. It would not go seriously or constantly to English opera, though ever so much invited to do so, for all the reasons, especially the patriotic reasons. Isn't it strange, by the way, how English opera is a fashion, while Italian opera remains a passion? We had it at its best, didn't we, in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, which were the most charming things in the world; but they charmed only for a while, and it may be doubted whether they ever greatly charmed the town. The manager of the Metropolitan replaces German with Italian opera, and finds his account in it, but could he find his account in it if he put on *The Mikado* instead of *L'Elisir d'Amore*? If he did so, the town would not be here. Why?"

The reader did not try to answer at once. He seemed to be thinking, but perhaps he was not; other readers may judge from his reply, which, when it came, was this: "There seems to be something eternally as well as universally pleasing in Italian opera; but what the thing is, or how much of a thing it is, I wouldn't undertake to say. Possibly the fault of English opera is its actuality. It seizes upon a contemporaneous mood or fad, and satirizes it; but the Italian opera at its lightest deals with a principle of human nature, and it is never satirical; it needn't be, for it is as independent of the morals as of the reasons. It isn't obliged, by the terms of its existence, to teach, any more than it is obliged to convince. It's the most absolute thing in the world; and from its unnatural height it can stoop at will in moments of enrapturing naturalness, without ever losing poise. Wasn't that delightful where Caruso hesitated about his encore, and then, with a shrug, and a waft of his left hand to the house, went off in order to come back and give his aria with more effect? That was a touch of naturalness not in the scheme of the opera."

"Yes, but it was more racial, more personal, than natural. It was delicious, but we are not sure we approved of it."

"Ah, in Italian opera you're not asked to approve; you're only desired to enjoy!"

"Well, then that bit of racial personality was of the effect of actuality, and it jarred."

"Perhaps you're right," the reader sighed, but he added: "It was charming; yes, it made itself part of the piece. Nemorino would have done just as Caruso did."

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At the last fall of the curtain the reader and the writer rose in unison, a drop of that full tide of life which ebbed by many channels out of the vast auditorium, and in two or three minutes left it dry. They stayed in their duplex personality to glance at the silken evanescences from the boxes, and then being in the mood for the best society, they joined the shining presences in the vestibule where these waited for their carriages and automobiles. Of this company the interlocutors felt themselves so inseparably part that they could with difficulty externate themselves so far as to observe that it was of the quality of "the town" which had gone to Italian opera from the first.

In Mr. Spectator's time the town would have been lighted by the smoky torches of linkboys to its chairs; now it was called to its electric autos in the blaze of a hundred incandescent bulbs; but the difference was not enough to break the tradition. There was something in the aspect of that patrician throng, as it waited the turn of each, which struck the reader and writer jointly as a novel effect from any American crowd, but which the writer scarcely dares intimate to the general reader; for the general reader is much more than generally a woman, and she may not like it. Perhaps we can keep it from offending by supposing that the fact can be true only of the most elect socially, but in any case the fact seemed to be that the men were handsomer than the women. They were not only handsomer, but they were sweller (if we may use a comparative hitherto unachieved) in look, and even in dress.

How this could have happened in a civilization so peculiarly devoted as ours to the evolution of female beauty and style, is a question which must be referred to scientific inquiry. It does not affect the vast average of woman's loveliness and taste among us in ranks below the very highest; this remains unquestioned and unquestionable; and perhaps, in the given instance, it was an appearance and not a fact, or perhaps the joint spectator was deceived as to the supreme social value of those rapidly dwindling and dissolving groups.

The reader and the writer were some time in finding their true level, when they issued into the common life of the street, and they walked home as much like driving home as they could. On the way, the reader, who was so remotely lost in thought that the writer could scarcely find him, made himself heard in a musing suspiration: "There was something missing. Can you think what it was?"

"Yes, certainly; there was no ballet."

"Ah, to be sure: no ballet! And there used always to be a ballet! You remember," the reader said, "how beatific it always was to have the minor coryphees subside in nebulous ranks on either side of the stage, and have the great planetary splendor of the *prima ballerina* come swiftly floating down the centre to the very footlights, beaming right and left? Ah, there's nothing in life now, like that radiant moment! But even that was eclipsed when she rose on tiptoe and stubbed it down the scene on the points of her slippers, with the soles of her feet showing vertical in the act. Why couldn't we have had that to-night? Yes, we have been cruelly wronged."

"But you don't give the true measure of our injury. You forget that supreme instant when the master-spirit of the ballet comes skipping suddenly forward, and leaping into the air with calves that exchange a shimmer of kisses, and catches the *prima ballerina* at the waist, and tosses her aloft, and when she comes down supports her as she bends this way and that way, and all at once stiffens for her bow to the house. Think of our having been defrauded of that!"

"Yes, we have been wickedly defrauded." The reader was silent for a while, and then he said, "I wonder if anybody except the choreographic composer, ever knew what the story of any ballet was? Were you ever able to follow it?"

"Certainly not. It is bad enough following the opera. All that one wishes to do in one case is to look, just as in the other case all one wishes to do is to listen. We would as lief try to think out the full meaning of a Browning poem in the pleasure it gave us, as to mix our joy in the opera or the ballet with any severe question of their purport."

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Editor's Study.

THE critical judgment of a piece of literature—if we are to take the view recently advanced by Professor Trent—must, as in the criticism of a painting, a statue, or a musical composition, regard only its technical excellence. That is—to use Professor Trent's own terms—criticism should be academic rather than impressionist. "We have been," he says, "overpartial to the criticism of interpretation, which tends more or less to be impressionist in character."

The external features of a literary composition—the use of language, the syntax, and the unity of structural organization in each part and in the whole—are properly subject to academic criticism; these things may be precisely taught so as to provide a faultless outward form applicable to any theme; and, since no allowance is made for differences of mood and temperament, absolute uniformity in these superficial aspects is attainable. But when we pass beyond these to what may properly be called style, which depends mainly upon the writer's mood and temperament—his individual genius—and also somewhat upon the promptings of the theme, no canons of academic criticism should be thus formally enjoined, unless it is our aim to suppress individuality altogether. So far as the aims and method of literary study are to be taught in our universities, or elsewhere, the teacher should clearly understand where the formal education ends and the inspirational begins.

Criticism within the limits to which academic judgment is restricted would, we fear, disclose few of the values of a literary work, and such as are incidental rather than substantial.

Even in the judgment of a poem, which, by reason of its formal obligations, more than any other kind of literary production, challenges technical criticism, the spirit would elude us in our fixed contemplation of the form; the vibrant life would escape our notice while we measure the vibration itself.

Possibly we are stating Professor Trent's position in terms too inelastic. He would surely admit that the best criticism of our time has sensibility to the spirit of literature as well as perception of its form; though he seems to think that we unduly estimate the value of the impressions conveyed to us through our interpretation of a literary production, and that to a corresponding degree the demands of a purely critical judgment are relaxed.

For ourselves, we are disposed to think that overmuch stress is laid upon what is called "the literary art." Nothing could be more misleading to readers in their judgments or to young writers in their practice than to have their attention fixed first of all upon a matter which, just because it is a final concern, should not be made the initial consideration. This method of procedure is, in the literal sense, preposterous. The importance of true literary art cannot be overestimated. De Quincey had this in mind when he said "manner *is* matter," thus giving the art a substantive value. But neither the art nor the appreciation of it can be acquired by conscious study with that end directly and solely in view.

We should hesitate to suggest to a young writer the formation of his style through a study of approved models. He must, first of all, find himself, and he cannot do that by following the figures of another's labyrinth, beginning from the outside circle. The form is of the spirit, and each writer's form is of his individual spirit. The young writer's first object in reading is inspiration, not artistic equipment, and he selects those works which most strongly appeal to his imaginative sensibility. Other books he reads simply for information—the more of them the better, since the knowledge of nature and of human history is an essential part of his equipment, the material upon which his imaginative faculty reacts. The initial moment of his career is that in which his own individual note is disclosed to him, known and felt as his own and not any other's—the key-note of a harmony which, if he pursue not, as to the fulfilment of a destiny, will never be taken up by another. Mentors and models have no place within the charmed circle

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of this contemplation. The writer has found himself, and the world awaits a disclosure. This individuality is not isolation; the new harmony takes its place in the line of a continuous human culture. Each star shines by its own light, but it is part of a constellation.

The lesser degree of radiance does not detract from the individual distinction, which is qualitative and not subject to diminution. The writer who feels that he is not and may never become a star of the first or of even the second or third magnitude in the literary heavens, has at least this compensation, that no other can take his place; his destiny, for what it is and means, is incommunicable. It is a blessed thing to shine a little way, to fill just a little space and time with a light not otherwise ever to be seen in all the world or in all the ages. Comparisons by way of illustration would seem ungracious, but each of our readers looking over the literary field will readily make them for himself; and the more extensive his reading, if his judgment is discriminating, the more justly as well as gratefully will he appreciate the individual quality possessed by many writers who are not great, yet give exquisite delight and satisfaction. One has not written in vain whose readers can say that they are pleased to have made his acquaintance.

The individual quality which makes this pleasure possible is the writer's particular share of that divine radiance which we call genius and which is more generally distributed, however unequally, than we are apt to think. There is a kind of pleasure derived by the uncultivated and undiscriminating from literary performances utterly devoid of genius and of æsthetic charm, and there is often a purely intellectual satisfaction experienced by a very different class in the reading of books which display literary art, in the strictly technical sense, but which show no sign of genius—of that native individual quality which gives positive charm and distinction to a piece of literature.

This native quality, distinctive to the individual writer, makes for itself in the natural course of its expression an art which we would not think of as "literary," it seems so spontaneous and inevitable—an embodiment peculiar to the informing spirit. The art which comes in any other way has no compelling charm; we may admire its technical skill, but we are not enthralled by a spell which eludes our mental analysis. There are all varieties of the charm, but in every case it is something felt rather than mentally conceived, just as the writer has felt rather than planned his way to this mastery.

Striking impressions may be produced, as indeed they are in at least three-fourths of the fiction that is published, by mere plotting and by the deliberate manipulation of material—of material which is itself unusual, strange phenomena, psychological, pathological, or merely sensational; and the readers of this kind of literature unreasoningly attribute singular imaginative power to the writers of it, simply because of the effects so easily produced by such phenomena in skilfully arranged dramatic situations. These writers always have the additional advantage that their stories are easy to understand, being as superficial as they are artificial.

Skill should not be underrated, especially when it reaches the high degree of efficiency attained by Wilkie Collins and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, but without any native quality to redeem it such as these two writers possess in some degree, it is mere artifice. If Poe had not had the poetic sensibility—with him largely a matter of temperament—which avails of association and illusion, his stories would seem to us to have been as artificially produced as, not wholly without reason, he pretended that his best-known poem was. There is a kind of genius—such as Poe had and, on a higher plane, Victor Hugo and Dickens—a Vulcan-like genius, native but allied with subtle mentality, which exults in masterly artifice, and whose automata have vitality, and command not only respect but admiration.

But in all art, even in sculpture, there is something which transcends the formal excellence which is merely external—merely the content of our perception. This is ideality and appeals to imaginative interpretation, lying quite beyond the bounds of academic criticism. This is especially true of literature, which is in so many ways an expression of the human spirit, and the adequate criticism of which must involve interpre-

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tation of an infinite variety of spiritual implications.

Wholly apart from this interpretative criticism, it is to be remembered that one of the highest of the substantive values of literature belongs to interpretation itself —that is, to those works of the human imagination which are interpretative of man and nature. As the highest manifestation of imaginative sensibility, interpretation is essentially poetic; indeed, we almost might reverse this proposition and say that the greatest poetry is essentially interpretative; at least we may say this of the best modern poetry, beginning with Shakespeare. The field of interpretation in prose literature is occupied by such writers as Sir Thomas Browne, De Quincey, Emerson, Symonds, and Pater, the works of John Fiske and Professor William James just falling outside, though so imaginatively coordinative. Every eminent interpreter has his individual note and that native quality which inevitably makes for the spirit an artistic embodiment.

The more closely we consider this thing called the literary art the more we seem compelled to regard it as some special technique, quite detached from all the substantive values which belong to a living and lasting literature. It is unfortunate that the term which ought to designate the manner native to the individual genius should be so degraded as to be applicable only to a form which is achieved by conscious effort—a garment rather than an embodiment, respectable it may be, or even splendid, but never natural, never truly begotten.

> Art has no mean, but Nature made that mean.

Art is contradistinguished from physical nature, not from the psychical, and when we speak of it as natural we mean that it is native to the spirit.

Modern prose in its rich development has been protestant against technique in a sense that poetry could not be. More and more it has sought freedom from every obligation not native to the individual spirit. Therefore it is that prose has been cultivated at the expense of poetry and cherished by writers of great imaginative power, so that only in rare instances does the distinctively poetic destiny resume its ancient control of an individual genius, imposing upon it time-honored obligations, and leading it in the old and austere ways.

What we should most insist upon as a corollary of these considerations of literary study is that the writer hold to his destiny, to his individual note.

An old-time subscriber to this Magazine writes, regretting the loss of its old-time cover. It is pleasant to know that the Magazine is endeared by association to so many of its readers, so that any change, even in its outward appearance, is the occasion of such feeling as is expressed by our correspondent. We like to think, however, that the attachment of years is not due merely to association with external appearances. Association with what, then? Our correspondent would probably answer, "With the best things in literature and art, with stories, essays, poems, sketches of travel and adventure, and beautiful illustrations, that have for more than a generation given me delight and satisfaction"; but there would still be the insistence that all these things must be bound up, in a harmony not to be broken, with certain features easily catching the eye from month to month, and so promoting friendly recognition.

The editor well remembers, as belonging to the period of his own association with the Magazine, when a much smaller type was used, the absence of which we are sure is not an occasion of regret to our correspondent. One reads small type more easily at fifteen than at sixty. Besides, the present type is not only larger, but more beautiful. Until twenty years ago the columns on each page were separated by a visible line, and the page headings were in the same way marked off from the text. The present open page is undoubtedly preferred by every reader. These changes met the eye, of course, not only in each number, but in the bound half-yearly volumes. Changes in the cover are not thus registered.

The cover is only the temporary outside tegument. So, it might be said in reply, is the human face. Well! But this face—of the boy or the girl—cherish its features as we may, changes past all casual recognition with the advancing

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years. The individual grows altogether; not any aspect may remain unchanged.

Your friend's house—for a long time it had precisely the same outward appearance from year to year. You knew it from a distance, and every familiar feature had its charm of association; and when you entered it the same charm held you in every room, every nook and corner, every piece of furniture and decoration, perhaps for more than a generation. But the children and the grandchildren differ in taste and culture from their forebears. The wax flowers in glass cases, the hair ornaments, old samplers, the Babes in the Wood over the looking-glass and Old Time with his scythe below the face of the clock, haircloth covers of sofas and chairs, flower-patterned carpets—all these in time have disappeared. The very structure of the house has been altered to suit new tastes and uses. In all this transformation is the outside of the house to have no part?

To some, whose lives know little change and are deeply rooted in the past, any change in surrounding things seems like a blow aimed at their affections. Familiarity of aspect is a strong bond. We regret even lost blemishes, if they were harmless, in the faces and characters of them we love. But the feeling is a kind of bondage and an obstinate barrier to progress. Were we to yield to it without protest we should always use the same kind of tools, always follow old methods, always cherish our old ignorance.

In a story of the war, recently published, *Goldie's Inheritance,* a copy of *Harper's Magazine* is represented as reaching Atlanta, Georgia, five months after its issue, coming by way of Nassau. Doubtless in circumstances like these the old subscribers, regarding the familiar figures on the cover, were touched as well as amused by Sammy's remark in the story:

"Why, Miss Amy, that little girl with a basket of chips on her head hain't spilt 'em all out yet!"

The editor, himself an "old-timer," might in a dozy, dreamful moment fondly linger among lost tokens of the past; but the boy on the old cover blowing bubbles, and the other boy scattering flowers (whom "Sammy" transformed into a girl with a basket of chips on her head), would little vex his dreams; rather glimpses of the vanished faces of old contributors and associates, the lineaments of old manuscripts and letters, the phantoms of quaint, picturesque or masterful fancies in story and verse, would throng in procession before him. But in his wakeful moments he is haunted by new charms not less potent nor less attractive than those of the past, and his attention is wholly engaged by a new procession whose march is as vigorous and whose banners are as bright as those of any that has passed by.

We would not have our oldest readers miss anything that is worth keeping; but least of all would we have those of the new generation defrauded of any real value that enriched the past.

The scope of the Magazine must change with the general progress, while its intent and standard remain the same, only stronger and advancing. We have less of some kinds of matter only because the reader is more easily and more satisfactorily supplied with such matter in the daily press, in special periodicals, and in books everywhere accessible. More and better short stories are written to-day than ever before; therefore we give more. If the reader does not get these in his magazine he does not get them at all. There is no less novelty of adventure and travel to-day than fifty years ago, and there is even more eagerness of enterprise to seize upon it in the editorial conduct of the Magazine; only we insist, as our readers do, upon the novelty—the matter must not be trite nor the treatment conventional. History and the historical romance are as entertaining as they ever were; the new disclosures of science and archæology are more so. Our readers will bear us witness that these features are constantly regarded; indeed, at no time in the past history of the Magazine were they ever so conspicuous.

The changes in the external appearance of the Magazine are of minor importance; they are always in the direction of greater beauty and simplicity. What concerns us most is that no reader, old or new, should have cause for complaint as to the wealth and variety of his entertainment within the hostelry.

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EDITOR'S DRAWER

A Financial Genius

BY HENRY EDWARD ROOD

HIRAM BISWEL was his name; Hiram Y. Biswel—the Y. standing for Yupsilon, he said, which some thought was a hero of ancient Greece, and others a new kind of breakfast food. Anyway, that was his name, so far as any of us in the village ever found out, which, after all, is the main thing. For while a rose may smell as sweet if you call it a German pancake, yet it jars on the nerves, which is bad physiologically.

Well, Hiram came to town one day last autumn and opened a general store, where he sold everything in the grocery and dry-goods line; also such innocuous medicinal comforts as porous plasters and witch-hazel and rat-poison and bad cigars — vicious these last were, positively wicked. And he laid in a stock of toys and picture-books, and fancy Bibles bound in beautiful colors, and hymnals, and horse-liniment, and fountain pens, and vases, and other bric-à-bracs. He was particularly strong on bric-à-brac of all sorts and sizes, but these were not for sale. They were gifts, souvenirs, mementoes of visits to Hiram's store. In order to get a bric-à-brac all you had to do was to buy a dollar's worth of goods, and receive as a present ten pale écru trading-stamps. When you got a thousand stamps you cashed 'em in at Hiram's little money-counter—and Hiram would let you take your pick of his windowful of glass vases and china match-boxes.

Now, there was no objection to all that—barring the cigars, of course—and the custom is generally followed by highly esteemed merchants everywhere. If Hiram Yupsilon Biswel had known when he was well off he would have stopped right there, for he

Everybody told everybody else

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was doing a mighty satisfactory business in butter, cheese, hair-oil, eggs, rubber boots, prepared flour, chest-protectors, and other luxuries. But of course competition sprang up, and old Smith (who has had a store here for thirty years) laid in several miles of blue trading-stamps, and for a while some of his lifetime customers came back to him; but not for long.

Hiram had been in town about seven minutes, when he learned that, besides smaller ones, there were two important churches here—the old original body called the First, and the younger, called the Second. The people had split off several years previous over the question as to whether a missionary box should be sent to North Dakota or South Dakota, and half the congregation walked out of the First Church and organized the Second. They were so all-fired mad at the other congregation that they put their hands deep into their pockets without any urging and erected a fine modern building, engaged a chipper young minister, and started off with a bang. Old Mr. Smith went with the new crowd, and although he sent half his family regularly to the First Church, yet he was always regarded as belonging to the Second. So when Hiram landed in town he opened his store for business and promptly identified himself with the old congregation—also for business.

It was astonishing how active Hiram became in that First Church. He was in the choir the second Sunday; he attended every prayer-meeting, and took part earnestly. After the church service, morning and evening, he would step up to the minister and shake hands, and say what a fine sermon it was, and what a privilege he felt it to listen to such words of comfort and encouragement. Hiram was a white alley, all right, and there weren't any nicks on him, either, to impede the smoothness of his progress. He was generous in his contributions, too, and took such an interest in the money affairs of the church that by Thanksgiving they made him chairman of the finance committee. The old chairman was mighty glad to resign (although Hiram didn't know it then); for the First Church had been having a mighty hard struggle to get along for a year or two, and the outlook was so poor that half the time the fire in the stove got discouraged and went out. But as soon as Hiram had skimmed over the books and old envelopes and scraps of brown paper on which the church's accounts were kept, he sized up the situation. Then he sat down to think; but soon he got up with a smile on his face and a well-defined plan in his head, and called a special meeting of the finance committee for that evening, which was Saturday.

At the close of the service next morning the minister stepped to one side of the pulpit and remarked:

"We are all requested to remain in the church for a few minutes while the chairman of the finance committee makes an important announcement. I do not know just what Mr. Biswel has to say, but I'm sure we shall all listen with interest and profit."

Then he walked down to the floor of the church and sat in a pew, while Hiram mounted the pulpit steps and began without any urging.

"You all know, of course," he said, "that it's been hard work to raise funds to keep going here. But now we've sort of struck on a plan which will undoubtedly set our minds at rest, and provide all the cash we need—and," he added with emphasis, "nobody 'll have to spend any more'n they do now.

"At considerable expense to myself," he went on, without even stopping to clear his throat, "I have arranged with the greatest supply-house in the country to give me a mail-order agency here, so that in addition to the luxurious and substantial stock I already carry, I will be able after this to provide everything on earth for man, woman, or beast to eat, wear, smell, look at, hear, or think of. Now, don't make any mistake in your own mind about this until I finish. Commencing with the service to-night, each woman who comes to church will receive free, gratis, for nothing, a yellow ticket with her name written on it to show that she really was here in church this Sunday. The ticket will be good for one week only. And every lady getting one can come to my store as often as she wants for the next six days, and upon buying goods there and showing the yellow ticket she will get twice the usual number of trading-stamps as she's received heretofore, which is ten trading-stamps for every dollar's worth purchased. But if she has the yellow ticket she gets twenty stamps.

"In view of the fact that I am willing to give double the ordinary value on all purchases, it is expected, of course, that holders of the yellow tickets will increase their church contributions. That's all."

Then Hiram skeetered down the pulpit steps, and left the church by the back door.

All that afternoon the village fairly buzzed with excitement. Everybody told everybody else, and when Hiram arrived at church that evening, half an hour ahead of time, he found the vestibule jammed with women, children, and babies, all anxious—and most of them hollering—for yellow tickets. Before he got this crowd fixed up properly, a lot of others came streaming in, many belonging to the Second Church; but a lot more from the Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, and Episcopal congregations. Hiram certainly did have his hands full, and after that he made it a rule to write the names out beforehand, and on Sunday swap new cards already prepared for the old ones that had been in use a week. Of course the service was delayed that first evening, and it was an hour late in beginning, but every pew was filled, and the collection jumped from an average of twelve dollars to thirty-eight dollars. Mighty few were willing to accept Hiram's yellow cards without drop-

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"I just can't stand it!" he gurgled

ping a nickel or a dime in the collection-box, and Hiram had counted on just that thing. He had schemed it all out in advance, and he knew human nature like a book.

The idea naturally created no end of a row in the community. When the elders and deacons and trustees and various officers of the other churches heard of that scheme they simply ripped and reared up on their hind feet. People down in the Second Church tried to get Hiram and the pastor of the First Church indicted on a charge of running a gambling-house, and named the First Church as the place of gambling. But the wives of three grand jurors, and of the foreman and the public prosecutor, had yellow tickets; so no indictment was found. By Wednesday afternoon Hiram had sold for cash pretty nearly everything in his store except twenty-seven lamp-chimneys that were cracked; and Wednesday evening an old lady bought these on her way to prayer-meeting. It was awful, the business Hiram Yupsilon did those few days, and he had to telephone for a car-load of assorted stock to come by fast freight, or he'd have had to close his shop by Friday. As it was, he hired all of old Smith's clerks at a big advance in their wages, or nobody could have handled the gangs of women that infested his store, shaking money in the air, clamoring to buy, and demanding trading-stamps by the barrel. Hiram couldn't attend to them; it was all he could do to rake in the cash they shoved at him and give back what little change was needed.

That first week he increased his sales about seven hundred per cent., while poor old Smith used to shut up his store at three o'clock in the afternoon and go out in the woods and cuss. He was particularly and enthusiastically mad, was old Smith, because Hiram took on an agency for a coal-yard, and lots of women induced their husbands to lay in a winter's supply at once. The young man sold about two hundred tons that week, and took in one thousand dollars from that alone. The next week he added a piano agency and life-insurance and fire-insurance, and bought a burglar-proof safe seven feet high. He needed it, too, for the nearest bank was twelve miles distant.

The third Sunday that old First Church was so jammed with people that they sat all over the pulpit steps, and stood in the aisles packed like herring. The road in front of the church for one-quarter of a mile in each direction was jammed with all sorts of wagons and buggies and carryalls from farms and surrounding villages; it seemed as if the whole township was turned loose in the direction of the First Church. Hiram appeared promptly, as he always did, but pale and haggard, for he was pretty nearly exhausted with business; and he absolutely refused to help take up the collection.

"I just can't stand it!" he gurgled, passing the box to another deacon. "I'm so sick of money that the sight of it fairly turns my stomach."

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So the others gathered in one hundred and ninety-six dollars and twenty-five cents that evening, and turned it over to the chairman of the finance committee. The next day—Monday—there were seventy-five women waiting at his store when he opened the doors for business, and they kept coming in such numbers that he didn't shut up shop until 1 A.M. Tuesday. Then he started in to count receipts, and had barely got through when he had to open up again at seven o'clock or see his glass smashed in by the throng outside. Goods kept arriving on every train, and every wagon in the village was busy hauling them to his store, where they would remain a few hours and then be taken away to purchasers.

Thursday night Hiram sent for the doctor, and on Friday morning the village learned that he was a wreck from nervous prostration and had started for Colorado to regain his health. Then the city papers got hold of the news, and by night Hiram's creditors began to arrive. They broke into the store, and found nothing there but empty shelves and a safe weighing three tons, which contained a good deal of air and some dust.

We don't look forward very hopefully to seeing Hiram Yupsilon Biswel in our midst again—at least not in the near future. And a good many wouldn't be at all surprised to hear any day that the State of Colorado was missing from its accustomed place in the Union.

What's the News?

OH, fold up the morning paper—
  Who cares for the news of town?
But—what are the violets doing?
  Has the jonquil made her gown
To wear through the gay spring hours
  So mindful of her looks?
Come, give me news of the flowers,
  The grass, and the trees and brooks!

Last night, when the diva flinging
  Those notes of hers to the air,
I thought, will the thrush be singing
  To-morrow, and I not there?
Are the daffodils all making
  Their rows of yellow shoon?—
Till the singer's voice seemed breaking,
  And the viols were out of tune.

So fold up the tiresome paper,
  With old monotonous talk
Of routs and riots and races,
  And let's go out for a walk.
What *is* it the buds are doing
  Deep down in the secret stem,
That even with music wooing
  I think and I think of them?

LOUISE MORGAN SILL.

Pro and Con

YOU thin giraffe, if I was you,
  I'd have a hard time, I spec';
For nursie would make a great to-do
  A-washin' my face an' neck.

BUT when the jam and the cookie-jar
  Are hid on the highest shelf,
I wisht I was tall as you creatures are,
  Instead of my tiny self. B. J.

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Sheer Nonsense

BY GERALDINE MEYRICK

I WAS lost, as it seems,
In the region of dreams,
And wandered there all through the night;
The things that I heard
Were really absurd,
Though they seemed to be perfectly right.

A kid was my guide;
He frisked at my side.
"I was bred for a butter," said he;
"Though I charge a good bit,
I'm not deer, you'll admit,
For I go-at whatever I see."

At a tree then he ran,
Crying, "Rubber, old man,
Have you teeth in your gums? Let me look."
But the rubber-tree said,
"I've a cold in my head,"
And he sneezed, "Kerchook, Caoutchouc!"

"He frisked at my side"

"The Night-mare cried, 'Hay!'"

Then a maiden rushed by,
With a gleam in her eye;
"Are you looking for bargains?" cried she;
"Let me give you a tip,
There's a sail on a ship—
You had better be coming to sea."

Said another maid: "Lo!
I must reap as I sew;
Are there thimble-berries on hills?
I have searched far and wide,
With a stitch in my side,
For the bush where they gather the frills."

Then a night-mare cried, "Hay!"
But the kid replied, "Neigh!"
And he bit at some herbs where they sprang;
"Did you think it was late?
See, the thyme is just ate."
Thank goodness, the breakfast-bell rang.

Not Much Difference

FIVE-YEAR-OLD George burst into the house on his return from the first day at kindergarten, full of enthusiasm, and much enamoured of the fair little maid of seven who shared his seat.

"But she is too large to be your sweetheart, isn't she?" asked his brother, teasingly.

"Well," responded George, slowly but hopefully, "my head only comes to her shoulder, but my feet reach down as far as hers do!"

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A Hybrid

THE older members of the family having departed in gala attire to attend a wedding, the two-year-old Elbridge inquired of sister Helen, aged five, "What is a wedding?" "I'm afraid you're too young to understand," was the worldly-wise reply, "but it's something between a funeral and dancing-school."

A Nautical Deduction

CRIED the Captain: "It's true,
You never will do,
You won't make a sailor, my boy,
For if you insist
That a spade is a spade,
You can't call a ship ahoy!"

M. GERTRUDE FULTON TOOKER.

An Omission

CLARA overheard her parents talking about Bible names.

"Is my name in the Bible?" she asked.

"No, dear."

"Didn't God make me?"

"Yes."

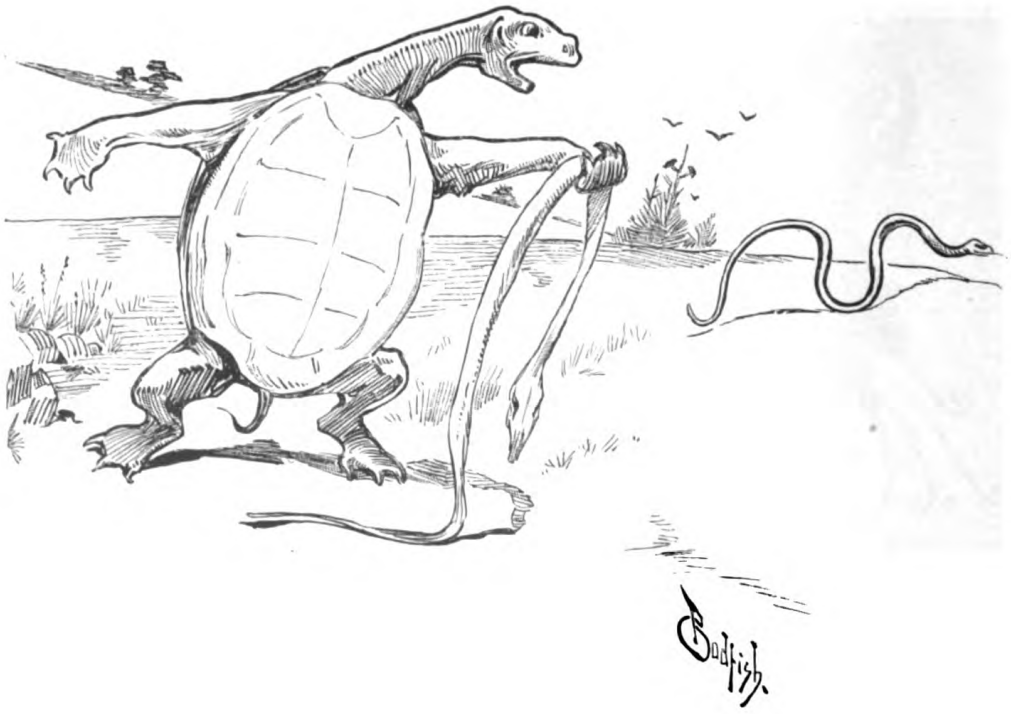
"Then why didn't He say something about it?"

Recipe for Poems

FIND first thy metre. If the task be hard
Consult thy Keats and Shelley,—in them is
Some measure that will suit a busy bard,
('Twas "Adonais" I used in writing this!).
Then, if thy rhythmic feeling run amiss,
Heed thou the ticking clock—it may transfer
Those beats from out its cranial abyss
All choked with wheels, to where thine own works whirr;—
Then sit thee calmly down before thy typewriter.

Seek next thy subject. Let the matter be
Not as a stranger, but some old, old friend,
As "Death," "A Daisy," "Spring," or "Constancy."
Then for thy rhyming dictionary send,
For oft its echoing columns hap to lend
A few poetic thoughts to him who gleans.
And keep in mind until the very end—
That line is best if none know what it means.
Thus do the poets write their verse for magazines.

BURGES JOHNSON.



TURTLE. "*Hi! you've dropped your ulster!*"

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Obvious

"Say, Clarence, what breed are the fire-dogs?"
"Dachshund, of course; you can tell by the legs."

He Knew the Places

IN the days of his youth, befo' de wah, it had been the privilege of Uncle Eph Slater to attend his master, as body-servant, upon several extended journeys. In his later years the old man's recollections of his travels became his dearest possession, and he never tired of relating his experiences to any one who would listen. To mention the name of another town or locality was enough to start him on his reminiscences, and so jealous did he grow of his reputation as a traveller that he always declared he had visited the place in question whether he had or not. It is probable that his ideas as to what he had or had not seen were very vague.

One day an acquaintance, Deacon Thompson, met Uncle Eph on the street and told him of the arrival in the village of the new schoolma'am, whose acquirements, he had heard, were of a high order.

"Hm," said Uncle Eph, "yeh don' say; yeh don' say. I wunner now hez de young lady had much trabbel?"

"I dun'no 'bout dat," replied the deacon, "but my Lize tells me she dun been troo Buttony, Algerbar, 'n' Latin."

"Uh-huh," said Uncle Eph, reflectively, and not in the least nonplussed, "I riccollicks dem little places, foh sho; but it was night w'en we passed troo 'em, an' Marse Richard he 'lowed it wuzn't wuth while stoppin' off."

E. D.

The Something

IF she were any one but she,
She'd say, "Forgive me, please";
If he were any one but he,
He'd go upon his knees.
Something stands between the two—
She cannot speak, he cannot sue.

Yes, she is she, and will not wear
Regrets upon her sleeve;
And he is he, and will not dare
To guess at her reprieve;
Can she be true, or he be bold,
When Cupid shivers in the cold?

ENVOY

Tides come in and tides go out,
Summer bloom displaces snow;
Ice must melt when Love's about,
No shadow stays when roses blow;
A white rose gleams upon her breast
By way of truce; Love does the rest.

LAURA CATE.

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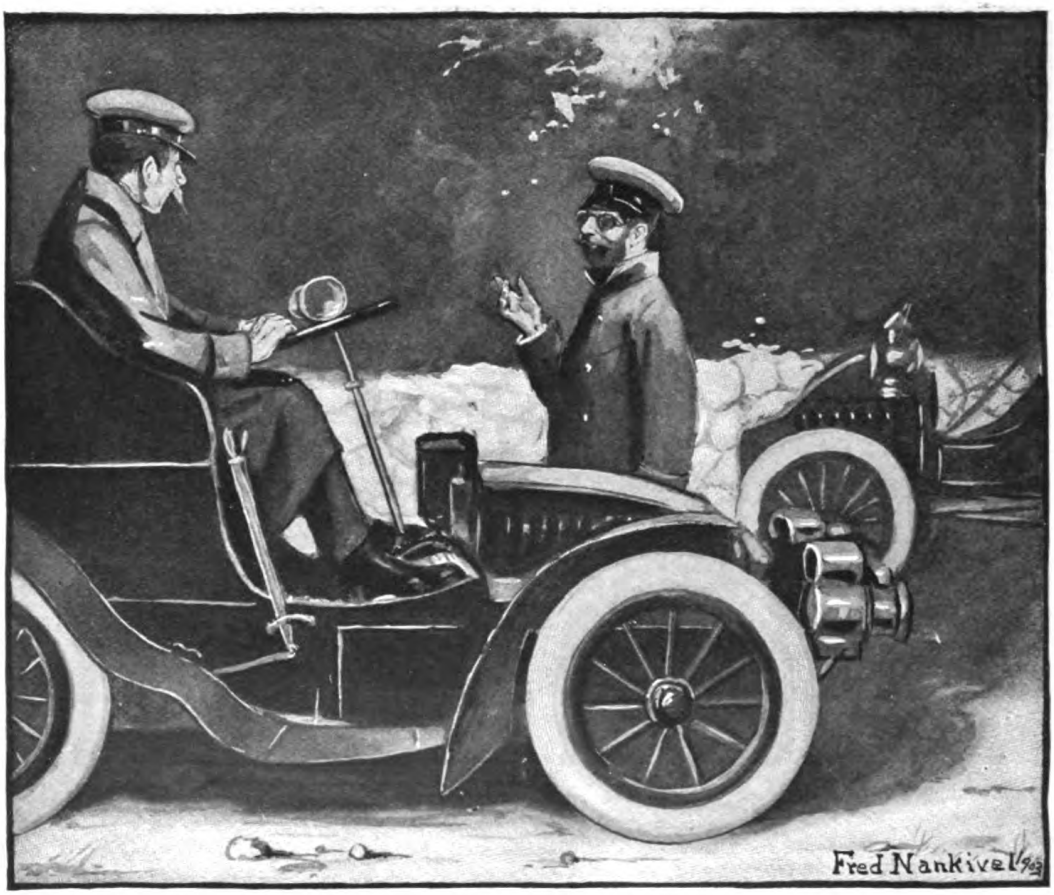

A Record-smasher

"Hello! Killem, what's your record?"
"I haven't any; I broke it."

Kalamazoo

BY J. A. EDGERTON

I OFTEN go backward in fancy
To a winter I long ago knew
In a town known to fame by its musical name,
Which the same it is Kalamazoo!

Where it got such a name I can't tell you,
But I've heard, and I doubt not 'tis true,
There's a mixture of Greek and of Choctaw and Creek
In the make-up of Kalamazoo.

Yet, although the name is so soothing,
The winters don't take the same cue;
They're rasping and rigid, they're frosty and frigid,
Those winters in Kalamazoo.

It stood twenty-eight below zero
And lasted a whole month or two;
My whiskers I froze and my nose and my toes,
That winter in Kalamazoo.

O Kalamazoozle—mazizzle—
Mazazzle—mazeezle—mazoo!
That liquid, harmonious, easy, euphonious
Name known as Kalamazoo.

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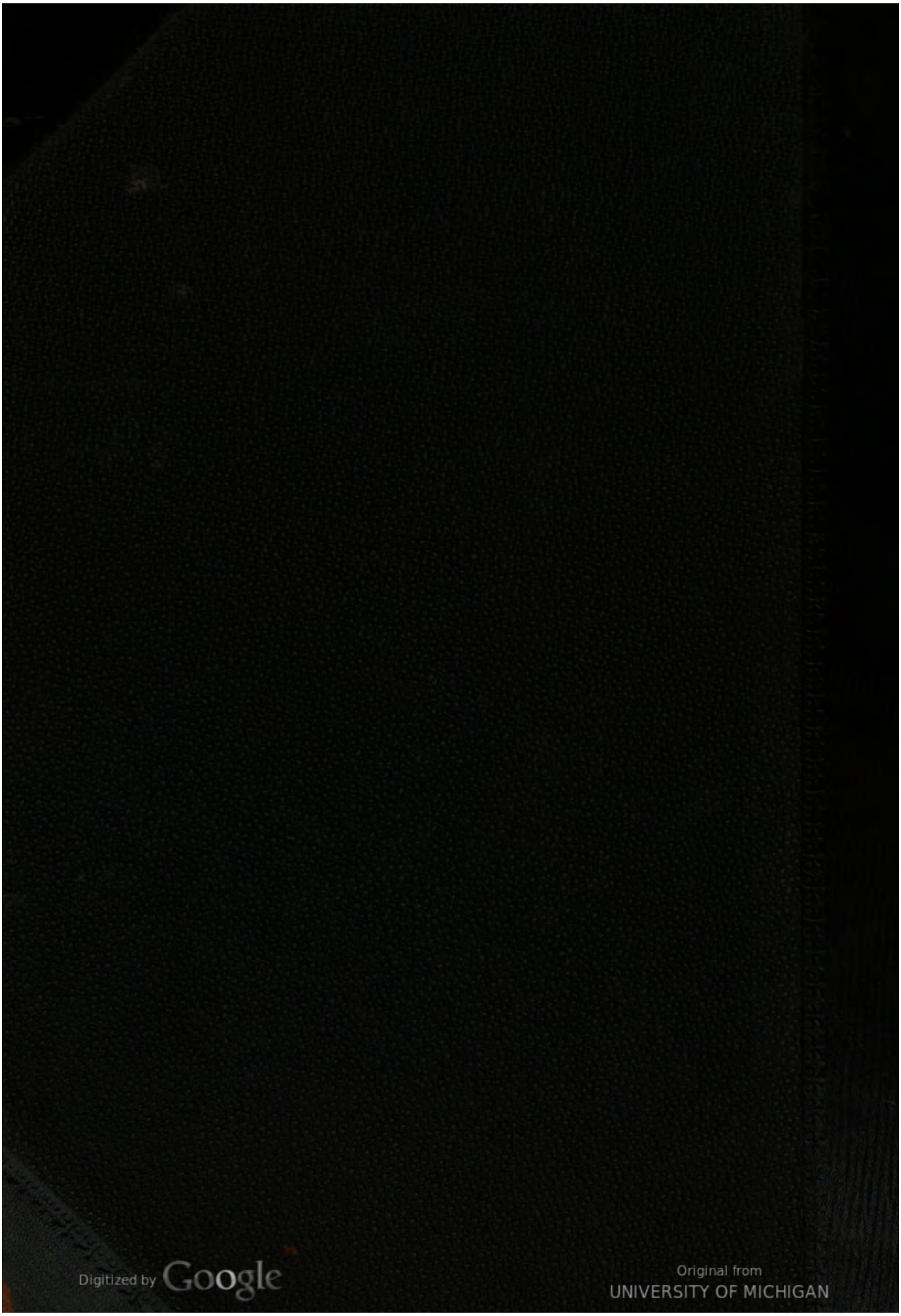
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